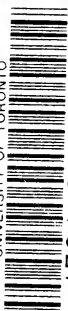


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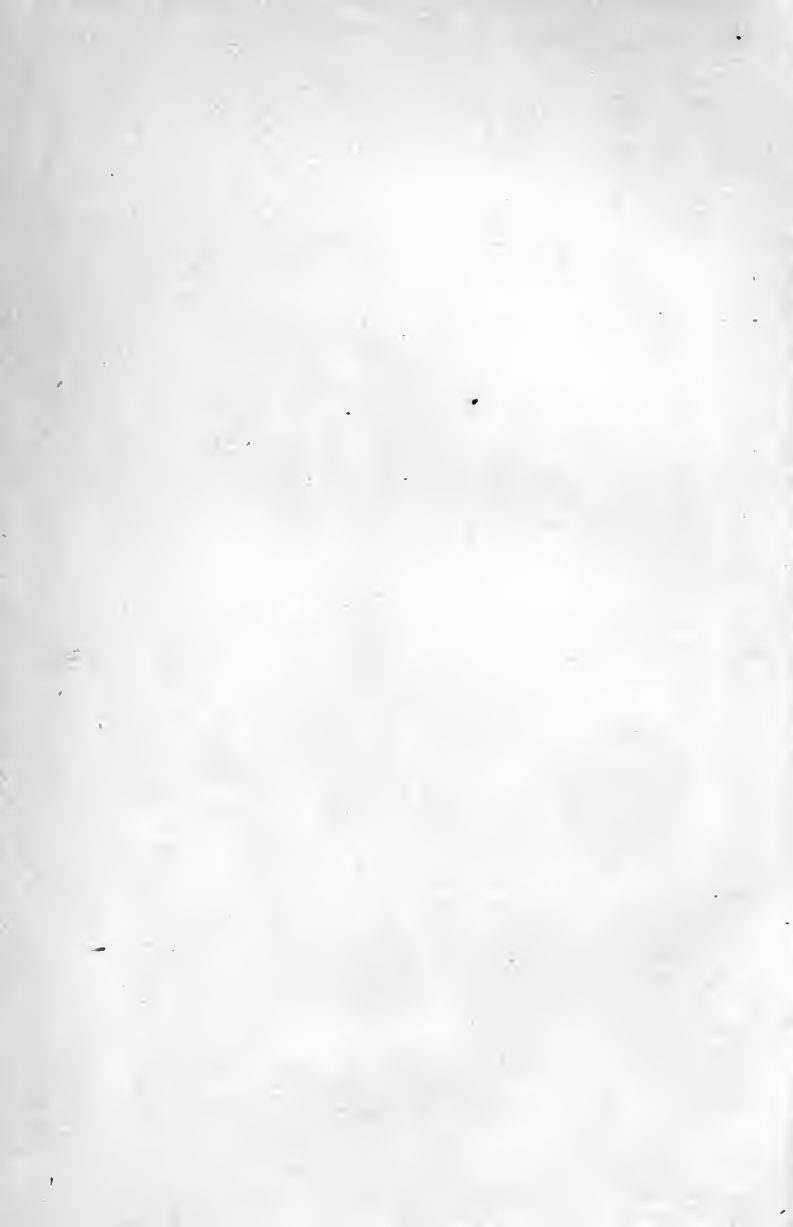


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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

EDITED FROM THE BEST EDITIONS.

With Memoir, Notes, and Glossary,

“ Those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of Great Elizabeth
With sounds that echo still ”

TENNYSON.



NEW YORK :
THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO.,
No. 13 ASTOR PLACE.

OPTICAL WORKS

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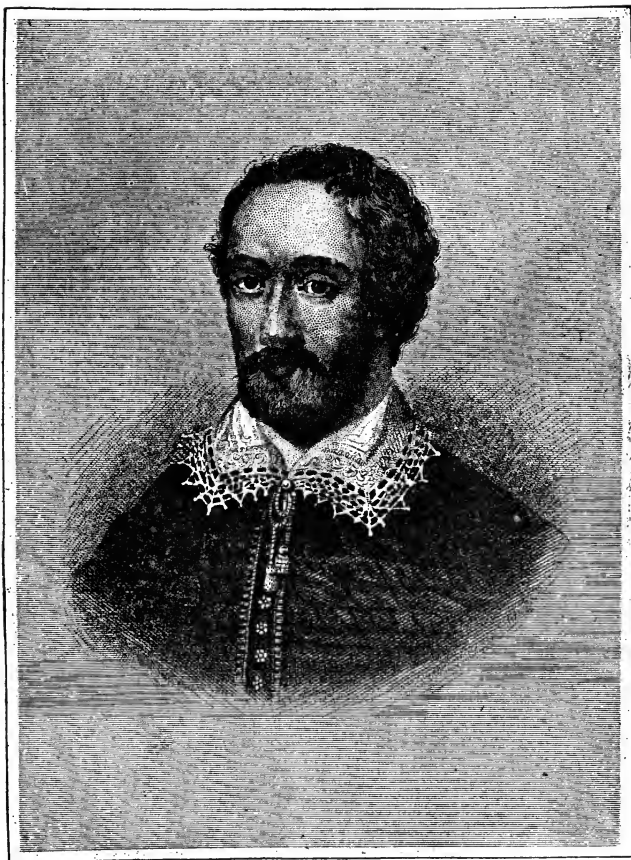
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EDWARD BIRNBAUM





EDMUND SPENSER

TO THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTY, AND MAGNIFICENT
EMPRESS,
RENOWNED FOR PIETY, VIRTUE AND ALL GRACIOUS GOVERNMENT,
ELIZABETH,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD
QUEEN OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND IRELAND, AND OF VIRGINIA,
DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, &c.

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVANT
EDMUND SPENSER

DOTH IN ALL HUMILITY
DEDICATE, PRESENT AND CONSECRATE
THESE HIS LABORS
TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITY OF HER FAME.

ANDREW J. ...

TO THE

ADDRESS

THE ...

MEMORIAL

BY THE ...

THE ...

OF THE ...

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P R E F A C E.

IT occurred to the Publishers of the "CHANDOS LIBRARY," when about to add Spenser's Poetical Works to their series, that it would be desirable to do for him that which Shakspeare's Editors did long ago for his Works, *i. e.*, modernise the orthography. They believed it would be a boon to the general reader, by rendering its perusal pleasanter.

They committed this task to the present Editor. It has proved one of vast difficulty, as was indeed foreseen.

The great poet of Elizabeth's age used his magnificent language in a manner which appears almost incredible to modern writers. He made words submit to the requirements both of his measure and his rhymes with most absolute sway; whenever he found it necessary for either, he added syllables, abbreviated, or otherwise altered them. Thus "hand" is spelt *hond*, and "bound" *bond*, to rhyme together; "yet" is *yit*; "vile," *vilde*; "cast" is *kest*, while "captain" becomes *capitain*, "enchantress" *enchanteress*, &c., &c., for the measure of the line. In fact, there are no bounds to his autocratic treatment of words, of which the following lines will afford a fair example—

"For, whiles they fly that gulf's devouring jaws,
They on the rock are rent, and sunk in helpless wawes."

Wawes being an adaptation of *waves*.

Alteration, in these instances, was impossible; they are therefore left as Spenser willed they should be. All obsolete words are carefully preserved also, for the benefit of the students of

the language and its changes, for whose studies, also, the early editions remain. Spenser's mode of abbreviating verbs is likewise retained. It will be seen that in almost every case he omitted the centre letter or syllable and retained the "ed," as in "reck'ned," "threat'ned," &c. In all other respects the orthography has been modernised—but the orthography *only*; no modernising of the text has been otherwise attempted; it has been carefully preserved, in accordance with the best editions.

If the change made in the *unimportant* orthography should make the perusal of Spenser pleasanter to the reader, and thus increase the deserved popularity of one of the greatest of our poets, the pains of the Editor will be well repaid.

All Spenser's authentic Poems are included in this edition. "Britain's Ida," always apocryphal and discredited as Spenser's writing by the best authorities, is regarded by the Editor as spurious, and is consequently omitted.

A Glossary of the obsolete words will be found at the end of the volume.

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MEMOIR OF EDMUND SPENSER.

EDMUND SPENSER—the first great poet England had possessed since Chaucer—was born in East Smithfield by the Tower of London about the year 1553. He was of the good old family of the Spensers of Althorpe, but his father must have been a cadet of that noble house, as when Spenser went to Cambridge, he went as a sizar; and he never seems to have been possessed of much wealth.

He gave early proof of his genius by contributing anonymously, at the age of sixteen, to a work called the "Theatre of Worldlings," which, according to the fashion of that time, presented a series of "Emblems" to its readers; Spenser's contributions to it were the "Visions of Petrarch" and the "Visions of Bellay."

In the same year in which he first published these youthful poems, he went to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. At this college Lancelot Andrews (afterwards Bishop of Winchester, whose "Manual of Prayer" is still a blessed gift to the English Church) was then a student: as was also Bishop Still and Gabriel Harvey, with whom Spenser formed a life-long friendship; Edward Kirke, another dear friend of Spenser's, was, also, his contemporary at Cambridge. That the youth studied hard is evidenced by his taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1572-3, three years after his admission to the Hall, and his degree of Master of Arts in 1576. That some disagreeables attended his last years at the University, is supposed from a letter of Harvey's, speaking in severe terms of Spenser's "Old Controller's behaviour:" it is certain that he did not gain a fellowship, but as soon as he had taken his Master's degree, left Cambridge, and went to the North, probably to his family, who may not have been residents in London. And here the great event of a poet's life befell him. He fell in love. His beloved was a lady of no ordinary accomplishments, it is said, but she had not taste enough to appreciate Spenser; or she may have been pre-engaged. She rejected him and married some one else, and the poet recorded his sorrow and disappointment in the "Shepherd's Calendar," written at that period, styling his lost love "Rosalind," which his friend and commentator, Edward Kirke, informs us was a kind of anagram of her real name. The author of "The Life of Spenser," prefixed to Church's edition of his works, says, it is

believed that "Rose Lynde" was the real name of this scornful damsel. Gabriel Harvey, becoming aware of his friend's sorrow, advised him to change the scene, and "come South." And Spenser followed his advice and started for London. In spite of his love quest he had not been idle during his residence at home. He brought to town with him ten Eclogues, at least, of the "Shepherd's Calendar"—his "Visions"—altered from the first publication in the "Theatre for Worldlings," "Legends," and the "Court of Cupid." The last was probably afterwards moulded into the "Faery Queen" as the "Masque of Cupid." See Book 3, canto 12, stanzas 5, 6, &c. He had also translated Moschus's "Idyllion of Wandering Love." On his arrival in London, Gabriel Harvey, who held a high place in the learned world of his day, introduced his young friend to Sir Philip Sidney, then, as now, the very ideal of English manhood.

The gallant young Sidney was naturally delighted with the poet, and at once took him into his family, as the great nobles of that age were wont to do those whom they looked on as worthy retainers. So Spenser went to dwell at beautiful Penshurst, and spent his happy days in writing, or chatting with the author of the "Arcadia," perchance talking over and listening to Sidney's Sonnets to his "Stella"—the fair Lady Rich. Here also it is conjectured that the poet finished his "Shepherd's Calendar." It is dedicated to Sidney who, however, did not give it his unqualified approval. "The 'Shepherd's Calendar,'" he says in his Defence of Poetry, "hath much poetry in his Eclogues, indeed worthy the reading, if I be not deceived. That same framing of his style to an old rustic language I dare not allow, since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazarius in Italian did affect it."

The "Shepherd's Calendar" was extremely well received. Pastoral poetry was the fashion of the age; a fashion formed no doubt from that prevalent in Italy, then the leading country of literature and the Fine Arts. Guarini's "Pastor Fido;" Tasso's "Aminta," &c., had been read with delight by the English youth, whose education was scarcely thought complete till they had "swum in a gondola," and, indeed long after, we find Pope himself beginning his literary life with the "Pastorals."

The "Calendar" consists of twelve Eclogues, and is commented on and explained by E. K. (Edward Kirke), who introduces the poem with a letter to Harvey, defending its antique verbiage. It was published in 1579-80. Spenser had much more poetry ready for publication; some of which was designed, however, never to be printed. These were, in addition to those already named, "The English Poet," "The Dying Pelican," "Nine English Comedies," and the "Epithalamion Thamesis." The "Faery Queen" was also commenced, and was submitted by the poet to the judgment of Harvey, whose opinion was adverse to its completion. Harvey, in fact, was possessed with the idea—in

which Sidney also agreed—that English poetry should conform to the metrical rules of the classical languages. He even persuaded Spenser to attempt writing according to ancient models. But the poet soon freed himself from this mistaken prejudice. The pupil of Chaucer (who is proud to acknowledge his master)—the poet whose words were music—found it impossible to give up his whole nature, and submit to those pedantic and (for English) unnatural rules. So in spite of Harvey's remonstrances he continued the Faery Queen, which, however, was not destined to be entirely written in England.

Meantime Sidney had introduced his friend to Lord Leicester—Sidney's uncle—then in the height of his favour with Elizabeth; and the great Earl showed as much kindness to Spenser as his nephew had. The poet resided for a considerable time with the royal favourite at Leicester House, which stood where Essex Street now is, and which was then undoubtedly the resort of all the intellect and military genius of the age; there Spenser would meet all the most distinguished personages of the Court of the great Queen. Probably while here he wrote the "*Stemmata Dudleiana*." But all this enjoyment was soon to end. Spenser had a luxurious and no doubt happy home with these noble friends; but he was nevertheless only a dependent on them; and hitherto every effort to press his fortune at the Court of Elizabeth had failed, in consequence, it has been said, of Lord Burleigh's prejudice against him, to which Spenser refers in more than one passage of his poems. Burleigh hated Leicester, and Leicester's protégé—a warm hearted and devoted adherent no doubt—was naturally distasteful to him. It was resolved, therefore, that the poet should seek his fortune elsewhere.

In the year 1580 Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, was made Lord Deputy of Ireland, and Spenser—probably by the interest of Sir Henry Sidney, or it might be by that of Leicester—was appointed the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary. Thus after living for two years in the most polished and intellectual English society, the poet was doomed to banishment, and to a long abode in the troubled and distressed country, which was then a scene of unparalleled misery and disaster; for the south of Ireland was in rebellion under the Desmond and the Pope's emissary, Dr. Nicholas Sanders: Spanish and Italian adventurers had landed, and seized points of vantage, and the assistance of the King of Spain to the rebels was openly promised. The north also was restless and threatening, and the Irish Lords of the Pale were in open insurrection.

Before he left England Lord Grey had received the advice of a former Lord Deputy—Sir Henry Sidney—and had doubtless learned that a strong rule was absolutely necessary to quiet the country. In those days Englishmen loved England—not England's foes—and the Lord Deputy undertook his task with the resolution of quelling the anarchy of the country at all costs, and establishing the English rule. But the Blatant Beast of detraction was at work then, as

it is even still, to hamper the efforts of great and good men who toil in difficulty and danger. Lord Grey's justice was severe and unsparing. Reports of his cruelty were consequently sent home, and he was recalled by the English Government in 1582. Meantime, however, he had done something for Spenser. He had made him clerk of the county of Munster, and Clerk of Degrees in the Irish Chancery Court, &c., &c., all small appointments, perhaps, but still tending to his advancement, and adding to his income. It is believed that Spenser remained in Ireland for some little while after Lord Grey's recall before he visited England.

Through the interest of Lord Grey and Leicester (after the return of the latter to England) Spenser, in 1586, received a grant of rather more than 3000 acres of the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond, in Munster, with a castle or tower on them called Kilcolman. It had, indeed, been determined by the English Government to plant settlers in Munster, to cultivate and civilise that almost desolate province; and it was as one of these settlers (Undertakers they were called), that Spenser was to hold his land.

His new home was situated on the north side of a fine lake in the midst of a great plain, terminated towards the east by the Waterford Mountains, having Ballyhowra Mountains to the north (Spenser's "Mountains of Mole"); Nagle Mountains to the south, and the mountains of Kerry to the west. It commanded a magnificent view; was well wooded, and the river Mulla (Awbeg) ran through the grounds bordered by green alders and verdant meadows. Here the poet was destined to dwell for nearly the whole of the remainder of his life. A rather *triste* exchange for Leicester's house and association with the first men of the age. But the spot was lovely. Spenser adored beauty in all forms; and found occupation for all his leisure hours in finishing the three first Books of the "Faery Queen;" and here came at last Sir Walter Raleigh to visit his old friend. Then beside the rippling Mulla, the poet read to his gifted guest the cantos of his great poem, and was by him persuaded to publish it at once; for Raleigh was a wiser and better judge of poetry than Harvey, and saw at once all the melodious beauty of the great poem. Spenser returned to England with Raleigh, and in 1590 "The Faery Queen" was published, dedicated to Elizabeth. Its reception was all that the poet could desire; he was already known by his "Shepherd's Calendar," but this was something far beyond it. Elizabeth had nothing at all in her literature which could equal it. Elizabeth—to whom he was presented by Raleigh—fully appreciated the great poet; and in February of the same year she conferred on him a pension of fifty pounds a year,—a sum greatly exceeding fifty pounds of the present day in value; and, as he says, "inclined her ear unto his simple song," with sincere satisfaction. Spenser was obliged to return to Ireland soon after the publication of his poem, being bound by his patent to live on, and cultivate his property. But by this

time his fame had grown so great that the publisher of the "Faery Queen" eagerly besought the author to let him collect and publish all his previous poems. Thus in the following year was issued, "Complaints," containing sundry small poems of the world's vanity, viz., "The Ruins of Time;" "The Tears of the Muses;" "Virgil's Gnat;" "Prosopopœia, or, Mother Hubberd's Tale;" "The Ruins of Rome," by Bellay; "Muiopotmos, or, the Fate of the Butterfly;" "Visions of the World's Vanity;" "Bellay's Visions;" and "Petrarch's Visions." The bookseller found it impossible, however, to recover Spenser's other works, "The Dying Pelican," &c., &c.

The nine comedies the poet had written in his youth had also perished.

Returned to Kilcolman, Spenser wrote "Colin Clout's Come Home Again" (but it was not published till 1595), in which he once more refers to his first love, Rosalind, generously clearing her of all blame, and ending with this profession of his undying attachment:—

"Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swain, sith her I may not love,
Yet that I may her honour paravant
And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grief
And long affliction which I have endured;
Such grace, sometimes, shall give me some relief
And ease of pain which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow shepherds, which do see
And hear the languors of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witness be,
That hers I die."

Alas! for man's constancy. A year after this, Spenser had seen and fallen in love with his beautiful Elizabeth (an Irish lady, probably, as she lived in his neighbourhood), and wrote of her, and for her, his amoretto or sonnets. His love suit, after some difficulty, was successful, and on "Barnaby Bright," June 11, 1594, Spenser was married to her in Cork. He celebrated his wedding in his splendid "Epithalamion;" and gave her a place afterwards in the sixth canto of the "Faery Queen," as dancing with the Graces, and elected to be another Grace.

Towards the close of 1595 Spenser again visited London. Between this last visit he had published his "Daphnaïda" in 1591-2, an elegy on the death of Lord Byndon's daughter.

But 1595 and '96 were to witness a more bountiful display of the poet's genius. In 1595 he published his elegy on the death of Sidney, "Astrophel," the sonnets, with the "Epithalamion," the Four Hymns on Love and Beauty, the "Prothalamion," and the three last Books of the "Faery Queen."

They were the second instalment of the poem, which was to have been in

twelve Books, but they were never finished, or if completed, were lost or burned when Kilcolman was attacked by the rebels. The three first Books were re-published with the second part, and Edmund Spenser was at once raised to the acme of his fame.

How delightful that visit of 1595-6 must have been to him! He had brought his beautiful Elizabeth, no doubt, with him; he was again received at the old Leicester House, now occupied by the gallant Essex, he must have been brought into contact with Shakspeare—already famous, though ten years younger than himself—with Ben Jonson, and Bacon. His contemporary, Hooker, was now known as a writer, Bacon's Essays were published, but Spenser had still no rival in his popularity. There was so much of the real actual present, too, in his poems. Imagine if we could easily trace in Mr. Tennyson's idylls the very living people from the present world, how many who care little for the exquisite beauty of the poetry, would devote themselves to their study and double their circulation. Of course the future fame of the poet has suffered through this fact, but of that probably Spenser thought little. The last three Books were especially full of people of his day. Elizabeth appears again as Mercilla; Mary of Scotland as Duessa; Henry IV. of France as Bourbon; the War in the Low Countries is described in the story of the "Lady Belgé," who sends "two springals" (the Marquis of Hauree and Adolphus Metkerke) from the Netherlands to ask Elizabeth's aid; and Lord Leicester (Arthur) and Sidney go to deliver the provinces from Geryoneo, the King of Spain, and his minister, Alva, "the Seneschal." The lovers of Duessa (Mary), Blandamour and Paridell, were probably the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland. In fact, Blandamour is called the "hotspur" youth Arteggall, the hero of justice, is represented as going to the succour of Irena, and on his return meets Envy and Detraction. Pollente is believed to mean Charles IX. of France, of St. Bartholomew memory; old Sir Sergis, Walsingham. Again, to go to individuals of lower rank Timias was known to represent Sir Walter Raleigh; Serena, the lady who became his wife, the "Bessie Throgmorton" who was famed for her *serene* temper.

The episode of the infant saved from a bear, Mr Upton tells us, "was supposed to allude to the noble Irish family of MacMahon, descended from the Fitz-Ursulas." There is very much more, of course, which we cannot see through in this veiled allegory of life. We perceive enough, however, to understand how intensely interested the Court of Elizabeth must have been in a poem which thus immortalized them and their friends, setting aside its melodious beauty and moral teachings.

Spenser's visit of 1596 must have been the last of those pleasant returns to his native place, which brightened the monotony of his life in Ireland. In 1597 he returned to his home, now blessed with children, where he dwelt, probably

in peace and happiness, till 1598, when the great Queen, no longer forgetful of him, wrote to the Irish Government, September 30, 1598, recommending him to be made Sheriff of Cork. Alas! life had brightened only at its close. In the following October the rebellion of Tyrone broke out with great fury. The English residents in Munster were doomed to destruction. The rebels attacked Kilcolman, of course. What right had an Englishman to a home of the Desmonds? The house was set on fire. Happily, Spenser, his wife and two children, escaped, but it is said that his infant, left behind by some accident, perished in the flames.

Spenser returned to England, a ruined, heart-broken man. If the story of the "Lost Child" be true—and it rests on the authority of Ben Jonson's words to Drummond of Hawthornden—we cannot wonder that its cruel fate should so wring the heart of its parent—of him who wrote thus tenderly of the babe carried away by the bear:—

"The little babe—sweet relic of his prey—

* * * * *

From his soft eyes the tears he wiped away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray;
And every little limb he searched around,
And every part that under swathe-bands lay,
Lest that the beast's sharp teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh."

Spenser did not survive the shock of this terrible calamity. He returned to England, and died in the January following, according to Ben Jonson, "for want of bread;" but this must be an exaggeration, for he had still the Queen's pension left, and many rich and powerful relatives and friends. Essex sent him at once twenty gold pieces, but Spenser returned them, saying, that he should not have time to spend them. A proof, surely, that he was not in great need, or he would have remembered the wants of his wife and family. Spenser died in King Street, Westminster, and was buried, by his own desire, in Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer, at the expense of his true friend, the Earl of Essex. His pall was borne by poets.

Spenser left two sons, Sylvanus and Peregrine. His widow married again in 1603.

Descendants of Spenser were said to be living in Ireland long after his death, but the true and lasting bearers of his name are the poems which have made it immortal. There are two traditional stories told of Spenser, neither of which deserve any credit. One is that he called, as an unknown poet, on Sir Philip Sidney, and read to him portions of the "Faery Queen." On hearing the Ninth Canto, Sidney ordered that fifty pounds should be given him, doubled the sum on hearing the next Canto, and finally desired his steward to

pay the money at once, or he should give away his fortune ! We need not say how untrue this is. Spenser had lived for some time with both Sidney and Leicester before the "Faery Queen" was published, and certainly never was in such a position ; he was Sidney's friend, and the friend of Essex, not simply their *protégé*. The other tale is not true either. It was said that Elizabeth on hearing the "Faery Queen" read ordered a hundred pounds gratuity to be given to the poet, and that Lord Burleigh asked, "What ! all that for a song ?" The Queen is reported to have said, "Then give him what is reason." Spenser, receiving nothing, after a time presented to the Queen these absurd lines :—

" I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme :
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason."

The Queen is said then to have ordered the payment of the hundred pounds. The fact is, that immediately after the first publication of the "Faery Queen," Elizabeth bestowed, as we have said, an annuity on the poet ; and certainly it was impossible that Spenser could ever have been guilty of the rhymes.

Spenser's only prose work, "A View of the State of Ireland" (much commended at the time), is now of interest only to antiquarians and historians, and is of course omitted from his Poetical Works.

All poets have loved Spenser. Shakspeare praised him, Milton acknowledged to Dryden that Spenser was his master. Dryden said, "No man was ever born with a greater genius, or had more knowledge to support it." And Pope has said, "There is something in Spenser which pleases one as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the 'Faery Queen' when I was about twelve with a vast deal of delight, and I think it gave me as much when I read it over a year or two ago."

The voices of modern poets have confirmed those of the great masters, and the melodious strains that delighted the Court of Elizabeth have still a lingering charm for the age of Queen Victoria.

A

LETTER OF THE AUTHOR'S,

EXPOUNDING HIS WHOLE INTENTION IN THE COURSE OF THIS WORK; WHICH,
FOR THAT IT GIVETH GREAT LIGHT TO THE READER, FOR THE BETTER
UNDERSTANDING IS HEREUNTO ANNEXED.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,

LORD WARDEN OF THE STANNERIES AND HER MAJESTY'S LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF
CORNWALL.

SIR,

KNOWING how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this book of mine, which I have entituled "The Faery Queen," being a continued Allegory, or dark Conceit, I have thought good, as well for avoiding of jealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded,) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by-accidents, therein occasioned. The general end, therefore, of all the book, is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline; which for that I conceived should be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter than for profit of the ensample, I chose the History of King Arthur, as most fit for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many men's former works, and also furthest from the danger of envy, and suspicion of present time. In which I have followed all the antique poets historical; first Homer, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governor and a virtuous man, the one in his Iliad, the other in his Odyssey; then Virgil, whose like intention was to do

in the person of Æneas; after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando; and lately Tasso dissevered them again, and formed both parts in two persons, namely, that part which they in philosophy call *Ethics*, or Virtues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named *Politics*, in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent poets, I labour to pourtray in Arthur, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private Moral Virtues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve books: which if I find to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of Politic Virtues in his person, after that he came to be king. To some I know this method will seem displeasing, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, than thus cloudily enwrapped in allegorical devices. But such, meseem, should be satisfied with the use of these days, seeing all things accounted by their shows, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightful and pleasing to common sense. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgment, formed a commonwealth, such as it should be; but the other, in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a gov-

ernment, such as might best be: so much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample than by rule. So have I laboured to do in the person of Arthur: whom I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soon as he was born of the Lady Igrayne, to have seen in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seek her out, and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seek her forth in Faery Land. In that Faery Queen I mean *Glory*, in my general intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our sovereign the Queen, and her kingdom in Faery Land. And yet, in some places else, I do otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal Queen or Empress, the other of a most virtuous and beautiful lady, this latter part in some places I do express in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your own excellent conceit of Cynthia: Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana. So in the person of Prince Arthur I set forth Magnificence in particular; which Virtue for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthur applicable to that Virtue, which I write of in that book. But of the twelve other Virtues, I make twelve other knights the patrons, for the more variety of the history: of which these three books contain three.

The first, of the Knight of the Redcross, in whom I express Holiness: the second, of Sir Guyon, in whom I set forth Temperance: the third of Britomartis, a lady-knight, in whom I picture Chastity. But, because the beginning of the whole work seemeth abrupt and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights' several adventures. For the method of a poet historical is not such, as of an historiographer. For an historiographer discourseth of affairs orderly as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the midst, even where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the things forpast, and divining of things to come; maketh a pleasing analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my history, if

it were to be told by an historiographer, should be the twelfth book, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queen kept her annual feast twelve days; upon which twelve several days, the occasions of the twelve several adventures happened, which, being undertaken by twelve several knights, are in these twelve books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented himself a tall clownish young man, who falling before the Queen of Faeries desired a boon (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that he might have the achievement of any adventure, which during that feast should happen. That being granted, he rested him on the floor, unfit through his rusticity for a better place. Soon after entered a fair lady in mourning weeds, riding on a white ass, with a dwarf behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the arms of a knight, and his spear in the dwarf's hand. She, falling before the Queen of Faeries, complained that her father and mother, an ancient king and queen, had been by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brazen castle, who thence suffered them not to issue; and therefore besought the Faery Queen to assign her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure; whereat the Queen, much wondering, and the lady much gain-saying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the lady told him, that unless the armour which she brought would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by St. Paul, v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forthwith put upon him with due furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in all that company, and was well liked of the lady. And eftsoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that strange courser, he went forth with her on that adventure; where beginneth the first book, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain, &c.

The second day there came in a palmer bearing an infant with bloody hands, whose parents he complained to have been slain by an enchantress called Acrasia; and therefore craved of the Faery Queen, to appoint him some knight to perform that adventure;

which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same palmer: which is the beginning of the second book, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a groom, who complained before the Faery Queen, that a vile enchanter, called Busirane, had in hand a most fair lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamore, the lover of that lady, presently took on him that adventure. But being unable to perform it by reason of the hard enchantments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and rescued his love.

But, by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermeddled; but rather as

accidents than intendents; as the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the virtuousness of Belphebe, the lasciviousness of Hellenora; and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overrun to direct your understanding to the well-head of the history; that, from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handful gripe all the discourse, which otherwise may happily seem tedious and confused. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honourable favour towards me, and the eternal establishment of your happiness, I humbly take leave.

Yours most humbly affectionate,
ED. SPENSER.

23 January, 1589.

TO THE READER.

As the following obsolete words occur very frequently, it may save reference to the Glossary to state here, that *tho* is the old word for *then*: *moe* for *more*; *mought* for *might*: *nill* and *nould* for *will not* and *would not*; *sith* for *since*; and *sithes* for *times*, *als* means *also*.

VERSES

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FAERY QUEEN.

A VISION UPON THE CONCEIT OF THE FAERY QUEEN.

METHOUGHT I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love, and fairer Virtue kept,
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen:
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were
Not seen;
(For they this Queen attended;) in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens
did pierce;

Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grief,
And cursed th' access of that celestial thief.
WALTER RALEIGH.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

THE praise of meaner wits this Work like profit brings,
As doth the cuckoo's song delight when Philomena sings.
If thou hast form'd right true Virtue's face herein,
Virtue herself can best discern to whom they written bin,
If thou hast beauty praised, let her sole looks divine
Judge if ought therein be amiss, and mend it by her eyne.
If Chastity want ought, or Temperance her due,

Behold her princely mind aright, and write
 thy Queen anew.
 Meanwhile she shall perceive, how far her
 virtues soar
 Above the reach of all that live, or such as
 wrote of yore :
 And thereby will excuse and favour thy
 goodwill ;
 Whose virtue cannot be expressed but by an
 angel's quill.
 Of me no lines are loved, nor letters are of
 price,
 (Of all which speak our English tongue)
 but those of thy device. W. R.

TO THE LEARNED SHEPHERD.

COLIN, I see, by thy new taken task,
 Some sacred fury hath enrich'd thy brains,
 That leads thy Muse in haughty verse to
 mask,
 And loath the lays thit longs to lowly
 swains ;
 That lifts thy notes from shepherds unto
 kings :
 So like the lively lark that mounting sings.

Thy lovely Rosalind seems now forlorn ;
 And all thy gentle flocks forgotten quite ;
 Thy changed heart now holds thy pipes in
 scorn,
 Those pretty pipes that did thy mates de-
 light ;
 Those trusty mates, that lovèd thee so well ;
 Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee
 the bell.

Yet, as thou erst with thy sweet rounde-
 lays,
 Didst stir to glee our lads in homely bowers ;
 So moughtst thou now in these refinèd lays
 Delight the dainty ears of higher powers.
 And so mought they, in their deep scanning
 skill,
 Allow and grace our Colin's flowing quill.

And fair befall that Faery Queen of thine !
 In whose fair eyes Love link'd with Virtue
 sits

Enfusing, by those beauties' fires divine,
 Such high conceits into thy humble wits,
 As raised hath poor pastor's oaten reeds
 From rustic tunes, to chant heroic deeds.

So mought thy Redcross knight with happy
 hand
 Victorious be in that fair island's right,

(Which thou dost veil in type of Faery
 Land,)
 Eliza's blessed field, that Albion hight :
 That shields her friends, and wars her
 mighty foes,
 Yet still with people, peace, and plenty,
 flows.

But, jolly shepherd, though with pleasing
 style
 Thou feast the humour of the courtly train ;
 Let not conceit thy settled sense beguile,
 Ne daunted be through envy or disdain.
 Subject thy doom to her enpiring spright,
 From whence thy Muse, and all the world,
 takes light.

HOBYNOLL (GABRIEL HARVEY).

FAIR Themis stream, that from Ludd's
 stately town

Runst paying tribute to the ocean seas,
 Let all thy nymphs and syrens of renown
 Be silent while this British Orpheus plays ;
 Near thy sweet banks there lives that sacred
 Crown, [bays ;
 Whose hand strows palm and never-dying
 Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring
 sowne,
 Present her with this worthy poet's praise ;
 For he hath taught high drifts in shepherd's
 weeds,
 And deep conceits now sings in Faeries'
 deeds. R. S.

GRAVE Muses, march in triumph and with
 praises ;

Our Goddess here hath given you leave to
 land ;
 And bids this rare dispenser of your graces
 Bow down his brow unto her sacred hand.
 Desert finds due in that most princely dome,
 In whose sweet breast are all the Muses
 bred ;

So did that great Augustus erst in Rome
 With leaves of fame adorn his poet's head.
 Fair be the guerdon of your Faery Queen,
 Even of the fairest that the world hath seen !
 H. B.

WHEN stout Achilles heard of Helen's rape,
 And what revenge the states of Greece de-
 vised ;

Thinking by sleight the fatal wars to scape,
 In woman's weeds himself he then disguised :
 But this devise Ulysses soon did spy,
 And brought him forth, the chance of war
 to try.

When Spenser saw the fame was spread so
 large
 Through Faery Land, of their renown'd
 Queen;
 Loth that his Muse should take so great a
 charge,
 As in such haughty matter to be seen;
 To seem a shepherd, then he made his
 choice; [voice.
 But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his

And as Ulysses brought fair Thetis' son
 From his retir'd life to manage arms:
 So Spenser was, by Sidney's speeches won
 To blaze her fame, not fearing future harms:
 For well he knew, his muse would soon be
 tired [admired.
 In her high praise, that all the world

Yet as Achilles, in those warlike frays,
 Did win the palm from all the Grecian
 peers,

So Spenser now, to his immortal praise,
 Hath won the laurel quite from all his ferres.
 What though his task exceed a human wit;
 He is excused, sith Sidney thought it fit.

W. L.

To look upon a work of rare devise
 The which a workman setteth out to view,
 And not to yield it the deserv'd prize

That unto such a workmanship is due,
 Doth either prove the judgment to be
 naught,
 Or else doth show a mind with envy
 fraught.

To labour to commend a piece of work
 Which no man goes about to discommend,
 Would raise a jealous doubt, that there did
 lurk [tend:
 Some secret doubt whereto the praise did
 For when men know the goodness of the
 wine,
 'Tis needless for the host to have a sign.

Thus then, to show my judgment to be such
 As can discern of colours black and white
 As als to free my mind from envy's touch,
 That never gives to any man his right;
 I here pronounce this workmanship as
 such
 As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the door;
 (Not for to show the goodness of the ware;
 But such hath been the custom heretofore,
 And customs very hardly broken are;)
 And when your taste shall tell you this is
 true,
 Then look you give your host his utmost
 due. IGNOTO.

SONNETS

ADDRESSED BY THE AUTHOR, TO HIS FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR CHRIS-
 TOPHER HATTON, LORD HIGH CHAN-
 CELLOR OF ENGLAND, ETC.

THOSE prudent heads, that with their coun-
 sels wise

Whylome the pillars of th' earth did sustain,
 And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise
 And in the neck of all the world to reign;
 Oft from those grave affairs were wont
 abstain;

With the sweet lady Muses for to pray:
 So Ennius the elder African;
 So Maro oft did Cæsar's cares allay.
 So you, great Lord, that with your counsel
 sway

The burden of this kingdom mightily,
 With like delights sometimes may eke delay

The rugged brow of careful Policy;
 And to these idle rhymes lend little space,
 Which for their titles' sake may find more
 grace. E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD
 BURLEIGH, LORD HIGH TREASURER
 OF ENGLAND.

To you, right noble Lord, whose careful
 breast

To manage of most grave affairs is bent;
 And on whose mighty shoulders most doth
 rest

The burden of this kingdom's government,
 (As the wide compass of the firmament
 On Atlas' mighty shoulders is upstaid,)
 Unfitly I these idle rhymes present,

The labour of lost time, and wit unstead :
Yet if their deeper sense be inly weigh'd,
And the dim veil with which from common
view

Their fairer parts are hid, aside be laid,
Perhaps not vain they may appear to you.
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receive,
And wipe their faults out of your censure
grave. E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL
OF OXFORD, LORD HIGH CHAMBER-
LAIN OF ENGLAND, ETC.

RECEIVE, most noble Lord, in gentle gree
The unripe fruit of an unready wit ;
Which, by thy countenance, doth crave to
be

Defended from foul envy's poisonous bit.
Which so to do may thee right well besit.
Sith th' antique glory of thine ancestry
Under a shady veil is therein writ,
And eke thine own long living memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility :
And also for the love which thou dost bear
To th' Heliconian imps, and they to thee ;
They unto thee, and thou to them, most dear :
Dear as thou art unto thyself, so love
That loves and honours thee ; as doth be-
hove. E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL
OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE sacred Muses have made always claim
To be the nurses of nobility,
And registers of everlasting fame,
To all that arms profess and chivalry.
Then, by like right, the noble progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are
tied

T' embrace the service of sweet Poetry,
By whose endeavours they are glorified ;
And eke from all, of whom it is envied,
To patronize the author of their praise,
Which gives them life, that else would soon
have died,

And crowns their ashes with immortal bays.
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I send
This present of my pains, it to defend.
E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL
OF CUMBERLAND.

REDOUBTED Lord, in whose courageous
mind

The flow'r of chivalry, now blooming fair,
Doth promise fruit worthy the noble kind

Which of their praises have left you the
hair ;

To you this humble present I prepare,
For love of virtue and of martial praise ;
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
(As goodly well ye show'd in late assays,)
Yet brave ensample of long pass'd days,
In which true honour ye may fashion'd see
To like desire of honour may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magnanimity.
Receive it, Lord, therefore, as it was meant,
For honour of your name and high descent.
E. S.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE AND EXCEL-
LENT LORD THE EARL OF ESSEX, GREAT
MASTER OF THE HORSE TO HER HIGH-
NESS, AND KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE OR-
DER OF THE GARTER, ETC.

MAGNIFIC Lord, whose virtues excellent
Do merit a most famous poet's wit
To be thy living praises' instrument ;
Yet do not s'dain to let thy name be writ
In this base poem, for thee far unfit :
Nought is thy worth disparag'd thereby.
But when my Muse, whose feathers nothing
fit,

Do yet but flag, and lowly learn to fly,
With bolder wing shall dare aloft to sty
To the last praises of this Faery Queen ;
Then shall it make most famous memory
Of thine heroic parts, such as they been :
Till then, vouchsafe thy noble countenance
To their first labours needed furtherance.
E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL
OF ORMOND AND OSSORY.

RECEIVE, most noble Lord, a simple taste
Of the wild fruit which savage soil hath
bred ;
Which, being through long wars left almost
waste,

With brutish barbarism is overspread :
And, in so fair a land as may be read,
Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicon.
Left for sweet Muses to be harboured,
But where thyself hast thy brave mansion :
There indeed dwell fair Graces many one,
And gentle nymphs, delights of learned wits ;
And in thy person, without paragon,
All goodly bounty and true honour sits.
Such therefore, as that wasted soil doth
yield,

Receive, dear Lord, in worth the fruit of
barren field. E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD CHARLES HOWARD, LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND, KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, AND ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL, ETC.

AND ye, brave 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 have a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,*
That vainly threat'ned kingdoms to dis-
place,

Like flying doves ye did before you chase ;
And that proud people, woxen insolent
Through many victories, did nrst deface :
Thy praise's everlasting monument
Is in this verse engraven sensibly,
That it may live to all posterity. E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD OF HUNSDON, HIGH CHAMBERLAIN TO HER MAJESTY.

RENOWNED Lord, that for your worthiness
And noble deeds, have your deserved place
High in the favour of that Emperess,
The world's sole glory and her sex's grace ;
Here eke of right have you a worthy place,
Both for your nearness to that Faery Queen,
And for your own high merit in like case :
Of which, apparent proof was to be seen,
When that tumultuous rage and fearful deen
Of northern rebels ye did pacify,
And their disloyal pow'r defaced clean,
The record of enduring memory.
Live, Lord, for ever in this lasting verse,
That all posterity thy honour may rehearse.
E. S.

TO THE MOST RENOWNED AND VALIANT LORD, THE LORD GREY OF WILTON, KNIGHT OF THE NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, ETC.

MOST noble Lord, the pillar of my life,
And patron of my Muse's pupillage ;
Through whose large bounty pourèd on me
rife,
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now do live, bound yours by vassalage ;
(Sith nothing ever may redeem nor reave
Out of your endless debt, so sure a gage :)

Vouchsafe, in worth, this small gift to re-
ceive,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I
leave
Of all the rest that I am tied t' account :
Rude rhymes, the which a rustic Muse did
weave
In savage soil, far from Parnasso mount,
And roughly wrought in an unlearnèd loom :
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your
favourable doom. E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD OF BUCKHURST, ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

IN vain I think, right honourable Lord,
By this rude rhyme to memorize thy name,
Whose learnèd Muse hath writ her own
record
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame :
Thou much more fit (were leisure to the
same)

Thy gracious sovereign's praises to compile,
And her imperial majesty to frame
In lofty numbers and heroic style.
But, sith thou mayst not so, give leave a
while

To baser wit his power therein to spend,
Whose gross defaults thy dainty pen may file,
And unadvisèd oversights amend,
But evermore vouchsafe, it to maintain,
Against vile Zoilus' backbitings vain.
E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT, PRINCIPAL SECRETARY TO HER MAJESTY, AND ONE OF HER HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL.

THAT Mantuan poet's incomparèd spirit
Whose garland now is set in highest place
Had not Mecænas, for his worthy merit,
It first advanced to great Augustus' grace,
Might long perhaps have lain in silence
base,

Ne been so much admired of later age.
This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to
trace,
Flies for like aid unto your patronage,
(That are the great Mecænas of this age,
As well to all that civil arts profess,
As those that are inspired with martial
rage,)

And craves protection of her feebleness :
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her raise
In bigger tunes to sound your living praise.
E. S.

* The Spanish Armada.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE LORD AND MOST VALIANT CAPTAIN, SIR JOHN NORRIS, KNIGHT, LORD PRESIDENT OF MUNSTER.

WHO ever gave more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse than did the Martial
crew,
That their brave deeds she might immortalize

In her shrill trump, and sound their praises
due? [you,

Who then ought more to favour her than
Most noble lord the honour of this age,
And precedent of all that arms ensue?

Whose warlike prowess and manly courage,
Temper'd with reason and advisement sage,
Hath fill'd sad Belgic with victorious spoil;
In France and Ireland left a famous gage;
And lately shook the Lusitanian soil.

Sith then each where thou hast dispread thy
fame,

Love him that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND VALOROUS KNIGHT, SIR WALTER RALEIGH, LORD WARDEN OF THE STANNERIES, AND LIEUTENANT OF CORNWALL.

To thee, that art the summer's nightingale,
Thy sovereign goddess's most dear delight,
Why do I send this rustic madrigal,
That may thy tuneful ear unseason quite?
Thou only fit this argument to write,
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built
her bower,

And dainty Love learn'd sweetly to endite.
My rhymes I know unsavoury and sour,
To taste the streams that, like a golden

shower, [praise;
Flow from thy fruitful head of thy love's
Fitter perhaps to thunder martial stowre,
Whenso thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:

Yet, till that thou thy poem wilt make
known,

Let thy fair Cynthia's praises be thus rudely
shown.

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MOST VIRTUOUS LADY, THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

REMEMBRANCE of that most heroic spirit,
The heaven's pride, the glory of our days,
Which now triumpheth (through immortal
merit [bays,

Of his brave virtues.) crown'd with lasting
Of heavenly bliss and everlasting praise;

Who first my Muse did lift out of the floor,
To sing his sweet delights in lowly lays;
Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore
His goodly image living evermore
In the divine resemblance of your face;
Which with your virtues ye embellish more
And native beauty deck with heavenly
grace;

For his, and for your own especial sake,
Vouchsafe from him this token in good
worth to take. E. S.

TO THE MOST VIRTUOUS AND BEAUTIFUL LADY, THE LADY CAREW.

NE may I, without blot of endless blame,
You, fairest Lady, leave out of this place;
But, with remembrance of your gracious
name,

(Wherewith that courtly garland most ye
grace [base: vers

And deck the world,) adorn these verses
Not that these few lines can in them com-
prise

Those glorious ornaments of heavenly grace,
Wherewith ye triumph over feeble eyes
And in subdued hearts do tyrannise;
(For thereunto doth need a golden quill
And silver leaves, them rightly to devise;)

But to make humble present of good will:
Which, whenas timely means it purchase
may,

In ampler wise itself will forth display.

E. S.

TO ALL THE GRACIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL LADIES IN THE COURT.

THE Chian painter, when he was required
To portrait Venus in her perfect hue;
To make his work more absolute, desired
Of all the fairest maids to have the view.
Much more me needs, to draw the semblant
true,

Of Beauty's Queen, the world's sole won-
derment,

To sharp my sense with sundry beauties'
view,

And steal from each some part of ornament.
If all the world to seek I overwent,

A fairer crew yet nowhere could I see
Than that brave court doth to mine eye
present,

That the world's pride seems gathered
there to be.

Of each a part I stole by cunning theft:
Forgive it me, fair Dames! sith less ye have
not left. E. S.

THE FAERY QUEEN.

DISPOSED INTO TWELVE BOOKS FASHIONING
XII MORAL VIRTUES.

BOOK I.

THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS, OR OF HOLINESS.

I.

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did
mask,
As time her taught, in lowly shepherd's
weeds,
Am now enforced, a far unfitter task,
For trumpets stern to change mine oaten
reeds,
And sing of knights' and ladies' gentle
deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too mean, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broad amongst her learnèd
throng:
Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize
my song.

II.

Help then, O holy virgin! chief of nine,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will;
Lay forth, out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolls, which there lie hidden
still,
Of Fairy knights and fairest Tanaquil,
Whom that most noble Briton prince, so
long
Sought through the world, and suffer'd so
much ill,
That I must rue his undeservèd wrong:
O, help thou my weak wit, and sharpen my
dull tongue!

III.

And thou, most dreaded Imp of highest
Jove,
Fair Venus' son, that with thy cruel dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glerious fire it kindled in his heart;
Lay now thy deadly ebon bow apart,
And, with thy mother mild, come to mine
aid;
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant
Mart.*
In loves and gentle jollities array'd,
After his mur'd'rous spoils and bloody rage
allay'd.

IV.

And with them eke, O goddess heavenly
bright,
Mirror of grace and majesty divine,
Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phœbus' lamp throughout the world
doth shine,
Shed thy fair beams into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughts, too humble and too
vile,
To think of that true glorious type of thine,
The Argument † of mine afflicted style:
The which to hear vouchsafe, O dearest
Dread, awhile.

* Mars.

† Subject, i. e. Una.

CANTO I.

The patron of true Holiness
Foul Error doth defeat;
Hypocrisy, him to entrap;
Doth to his home entreat.

I.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did
remain,

The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainng to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce en-
counters fit.

II.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge
he wore,

And dead, as living, ever Him adored;
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he
had,

Right, faithful, true he was in deed and
word;

But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was
ydrad.

III.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious Queen of Fairy
land)

To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did
crave.

And ever as he rode, his heart did earne
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

IV.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow,
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a veil, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a black stole she did throw,

As one that inly mourn'd; so was she sad,
And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seem'd in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she
lad.

V.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of
yore

Their sceptres stretch'd from east to western
shore,

And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forwasted all their land, and them expell'd;
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from
far compell'd.

VI.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seem'd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of necessments at his back. Thus as they
past,

The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain;
And this fair couple eke to shroud them-
selves were fain.

VII.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand:
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's
pride

Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did
hide,

Not pierceable with power of any star;
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn and leading inward far;
Fair harbour that them seems; so in they
enter'd are.



As one that inly mourned; so was she sad,
And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemèd in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her, in a line, a milk-white lamb she lead.

Book I., Canto I., Stanza IV., p. 30.

TO THE HONORABLE MEMBERS OF THE SENATE
 OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE,
 January 15, 1910.

REPORT
 OF THE
 COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE
 CONCERNING THE
 STATE LANDS.

ALBANY:
 J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PRINTERS,
 1910.

VIII.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
 Which therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
 Seem'd in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
 The sailing pine; the cedar proud and tall;
 The vine-prop elm; the poplar never dry;
 The builder oak, sole king of forests all;
 The aspen good for staves; the cypress funeral;

IX.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
 And poets sage; the fir that weepeth still;
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramours;
 The yew, obedient to the bender's will;
 The birch for shafts; the sallow for the mill;
 The myrrh sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound;
 The warlike beech; the ash for nothing ill;
 The fruitful olive; and the platane round;
 The carver holme; the maple, seldom inward sound.

X.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Until the blust'ring storm is overblown;
 When, weening to return, whence they did stray,
 They cannot find that path, which first was shown,
 But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
 Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their own;
 So many paths, so many turnings seen,
 That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

XI.

At last resolving forward still to fare,
 Till that some end they find, 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 cave
 Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout

Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
 And to the dwarf awhile his needless spear he gave.

XII.

"Be well aware," quoth then that lady mild,
 "Lest sudden mischief ye too rash provoke:
 The danger hid, the place unknown and wild,
 Breeds dreadful doubts: oft fire is witho' smoke,
 And peril without show; therefore your stroke,
 Sir Knight, withhold, till further trial made."
 "Ah, Lady," said he, "shame were to revoke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade:
 Virtue gives herself light through darkness for to wade."

XIII.

"Yea, but," quoth she, "the peril of this place
 I better wot then you: Though now too late
 To wish you back return with foul disgrace,
 Yet wisdom warns, whilest foot is in the gate,
 To stay the step, ere forced to retreat.
 This is the Wand'ring Wood, this Error's Den,
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
 Therefore I read beware." "Fly, fly,"
 quoth then
 The fearful dwarf; "this is no place for living men."

XIV.

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
 The youthful knight could not for ought be stay'd;
 But forth unto the darkness hole he went,
 And looked in: his glist'ring armour made
 A little glooming light, much like a shade;
 By which he saw the ugly monster plain,
 Half like a serpent horribly display'd,
 But th' other half did woman's shape retain,
 Most loathsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile disdain.

XV.

And, as she lay upon the dirty ground,
 Her huge long tail her den all overspread,
 Yet was in knots and many boughts un-
 wound,
 Pointed with mortal sting: of her there bred
 A thousand young ones, which she daily fed,
 Sucking upon her poisonous dugs: each one
 Of undry shapes, yet all ill-favour'd:

Soon as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and sudden all
were gone.*

XVI.

Their dam upstart out of her den effraid,
And rushèd forth, hurling her hideous tail
About her cursèd head; whose folds display'd
Were stretch'd now forth at length without
entail.

She look'd about, and seeing one in mail,
Armèd to point, sought back to turn again;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Aye wont in desert darkness to remain,
Where plain none might her see, nor she
see any plain.

XVII.

Which when the valiant Elf perceived, he
leapt

As lion fierce upon the flying prey,
And with his trenchant blade her boldly kept
From turning back, and forcèd her to stay:
Therewith enraged she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled tail advaunst
Threat'ning her angry sting, him to dismay;
Who, nought aghast, his mighty hand en-
haunst;

The stroke down from her head unto her
shoulder glaunst.

XVIII.

Much daunted with that dint her sense was
dazed;

Yet kindling rage herself she gathered round,
And all at once her beastly body raised
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho, wrapping up her wreathèd stern
around, [train

Leapt fierce upon his shield, and her huge
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stir he strove in vain.
God help the man so wrapt in Error's end-
less train!

XIX.

His lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cried out. "Now, now, Sir Knight, show
what ye be;

Add Faith unto your force, and be not faint;
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee."
That when he heard, in great perplexity,

* Milton used this idea for Sin and her off-
spring. See "Paradise Lost," Book IV.

His gall did grate for grief and high disdain;
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he gript her gorge with so great
pain,

That soon to loose her wicked bands did
her constrain.

XX.

Therewith she spew'd out of her filthy maw
A flood of poison horrible and black,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunk so vilely, that it forcèd him
slack

His grasping hold, and from her turn him
back:

Her vomit full of books and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toads, which eyes did
lack,

And creeping sought way in the weedy
grass:

Her filthy parbreake all the place defilèd has.

XXI.

As when old rather Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Egyptian vale,
His fatty waves do fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plain and lowly dale:
But, when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heaps of mud he leaves, wherein there
breed

Ten thousand kinds of creatures, partly
male

And partly female of his fruitful seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may
no man reed.

XXII.

The same so sore annoyèd has the knight,
That well nigh chokèd with the deadly stink,
His forces fail, he can no longer fight.
Whose courage when the fiend perceived to
shrink,

She pourèd forth out of her hellish sink
Her fruitful cursèd spawn of serpents small,
(Deformèd monsters, foul, and black as ink,)
Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,
And him encumber'd sore, but could not
hurt at all.

XXIII.

As gentle shepherd in sweet eventide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flock to vewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best,

A cloud of cumbrous gnats do 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 oft, and oft doth mar their
 murmurings.

XXIV.

Thus ill bested, and fearful more of shame
 Than of the certain peril he stood in,
 Half furious, unto his foe he came,
 Resolved in mind all suddenly to win,
 Or soon to lose, before he once would lin;
 And struck at her with more than manly
 force,
 That from her body, full of filthy sin,
 He reft her hateful head without remorse :
 A stream of coal-black blood forth gushèd
 from her corse.

XXV.

Her scatt'rd brood, soon as their parent dear
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
 Groaning full deadly all with troublous fear
 Gather'd themselves about her body round,
 Weening their woted entrance to have found
 At her wide mouth ; but, being there with-
 stood.
 They flockèd all about her bleeding wound,
 And suckèd up their dying mother's blood ;
 Making her death their life, and eke her
 hurt their good.

XXVI.

That détestable sight him much amazed,
 To see th' unkindly imps, of heaven accurst,
 Devour their dam ; on whom while so he
 gazed,
 Having all satisfied their bloody thirst,
 Their bellies swoln he saw with fulness burst,
 And bowels gushing forth : well worthy end
 Ot such, as drunk her life, the which them
 nurst !
 Now needeth him no longer labour spend,
 His foes have slain themselves, with whom
 he should contend.

XXVII.

His lady seeing all that chanced, from far,
 Approach'd in haste to greet his victory :
 And said, " Fair knight, born under happy
 star,
 Who see your vanquish'd foes before you lie ;
 Well worthy be you of that armoury,

Whercin ye have great glory won this day,
 And proved your strength on a strong enemy ;
 Your first adventure : many such I pray,
 And henceforth ever wish that like succeed
 it may ! "

XXVIII.

Then mounted he upon his steed again,
 And with the lady backward sought to wend :
 That path he kept, which beaten was most
 plain,
 Ne ever would to any by-way bend ;
 But still did follow one unto the end,
 The which at last out of the wood them
 brought.
 So forward on his way (with God to friend)
 He passèd forth, and new adventure sought :
 Long way he travellèd, before he heard of
 ought.

XXIX.

At length they chanced to meet upon the
 way
 An agèd sire, in long black weeds yclad,
 His feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray,
 And by his belt his book he hanging had ;
 Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad ;
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in show, and void of malice bad ;
 And all the way he prayèd, as he went,
 And often knock'd his breast, as one that
 did repent.

XXX.

Him fair the knight saluted, louting low,
 Who fair him quited, as that courteous was ;
 And after askèd him, if he did know
 Of strange adventures, which abroad did
 pass. [alas !
 " Ah ! my dear son," quoth he, " how should,
 Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
 Bidding his beads all day for his trespass,
 Tidings of war and worldly trouble tell ?
 With holy father sits not with such things
 to mell.

XXXI.

" But if of danger, which hereby doth dwell,
 And homebred evil ye desire to hear,
 Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this country far and near."
 " Of such," said he, " I chiefly do inquire ;
 And shall thee well reward to show the place,
 In which that wicked wight his days doth
 wear :

For to all knighthood it is foul disgrace,
That such a cursèd creature lives so long a
space."

XXXII.

"Far hence," quoth he, "in wasteful wil-
derness

His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever pass, but thorough great distress"
"Now," said the lady, "draweth toward
night;

And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be; for what so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might?
The sun, that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth bait his steeds the ocean
waves among

XXXIII.

"Then with the sun take, sir, your timely
rest,

And with new day new work at once begin:
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsel
best."

"Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advisèd
bin,"

Quoth then that aged man; "the way to
win

Is wisely to advise. Now day is spent
Therefore with me ye may take up your inn
For this same night." The knight was well
content.

So with that godly father to his home they
went.

XXXIV.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people, that did pass
In travel to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy chapel edified,
Wherein the hermit duly wont to say
His holy things each morn and eventide:
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain wellèd forth
always.

XXXV.

Arrivèd there, the little house they fill,
Ne look for entertainment, where none was,
Rest is their feast, and all things at their
will:

The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With fair discourse the evening so they pass,
For that old man of pleasing words had
store,

And well could file his tongue, as smooth as
glass:

He told of saints and popes, and evermore
He strow'd an Ave-Mary after and before.

XXXVI.

The drooping night thus creepeth on them
fast,

And the sad humour loading their eye-lids,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slumbring dew, the which to sleep
them bids. [riddes;

Unto their lodgings then his guests he
Where when all drown'd in deadly sleep he
finds,

He to his study goes; and there amidst
His magic books, and arts of sundry kinds,
He seeks out mighty charms to trouble sleepy
minds,

XXXVII

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read!) thereof did verses
frame:

With which, and other spells like terrible,
He bade awake black Pluto's grisly dame;
And cursèd Heaven, and spake reproachful
shame

Of highest God, the Lord of life and light
A bold bad man! that dared to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead
night;

At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put
to flight.

XXXVIII

And forth he call'd out of deep darkness
dread

Legions of sprights, the which, like little
flies,

Flutt'ring about his ever-damnèd head,
Await whereto their service he applies,
To aid his friends, or fray his enemies:

Of those he chose out two, the falsest two,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lies,
The one of them he gave a message to,

The other by himself stay'd other work to
do

XXXIX.

He, making speedy way through spersèd air,
And through the world of waters wide and
deep,

To Morpheus' house doth hastily repair,
Amid the bowels of the earth full steep,

And low, where dawning day doth never
 peep,
 His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
 In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
 Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black
 doth spread

XI.

Whose double gates he findeth lockèd fast,
 The one fair framed of burnish'd ivory,
 The other all with silver overcast;
 And wakeful dogs before them far do lie,
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleep.
 By them the spright doth pass in quietly,
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownèd
 deep [keep
 In drowsy fit he finds, of nothing he takes

XLI.

And, more, to lull him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling stream from high rock tumbling
 down,
 And ever-drizzling rain upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the
 sowne
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoon
 No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,
 As still are wont t' annoy the wallèd town,
 Might there be heard but careless Quiet
 lies
 Wrapt in eternal silence far from enemies

XLII.

The messenger approaching to him spake;
 But his waste words return'd to him in vain:
 So sound he slept, that nought might him
 awake [pain,
 Then rudely he him thrust, and push'd with
 Whereat he gan to stretch but he again
 Shook him so hard, that forcèd him to
 speak.
 As one then in a dream, whose drier bram
 Is tost with troubled sights and fancies
 weak,
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his si-
 lence break.

XLIII.

The spright then gan more boldly him to
 wake,
 And threaten'd unto him the dreaded name
 Of Hecatè: whereat he gan to quake,
 And, lifting up his lumpish head, with
 blame

Half angry askèd him, for what he came.
 "Hither," quoth he, "me Archimago sent,
 He that the stubborn sprights can wisely
 tame,
 He bids thee to him send for his intent
 A fit false Dream, that can delude the sleep-
 ers' scent"

XLIV

The god obey'd, and, calling forth straight
 way
 A diverse dream out of his prison dark,
 Deliver'd it to him, and down did lay
 His heavy head, devoid of careful care,
 Whose senses all were straight benumb'd
 and stark
 He, back returning by the ivory door,
 Remounted up as light as cheerful lark;
 And on his little wings the Dream he bore
 In haste unto his lord, where he him left
 afore

XLV.

Who all this while, with charms and hidden
 arts,
 Had made a lady of that other spright,
 And framed of liquid air her tender parts,
 So lively, and so like in all men's sight.
 That weaker sense it could have ravish'd
 quite,
 The maker's self 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 seem for Una
 fit.

XLVI

Now when that idle Dream was to him
 brought,
 Unto that elfin knight he bad him fly,
 Where he slept soundly void of evil thought
 And with false shows abuse his fantasy,
 In sort as he him schoolèd privily
 And that new creature, born without her
 due,
 Full of the maker's guile, with usage sly
 He taught to imitate that lady true,
 Whose semblance she did carry under
 feignèd hue

XLVII

Thus, well instructed, to their work they
 haste;
 And, coming where the knight in slumber
 lay,

The one upon his hardy head him placed,
 And made him dream of loves and lustful
 play;
 That nigh his manly heart did melt away,
 Bathèd in wanton bliss and wicked joy.
 Then seemèd him, his lady by him lay,
 And to him 'plain'd, how that false wingèd
 boy
 Her chaste heart had subdued to learn dame
 Pleasure's toy.

XLVIII.

And, she herself, of beauty sovereign queen,
 Fair Venus, seem'd unto his bed to bring
 Her, whom he, waking, evermore did ween
 To be the chastest flow'r that eye did spring
 On earthly branch, the daughter of a king,
 Now a loose leman to vile service bound.
 And eke the Graces seemèd all to sing,
Hymen To Hymen, dancing all around,
 Whilst freshest Flora her with ivy garland
 crown'd.

XLIX.

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
 Or wonted fear of doing ought amiss,
 He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
 Some secret ill, or ludden foe of his:
 Lo, there before his face his lady is,
 Under black stole hiding her baited hook;
 And as half blushing offer'd him to kiss
 With gentle blandishment and lovely look,
 Most like that virgin true, which for her
 knight him took.

L.

All clean dismay'd to see so ùncouth sight,
 And half enragèd at her shameless guise,
 He thought have slain her in his fierce de-
 spite, [wise,
 But, hasty heat temp'ring with sufferance
 He stay'd his hand; and gan himself advise
 To prove his sense, and tempt her feignèd
 truth.
 Wringing her hands, in women's piteous
 wise,
 Tho can she weep, to stir up gentle ruth
 Both for her noble blood, and for her tender
 youth.

LI.

And said, "Ah, sir, my liege lord, and my
 love,
 Shall I accuse the hidden cruel fate,
 And mighty causes wrought in heaven above,
 Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,

For hopèd love to win me certain hate?
 Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
 Die is my due; yet rue my wretched state,
 You, whom my hard avenging destiny
 Hath made judge of my life or death in-
 differently:

LII.

"Your own dear sake forced me at first to
 leave
 My father's kingdom"—there she stopt with
 tears;
 Her swollen heart her speech seem'd to
 bereave,
 And then again begun; "My weaker years,
 Captived to fortune and frail worldly fears,
 Fly to your faith for succour and sure aid
 Let me not die in languor and long tears."
 "Why, dame," quoth he, "what hath ye
 thus dismay'd?
 What frays ye, that were wont to comfort
 me affray'd?"

LIII.

"Love of yourself," she said, "and dear
 constraint,
 Lets me not sleep, but waste the weary night
 In secret anguish and unpitied plaint,
 Whiles you in careless sleep are drownèd
 quite."
 Her doubtful words made that redoubted
 knight
 Suspect her truth; yet since no' untruth he
 knew,
 Her fawning love with foul disdainful spite
 He would not shend, but said, "Dear dame,
 I rue
 That for my sake unknown such grief unto
 you grew:

LIV.

"Assure yourself, it fell not all to ground,
 For all so dear, as life is to my hart,
 I deem your love, and hold me to you
 bound:
 Ne let vain fears procure your needless
 smart,
 Where cause is none; but to your rest de-
 part."
 Not all content, yet seem'd she to appease
 Her mournful plaints, beguiled of her art,
 And fed with words, that could not choose
 but please,
 So, sliding softly forth, she turn'd as to her
 ease.

LV.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Much grieved to think that gentle dame so
 light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood
 At last dull weariness of former fight

Having rock'd asleep his irksome spright,
 That troublous Dream gan freshly toss his
 brain [light .
 With bow'rs, and beds, and ladies' dear de-
 But, when he saw his labour all was vain,
 With that mismorded spright he back re-
 turn'd again.

CANTO II.

The guileful great enchanter parts
 The Redcross knight from Truth:
 Into whose stead fair Falsehood steps,
 And works him woful ruth.

I.

By this the northern waggoner had set
 His sevenfold team behind the steadfast star
 That was in ocean waves yet never wet,*
 But firm is fixt, and sendeth light from far
 To all that in the wide deep wand'ring are,
 And cheerful chanticleer with his note shrill
 Had warnèd once, that Phœbus' fiery car,
 In haste was climbing up the eastern hill,
 Full envious that Night so long his room did
 fill:

II.

When those accursèd messengers of hell,
 That feigning Dream, and that fair-forgèd
 spright,
 Came to their wicked master, and gan tell
 Their bootless pains, and ill-succeeding
 night:
 Who, all in rage to see his skilful might
 Deluded so, gan threaten hellish pain
 And sad Prosérpine's wrath, them to affright.
 But, when he saw his threat'ning was but
 vam,
 He cast about, and search'd his baleful
 books again.

III.

Eftsoones he took that miscreated Fair,
 And that false other spright, on whom he
 spread
 A seeming body of the subtile air,
 Like a young squire, in loves and lustyhed
 His wanton days that ever loosely led,

* The Pole Star.

Without regard of arms and dreaded fight;
 Those two he took, and in a secret bed,
 Cover'd with darkness and misdeeming
 night,
 Them both together laid, to joy in vain
 delight.

IV.

Forthwith he runs with feignèd-faithful
 haste
 Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
 And dreams, gan now to take more sound
 repast;
 Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful
 frights,
 A sone aghast with fiends or damnèd sprights,
 And to him calls, " Rise, rise, unhappy
 swain,
 That here wax old in sleep, whiles wicked
 wights
 Have knit themselves, in Venus' shameful
 chain
 Come, see where your false lady doth her
 honour stain.

V.

All in a maze he suddenly up start
 With sword in hand, and with the old man
 went;
 Who soon him brought into a secret part,
 Where that false couple were full closely
 ment
 In wanton lust and lewd embracement
 Which when he saw, he burnt with jealous
 fire;
 The eye of reason was with rage yblent;
 And would have slain them in his furious ire,
 But hardly was restrainèd of that aged sire

VI.

Returning to his bed in torment great,
 And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
 He could not rest, but did his stout heart
 eat, [spite,
 And waste his inward gall with deep de-
 lirksome of life, and too long ling'ring night.
 At last fair Hesperus in highest sky
 Had spent his lamp, and brought forth
 dawning light,
 Then up he rose, and clad him hastily,
 The dwarf him brought his steed. so both
 away do fly

VII.

Now when the rosy-fingered Morning fair,
 Weary of aged Tithone's saffron bed,
 Had spread her purple robe through dewy air,
 And the high hills Titan discovered,
 The royal virgin shook off drowsyhed.
 And, rising forth out of her baser bow'r,
 Look'd for her knight, who far away was fled,
 And for her dwarf, that wont to wait each
 hour —
 Then gan she wail and weep to see that
 woful stowre.

VIII.

And after him she rode with so much speed,
 As her slow beast could make, but all in
 vain
 For him so far had borne his light-foot steed,
 Prickèd with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
 That him to follow was but fruitless pain.
 Yet she her weary limbs would never rest,
 But every hill and dale, each wood and plain,
 Did search, sore grievèd in her gentle breast,
 He so ungently left her, whom she lovèd best

IX

But subtle Archimago, when his guests
 He saw divided into double parts,
 And Una wand'ring in woods and forèsts,
 (Th' end of his drift,) he praised his devilish
 arts,
 That had such might over true meaning
 hearts
 Yet rests not so, but other means doth make,
 How he may work unto her further smarts
 For her he hated as the hissing snake,
 And in her many troubles did most pleasure
 take

x.

He then devised himself how to disguise;
 For by his mighty science he could take

As many forms and shapes in seeming wise,
 As ever Proteus to himself could make.
 Sometime a fowl, sometime a fish in lake,
 Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell,
 That of himself, he oft for fear would quake,
 And oft would fly away O who can tell
 The hidden pow'r of herbs, and might of
 magic spell!

XI.

But now seem'd best the person to put on
 Of that good knight. his late beguiled guest:
 In mighty arms he was yclad anon,
 And silver shield, upon his coward breast,
 A bloody cross, and on his craven crest
 A bunch of hairs discolour'd diversely
 Full jolly knight he seem'd, and well ad-
 dress'd,
 And, when he sate upon his courser free,
 Saint George himself ye would have deemèd
 him to be.

XII.

But he, the knight, whose semblaunt he did
 bear,
 The true Saint George was wand'red far
 away,
 Still flying from his thoughts and jealous
 fear.
 Will was his guide, and grief led him astray:
 At last him chanced to meet upon the way
 A faithless Saracen, all arm'd to point,
 In whose great shield was writ with letters
 gay
Sans foy: full large of limb and every joint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a
 point.

XIII.

He had a fair companion of his way,
 A goodly lady clad in scarlet red,
 Purfied with gold and pearl of rich assay;
 And like a Persian mitre on her head
 She wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave
 Her wanton palfrey all was overspread
 With tinsel trappings, woven like a wave,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells and
 bosses brave.

XIV.

With fair disport, and courtling dalliance,
 She entertain'd her lover all the way:
 But, when she saw the knight his spear ad-
 vance,
 She soon left off her mirth and wanton play,

And bade her knight address him to the fray,
His foe was nigh at hand He prick'd with
pride,

And hope to win his lady's heart that day,
Forth spurred fast, adown his courser's side
The red blood trickling stain'd the way, as
he did ride

xv.

The knight of the Redcross, when him he
spied

Gpurring so hot with rage dispiteous,
San fairly couch his spear, and towards ride
Soon meet they both, both fell and furious,
That, daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds do stagger, and amazed stand,
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorus,
Astomed with the stroke of their own hand,
Do back rebutt, and each to other yieldeth
land

xvi.

As when two rams, stirr'd with ambitious
pride,

Fight for the rule of the rich-fleeced flock,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Do meet, that, with the terror of the shock
Astomied, both stand senseless as a block,
Forgetful of the hanging victory.
So stood these twain, unmoved as a rock,
Both staring fierce, and holding idly
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

xvii.

The Saracen, sore daunted with the buff,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quiteth cuff with cuff.
Each other's equal puissance envyes,
And through their iron sides with cruel spies
Does seek to pierce; repining courage yields
No foot to foe: the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple blood new dye the
verdant fields

xviii.

"Curse on that cross," quoth then the Sar-
accen,

"That keeps thy body from the bitter fit,
Dead long ago, I wote, thou haddest bin.
Had not that charm from thee forwarned it.
But yet I warn thee now assur'd sit,
And hide thy head." Therewith upon his
crest

With rigour so outrageous he smit,

That a large share it hew'd out of the rest,
And glancing down his shield from blame
him fairly blest.

xix.

Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping
spark

Of native virtue gan eftsoones revive;
And, at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steel did rive,
And cleft his head: he, tumbling down alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did
kiss

Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did
strive

With the frail flesh: at last it fitted is,
Whither the souls do fly of men, that live
amiss

xx.

The lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruins of a broken tow'r,
Stay'd not to wail his woful funeral,
But from him fled away with all her pow'r:
Who after her as hastily gan scour,
Bidding the dwarf with him to bring away
The Saracen's shield, sign of the conqueror:
Her soon he overtook, and bad to stay;
For present cause was none of dread her to
dismay.

xxi.

She turning back, with rueful countenance
Cried, "Mercy, mercy, sir, vouchsafe to show
On silly dame, subject to hard mischance,
And to your mighty will. "Her humblesse low
In so rich weeds, and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroic heart;
And said, "Dear dame, your sudden over-
throw

Much rueth me; but now put fear apart,
And tell both who ye be, and who that took
your part."

xxii.

Melting in tears, then gan she thus lament:
"The wretched woman, whom unhappy hour
Hath now made thrall to your commande-
ment,

Before that angry heavens list to lour,
And fortune false betray'd me to your pow'r
Was, (O what now availeth that I was!)
Born the sole daughter of an emperor;
He that the wide west under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis
doth pass.

XXIII.

"He, in the first flow'r of my freshest age,
Betrothèd me unto the only heir
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage,
Was never prince so faithful and so fair,
Was never prince so meek and debonaire!
But, ere my hopèd day of spousal shone,
My dearest lord fell from high honour's stair
Into the hands of his accursèd fone,
And cruelly was slain, that shall I ever moan!

XXIV.

"His blessed body, spoil'd of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convey'd,
And fro me hid, of whose most innocent
death

When tidings came to me, unhappy maid,
O, how great sorrow my sad soul assaid!
Then forth I went his woeful corse to find,
And many years throughout the world I
stray'd,

A virgin widow; whose deep-wounded mind
With love long time did languish, as the
stricken hind.

XXV.

"At last it chancèd this proud Saracen
To meet me wand'ring; who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The fort, that ladies hold in sovereign dread
There lies he now with foul dishonour dead,
Who, whiles he lived, was callèd proud
Sansfoy,

The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansjoy;
And twixt them both was born the bloody
bold Sansloy.

XXVI.

"In this said plight, friendless, unfortunate,
Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
Craving of you in pity of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well."
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quick eyes, her face to view,
Than his dull ears, to hear what she did tell.
And said, "Fair lady, heart of flint would rue
The undeservèd woes and sorrows which ye
shew.

XXVII.

"Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest:
Better new friend than an old foe is said."

With change of cheer the seeming-simple
maid

Let fall her eyes, as shamefast, to the earth,
And yielding soft, in that she nought gainsaid.
So forth they rode, he feigning seemly mirth,
And she coy looks: so dainty, they say,
maketh dearth.

XXVIII:

Long time they thus together travellèd;
Till, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that fair did
spread

Their arms abroad, with gray moss overcast;
And their green leaves, trembling with every
blast,

Made a calm shadow far in compass round:
The fearful shepherd, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His merry oaten pipe; but shunn'd th' un-
lucky ground.

XXIX.

But this good knight, soon as he them can
spy,

For the cool shade him thither hast'ly got;
For golden Phæbus, now ymounted high,
From fiery wheels of his fair chariot.
Hurlèd his beam so scorching cruel hot,
That living creature might it not abide;
And his new lady it endured not. [hide
There they alight, in hope themselves to
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary
limbs a tide.

XXX.

Fair-seemly pleasance each to other makes,
With goodly purposes, there as they sit;
And in his falsèd fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight, that lived yit; *
Which to express, he bends his gentle wit;
And, thinking of those branches green to
frame

A garland for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluck'd a bough, out of whose rift there
came [down the same.
Small drops of gory blood, that trickled

XXXI.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, "O spare with guilty hands to tear
My tender sides in this rough rind embarr'd;
But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for fear
Lest to you hap, that happen'd to me here,

* Yet.

And to this wretched lady, my dear love ;
O too dear love, love bought with death too
dear !”

Astond he stood, and up his hair did hove ;
And with that sudden horror could no mem-
ber move.

XXXII.

At last whenas the dreadful passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake ;
Yet musing at the strange occasion,
And doubting much his sense, he thus be-
spake :

“ What voice of damnèd ghost from Limbo
lake,

Or guileful spright wand'ring in empty air,
(Both which frail men do oftentimes mis-
take,) [rare,

Sends to my doubtful ears these speeches
And rueful plaints, me bidding guiltless
blood to spare ?”

XXXIII.

Then, groaning deep ; “ Nor damnèd
ghost,” quoth he,

“ Nor guileful spright, to thee these words
doth speak ;

But once a man, Fradubio, now a tree ;
Wretched man, wretched tree ! whose na-
ture weak

A cruel witch, her cursèd will to wreak,
Hath thus transform'd, and placed in open
plains,

Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleak,
And scorching sun does dry my secret veins ;
For though a tree I seem, yet cold and heat
me pains.”

XXXIV.

“ Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,”
Quoth then the knight ; “ by whose mis-
chiévous arts

Art thou misshapèd thus, as now I see ?
He oft finds medicine who his grief imparts ;
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts :
As raging flames who striveth to suppress.”

“ The author then,” said he, “ of all my
smarts,

Is one Duessa, a false sorceress.

This many errant knights hath brought to
wretchedness.

XXXV.

“ In prime of youthly years, when courage
hot

The fire of love and ioy of chivalry

First kindled in my breast, it was my lot
To love this gentle lady, whom ye see
Now not a lady, but a seeming tree ;
With whom as once I rode accompanied,
Me chanced of a knight encounter'd be,
That had a like fair lady by his side :
Like a fair lady, but did foul Duessa hide ;

XXXVI.

“ Whose forgèd beauty he did take in hand
All other dames to have exceeded far ;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the morning
star.

So both to battle fierce arrangèd are ;
In which his harder torture was to fall
Under my spear ; such is the die of war.
His lady, left as a prize martial,
Did yield her comely person to be at my
call.

XXXVII.

“ So doubly lovèd of ladies unlike fair,
Th' one seeming such, the other such in-
deed,

One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauty's glory did exceed ;
A rosy garland was the victor's meed.
Both seem'd to win, and both seem'd won
to be ;

So hard the discord was to be agreed.
Fræïssa was as fair, as fair mote be,
And ever false Duessa seem'd as fair as she.

XXXVIII.

“ The wicked witch, now seeing all this
while

The doubtful balance equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile ;
And, by her hellish science, raised straight
way

A foggy mist that overcast the day.
And a dull blast that breathing on her face
Dimmèd her former beauty's shining ray,
And with foul ugly form did her disgrace ;
Then was she fair alone, when none was
fair in place.

XXXIX.

“ Then cried she out, ‘ Fie, fie, deformèd
wight

Whose borrow'd beauty now appeareth
plain

To have before bewitchèd all men's sight :
O leave her soon, or let her soon be slain !’
Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,

Eftsoones I thought her such as she me
 told, [pain
 And would have kill'd her; but with feignèd
 The false witch did my wrathful hand with-
 hold:
 So left her, where she now is turn'd to treën
 mould.

XL.

"Thenceforth I took Duessa for my dame,
 And in the witch unweeting joy'd long time
 Ne ever wist, but that she was the same:
 Till on a day (that day is every prime,
 When witches wont do penance for their
 crime,)

I chanced to see her in her proper hue,
 Bathing her self in organ and thyme:
 A filthy foul old woman I did view,
 That ever to have touch'd her I did deadly
 rue.

XLI.

"Her nether parts misshapen monstrous,
 Were hid in water, that I could not see;
 But they did seem more foul and hideous,
 Than woman's shape man would believe to
 be.

Thenceforth from her most beastly company
 I gan refrain, in mind to slip away,
 Soon as appear'd safe opportunity:
 For danger great, if not assured decay,
 I saw before mine eyes, if I were known to
 stray.

XLII.

"The devilish hag, by changes of my cheer,
 Perceived my thought; and, drown'd in
 sleepy night,

With wicked herbs and ointments did be-
 smear [might,
 My boy, all through charms and magic
 That all my senses were bereavèd quite:
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 And by my wretched lover's side me pight:
 Where now enclosed in wooden walls full
 fast,

Banish'd from living wights, our weary days
 we waste."

XLIII.

"But how long time," said then the Elfin
 knight,

"Are you in this misformèd house to dwell?"
 "Are you not change," quoth he, "this evil
 plight,

Till we be bathèd in a living well;
 That is the term prescribed by the spell."
 "O how," said he, "mote I that well out
 find,

That may restore you to your wonted well?"
 "Time and sufficèd fates to former kind
 Shall us restore; none else from hence may
 us unbind."

XLIV.

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
 Heard how in vain Fradubio did lament,
 And knew well all was true. But the good
 knight,

Full of sad fear and ghastly dreriment,
 When all this speech the living tree had
 spent,

The bleeding bough did thrust into the
 ground,

That from the blood he might be innocent,
 And with fresh clay did close the wooden
 wound:

Then turning to his lady, dead with fear her
 found.

XLV.

Her seeming dead he found with feignèd
 fear,

As all unweeting of that well she knew;
 And pain'd himself with busy care to rear
 Her out of careless swoon. Her eyelids
 blue,

And dimmèd sight with pale and deadly
 hue,

At last she up gan lift; with trembling
 cheer

Her up he took, (too simple and too true.)
 And oft her kiss'd. At length, all passèd
 fear,

He set her on her steed, and forward forth
 did bear.

CANTO III.

Forsaken Truth long seeks her love,
 And makes the lion mild;
 Mars blind Devotion's mart, and falls
 In hand of leachour vyide.

I.

NOUGHT is there under heaven's wide hol-
 lowness,
 That moves more dear compassion of mind,
 'Then beauty brought t' unworthy wretched-
 ness
 Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks
 unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightness
 blind,
 Or through allegiance, and fast fealty,
 Which I do owe unto all womankind,
 Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pity I could
 die.

II.

And now it is empassionèd so deep,
 For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frail eyes these lines with tears do
 steep,
 To think how she through guileful hand-
 ling,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of
 a king,
 Though fair as ever living wight was fair,
 Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
 Is from her knight divorcèd in despair,
 And her due loves derived to that vile
 witch's share.

III.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
 Forsaken, woful, solitary maid,
 Far from all people's preece, as in exile,
 In wilderness and wasteful deserts stray'd,
 To seek her knight; who, subtilly betrav'd
 Through that late vision which th' enchanter
 wrought,
 Had her abandon'd; she of nought afraid.
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily
 sought
 'ct wishèd tidings none of him unto her
 brought.

IV

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
 From her unhasty beast she did alight;
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
 In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,
 And laid her stole aside: Her angel's face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shinèd bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place;
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly
 grace.

V.

It fortunèd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lion rushèd suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after savage blood.
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have at once devour'd her tender corse;
 But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
 His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazed, forgat his
 furious force.

VI.

Instead thereof, he kiss'd her weary feet,
 And lick'd her lily hands with fawning
 tongue;
 As he her wrongèd innocence did weet.
 O how can beauty master the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had markèd
 long,
 Her heart gan melt in great compassion:
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affec-
 tion.

VII.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth
 abate,
 And mighty proud to humble weak does
 yield,

Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prick'd in pity of my sad estate :—
 But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate
 Her, that him loved, and ever most adored
 As the god of my life? why hath he me ab-
 horr'd?"

VIII.

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her
 plaint,
 Which softly echoed from the neighbour
 wood ;
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood ;
 With pity calm'd, down fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
 Arose the virgin, born of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got again,
 To seek her stray'd champion if she might
 attain.

IX.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong guard
 Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard ;
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch
 and ward ;
 And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepared :
 From her fair eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her looks conceiv'd her intent.

X.

Long she thus travell'd through deserts
 wide,
 By which she thought her wand'ring knight
 should pass,
 Yet never show of living wight espied ;
 Till that at length she found the trodden
 grass,
 In which the track of people's footing was,
 Under the steep foot of a mountain hoar ;
 The same she follows, till at last she has
 A damsel spied slow-footing her before,
 That on her shoulders sad a pot of water
 bore.

XI.

To whom approaching, she to her gan call,
 To weet, if dwelling-place were nigh at hand :
 But the rude wench her answer'd nought at
 all ;
 She could not hear, nor speak, nor under-
 stand :

Till, seeing by her side the lion stand,
 With sudden fear her pitcher down she
 threw
 And fled away ; for never in that land
 Face of fair lady she before did view,
 And that dread lion's look her cast in deadly
 hue.

XII.

Full fast she fled, ne ever look'd behind,
 As if her life upon the wager lay ;
 And home she came, whereas her mother
 blind
 Sate in eternal night ; nought could she
 say ;
 But, sudden catching hold, did her dismay
 With quaking hands, and other signs of fear ;
 Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
 Gan shut the door. By this arriv'd there
 Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did
 requere :

XIII.

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
 With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
 And let her in ; where, of his cruel rage
 Nigh dead with fear, and faint astonishment,
 She found them both in darksome corner
 pent :
 Where that old woman day and night did
 pray
 Upon her beads, devoutly penitent ;
 Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
 And thrice nine hundred *Aves*, she was
 wont to say.

XIV.

And, to augment her painful penance more,
 Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,
 And next her wrinkled skin, rough sackcloth
 wore
 And thrice-three times did fast from any bit :
 But now for fear her beads she did forget.
 Whose needless dread for to remove away,
 Fair Una fram'd words and count'nance
 fit ;
 Which hardly done, at length she gan
 them pray,
 That in their cottage small that night she
 rest her may.

XV.

The day is spent ; and cometh drowsy night,
 When every creature shrouded is in sleep ;
 Sad Una down her lay in weary plight,
 And at her feet the lion watch doth keep ;

In stead of rest, she does lament, and weep,
For the late loss of her dear-lovèd knight,
And sighs, and groans, and evermore does
steep

Her tender breast in bitter tears all night ;
All night she thinks too long, and often
looks for light.

XVI.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted high,
Above the shiny Cassiopeia, s chair,
And all in deadly sleep did drownèd lie,
One knockèd at the door, and in would fare;
He knockèd fast, and often curst, and sware,
That ready entrance was not at his call ;
For on his back a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stealths, and pillage several,
Which he had got abroad by purchase
criminal.

XVII.

He was, to weet, a stout and sturdy thief,
Wont to rob churches of their ornaments,
And poor men's boxes of their due relief,
Which given was to them for good intents :
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men careless slept
And spoil'd the priests of their habiliments ;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by cunning sleights in at the
window crept.

XVIII.

And all, that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whoredom used that few did
know,
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow ;
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings :
And now he to her brought part of his
stolen things.

XIX.

Thus, long the door with rage and threats
he bet ;
Yet of those fearful women none durst rise,
(The lion frayèd them,) him in to let ;
He would no longer stay him to advise,
But open breaks the door in furious wise,
And ent'ring is ; when that disdainful beast,
Encount'ring fierce, him sudden doth sur-
prize ;

And seizing cruel claws on trembling breast,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath
supprest.

XX.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding heart is in the venger's hand ;
Who straight him rent in thousand pieces
small,
And quite dismemb' red hath : the thirsty
land
Drank up his life ; his corse left on the
strand.
His fearful friends wear out the woful night,
Ne dare to weep, nor seem to understand
The heavy hap, which on them is alight ;
Afraid, lest to themselves the like mis-
happen might.

XXI.

Now when broad day the world discover'd
has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lion eke ;
And on their former journey forward pass,
In ways unknown, her wand'ring knight to
seek,
With pains far passing that long-wand'ring
Greek,
That for his love refusèd deity :
Such were the labours of this lady meek,
Still seeking him, that from her still did fly ;
Then furthest from her hope, when most
she weened nigh.

XXII.

Soon as she parted thence, the fearful twain,
That blind old woman, and her daughter
dear,
Came forth ; and, finding Kirkrapine there
slain, [hair,
For anguish great they gan to rend their
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to
tear :
And when they both had wept and wail'd
their fill,
Then forth they ran, like two amazèd deer,
Half mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their
ill :

XXIII.

Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry ;
Shamefully at her railing all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flow'r of faith and chastity :

And still, amidst her railing, she did pray
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way;
And that in endless error she might ever
stray.

XXIV.

But, when she saw her prayers nought
prevail,
She back returnèd with some labour lost;
And in the way, as she did weep and wail,
A knight her met in mighty arms embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boast;
But subtle Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have toss'd:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a lady she could tell nought.

XXV.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and rail, and rend her
hair,
Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,
That caused her shed so many a bitter tear;
And so forth told the story of her fear.
Much seemèd he to moan her hapless chance,
And after for that lady did inquire;
Which being taught, he forward gan advance
His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmèd
lance.

XXVI.

Ere long he came where Una travell'd slow,
And that wild champion waiting her beside;
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not
show
Himself too nigh at hand, but turnèd wide
Unto an hill; from whence when she him
spied,
By his like-seeming shield her knight by
name
She ween'd it was, and towards him gan
ride;
Approaching nigh she wist it was the same;
And with fair fearful humblesse towards him
she came:

XXVII.

And weeping said, " Ah my long-lackèd lord,
Where have ye been thus long out of my
sight?
Much fearèd I to have been quite abhorr'd,
Or ought have done, that ye displeasèd
might,
That should as death unto my dear heart
light;

For since mine eye your joyous sight did
miss,
My cheerful day is turn'd to cheerless night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is:
But welcome now, my light, and shining
lamp of bliss!"

XXVIII.

He thereto meeting said, " My dearest dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To think that knighthood I so much should
shame,
As you to leave that have me lovèd still,
And chose in Faery court, of mere goodwill,
Where noblest knights were to be found on
earth.
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal dearth,
Then I leave you, my life, yborn of heavenly
birth.

XXIX.

" And sooth to say, why I left you so long,
Was for to seek adventure in strange place;
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily work disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more detace:
Good cause of mine excuse that mote ye
please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithful service, that by land and seas
Have vow'd you to defend: now then your
plaint appease."

XXX.

His lovely words her seem'd due recompence
Of all her passèd pains; one loving hour
For many years of sorrow can dispense;
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.
She has forgot how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endured; she speaks no
more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no
pow'r
To looken back; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she
toil'd so sore.

XXXI.

Much like, as when the beaten mariner,
That long hath wand'red in the ocean wide,
Oft soused in swelling Tethys' saltish tear;
And long time having tann'd his tawny hide
With blust'ring breath of heaven, that none
can bide,

And scorching flames of fierce Orion's
hound; *
Soon as the port from far he has espied,
His cheerful whistle merrily doth sound,
And Nereus crowns with cups; his mates
him pledge around:

XXXII.

Such joy made Una, when her knight she
found;
And eke th' enchanter joyous seem'd no less
Than the glad merchant, that does view from
ground
His ship far come from watery wilderness;
He hurls out vows, and Neptune oft doth
bless. [spent
So forth they pass'd; and all the way they
Discoursing of her dreadful late distress,
In which he ask'd her, what the lion meant;
Who told her all that fell in journey, as she
went.

XXXIII.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hasty heat,
Full strongly arm'd, and on a courser free,
That through his fierceness foam'd all with
sweat,
And the sharp iron did for anger eat,
When his hot rider spur'd his chafed side;
His look was stern, and seem'd still to threat
Cruel revenge, which he in heart did hide:
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines
was dyed.

XXXIV.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle pair,
And saw the red cross, which the knight did
bear,
He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones prepare
Himself to battle with his couch'd spear.
Loth was that other, and did faint through
fear,
To taste th' untried dint of deadly steel:
But yet his lady did so well him cheer,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feel;
So bent his spear, and spur'd his horse
with iron heel.

XXXV.

But that proud Paynim forward came so
fierce [spear,
And full of wrath, that, with his sharp-head

* Sirius, or the Dog Star, so called by Homer.—JORTIN.

Through vainly cross'd shield he quite did
pierce;
And, had his staggering steed not shrunk for
fear,
Through shield and body eke he should him
bear:
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him bear:
He tumbling rudely down to ground did
rush,
And from his gor'd wound a well of blood
did gush.

XXXVI.

Dismounting lightly from his lofty steed,
He to him leapt, in mind to reave his life,
And proudly said; "Lo, there the worthy
meed
Of him, that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife;
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining
strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake;
When mourning altars, purged with enemy's
life,
The black infernal furies do aslake:
Life from Sanstoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall
from thee take."

XXXVII.

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cried, "O hold that heavy hand,
Dear sir, whatever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquish'd stand
Now at thy mercy; mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquer'd now he lie on lowly land:
And, whilst him fortune favour'd, fair did
thrive
In bloody field; therefore of life him not de-
prive."

XXXVIII.

Her piteous words might not abate his rage;
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slain him straight; but when he sees
his age,
And hoary head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amazed hold,
And, half ashamed, wond' red at the sight:
For the old man well knew he, though un-
told,
In charms and magic to have wondrous
might;
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to
fight;

XXXIX.

And said, "Why, Archimago, luckless sire,
What do 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,
Instead of foe to wound my friend amiss?"
He answered nought, but in a trance still
lay,

And on those guileful dazèd eyes of his
The cloud of death did sit; which done away,
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay:

XL.

But to the virgin comes; who all this while
Amazèd stands, herself so mock'd to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to be:
Yet is she now in more perplexity,
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 pluck'd, her visage to
behold.

XLI.

But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe
And high disdain, whenas his sovereign dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jaws full greedy at him came,
And, ramping on his shield, did ween the
same

Have reft away with his sharp rending claws:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His courage more, that from his griping paws
He hath his shield redeem'd; and forth his
sword he draws.

XLII.

O then, too weak and feeble was the force
Of savage beast, his puissance to withstand
For he was strong, and of so mighty corse,
As ever wielded spear in warlike hand;
And feats of arms did wisely understand.
Eftsoones he piercèd through his chafèd chest
With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,
And lanced his lordly heart: with death
opprest

He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsook his stub-
born breast.

XLIII.

Who now is left to keep the fórlorn maid
From raging spoil of lawless victor's will?
Her faithful guard removed; her hope dis-
may'd;

Herself a yielded prey to save or spill!
He now, lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foul reproaches and disdainful spite
Her vilely entertains; and, will or nill,
Bears her away upon his courser light:
Her prayers nought prevail: his rage is
more of might.

XLIV.

And all the way, with great lamenting pain,
And piteous plaints, she filleth his dull ears,
That stony heart could riven have in twain;
And all the way she wets with flowing tears;
But he, enraged with rancour, nothing hears.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But follows her far off, ne ought he fears
To be partaker of her wand'ring woe:
More mild in beastly kind, than that her
beastly foe.

CANTO IV.

To sinful house of Pride Dues-
a guides the faithful knight;
Where, brother's death to wreak, Sansjoy
Doth challenge him to fight.

I.

YOUNG knight whatever, that dost arms
profess,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleness,
In choice, and change, of thy dear-lovèd
dame;

Lest thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening do thy heart re-
move:
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Than lightness and inconstancy, in love;
That doth this Redcross knight's ensample
plainly prove.

II.

Who, after that he had fair Una lorn,
Through light misdeeming of her loyalty,
And false Duessa in her stead had borne,
Callèd Fidesse,¹ and so supposed to be;
Long with her travell'd; till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnishèd;
The house of mighty prince it seem'd to be;
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through people's feet, which thither
travellèd.

III.

Great troupes of people travell'd thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and
place;
But few returnèd, having scapèd hard,
With baleful beggary, or foul disgrace;
Which, ever 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 consumèd is the ling'ring
day.

IV.

A stately palace built of squared brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong
nor thick,
And golden foil all over them display'd,
That purest sky with brightness they dis-
may'd;
High lifted up were many lofty tow'rs,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of fair windows and delightful bow'rs;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

V.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workman's
wit;
But full great pity, that so fair a mould
Did on so weak foundation ever sit:
For on a sandy hill, that still did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full high;
That every breath of heaven shakèd it;
And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI.

Arrivèd there, they passèd in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a porter light,
Call'd Malvenú, who entrance none denied;

Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight;
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There, waiting long to win the wishèd sight
Of her, that was the lady of that palace
bright.

VII.

By them they pass, all gazing on them
round,
And to the presence mount; whose glorious
view
Their frail amazèd senses did confound.
In living prince's court none ever knew
Such endless riches, and so sumptuous
shew;
Ne Persia's self, the nurse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw: and there a noble crew
Of lords and ladies stood on ever side,
Which, with their presence fair, the place
much beautified.

VIII.

High above all a cloth of state was spread,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate, most brave embellishèd
With royal robes and gorgeous array,
A maiden queen that shone, as Titan's ray,
In glistering gold and peerless precious stone;
Yet her bright blazing beauty did assay
To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,
As envying herself, that too exceeding shone:

IX.

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus' fairest child,
That did presume his father's fiery wain,*
And flaming mouths of steeds unwonted
wild,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand
to rein,
Proud of such glory and advancement vain,
While flashing beams do daze his feeble eye,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten plain,
And, rapt with whirling wheels, inflames
the sky
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for
to shine.

So proud she shined in her princely state,
Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdain:
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo, underneath her scornful feet was lain

* Phœton is meant.

A dreadful dragon with an hideous train ;
 And in her hand she held a mirror bright,
 Wherein her face she often viewèd fain,
 And in her self-loved semblance took delight;
 For she was wondrous fair as any living
 wight.

XI.

Of grisly Pluto she the daughter was,
 And sad Proserpina, the queen of hell ;
 Yet did she think her peerless worth to pass
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell ;
 And thund'ring Jove, that high in heaven
 doth dwell [sire ;
 And wield the world, she claimed for her
 Or if that any else did Jove excel ;
 For to the highest she did still aspire ;
 Or, if ought higher were than that, did it
 desire.

XII.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
 That made herself a queen, and crown'd to
 be ;
 Yet rightful kingdom she had none at all,
 Ne heritage of native sovereignty ;
 But did usurp with wrong and tyranny
 Upon the sceptre, which she now did hold :
 Ne ruled her realm with laws, but policy,
 And strong advizement of six wizards old,
 That with their counsels bad her kingdom
 did uphold.

XIII.

Soon as the elfin knight in presence came,
 And false Duessa, seeming lady fair,
 A gentle usher, Vanity by name,
 Made room, and passage for them did pre-
 pare,
 So goodly brought them to the lowest stair
 Of her high throne ; where they, on humble
 knee
 Making obeisance, did the cause declare,
 Why they were come, her royal state to see,
 To prove the wide report of her great
 majesty.

XIV.

With lofty eyes, half loth to look so low,
 She thankèd them in her disdainful wise ;
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
 Of princess worthy ; scarce them bade arise,
 Her lords and ladies all this while devise
 Themselves to setten forth to strangers'
 sight : [guise ;
 Some frounce their curlèd hair in courtly

Some prank their ruffs ; and others trimly
 dight
 Their gay attire: each, other's greater pride
 does spite.

XV.

Goodly they all that knight do entertain,
 Right glad with him to have increased their
 crew ;
 But to Duess' each one himself did pain
 All kindness and fair courtesy to shew ;
 For in that court whylome her well they
 knew :
 Yet the stout Fairy mongst the middest
 crowd
 Thought all their glory vain in knightly view,
 And that great princess too exceeding proud,
 That to strange knight no better counte-
 nance allow'd.

XVI.

Sudden upriseth from her stately place
 The royal dame, and for her coach did call :
 All hurtlen forth ; and she, with princely
 pace,
 As fair Aurora, in her purple pall,
 Out of the east the dawning day doth call,
 So forth she comes ; her brightness broad
 doth blaze.
 The heaps of people, thronging in the hall,
 Do ride each other, upon her to gaze :
 Her glorious glitter and light doth all men's
 eyes amaze.

XVII.

So forth she comes, and to her coach does
 climb,
 Adornèd all with gold and garlands gay,
 That seem'd as fresh as Flora in her prime ;
 And strove to match, in royal rich array,
 Great Juno's golden chair ; the which, they
 say, [ride
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does
 To Jove's high house through heaven's
 brass-paved way,
 Drawn of fair peacocks, that excel in pride,
 And full of Argus eyes their tails dispre-
 den wide.

XVIII.

But this was drawn of six unequal beasts,
 On which her six sage counsellors did ride,
 Taught to obey their bestial behests,
 With like conditions to their kinds applied ;
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,

Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of Sin ;
Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,
Array'd in habit black, and amice thin ;
Like to an holy monk, the service to begin.

XIX.

And in his hand his portesse still he bare,
That much was worn, but therein little read ;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days
dead :

Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the wain was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
They knew not, whether right he went or
else astray.

XX.

From worldly cares himself he did esloyne,
And greatly shunnèd manly exercise ;
From every work he challengèd essaye,
For contemplantion' sake : yet otherwise
His life he led in lawless riotise ;
By which he grew to grievous malady :
For in his lustless limbs, through evil guise,
A shaking fever reign'd continually :
Such one was Idleness, first of this company.

XXI.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformèd creature, on a filthy swine ;
His belly was blown with luxury,
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne ;
And like a crane his neck was long and fine,
With which he swallow'd up excessive feast,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine :
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spuèd up his gorge, that all did him de-
test.

XXII.

In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad ;
For other clothes he could not wear for heat ;
And on his head an ivy garland had,
From under which fast trickled down the
sweat :

Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bousing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can :
In shape and life more like a monster than a
man.

XXIII.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to stir or go ;

Not meet to be of counsel to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drink was drownèd
so,

That from his friend he seldom knew his
foe :

Full of diseases was his carcass blue,
And a dry dropsy through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew :
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that
crew.

XXIV.

And next to him rode lustful Lechery
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged hair
And whally eyes (the sign of jealousy),
Was like the person self, whom he did bear :
Who rough, and black, and filthy, did ap-
pear ;

Unseemly man to please fair ladies' eye :
Yet he of ladies oft was lovèd dead,
When fairer faces were bid standen by :
O who does know the bent of women's
fantasy !

XXV.

In a green gown he clothèd was full fair,
Which underneath did hide his filthiness ;
And in his hand a burning heart he bare,
Full of vain follies and new-fangleness :
For he was false, and fraught with fickle-
ness ;

And learnèd had to love with secret looks :
And well could dance ; and sing with ruc-
fulness ;
And fortunes tell ; and read in loving books ;
And thousand other ways, to bait his fleshly
hooks.

XXVI.

Inconstant man, that lovèd all he saw,
And lustèd after all, that he did love ;
Ne would his looser life be tied to law,
But joy'd weak women's hearts to tempt,
and prove

If from their loyal loves he might them
move :

Which lewdness fill'd him with reproachful
pain

Of that foul evil, which all men reprove,
That rots the marrow, and consumes the
brain :

Such one was Lechery, the third of all this
train.

XXVII.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camel loaden all with gold :

Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metal full as they might hold ;
And in his lap an heap of coins he told :
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold ;
Accursèd usury was all his trade ;
And right and wrong alike in equal balance
weigh'd.

XXVIII.

His life was nigh unto death's door yplaced ;
And thread-bare coat, and cobbled shoes, he
ware ;
Ne scarce good morsel all his life did taste ;
But both from back and belly still did spare ;
To fill his bags, and riches to compare ;
Yet child ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to ; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly fear to lose his own,
He led a wretched life, unto himself un-
known.

XXIX.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might
suffice ;
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store ;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise ;
Whose wealth was want ; whose plenty
made him poor ;
Who had enough, yet wishèd ever more ;
A vile disease ; and eke in foot and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore ;
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor
stand :
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this fair
band !

XXX.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolf, and still did chaw
Between his cank' red teeth a venomous toad,
That all the poison ran about his chaw ;
But inwardly he chawèd his own maw
At neighbour's wealth, that made him ever
sad ;
For death it was, when any good he saw ;
And wept, that cause of weeping none he
had ;
But, when he heard of harm, he waxèd
wondrous glad.

XXXI.

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
He clothèd was, y painted full of eyes ;
And in his bosom secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his tail upties

In many folds, and mortal sting implies :
Still as he rode, he gnash'd his teeth to see
Those heaps of gold with griple Covetise,
And grugged at the great felicity
Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.

XXXII.

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less, that any like did use ;
And, who with gracious bread the hungry
feeds,
His alms for want of faith he doth accuse :
So every good to bad he doth abuse :
And eke the verse of famous poets' wit
He does backbite, and spiteful poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writ :
Such one vile Envy was, that fifth in row
did sit.

XXXIII.

And him beside rides fierce revenging
Wrath,
Upon a lion, loth for to be led ;
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head :
His eyes did hurl forth sparkles fiery red,
And starèd stern on all that him beheld ;
As ashes pale of hue, and seeming dead ;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler
in him swell'd.

XXXIV.

His ruffian raiment all was stain'd with
blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent ;
Through unadvisèd rashness waxen wood ;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne cared for blood in his avengèment :
But, when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel facts he oftèn would repent ;
Yet wilful man, he never would forecast,
How many mischiefs should ensue his heed-
less haste,

XXXV.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath ;
Abhorred Bloodshed, and tumultuous Strife,
Unmanly Murder, and unthrifty Scath,
Bitter Despite with Rancour's rusty knife ;
And fretting Grief, the enemy of life :
All these, and many evils moe haunt Ire,
The swelling Spleen, and Frenzy raging rife,
The shaking Palsy, and St. Francis' fire :
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungod-
ly tire.

XXXVI.

And, after all, upon the waggon beam,
Rode Satan with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lash'd the lazy team,
So oft as Sloth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Shouting for joy; and still before their way
A foggy mist had cover'd all the land;
And, underneath their feet, all scatter'd lay
Dead skulls and bones of men whose life had
gone astray.

XXXVII.

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open air,
And in fresh flow'ring fields themselves to
sport:
Amongst the rest rode that false lady fair,
The foul Duessa, next unto the chair
Of proud Lucifer, as one of the train:
But that good knight would not so nigh re-
pair,
Himself estranging from their joyaunce vain,
Whose fellowship seem'd far unfit for war-
like swain.

XXXVIII.

So having solacèd themselves a space
With pleasureance of the breathing fields
yfed,
They back returnèd to the princely place;
Whereas an errant knight in arms yced,
And heath'nish shield, wherein with letters
red
Was writ *Sans joy*, they new arrivèd find:
Enflamed, with fury and fierce hardyhed,
He seem'd in heart to harbour thoughts
unkind, [mind.
And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter

XXXIX.

Who, when the shamèd shield of slain
Sansfoy
He spied with that same Fairy champion's
page,
Bewraying him that did of late destroy
His eldest brother; burning all with rage,
He to him leapt, and that same envious
gage
Of victor's glory from him snatch'd away:
But th' Elfin knight, which ought that war-
like wage,
Disdain'd to lose the meed he won in fray;
And, him rencount'ring fierce, rescued the
noble prey.

XL.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battle ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their
swords on high;
That with their stir they troubled all the
train:
Till that great queen, upon eternal pain
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commanded them their fury to refrain;
And, if that either to that shield had right,
In equal lists they should the morrow next
it fight.

XLI.

"Ah, dearest dame," quoth then the Paynim
bold,
"Pardon the error of enragèd wight,
Whom great grief made forget the reins to
hold
Of reason's rule, to see this recreant knight,
(No knight, but treachour full of false despite
And shameful treason,) who through guile
hath slain
The prouest knight that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sanstoy, (O, who can refrain!)
Whose shield he bears renverst, the more to
heap disdain.

XLII.

"And, to augment the glory of his guile,
His dearest love, the fair Fidessa, lo!
Is there possessèd of the traitor vile;
Who reaps the harvest sown by his foe,
Sowen in bloody field, and bought with woe:
That brother's hand shall dearly well re-
quite
So be, O Queen, you equal favour show."
Him little answer'd th' angry Elfin knight;
He never meant with words, but swords, to
plead his right:

XLIII.

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge,
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with hearts on
edge
To be avenged each on his enemy.
That night they pass in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bow'r and hall;
For steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty pour'd forth to all:
Which done, the chamberlain Sloth did to
rest them call.

XLIV.

Now whenas darksome night had all display'd

Her coalblack curtain over brightest sky ;
The warlike youths, on dainty couches laid,
Did chase away sweet sleep from sluggish eye,

To muse on means of hopèd victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Duessa from her resting place,
And to the Paynim's lodging comes with silent pace :

XLV.

Whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,

Fore-casting, how his foe he might annoy ;
And him moves with speeches seeming fit :
" Ah, dear Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansjoy,

Curse of my new grief, cause of my new joy ;
Joy us, to see his image in mine eye,
And grieved to think how foe did him destroy,

That was the flow'r of grace and chivalry ;
Lo, his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I fly."

XLVI.

With gentle words he can her fairly greet,
And bade say on the secret of her heart :
Then, sighing soft ; " I learn that little sweet
Oft temp'rd is," quoth she, " with muchel smart :

For, since my breast was lanced with lovely dart

Of dear Sansfoy I never joyèd hour,
But in eternal woes my weaker heart
Have wasted, loving him with all my pow'r,
And for his sake have felt full many an heavy stowre.

XLVII.

" At last, when perils all I weenèd past,
And hoped to reap the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this false faytor, who unworthy ware
His worthy shield, whom he with guileful snare

Entrappèd slew, and brought to shameful grave :

Me silyl maid away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksome cave ;
For that I would not yield that to Sansfoy I gave.

XLVIII.

" But since fair sun hath sperst that low'ring cloud,

And to my loathèd life now shows some light,
Under your beams I will me safely shroud
From dreaded storm of his disdainful spite :
To you th' inheritance belongs by right
Of brother's praise, to you eke longs his love,
Let not his love, let not his restless spright,
Be unrevenged, that calls to you above
From wandering Stygian shores, where it doth endless move."

XLIX.

Thereto said he, " Fair dame, be nought dismay'd [gone.

For sorrows past ; their grief is with them
Ne yet of present peril be afraid ;
For needless fear did never vantage none ;
And helpless hap it booteth not to moan.

Dead is Sansfoy, his vital pains are past,
Though grievèd ghost for vengeance deep do groan

He lives, that shall him pay his duties last,
And guilty Elf in blood shall sacrifice in haste."

L.

" O, but I fear the fickle freaks," quoth she,
" Of Fortune false, and odds of arms in field."

" Why, dame," quoth he, " what odds can ever be

Where both do fight alike, to win or yield ? "

" Yea, but," quoth she, " he bears a charmèd shield,

And eke enchanted arms, that none can
Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield."

" Charm'd or enchanted," answer'd he then fierce,

" I no whit reck ; ne you the like need to rehearse.

LI.

" But, fair Fidessa, sithens Fortune's guile
Or enemies' pow'r, hath now captivèd you,
Return from whence ye came, and rest awhile,

Till morrow next, that I the Elf subdue,
And with Sansfoy's dead dowry you endue."

" Av me, that is a double death," she said,
" With proud foe's sight my sorrow to renew :

Wherever yet I be, my secret aid
Shall follow you." So, passing forth, she him obey'd.

CANTO V.

The faithful knight in equal field
Subdues his faithless foe ;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
His cure to hell does go.

I.

THE noble heart that harbours virtuous
thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, until it forth have brought
Th' eternal brood of glory excellent.
Such restl-ss passion did all night torment
The flaming courage of that Faery knight,
Devising, how that doughty tournament
With greatest honour he achieven might :
Still did he wake, and still did watch for
dawning light.

II.

At last, the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open fair,
And Phoebus, fresh as bridegroom to his
mate,
Came dancing forth, shaking his dewy hair ;
And hurl'd his glist'ring beams through
gloomy air ;
Which when the wakeful Elf perceived,
straightway
He started up, and did himself prepare
In sunbright arms, and battailous array ;
For with that Pagan proud he combat will
that day.

III.

And forth he comes into the common hall ;
Where early wait him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to stranger knights may
fall.
There many minstrels maken melody,
To drive away the dull melánocholy ;
And many bards, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly ;
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and wars for ladies done by many
a lord.

IV.

Soon after comes the cruel Saracen,
In woven mail all armèd warily ;
And sternly looks at him, who not a pin
Dees care for look of living creature's eye.

They bring them wines of Greece and Arabi,
And dainty spices fetch from furthest Ind,
To kindle heat of courage privily ;
And in the wine a solemn oath they bind
T' observe the sacred laws of arms that are
assign'd.

V.

At last forth comes that far renownèd queen ;
With royal pomp and princely majesty
She is ybrought unto a palèd green,
And placèd under stately canopy,
The warlike feats of both those knights to
see.
On th' other side in all men's open view
Duessa placèd is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield* is hang'd with bloody
hue :
Both those, the laurel garlands to the victor
due.

VI.

A shrilling trumpet sounded from on high,
And unto battle bade themselves address :
Their shining shields about their wrists they
tie,
And burning blades about their heads do
bless,
The instruments of wrath and heaviness :
With greedy force each other doth assail,
And strike so fiercely that they do impress
Deep dinted furrows in the batter'd mail :
The iron walls to ward their blows are weak
and frail.

VII.

The Saracen was stout and wondrous strong,
And heapèd blows 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 :

* Sansfoy's shield—the old possessive case is used.

For all for praise and honour did he fight.
Both, stricken, strike, and beaten both do
beat;
That from their shields forth flieth fiery light,
And helmets hewen deep, show marks of
either's might.

VIII.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for
right:

As when a gryfon, seizèd of his prey,
A dragon fierce encount'reth in his flight,
Through widest air making his idle way,
That would his rightful ravine rend away:
With hideous horror both together smite,
And souce so sore, that they the heavens
affray:

The wise soothsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar tells of wars and mortal
fight.

IX.

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for
right;

And each to deadly shame would drive his
foe:

The cruel steel so greedily doth bite
In tender flesh, that streams of blood down
flow;

With which the arms that erst so bright did
Into a pure vermilion now are dyed.
Great ruth in all the gazers' hearts did grow,
Seeing the gorèd wounds to gape so wide,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

X.

At last the Paynim chanced to cast his eye,
His sudden eye, flaming with wrathful fire,
Upon his brother's shield, which hung
thereby:

Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,
And said: "Ah! wretched son of woful sire,
Dost thou sit wailing by black Stygian lake,
Whilèst here thy shield is hang'd for victor's
hire?"

And, sluggish german,* dost thy forces slake,
To after-send his foe, that him may over-
take?

XI.

"Go, captive Elf, him quickly overtake,
And soon redeem from his long-wand'ring
wo:

* Upton says it should be "Sluggish german,
do thy forces slake."—German means brother.

Go, guilty ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying fce."
Therewith upon his crest he struck him so,
That twice he reelèd, ready twice to fall:
End of the doubtful battle deemèd tho
The lookers on; and loud to him gan call
The false Duessa, "Thine the shield, and
I, and all!"

XII.

Soon as the Fairy heard his lady speak,
Out of his swooning dream he gan awake;
And quick'ning faith, that erst was waxen
weak,

The creeping deadly cold away did shake;
Tho moved with wrath, and shame, and
lady's sake,

Of all at once he cast avenged to be,
And with so' exceeding fury at him strake,
That forcèd him to stoop upon his knee:
Had he not stoopèd so, he should have
cloven be.

XIII.

And to him said; "Go now, proud miscreant,
Thyself thy message do to german dear:
Alone he, wand'ring, thee too long doth
want: [bear."

Go, say his foe thy shield with his doth
Therewith his heavy hand he high gan rear,
Him to have slain; when lo! a darksome
cloud

Upon him fell; he no where doth appear,
But vanish'd is. The Elf him calls aloud,
But answer none receives; the darkness him
does shroud.

XIV.

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said; "O prowest
knight,

That ever lady to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despite
And bloody vengeance; lo! th' infernal
pow'rs,

Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Pluto's baleful
bow'rs:

The conquest yours; I yours; the shield
and glory yours!"

XV.

Not all so satisfied, with greedy eye
He sought, all round about, his thirsty blade

To bathe in blood of faithless enemy ;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade :
He stands amazed how he thence should
fade .

At last the trumpets triumph sound on high
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victory ;
And to him brought the shield, the cause of
enmity .

XVI.

Wherewith he goeth to that sovereign queen ;
And, falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seen ;
Which she accepts with thanks and goodly
gree,

Greatly advancing his gay chivalry :
So marcheth home, and by her takes the
knight,

Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on
height, [bright,
That all the air it fills and flies to heaven

XVII.

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous
bed :

Where many skilful leeches him abide
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oil they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan embalm on every side.
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet music did divide.
Him to beguile of grief and agony :
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly .

XVIII.

As when a weary traveller, that strays
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthèd
Nile,

Unweeting of the perilous wand'ring ways,
Doth meet a cruel crafty crocodile,
Which, in false grief, hiding his harmful
guile, [tears ;
Doth weep full sore and sheddeth tender
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is swallow'd up un-
wares ;

Forgetful of his own that minds another's
cares .

XIX.

So wept Duessa until eventide,
That shining lamps in Jove's high house were
light :

Then forth she rose, ne longer would abide ;
But comes unto the place where th' hea-
then knight,

In slumbering swoon nigh void of vital
spright,

Lay cover'd with enchanted cloud all day :
Whom when she found, as she him left in
plight,

To wail his woful case she would not stay,
But to the eastern coast of heaven makes
speedy way .

XX.

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus' cheerful face durst never
view,

And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forthcoming from her darksome
mew ;

Where she all day did hide her hated hue.
Before the door her iron charet stood,
Already harness'èd for journey new,
And coal-black steeds ybern of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they
were wood .

XXI.

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright,
Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining clear,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to fear ;
(For never did such brightness there appear ;)
And would have back retirèd to her cave,
Until the witch's speech she gan to hear,
Saying ; "Yet O thou dreaded dame, I crave
Abide, till I have told the message which I
have."

XXII

She stay'd ; and forth Duessa gan proceed ;
"O thou, most ancient grandmother of all,
More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst
breed,

Or that great house of gods celestial ;
Which wast begot in Dæmogorgon's hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world unmade ;
Why sufferedst thou thy nephews dear to fall
With Elfin sword most shamefully betray'd ?
Lo, where the stout Sansjoy doth sleep in
deadly shade !

XXIII.

"And, him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansjoy shrink underneath his
spear ;

And now the prey of fowls in field he lies,
 Nor wail'd of friends, nor laid on groaning
 bier,
 That whylome was to me too dearly dear,
 O! what of gods then boots it to be born,
 If old Aveugle's sons so evil hear?
 Or who shall not great Night's children
 scorn, [forlorn?
 When two of three her nephews are so foul

XXIV.

"Up, then; up, dreary dame, of darkness
 queen;
 Go, gather up the relics of thy race;
 Or else go, them avenge; and let be seen
 That dreaded Night in brightest day hath
 place,
 And can the children of fair Light deface."
 Her feeling speeches some compassion
 moved [face:
 In heart, and change in that great mother's
 Yet pity in her heart was never proved
 Till then; for evermore she hated, never
 loved:

XXV.

And said, "Dear daughter, richly may I rue
 The fall of famous children born of me,
 And good successes, which their foes ensue:
 But who can turn the stream of destiny,
 Or break the chain of strong Necessity,
 Which fast is tied to Jove's eternal seat?
 The sons of Day he favoureth, I see,
 And by my ruins thinks to make them great:
 To make one great by other's loss is bad
 excheat.*

XXVI.

"Yet shall they not escape so freely all,
 For some shall pay the price of other's guilt:
 And he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
 Shall with his own blood price † that he has
 split. [kilt?"
 But what art thou, that tell'st of nephews
 "I, that do seem not I, Duessa am,"
 Quoth she, "however now, in garments gilt
 And gorgeous gold array'd I to thee came;
 Duessa I, the daughter of Deceit and
 Shame."

XXVII.

Then, bowing down her aged back, she kiss'd
 The wicked witch, saying, "In that fair face

* A property that falls to any one by forfeiture; here, bad inheritance.

† Pay the price of:

The false resemblance of Deceit, I wist,
 Did closely lurk; yet so true-seeming grace
 It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
 Could it discern; though I the mother be
 Of Falsehood, and root of Duessa's race.
 O welcome, child, whom I had long'd to see,
 And now have seen unwares! Lo, now I
 go with thee."

XXVIII.

Then to her iron waggon she betakes,
 And with her bears the foul wellfavour'd
 witch: [makes.
 Through mirksome air her ready way she
 Her twyfold team (of which two black as
 pitch,
 And two were brown, yet each to each
 unlike)
 Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp
 Unless she chanced their stubborn mouths
 to twitch; [champ,
 Then, foaming tar, their bridles they would
 And trampling the fine element would
 fiercely ramp.

XXIX.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
 Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay
 Devoid of outward sense and native strength,
 Cover'd with charmed cloud from view of day
 And sight of men, since his late luckless fray.
 His cruel wounds with cruddy blood con-
 geal'd
 They binden up so wisely as they may,
 And handle softly, till they can be heal'd
 So lay him in her charet, close in night
 conceal'd.

XXX.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
 The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay;
 As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
 With which her iron wheels did them affray
 And her dark griesly look them much dismay.
 The messenger of death, the ghastly owl,
 With dreary shrieks did also her bewray;
 And hungry wolves continually did howl
 At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

XXXI.

Thence turning back in silence soft they stole,
 And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
 To yawning gulf of deep Avernus' hole:
 By that same hole an entrance, dark and base,
 With smoke and sulphur hiding all the place,
 Descends to hell: there creature never past,

That back returnèd without heavenly grace;
But dreadful Furies, which their chains have
braст,
And damnèd sprights sent forth to make ill
men aghast.

XXXII.

By that same way the direful dames do drive
Their mournful charet fill'd with rusty blood,
And down to Pluto's house are come bilive:
Which passing through, on every side them
stood

The trembling ghosts with sad amazèd mood,
Chatt'ring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stony eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of fiends infernal flock'd on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the
Night durst ride.

XXXIII.

They pass the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many souls sit wailing wofully;
And come to fiery flood of Phlegethon,
Whereas the damnèd ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shrieks do bootless
cry,
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither
sent.

The house of endless Pain is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursèd creatures do eternally torment.

XXXIV.

Before the threshold dreadful Cerberus
His three deformèd heads did lay along,
Curlèd with thousand adders venomous
And lillèd forth his bloody flaming tongue:
At them he gan to rear his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, until Day's enemy
Did him appease; then down his tail he
hung,
And suffer'd them to passen quietly:
For she in hell and heaven had power
equally.

XXXV.

There was Ixion turn'd on a wheel,
For daring tempt the queen of heaven to sin;
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reel
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirsty Tantalus hung by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhæus' joints were stretchèd on a gin;
Thesens condemnèd to endless sloth by law;
And fifty sisters water in leak vessels draw.

XXXVI.

They, all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their work, unmindtul of their
smart, [pace,
To gaze on them; who forth by them do
Till they be come unto the furthest part;
Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deep, dark, uneasy, doleful, comfortless,
In which sad Esculapius tar apart
Emprison'd was in chains remédiless;
For that Hippolytus' rent corse he did
redress.

XXXVII.

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
That wont in charet chase the foaming boar:
He all his peers in beauty did surpass,
But ladies' love, as loss of time, forbore:
His wanton stepdame lovèd him the more;
But, when she saw her offer'd sweets refused,
Her love she turn'd to hate, and him before,
His father fierce of treason accused,
And with her jealous terms his open ears
abused;

XXXVIII.

Who, all in rage, his sea-god sire besought
Some cursèd vengeance on his son to cast:
From surging gulf two monsters straight
were brought [aghast
With dread whereof his chasing steccas
Both charet swift and huntsman overcast,
His goodly corpse on ragged cliffs yrent,
Was quite dismemb'red, and his members
chaste
Scatt'red on every mountain as he went,
That of Hippolytus was left no monument.

XXXIX.

His cruel stepdame, seeing what was done,
Her wicked days with wretched knife did
end,
In death avowing th' innocence of her son,
Which hearing, his rash sire began to rend
His hair, and hasty tongue that did offend:
Tho, gathering up the reliques of his smart,
By Diane's means who was Hippolyt's
friend,
Them brought to Esculape, that by his art
Did heal them all again, and joinèd every
part.

XL.

Such wondrous science in man's wit to reign
When Jove avized, that could the dead
revive,

And fates expired could renew again,
Of endless life he might him not deprive ;
But unto hell did thrust him down alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore ;
Where, long remaining, he did always strive
Himself with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire that ragèd ever-
more.

XLI.

There ancient Night arriving, did alight
From her nigh-weary wain, and in her arms
To Esculapius brought the wounded knight ;
Whom having softly disarray'd of arms,
Tho gan to him discover all his harms,
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
If either salves, or oils, or herbs, or charms,
A fordonne wight from door of death mote
raise,
He would at her request prolong her
nephew's days.

XLII.

" Ah dame," quoth he, " thou temptest me
in vain
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rue ;
And the old cause of my continued pain
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven due,
Here endless penance for one fault I pay ;
But that redoubled crime with vengeance
new
Thou biddest me to eke : can Night defray
The wrath of thundering Jove, that rules
both Night and Day ? "

XLIII.

" Not so," quoth she ; " but, sith that heav-
en's king
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded
quite,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for
thing ;
And fearest not, that more thee hurten
might,
Now in the pow'r of everlasting Night ?
Go to then, O thou far renownèd son
Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might
In medicine, that else hath to thee won
Great pains, and greater praise, both never
to be done. "

XLIV.

Her words prevail'd ; and then the learnèd
leech
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,

And all things else the which his art did
teach ;
Which having seen, from thence arose away
The mother of dread Darkness, and let stay
Aveugles' son there in the leech's cure ;
And back returning, took her wonted way
To run her timely race, whilst Phœbus pure
In western waves his weary waggon did
recure.

XLV.

The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night,
Return'd to stately palace of Dame Pride ;
Where when she came she found the Faery
knight
Departed thence ; albee (his woundes wide
Not throughly heal'd) unready were to ride.
Good cause he had to hasten thus away ;
For on a day his wary dwarf had spied
Where in a dungeon deep, huge numbers lay
Of captive wretched thralls, that wailèd
night and day ;

XLVI.

(A rueful sight as could be seen with eye ;
Of whom he learnèd had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivity ;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wasteful pride and wanton riotise,
They were by law of that proud tyranness,
Provoked with Wrath and Envy's false
surmise,
Condemnèd to that dungeon merciless,
Where they should live in woe, and die in
wretchedness.

XLVII.

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compel all nations to adore
And him, as only God, to call upon ;
Till, through celestial doom, thrown out of
door,
Into an ox he was transform'd of yore.
There also was King Crœsus, that enhaunst
His heart too high through his great riches'
store ;
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his
altars daunst.

XLVIII.

And, them long time before, great Nimrod
was, [warray'd ;
That first the world with sword and fire
And after him old Ninus far did pass
In princely pomp, of all the world obey'd.

There also was that mighty monarch laid
 Low under all, yet above all in pride,
 That name of native sire did foul upbraid,
 And would as Ammon's son be magnified,
 Till, scorn'd of God and man, a shameful
 death he died.

XLIX.

All these together in one heap were thrown,
 Like carcasses of beasts in butcher's stall.
 And, in another corner, wide were strown
 The antique ruins of the Romans' fall :
 Great Romulus, the grandsire of them all ;
 Proud Tarquin ; and too lordly Lentulus ;
 Stout Scipio ; and stubborn Hannibal ;
 Ambitious Sylla ; and stern Marius ;
 High Cæsar ; great Pompey ; and fierce
 Antonius.

I.

Amongst these mighty men were women
 mix'd,
 Proud women, vain, forgetful of their yoke :
 The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfix'd
 With son's own blade her foul reproaches
 spoke :
 Fair Sthenobœa, that herself did choke
 With wilful chord, for wanting of her will ;
 High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
 Of aspæs sting herself did stoutly kill :
 And thousands moe the like, that did that
 dungeon fill.

LI.

Besides the endless routs of wretched thralls,
 Which thither were assembled, day by day,

From all the world, after their woful falls
 Through wicked pride and wasted wealth's
 decay.

But most, of all which, in that dungeon lay,
 Fell from high princes' courts, or ladies'
 bow'rs ;

Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,
 Consumèd had their goods and thriftless
 hours, [heavy stowres.
 And lastly thrown themselves into these

LII.

Whose case whenas the careful dwarf had
 told,

And made ensample of their mournful sight
 Unto his master ; he ne longer would
 There dwell in peril of like painful plight,
 But early rose ; and, ere that dawning light
 Discover'd had the world to heaven wide,
 He by a privy postern took his flight,
 That of no envious eyes he mote be spied :
 For, doubtless, death ensued if any him de-
 scried.

LIII.

Scarce could he footing find in that foul way,
 For many corses, like a great lay-stall
 Of murder'd men, which therein strow'd lay
 Without remorse or decent funeral ;
 Which, all through that great Princess Pride
 did fall, [side,
 And came to shameful end : and then be-
 Forth riding underneath the castle wall,
 A dunghill of dead carcasses he spied ;
 The dreadful spectacle of that sad House
 of Pride.

CANTO VI.

From lawless lust by wondrous grace
 Fair Una is released,
 Whom savage nation does adore,
 And learns her wise behest.

I.

As when a ship, that flies fair under sail,
 An hidden rock escapèd hath unwares,
 That lay in wait her wreck for to bewail ;
 The mariner yet half amazèd stares
 At peril past, and yet in doubt ne dares
 To ioy at his foolhappy oversight :
 Se' zoubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares

The dreadless courage of this Elfin knight,
 Having escapèd so sad ensamples in his
 sight.

II.

Yet sad he was, that his too hasty speed
 The fair Duess' had forced him leave be-
 hind ;

And yet more sad, that Una, his dear dread,
Her truth had stain'd with treason so
unkind;

Yet crime in her could never creature find :
But for his love, and for her own self sake,
She wand'ring had from one to other Ind,
Him for to seek, ne never would forsake :
Till her unwares the fierce Sansloy did
overtake :

III.

Who, after Archimago's foul defeat,
Led her away into a forest wild ;
And turning wrathful fire to lustful heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defiled,
And made the vassal of his pleasures vilde.
Yet first he cast by treaty, and by traynes,
Her to perswad t'at stubborn fort to yield ;
For greater conquest of hard love he gains,
That works it to his will, than he that it con-
strains.

IV.

With fawning words he courted her a while ;
And, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,
Her constant heart did tempt with diverse
guile : [abhor ;
But words, and looks, and sighs she did
As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.
Yet, for to feed his fiery lustful eye,
He snatch'd the veil that hung her face be-
fore :
Then gan her beauty shine as brightest sky,
And burnt his beastly heart t' enforce her
chastity.

V.

So when he saw his flatt'ring arts to fail,
And subtle engines beat from battery ;
With greedy force he 'an the fort assail,
Whereof he ween'd possessed soon to be
And win rich spoil of ransack'd chastity.
Ah heavens! that to this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance just so long withhold,
And hurl not flashing flames upon that Pay-
nim bold?

VI.

The piteous maiden, careful, comfortless,
Does throw out thrilling shrieks, and shriek-
ing cries,
(The last vain help of women's great dis-
tress,) [skie ;
And with loud plaints imp'ortuneth ...

That molten stars do drop like weeping eyes ;
And Phœbus, flying so most shameful sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hides for shame. What wit of mortal
wight
Can now devise to quit a thrall from such a
plight ?

VII.

Eternal Providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appears can make herself a way !
A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
From lion's claws to pluck the griped prey.
Her shrill outcries and shrieks so loud did
bray,
That all the woods and forests did resound :
A troupe of fauns and satyrs far away
Within the wood were dancing in a round,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept, in shady arbour,
und :

VIII.

Who, when they heard that piteous strain'd
voice,
In haste forsook their rural merriment,
And ran towards the far rebounded noise,
To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent ;
Whom when the raging Saracen espied,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not bide ;
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan
ride.

IX.

The wild wood-gods, arriv'd in the place,
There find the virgin, doleful, desolate,
With ruffled raiments, and fair blubber'd
face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late ;
And trembling yet through fear of former
hate :
All stand amaz'd at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pity her unhappy state ;
All stand astonied at her beauty bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so woful
plight.

X.

She, more amazed, in double dread doth
dwell,
And every tender part for fear does shake :
As when a greedy wolf, through hunger fell,
A seely lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he means his bloody feast to make,
A lion spies fast running towards him,

The innocent prey in haste he does forsake ;
Which, quit from death, yet quakes in every
limb
With change of fear, to see the lion look so
grim.

XI.

Such fearful fit assaid her trembling heart ;
Ne word to speak, ne joint to move, she had :
The savage nation feel her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad ;
Their frowning foreheads, with rough horns
yclad
And rustic horror, all aside do lay ;
And, gently grinning, show a semblance glad
To comfort her ; and, fear to put away,
Their backward-bent knees teach her humbly
to obey.

XII.

The doubtful damsel dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth ;
But still twist fear and hope amazed does sit,
Late learn'd what harm to hasty trust
ensu'th :
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beauty sovereign,
Are won with pity and unwonted ruth ;
And, all prostrate upon the lowly plain,
Do kiss her feet, and fawn on her with coun-
t'nance fain.

XIII.

Their hearts she guessteth by their humble
guise,
And yields her to extremity of time :
So from the ground she fearless doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of
crime :
They, all as glad as birds of joyous prime,
Thence led her forth, about her dancing
round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepherd's
rhyme :
And with green branches strowing all the
ground,
Do worship her as queen with olive garland
crown'd.

XIV

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double echo ring ;
And with their horned feet do wear the
ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;

Who, with the noise awakèd, cometh out
To weet the cause, his weak steps governing
And aged limbs on cypress stadle stout ;
And with an ivy twine his waist is girt about.

XV.

Far off, he wonders what them makes so glad,
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybele's frantic rites have made them
mad :
They, drawing nigh, unto their god present
That flow'r of faith and beauty excellent :
The god himself viewing that mirror rare,
Stood long amazed, and burnt in his intent :
His own fair Dryope now he thinks not fair,
And Pholoe foul, when her to this he doth
compare.

XVI.

The wood-born people fall before her flat,
And worship her as goddess of the wood ;
And old Sylvanus self bethinks not, what
To think of wight so fair ; but gazing stood
In doubt to deem her born of earthly brood :
Sometimes dame Venus self he seems to
see ;
But Venus never had so sober mood :
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be ;
But misseth bow and shafts, and buskins to
her knee.

XVII.

By view of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse ;
And calls to mind his portraiture alive.
How fair he was, and yet not fair to this ;
And how he slew with glancing dart amiss
A gentle hind, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly bliss :
For grief whereof the lad n'ould after joy ;
But pined away in anguish and self-will'd
annoy.

XVIII.

The woody nymphs, fair Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thither run apace ;
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flock all about to see her lovely face :
But, when they viewèd have her heavenly
grace,
They envy her in their malicious mind,
And fly away for fear of foul disgrace :
But all the Satyrs scorn their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing fair, but her, on
earth they find.

XIX.

Glad of such luck, the luckless lucky maid,
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes ;
 And long time with that savage people stay'd,
 To gather breath in many miseries :
 During which time her gentle wit she plies,
 To teach them truth, which worship'd her in
 vain,
 And made her th' image of idolatries :
 But, when their bootless zeal she did restrain
 From her own worship, they her ass would
 worship fain.

XX.

It fortunèd, a noble warlike knight
 By just occasion to that forest came
 To seek his kindred, and the lineage right
 From whence he took his well-deservèd
 name :
 He had in arms abroad won muchel fame,
 And fil'd far lands with glory of his might ;
 Plain, faithful, true, and enemy of shame,
 And ever loved to fight for ladies' right :
 But in vainglorious frays he little did de-
 light.

XXI.

A satyr's son yborn in forest wild,
 By strange adventure as it did betide,
 And there begotten of a lady mild,
 Fair Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde ;
 That was in sacred bands of wedlock tied
 To Therion, a loos., unruly swain,
 Who had more joy to range the forest wide,
 And chase the savage beast with busy pain,
 Than serve his lady's love, and waste in
 pleasures vain.

XXII.

The forlorn maid did with love's longing
 burn,
 And could not lack her lover's company ;
 But to the wood she goes, to serve her turn,
 And seek her spouse, that from her still does
 fly
 And follows other game and venery :
 A satyr chanced her wand'ring for to find :
 And kindling coals of lust in brutish eye,
 The loyal links of wedlock did unbind,
 And made her person thrall unto his beastly
 kind.

XXIII.

So long in secret cabin there he held
 Her captive to his sensual desire ;

Till that with timely fruit her belly swell'd,
 And bore a boy unto that savage sire :
 Then home he suffer'd her for to retire ;
 For ransom leaving him the late-born child :
 Whom, till to riper years he gan aspire,
 He nousel'd up in life and manners wild,
 Amongst wild beasts and woods, from laws
 of men exiled.

XXIV.

For all he taught the tender imp, was but
 To banish cowardice and bastard fear :
 His trembling hand he would him force to
 put
 Upon the lion and the rugged bear ;
 And from the she-bear's teats her whelps to
 tear ;
 And eke wild roaring bulls he would him
 make
 To tame, and ride their backs not made to
 bear ;
 And the roebucks in flight to overtake :
 That every beast for fear of him did fly and
 quake.

XXV.

Thereby so fearless and so fell he grew,
 That his own sire and master of his guise
 Did often tremble at his horrid view ;
 And oft, for dread of hurt, would him ad-
 vise
 The angry beasts not rashly to despise,
 Nor too much to provoke ; for he would
 learn
 The lion stoop to him in lowly wise,
 (A lesson hard,) and make the libbard stern
 Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge
 did earne.

XXVI.

And for to make his power approvèd more,
 Wild beasts in iron yokes he would compel.
 The spotted panther, and the tuskèd boar,
 The pardale swift, and the tigré cruèl,
 The antelope and wolf, both fierce and fell ;
 And them constrain in equal team to draw.
 Such joy he had their stubborn hearts to
 quell,
 And sturdy courage tame with dreadful awe,
 That his behest they fearèd as a tyrant's
 law.

XXVII.

His loving mother came upon a day
 Unto the woods to see her little son ;

And chanced unwares to meet him in the
way,
After his sports and cruel pastime done;
When after him a lioness did run,
That roaring all with rage did loud require
Her children dear, whom he away had won:
The lion whelps she saw how he did bear,
And lull in rugged arms withouten childish
fear.

XXVIII.

The fearful dame all quakèd at the sight,
And turning back gan fast to fly away;
Until with love revoked from vain affright,
She hardly yet persuaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan
say:
"Ah, Satyrane, my darling and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadful play;
To dally thus with death is no fit toy:
Go, find some other playfellows, mine own
sweet boy."

XXIX.

In these and like delights of bloody game
He tramèd was, till ripper years he raught,
And there abode, whilst any beas: of name
Walk'd in that forest, whom he had not
taught
To fear his force: and then his courage
haught
Desired of foreign foemen to be known,
And far abroad for strange adventures
sought;
In which his might was never overthrown;
But through all Faery land his famous
worth was biown.

XXX.

Yet evermore it was his manner fair,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repair,
To see his sire and offspring ancient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he unwares the first time found,
Strange lady, in so strange habit
Teaching the Satyrs, which her sat around,
True sacred lore, which from her sweet lips
did redound.

XXXI.

He wonder'd at her wisdom heavenly rare,
Whose like in woman's wit he never knew;
And when her courteous deeds he did
compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrows rue,

Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles
threw,
And joy'd to make proof of her cruelty
On gentle dame, so hurtless and so true.
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learn'd her discipline of faith and verity.

XXXII.

But she, all vow'd unto the Redcross knight,
His wand'ring peril closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight;
But her dear heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she showèd her intent;
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
How with that pensive maid he best might
thence arise.

XXXIII.

So on a day, when satyrs all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behind alone,
He led away with courage stout and bold.
Too late it was to satyrs to be told,
Or ever hope recover her again;
In vain he seeks that, having, cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with careful pain,
That they the woods are past, and come now
to the plain.

XXXIV.

The better part now of the ling'ring day
They travell'd had, whenas they far espied
A weary wight forward'ring by the way;
And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
To weet of news that did abroad betide,
Or tidings of her knight of the Redcross;
But he, them spying gan to turn aside
For fear, as seem'd, or for some feignèd loss:
More greedy they of news fast towards him
do cross.

XXXV.

A silly man, in simple weeds foreworn,
And soil'd with dust of the long drièd way;
His sandals were with toilsome travel torn,
And face all tann'd with scorching sunny
ray,
As he had travell'd many a summer's day
Through boiling sands of Araby and Ind;
And in his hand a Jacob's staff,* to stay

* A pilgrim's staff, carried by those who made
a pilgrimage to St. Iago di Compostella's shrine.

His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments
he did bind.

XXXVI.

The knight, approaching nigh, of him in-
quired

Tidings of war, and of adventures new;
But wars, nor new adventures none he heard.
Then Una gan to ask, if aught he knew
Or heard abroad of that her champion true,
That in his armour bare a crosslet red.

"Ay me! dear dame," quoth he, "well may
I rue [read;

To tell the sad sight which mine eyes have
These eyes did see that knight both living
and eke dead."

XXXVII.

That cruel word her tender heart so thrill'd,
That sudden cold did run through every vein,
And stony horror all her senses fill'd

With dying fit, that dead she fell for pain.
The knight her lightly rear'd up again,
and comforted with courteous kind relief;
Then, won from death, she bade him tellen
plain

the further process of her hidden grief:
The lesser pangs can bear, who hath endur'd
the chief.

XXXVIII.

Then gan the pilgrim thus; "I chanced
this day,

This fatal day, that shall I ever rue,
To see two knights, in travel on my way,
(A sorry sight,) arranged in battle new,
Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathful
hue.

My fearful flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrue,
That, drunk with blood, yet thirsted after
life:

What more? the Redcross knight was slain
with Paynim knife."

XXXIX.

"Ah! dearest lord," quoth she, "how might
that be,

And he the stoutest knight, that ever wonne?"

"Ah! dearest dame," quoth he, "how might
I see [done?"

The thing that might not be and yet was
"Where is," said Satyrane, "that Pay-
nim's son,

That him of life, and us of joy, hath rest?"
"Not far away," quoth he, "he hence doth
wonne,

Foreby a fountain, where I late him left
Washing his bloody wounds, that through
the steel were cleft."

XL.

Therewith the knight then march'd forth in
haste,

Whiles Una, with huge heaviness oppress'd,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soon he came, as he the place had
guess'd,

Whereas that Pagan proud himself did rest
In secret shadow by a fountain side;
Even he it was, that erst would have
suppress

Fair Una; whom when Satyrane espied,
With foul reproachful words he boldly him
defied;

XLI.

And said; "Arise, thou curs'd miscreant,
That hast with knightless guile, and treacher-
ous train,

Fair knighthood foully shamed, and dost
vaunt [slain;

That good knight of the Redcross to have
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or else thee guilty yield."

The Saracen, this hearing, rose amain,
And, catching up in haste his three-square
shield [field;

And shining helmet, soon him buckled to the

XLII.

And, drawing nigh him, said; "Ah! mis-
born Elf,

In evil hour thy foes thee hither sent
Another's wrongs to wreak upon thyself:

Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent
My name with guile and traitorous intent:

That Redcross knight, perdie, I never slew;
But had he been, where erst his arms were
lent,

Th' enchanter vain his error should not rue:
But thou his error shalt, I hope, now proven
true."

XLIII.

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blows, and fiercely to assail

Each other, bent his enemy to quell;
That with their force they pierced both plate
and mail,

And made wide furrows in their fleshes frail,
That it would pity any living eye.
Large floods of blood adown their sides did
raile;
But floods of blood could not them satisfy;
Both hung'red after death; both chose to
win, or die.

XLIV.

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
That, fainting, each themselves to breathe
let;
And, oft refreshèd, battle oft renew.
As when two boars, with rankling malice
met,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret;
Till breathless both themselves aside retire,
Where, foaming wrath, their cruel tusks
they whet,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may
respire; [entire.
Then back to fight again, new breathèd and

XLV.

So fiercely, when these knights had breathèd
once,
They gan to fight return, increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruel rage at once,
With heapèd strokes more lugely than
before;
That with their dreary wounds and bloody
gore, [known.
They both deformèd, scarcely could be
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise which through the air
was thrown,
Arrived, where they in earth their fruitless
blood had sown.

XLVI.

Whom all so soon as that proud Saracen
Espied, he gan revive the memory
Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin;
And lett the doubtful battle hastily,
To catch her, newly offered to his eye;
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning,
stay'd,
And sternly bade him other business ply
Than hunt the steps of pure unspotted maid:
Wherewith he all enraged these bitter
speeches said,

XLVII.

"O foolish faeries' son, what fury mad
Hath thee incensed to haste thy doleful fate
Were it not better I that lady had
Than that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most senseless man he, that himself doth
hate
To love another: Lo then, for thine aid,
Here take thy lover's token on thy pate."
So they to fight; the whiles the royal maid
Fled far away, of that proud Paynim sore
afraid.

XLVIII.

But that false pilgrim, which that leasing
told
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow all this to behold;
And much rejoicèd in their bloody fray:
But, when he saw the damsel pass away,
He left his stand, and her pursued apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable case,
And eke this battle's end, will need another
place.

CANTO VII.

The Redcross knight is captive made
By giant proud opprest:
Prince Arthur meets with Una great-
ly with those news distrest.

WHAT man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to descry the crafty cunning traife,
By which Deceit doth mask in visor fair,
And cast her colours dyèd deep in grain,
To seem like Truth, whose shape she well
can feign,

And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltless man with guile to entertain?
Great mistress of her art was that false
dame,
The false Duessa, cloakèd with Fidessa's
name.

II.

Who when, returning from the dreary Night,
She found not in that perilous House of
Pride,
Where she had left the noble Redcross
knight,
Her hopèd prey; she would no longer bide,
But forth she went to seek him far and wide.
Ere long she found, whereas he weary sate
To rest himself foreby a fountain side,
Disarmèd all of iron-coated plate;
And by his side his steed the grassy forage
ate.

III.

He feeds upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweaty forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaves full
gently plays,
Wherein the cheerful birds of sundry kind
Do chant sweet music, to delight his mind:
The witch approaching gan him fairly greet,
And with reproach of carelessness unkind
Upbraid, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With foul words temp'ring fair, sour gall
with honey sweet.

IV.

Unkindness past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasance of the joyous
shade,
Which shielded them against the boiling
heat, [shade,
And, with green boughs decking a gloomy
About the fountain like a garland made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent summer fade:
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to
dwell,
Was out of Diane's favour, as it then befel.

V.

The cause was this: One day, when Phœbe
fair
With all her band was following the chase,
This nymph, quite tired with heat of scorch-
ing air,
Sat down to rest in midst of the race:
The goddess wroth gan foully her disgrace,
And bade the waters, which from her did
flow,
Be such as she herself was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow;
And all, that drink thereof, do faint and
feeble grow.

VI.

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was:
And, lying down upon the sandy graile,
Drank of the stream, as clear as crystal glass:
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fail,
And mighty strong was turn'd to feeble frail.
His changèd pow'rs at first themselves not
felt;
Till cruddled cold his courage gan assail.
And cheerful bloodin faintness chill did melt,
Which, like a fever fit, through all his body
swelt.

VII.

Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
Pcur'd out in looseness on the grassy ground,
Both careless of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadful sound,
Which through the wood loud bellowing
did rebound,
That all the earth for terror seem'd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elf, therewith
astound,
Upstartèd lightly from his looser Make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to
take.

VIII.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
With sturdy steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous giant, horrible and high,
That with his tallness seem'd to threat the
sky;
The ground ekegroanèd under him for dread:
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The height of three the tallest sons of mortal
seed.

IX.

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
And blust'ring Æolus his boasted sire;
Who with his breath, which through the
world doth pass,
Her hollow womb did secretly inspire,
And fill'd her hidden caves with stormy ire,
That she conceived; and trebling the due
time,
In which the wombs of women do expire,
Brought forth this monstrous mass of earth-
ly slime,
Puff'd up with empty wind, and fill'd with
sinful crime.

X.

So grown great, through arrogant delight,
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborn,
And through presumption of his matchless
might,

All other pow'rs and knighthood he did
scorn.

Such now he marcheth to this man forlorn,
And left to loss ; his stalking steps are stay'd
Upon a snaggy oak, which he had torn
Out of his mother's bowels, and it made
His mortal mace, wherewith his foemen he
dismay'd.

XI.

That, when the knight he spied, he gan
advance

With huge force and insupportable main,
And towards him with dreadful fury prance ;
Who hapless, and eke hopeless, all in vain
Did to him pace sad battle to darrayne,
Disarm'd, disgraced, and inwardly dismay'd,
And eke so faint in every joint and vein,
Through that frail fountain, which him feeble
made,

That scarcely could he wield his bootless
single blade.

XII.

The giant struck so mainly merciless,
That could have overthrown a stony tow'r :
And, were not heavenly grace that did him
bless,

He had been powder'd all, as thin as flour ;
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
And lightly leapt from underneath the blow :
Yet so exceeding was the villain's pow'r
That with the wind it did him overthrow.
And all his senses stunn'd, that still he lay
full low.

XIII.

As when that devilish iron engine wrought
In deepest hell, and framed by Furies' skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramm'd with bullet round, ordain'd to
kill,

Conceiveth fire ; the heavens it doth fill
With thund'ring noise, and all the air doth
choke, [will,

That none can breathe, nor see, nor hear at
Through smould'ry cloud of duskish stinking
smoke ;

That th' only breath him daunts, who hath
escaped the stroke.

XIV.

So daunted when the giant saw the knight,
His heavy hand he heaved up on high,
And him to dust thought to have batter'd
quite,

Until Duessa loud to him gan cry ;
" O great Orgoglio, greatest under sky,
Oh ! hold thy mortal hand for ladies' sake ;
Hold for my sake, and do him not to die,
But vanquish'd thine eternal bondslave
make, [take."

And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy leman

XV.

He heark'ned, and did stay from further
harms,

To gain so goodly guerdon as she spake :
So willingly she came into his arms,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his newfound Make.
Then up he took the slumber'd senseless
corse ;

And, ere he could out of his swoon awake,
Him to his castle brought with hasty force,
And in a dungeon deep him threw without
remore.

XVI.

From that day forth Duessa was his dear,
And highly honour'd in his haughty eye.
He gave her gold and purple pall to wear,
And triple crown set on her head full high,
And her endow'd with royal majesty :
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And people's hearts with awful terror tie,
A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
He chose, which he had kept long time in
darksome den.

XVII.

Such one it was, as that renown'd snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fost' red in the filth of Lerna lake :
Whose many heads out-budding ever new
Did breed him endless labour to subdue.
But this same monster much more ugly was ;
For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An iron breast, and back of scaly brass,
And all embred in blood his eyes did shine
as glass.

XVIII.

His tail was stretch'd out in wondrous
length,
That to the house of heavenly gods it raught ;

And with extorted pow'r, and borrow'd strength,
The ever burning lamps from thence it brought,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things, and holy hests foretaught.
Upon this dreadful beast with sevenfold head
He set the false Duessa, for more awe and dread.

XIX.

The woful dwarf, which saw his master's fall,
(Whiles he had keeping of his grazing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall;
When all was past, took up his foriorn weed;
His mighty armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle, masterless;
His poignant spear, that many made to bleed;
The rueful monuments of heaviness;
And with them all departs, to tell his great distress.

XX.

He had not travell'd long, when on the way
He woful lady, woful Una met
Fast flying from that Paynim's greedy prey,
Whiles Satyrane him from pursuitt did let:
Who when her eyes she on the dwarf had set,
And saw the signs that deadly tidings spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowful regret,
And lively breath her sad breast did forsake;
Yet might her piteous heart be seen to pant
and quake.

XXI.

The messenger of so unhappy news
Would fain have died; dead was his heart
within
Yet outwardly some little comfort shews:
At last, recovering heart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chafe her chin,
And every tender part does toss and turn:
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to return.
Then gins her grievèd ghost thus to lament
and mourn:

XXII.

"Ye dreary instruments of doleful sight,
That do this deadly spectacle behold,
Why do ye longer feed on loathèd light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,

Sith cruel Fates the careful threads unfold,
The which my life and love together tied?
Now let the stony dart of senseless Cold
Pierce to my heart, and pass through every
side;
And let eternal night so sad sight fro me

XXIII.

"O, lightsome Day, the lamp of highest Jove,
First made by him men's wand'ring ways to
guide,
When darkness he in deepest dungeon
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hide,
And shut up heaven's windows shining wide:
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow
breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abide.
Mine eyes no more on vanity shall feed,
But, sealèd up with death, shall have their
deadly meed."

XXIV.

Then down again she fell unto the ground;
But he her quickly reared up again:
Thrice did she sink adown in deadly swownd,
And thrice he her revived with busy pain.
At last when life recover'd had the rayne,
And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
With falt'ring tongue and trembling every
vein,
"Tell on," quoth she, "the woful tragedie,
The which these relics sad present unto mine
eye.

XXV.

"Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her
spite,
And thrilling Sorrow thrown his utmost dart:
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy
plight
Than that I feel, and harbour in mine heart:
Who hath endured the whole, can bear each
part.
If death it be; it is not the first wound,
That lancèd hath my breast with bleeding
smart.
Begin, and end the bitter baleful stound;
If less than that I fear, more favour I have
found."

XXVI.

Then gan the dwarf the whole discourse
declare;
The subtle traines of Archimago old;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa fair.
Bought with the blood of vanquish'd Pay-
nim bold;

The wretched pair transform'd to treën
mould;
The House of Pride, and perils round about;
The combat, which he with Sansjoy did hold;
The luckless conflict with the giant stout,
Wherein captivèd, of life or death he stood
in doubt.

XXVII.

She heard with patience all unto the end;
And strove to master sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew, the more she did
contend,
And almost rent her tender heart in tway;
And love fresh coals unto her fire did lay:
For greater love, the greater is the loss.
Was never lady lovèd dearer day
Than she did love the knight of the Red-
cross;
For whose dear sake so many troub'es her
did toss.

XXVIII.

At last when fervent sorrow slakèd was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth did pass,
All as the dwarf the way to her assign'd.
And evermore, in constant careful mind,
She fed her wound with fresh renewèd bale;
Long tost with storms, and beat with bitter
wind,
High over hills, and low adown the dale,
She wander'd many a wood, and measured
many a vale.

XXIX.

At last she chancèd by good hap to meet
A goodly knight,* fair marching by the way,
Together with his squire, arrayed meet:
His glitt'ring armour shinèd far away,
Like glancing light of Phœbus' brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appearèd bare,
That deadly dint of steel endanger may:
Athwart his breast a baldric brave he ware,
That shined, like twinkling stars, with stones
most precious rare:

XXX.

And, in the midst thereof, one precious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous
mights,
Shaped like a lady's head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,

* Arthur.

And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortal blade full comely hung
In ivory sheath, ycarved with curious sleights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold; and handle
strong
Of mother pearl, and buckled with a golden
tongue.

XXXI.

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightness and great terror
bred:
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedy paws, and over all did spread
His golden wings; his dreadful hideous head
Close couched on the beaver, seem'd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery
red,
That sudden horror to faint hearts did show,
And scaly tail was stretch'd adown his back
full low.

XXXII.

Upon the top of all his lofty crest,
A bunch of hairs discolour'd diversely,
With sprinkled pearl and gold full richly
drest,
Did shake, and seem'd to dance for jollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted high
On top of green Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedeckèd daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath, that under heaven's
blown.

XXXIII.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortal eye be ever seen;
Not made of steel, nor of enduring brass,
(Such earthly metals soon consumèd been,)
But all of diamond perfect pure and clean
It framèd was, one massy entire mould,
Hewn out of adamant rock with engines
keen,
That point of spear it never percen could,
Ne dint of direful sword divide the sul-
stance would.

XXXIV.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequal armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glist'ring ray,
That Phœbus' golden face it did attain,
As when a cloud his beams doth over-lay;

And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faint,
As when her face is stain'd with magic arts
constraint.

XXXV.

No magic arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody words of bold enchanter's call;
But all that was not such as seem'd in sight
Before that shield did fade and sudden fall:
And, when him list the rascal routs appal,
Men into stones therewith he could trans-
mew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at
all: [due,
And, when him list the prouder looks sub-
He would them gazing blind, or turn to
other hue.

XXXVI.

Ne let it seem that credence this exceeds;
For he, that made the same, was known
right well
To have done much more admirable deeds:
It Merlin was, which whylome did excel
All living wights in mind of magic spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he
wrought [fell;
For this young prince, when first to arms he
But, when he died, the Faery Queen it
brought
To Faery land; where yet it may be seen,
if sought.

XXXVII.

A gentle youth, his dearly lovèd squire,
His spear of ebon wood behind him bare,
Whose harmful head, thrice heated in the
fire,
Had riven many a breast with pikehead
square:
A goodly person; and could manage fair
His stubborn steed with curbèd canon bit,*
Who under him did trample as the air,
And chafed, that any on his back should sit;
The iron rowels into frothy foam he bit.

XXXVIII.

Whenas this knight nigh to the lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertain;
But, when he heard her answers loth, he
knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distract:

* The canon was that part of a horse's bit
let into the mouth.—CHURCH.

Which to allay, and calm her storming pain,
Fair feeling words he wisely gan display,
And, for her humour fitting purpose feign,
To tempt the cause itself for to bewray;
Wherewith enmoved, these bleeding words
she gan to say;

XXXIX.

"What world's delight, or joy of living
speech, [deep,
Can heart, so plunged in sea of sorrows
And heapèd with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The careful Cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his iron arrow steep,
Soon as I think upon my bitter bale.
Such helpless harms it's better hidden keep,
Than rip up grief, where it may yet avail;
My last left comfort is my woes to weep
and wail."

XL.

"Ah lady dear," quoth then the gentle
knight,
"Well may I ween your grief is wondrous
great; [spright,
For wondrous great grief groaneth in my
Whiles thus I hear you of your sorrows
treat.
But, woful lady, let me you intreat
For to unfold the anguish of your heart:
Mishaps are mast'red by advice discreet,
And counsel mitigates the greatest smart;
Found never help, who never would his
hurts impart."

XLI.

"Oh I but," quoth she, "great grief will not
be told,
And can more easily be thought than said."
"Right so," quoth he: "but he, that never
would, [aid."
Could never: will to might gives greatest
"But grief," quoth she, "does greater grow
display'd,
If then it find not help, and breeds despair."
"Despair breeds not," quoth he, "where
faith is staid."
"No faith so fast," quoth she, "but flesh
does paire."
"Flesh may impair," quoth he, "but rea-
son can repair."

XLII.

His goodly reason, and well-guided speech,
So deep did settle in her gracious thought,

That her persuaded to disclose the breach
Which love and fortune in her heart had
wrought; [brought
And said; "Fair sir, I hope good hap have
You to inquire the secrets of my grief;
Or that your wisdom will direct my thought;
Or that your prowess can me yield relief;
Then hear the story sad, which I shall tell
you brief.

XLIII.

"The forlorn maiden, whom your eyes have
seen
The laughing stock of Fortune's mockeries,
Am th' only daughter of a king and queen,
Whose parents dear (whiles equal destinies
Did run about, and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envy)
Did spread their rule through all the territo-
ries,
Which Pison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gihon's golden waves do wash continually.

XLIV.

"Till that their cruel cursèd enemy,
An huge great dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,*
With murd'rous ravine, and devouring
might, [quite;
Their kingdom spoil'd, and country wasted
Themselves, for fear into his jaws to fall,
He forced to castle strong to take their flight;
Where, fast embarr'd in mighty brazen wall,
He has them now four years besieged to
make them thrall.

XLV.

"Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
Have enterprized that monster to subdue:
From every coast, that heaven walks about,
Have thither come the noble martial crew,
That famous hard achievements still pursue;
Yet never any could that garland win,
But all still shrunk; and still he greater grew;
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The piteous prey of his fierce cruelty have
bin.

XLVI.

"At last, yled with far reported praise,
Which flying Fame throughout the world
had spread,

* Tartarus—Tartur or Tartary was the common name for it in Spenser's time.—*Todd.*

Of doughty knights, whom Fairy land did
raise,
That noble order high of Maidenhead,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane, great queen of glory bright,
Whose kingdom's seat Cleopolis is read;
There to obtain some such redoubted knight
That parents dear from tyrant's pow'r deliver might.

XLVII.

"It was my chance (my chance was fair and
good)
There for to find a fresh unprovèd knight;
Whose manly hands imbrued in guilty blood
Had never been, ne never by his might
Had thrown to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his prowess proof he since has made
(I witness am) in many a cruel fight;
The groaning ghosts of many one dismay'd
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging
blade.

XLVIII.

"And ye, the forlorn relics of his pow'r,
His biting Sword, and his devouring Spear,
Which have endured many a dreadful stowre,
Can speak his prowess, that did erst you
bear,
And well could rule; now he hath left you
here
To be the record of his rueful loss,
And of my doleful disadventurous dear:
O heavy record of the good Redcross,
Where have ye left your lord, that could so
well you toss?

XLIX.

"Well hoped I, and fair beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should redeem:
Till all unweeting an enchanter bad
His sense abused, and made him to misdeem
My loyalty, not such as it did seem,
That rather death desire than such despite.
Be judge, ye heavens, that all things right
esteem,
How I him loved, and love with all my
might!
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought
aright.

L.

"Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsook,
To wander, where wild Fortune would me
lead,

And other byways he himself betook,
Where never foot of living wight did tread,
That brought not back the baleful body dead;
In which him chancèd false Duessa meet,
Mine only foe, mine only deadly dread;
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming
sweet,
Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeet.

LI.

"At last, by subtle sleights she him betray'd
Unto his foe, a giant huge and tall;
Who him disarmèd, dissolute, dismay'd,
Unawares surprisèd, and with mighty mall
The monster merciless him made to fall,
Whose fall did never foe before behold:
And now in darksome dungeon, wretched
thrall,

Remèdeless, for aye he doth him hold:
This is my cause of grief, more great than
may be told."

LII.

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
But he her comforted, and fair bespake;
"Certes, madame, ye have great cause of
plaint,
That stoutest heart, I ween, could cause to
quake.
But be of cheer, and comfort to you take;
For, till I have acquit your captive knight,
Assure yourself, I will you not forsake."
His cheerful words revived her cheerless
spright.
So forth they went, the dwarf them guiding
ever right.

CANTO VIII.

Fair virgin, to redeem her dear,
Brings Arthur to the fight;
Who slays the giant, wounds the beast,
And strips Duessa quite.

I.

Av me, how many perils do enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him
uphold,
And stedfast Truth acquit him out of all!
Her love is firm, her care continual,
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
Or weakness is to sinful bands made thrall:
Else should this Redcross knight in bands
have died, [thither guide.
For whose deliverance she this prince doth

II.

They sadly travell'd thus, until they came
Nigh to a castle buildèd strong and high:
Then cried the dwarf, "Lo! yonder is the
same,
In which my lord, my liege, doth luckless lie,
T'raill to that giant's hateful tyranny:
Therefore, dear sir, your mighty pow'r
assay."
The noble knight alighted by and by
From lofty steed, and bade the lady stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall
that day.

III.

So with his squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marchèd forth towards that castle wall;
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne living
wight
To ward the same, nor answer comers' call.
Then took that squire an horn of bugle
small,
Which hung adown his side in twisted gold
And tassels gay: wide wonders over all
Of that same horn's great virtues weren
told
Which had approvèd been in uses manitold.

IV.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling
sound,
But trembling fear did feel in every vein:
Three miles it might be easy heard around,
And echoes three answer'd itself again:
No false enchantment, nor deceitful trainè
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vain:
No gate so strong, no lock so firm and fast,
But with that piercing noise flew open quite,
or brast.

V.

The same before the giant's gate he blew,
That all the castle quakèd from the ground,
And every door of free-will open flew.
The giant self dismayèd with that sound,
Where he with his Duessa dalliance found,
In haste came rushing forth from inner
bow'r,
With staring countenance stern, as one as-
tound,
And staggering steps, to weet what sudden
stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dared
his dreaded pow'r.

VI.

And after him the proud Duessa came,
High mounted on her many-headed beast;
And every head with fiery tongue did flame,
And every head was crownèd on his crest,
And bloody mouthèd with late cruel feast.
That when the knight beheld, his mighty
shield
Upon his manly arm he soon address,
And at him fiercely flew, with courage fill'd,
And eager greediness through every member
thrill'd.

VII.

Therewith the giant buckled him to fight,
Inflamed with scornful wrath and high dis-
dain,
And lifting up his dreadful club on height,
All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knotty
g ain, [slain.
Him thought at first encounter to have
But wisè and wary was that noble peer;
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous
main,
Did fair avoid the violence him near;
It bootèd nought to think such thunder-
bolts to bear;

VIII.

Ne shame he thought to shun so hideous
might:
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the mark of his misaimèd sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
That three yards deep a furrow up did throw:
The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,
Did groan full grievous underneath the
blow;
And, trembling with strange fear, did like
an earthquake show.

IX.

As when almighty Jove, in wrathful mood,
To wreak the guilt of mortal sins is bent,
Hurls forth his thund'ring dart with deadly
food,
Enroll'd in flames, and smould'ring drieri-
ment,
Through riven clouds and molten firmament;
The fierce threeforkèd engine making way,
Both lofty tow'r and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay;
And, shooting in the earth, casts up a mount
of clay.

X.

His boistrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen up again so light,
But that the knight him at advantage found;
And, whiles he strove his cumb'red club to
quite
Out of the earth, with blade all burning
bright
He smote off his left arm, which like a block
Did fall to ground deprived of native
might; [stock
Large streams of blood out of the trunkèd
Forth gushèd, like fresh-water stream from
riven rock.

XI.

Dismayèd with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted pain,
He loudly bray'd with beastly yelling sound,
That all the fields rebellowèd again;
As great a noise as when in Cymbrian plain,
An herd of bulls, whom kindly rage doth
sting,
Do for the milky mother's want complain,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing:
The neighbour woods around with hollow
murmur ring.

XII.

That when his dear Duessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd that danger'd her estate,
Unto his aid she hastily did draw
Her dreadful beast: who, swoll'n with blood
of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presump-
tuous gate, [brands.
And threaten'd all his heads like flaming
But him the squire made quickly to retreat,
Encount'ring fierce with single sword in
hand;
And twist him and his lord did like a bul-
war stand.

XIII.

The proud Duessa, full of wrathful spite
 And fierce disdain, to be affronted so,
 Entorced her purple beast with all her might,
 That stop out of the way to overthrow,
 Scorning the let of so unequal foe ;
 But nathemore would that courageous swain
 To her yield passage, gainst his lord to go ;
 But with outrageous strokes did him restrain,
 And with his body barr'd the way atwixt
 them twain.

XIV.

Then took the angry witch her golden cup,
 Which still she bore, replete with magic arts ;
 Death and despair did many thereof sup.
 And secret poison through their inner parts ;
 Th' eternal bale of heavy wounded hearts :
 Which, after charms and some enchant-
 ments said,
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts :
 Therewith his sturdy courage soon was
 quay'd, [dismay'd.
 And all his senses were with sudden dread

XV.

So down he fell before the cruel beast,
 Who on his neck his bloody claws did seize,
 That life nigh crush'd out of his panting
 breast :
 No pow'r he had to stir, nor will to rise.
 That when the careful knight gan well advise,
 He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
 And to the beast gan turn his enterprise ;
 Forwond'rous anguish in his heart it wrought,
 To see his lovèd squire into such thraldom
 brought ;

XVI.

And, high advancing his blood-thirsty blade,
 Struck one of those deformed heads so sore,
 That of his puissance proud ensample made ;
 His monstrous scalp down to his teeth it
 tore,
 And that misformèd shape misshapèd more :
 A sea of blood gush'd from the gaping
 wound, [gore,
 That her gay garments stain'd with filthy
 And overflowed all the field around ;
 That over shoes in blood he waded on the
 ground.

XVII.

Thereat he roared for exceeding pain,
 That, to have heard, great horror would
 have bred ;

And scourging th' empty air with his long
 train,
 Through great impatience of his grievèd
 head,
 His gorgeous rider from her lofty stead
 Would have cast down, and trod in dirty mire,
 Had not the giant soon her succourèd ;
 Who, all enraged with smart and frantic ire,
 Came hurtling in full fierce, and forced the
 knight retire.

XVIII.

The force, which wont in two to be dispersed,
 In one alone left hand he now unites,
 Which is through rage more strong than
 both were erst ;
 With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
 And at his foe with furious rigour smites,
 That strongest oak might seem to overthrow :
 The stroke upon his shield so heavy lights,
 That to the ground it doubleth him fullow :—
 What mortal wight could ever bear so mon-
 strous blow ?

XIX.

And in his fall his shield, that cover'd was,
 Did loose his veil by chance, and open flew ;
 The light whereof, that heaven's light did
 pass, [threw,
 Such blazing brightness through the air
 That eye mote not the same endure to view.
 Which when the giant spied with staring
 eye,
 He down let fall his arm, and soft withdrew
 His weapon huge, that heavèd was on high
 For to have slain the man, that on the
 ground did lie.

XX.

And eke the fruitful-headed beast, amazed
 At flashing beams of that sunshiny shield,
 Became stark blind, and all his senses dazed,
 That down he tumbled on the dirty field,
 And seem'd himself as conquerèd to yield.
 Whom when his mistress proud perceived to
 fall,
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintness reel'd,
 Unto the giant loudly she gan call ;
 " O ! help. Orgoglio ; help, or else we perish
 all."

XXI.

At her so piteous cry was much moved
 Her champion stout ; and for to aid his
 friend,

Again his wonted angry weapon proved,
 But all in vain : for he has read his end
 in that bright shield, and all their forces
 spend
 Themselves in vain : for, since that glancing
 sight,
 He hath no pow'r to hurt, nor to defend.
 As where th' Almighty's lightning brand
 does light,
 It dims the dazzled eyes, and daunts the
 senses quite.

XXII.

Whom when the prince, to battle new ad-
 dressed
 And threaten'g high his dreadful stroke,
 did see,
 His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
 And smote off quite his left leg by the knee.
 That down he tumbled ; as an aged tree,
 High growing on the top of rocky cliff,
 Whose heart-strings with keen steel nigh
 hewen be ;
 The mighty trunk half rent with ragged rift
 Doth roll adown the rocks, and fall with fear-
 ful drift.

XXIII.

Or as a castle, rearèd high and round,
 By subtle engines and malicious sleight
 Is undermined from the lowest ground,
 And her foundation forced, and feebled
 quite,
 At last down falls ; and with her heapèd
 height
 Her hasty ruin does more heavy make,
 And yields itself unto the victor's might :
 Such was this giant's fall, that seem'd to
 shake
 The steadfast globe of earth, as it for fear did
 quake.

XXIV.

The knight then, lightly leaping to the prey,
 With mortal steel him smote again so sore,
 That headless his unwieldy body lay,
 All walled in his own foul bloody gore,
 Which flowèd from his wounds in wondrous
 store.
 But, soon as breath out of his breast did pass,
 That huge great body, which the giant bore,
 Was vanish'd quite ; and of that monstrous
 mass
 Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder
 was.

XXV.

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa
 spied,
 Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
 And crownèd mitre rudely threw aside :
 Such piercing grief her stubborn heart did
 wound,
 That she could not endure that doleful
 stound ;
 But, leaving all behind her, fled away :
 The light-foot squire her quickly turn'd
 around,
 And, by hard means enforcing her to stay,
 So brought unto his lord, as his deservèd
 prey.

XXVI.

The royal virgin which beheld from far,
 In pensive plight and sad perplexity,
 The whole achievement of this doubtful war,
 Came running fast to greet his victory,
 With sober gladness and mild modesty ;
 And, with sweet joyous cheer, him thus
 bespake .
 " Fair branch of noblesse, flow'r of chivalry,
 That with your worth the world amazèd
 make,
 How shall I quite the pains, ye suffer for my
 sake ?

XXVII.

" And you, fresh bud of virtue springing
 fast,
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto Death's
 door,
 What hath poor virgin for such peril past
 Wherewith you to reward ? Accept therefore
 My simple self, and service evermore.
 And He that high does sit, and all things see
 With equal eye, their merits to restore,
 Behold what ye this day have done for me ;
 And, what I cannot quite, requite with usury !

XXVIII.

" But sith the heavens, and your fair hand-
 ling,
 Have made you master of the field this day ;
 Your fortune master eke with governing,
 And, well begun, end all so well, I pray !
 Ne let that wicked woman scape away ;
 For she it is, that did my lord be-thrall,
 My dearest lord, and deep in dungeon lay ;
 Where he his better days hath wasted all :
 O hear, how piteous he to you for aid does
 call !"

XXIX.

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his squire,
That scarlet whore to keepeen carefully;
Whiles he himself with greedy great desire
Into the castle ent'red forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espy:
Then gan he loudly through the house to call;
But no man cared to answer to his cry:
There reign'd a solemn silence over all;
Nor voice was heard nor wight was scen in
bow'r or hall!

XXX.

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth
came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow;
That on a staff his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary gate both to and fro;
For his eye-sight him failèd long ago:
And on his arm a bunch of keys he bore,
The which unuse'd rust did overgrow:
Those were the keys of every inner door;
But he could not them use, but kept them
still in store.

XXXI.

But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moved his footing old.
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled
face:
Unlike to men, who ever, 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 aread.

XXXII.

His reverend hairs and holy gravity
The knight much honour'd, as besemèd
well;
And gently ask'd, where all the people be,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell:
Who answer'd him full soft, *He could not
tell.*
Again he ask'd, where that same knight was
laid,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissance
fell
Had made his caytive thrall: again he said,
He could not tell, ne ever other answer made.

XXXIII.

Then askèd he, which way he in might pass;
He could not tell, again he answered.

Thereat, the courteous knight displeasèd was,
And said; "Old sire, it seems thou hast not
read
How ill it sits with that same silver head,
In vain to mock, or mock'd in vain to be:
But if thou be, as thou art portrayèd
With Nature's pen, in age's grave degree,
Aread in graver wise what I demand of thee."

XXXIV.

His answer likewise was, *He could not tell.*
Whose senseless speech, and doted ignor-
ance,
Whenas the noble prince had markèd well,
He guess'd his nature by his countenance;
And calm'd his wrath with goodly temper-
ance. [reach
Then, to him stepping, from his arm did
Those keys, and made himself free entrance,
Each door he open'd without any breach:
There was no bar to stop, nor foe him to
impeach.

XXXV.

There all within full rich array'd he found,
With royal arras, and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest prince's presence might be-
hold.
But all the floor (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltless babes, and innocents
true, [fold,
Which there were slain, as sheep out of the
Defilèd was; that dreadful was to view;
And sacred ashes over it was strewèd new.

XXXVI.

And there beside of marble stone was built
An altar, carved with cunning imagery;
On which true Christians' blood was often
spilt,
And holy martyrs often done to die,
With cruel malice and strong tyranny:
Whose blessèd sprights, from underneath
the stone,
To God for vengeance cried continually;
And with great grief were often heard to
groan;
That hardest heart would bleed to hear their
piteous moan.

XXXVII.

Through every room he sought, and every
bow'r,
But no where could he find that woful thrall.

At last he came unto an iron door
That fast was lock'd; but key found not at
all

Amongst that bunch to open it withal;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voice, and loud
did call

With all his pow'r, to weet if living wight
Were housed there within, whom he enlargen
might.

XXXVIII.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring
voice

These piteous plaints and dolours did
resound; [choice

"O! who is that, which brings me happy
Of death, that here lie dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in baleful darkness bound?
For now three moons have changèd thrice
their hue, [ground,

And have been thrice hid underneath the
Since I the heaven's cheerful face did view,
O welcome, thou, that dost of death bring
tidings true.

XXXIX.

Which when that champion heard, with
piercing point

Of pity dear his heart was thrillèd sore;
And trembling horror ran through every joint
For ruth of gentle knight so foul forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that iron door
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where ent'red in, his foot could find no floor,
But all a deep descent, as dark as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthy baneful
smell.

XL.

But neither darkness foul, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands,)
But that with constant zeal and courage bold,
After long pains and labours manifold,
He found the means that prisoner up to rear;
Whose feeble thighs, unable to uphold
His pinèd corse, him scarce to light could
bear;

A rueful spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

XLI.

His sad dull eyes, deep sunk in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted sun to view;
His bare thin cheeks for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceivèd of their due,

Could make a stony heart his hap to rue;
His rawbone arms, whose mighty brawnèd
bow'rs

Were wont to rive steel plates, and helmets
hew, [pow'rs

Were clean consumed; and all his vital
Decay'd; and all his flesh shrunk up like
withered flow'rs.

XLII.

Whom when his lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty joy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan;
Who erst in flow'rs of freshest youth was
clad.

Tho, when her well of tears she wasted had,
She said; "Ah, dearest lord! what evil star
On you hath frown'd, and pour'd his influ-
ence bad,

That of yourself ye thus berobbed are,
And this misseeming hue your manly look
doth mar?

XLIII.

"But welcome now, my lord, in weal or woe,
Whose presence I have lack'd too long a day:
And fie on Fortune mine avowèd foe,
Whose wrathful wrecks themselves do now
allay; [pay

And for these wrongs shall treble penance
Of treble good: good grows of evil's priefe."
The cheerless man, whom sorrow did dis-
may,

Had no delight to treaten of his grief:
His long endurèd famine needed more relief.

XLIV.

"Fair lady," then said that victorious knight,
"The things, that grievous were to do, or
bear,

Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight.
Best music breeds delight in loathing ear.
But th' only good, that grows of passèd fear
Is to be wise, and ware of like again.

This day's ensample hath this lesson dear
Deep written in my heart with iron pen,
*That bliss may not abide in state of mor-
tal men.*

XLV.

"Henceforth, sir knight, take to you wonted
strength, [might:

And master these mishaps with patient
Lo, where your foe lies stretch'd in mon-
strous length;

And lo, that wicked woman in your sight,

The root of all your care and wretched
plight,
Now in your pow'r, to let her live, or die."
"To do her die," quoth Una, "were despite,
And shame t'avenge so weak an enemy;
But spoil her of her scarlet robe, and let her
fly."

XLVI.

So, as she bade, that witch they disarray'd,
And robb'd of royal robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were display'd;
Ne sparèd they to strip her naked all.
Then, when they had despoil'd her tire and
caul, [hold,
Such as she was, their eyes might her be-
That her misshaped parts did them appal;
A loathy, wrinkled hag, ill-favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth
not be told.

XLVII.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honourable eld,
Was overgrown with scurf and filthy scald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gums were fell'd,
And her sour breath abominably smell'd;
Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,
Hung down, and filthy matter from them
well'd;
Her wrinkled skin, as rough as maple rind,
So scabby was, that would have loath'd all
womankind.

XLVIII.

Her nether parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to
write.

But at her rump she growing had behind
A fox's tail, with dung all foully dight:
And eke her feet most monstrous were in
sight;
For one of them was like an eagle's claw,
With griping talons arm'd to greedy fight;
The other like a bear's uneven paw:
More ugly shape yet never living creature
saw.

XLIX.

Which, when the knights beheld, amazed
they were
And wond'ring at so foul deformèd wight.
"Such then," said Una, "as she seemeth
here,
Such is the face of Falsehood; such the
sight
Of foul Duessa, when her borrow'd light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce known."
Thus when they had the witch disrobèd
quite,
And all her filthy feature open shown,
They let her go at wil', and wander ways
unknown.

L.

She, flying fast from heaven's hated face.
And from the world that her discover'd wide,
Fled to the wasteful wilderness apace,
From living eyes her open shame to hide;
And lurk'd in rocks and caves, long unespied,
But that fair crew of knights, and Una fair,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest themselves, and weary pow'rs repair;
Where store they found of all, that dainty
was and rare.

CANTO IX.

His love and lineage Arthur tells;
The knights knit friendly bands;
Sir Trevisan flies from Despair,
Whom Redcross knight withstands.

1.

O! GOODLY golden chain, wherewith yfere
The virtues linkèd are in lovely wise;
And noble minds of yore allièd were,
In brave pursuit of chivalrous emprise,
That none did others' safety despise,

Nor aid envy to him, in need that stands;
But friendly each did other's praise de-
vise,
How to advance with favourable hands,
As this good prince redeem'd the Redcross
knight from bands.

II.

Who when their pow'rs, impair'd through
labour long,
With due repast they had recurèd well,
And that weak captive wight now waxèd
strong ;
Them list no longer there at leisure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell :
But, ere they parted, Una fair besought
That stranger knight his name and nation
tell ; [wrought,
Lest so great good, as he for her had
Should die unknown, and buried be in
thankless thought.

III.

"Fair virgin," said the prince, "ye me re-
quire
A thing without the compass of my wit ;
For both the lineage, and the certain sire,
From which I sprang, from me are hidden
yet,
For all so soon as life did me admit
Into this world, and shewèd heaven's light,
From mother's pap I taken was unfit,
And straight deliver'd to a Faery knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and mar-
tial might.

IV.

"Unto old Timon he me brought bylive ;
Old Timon, who in youthly years hath been
In warlike feats th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on earth I ween :
His dwelling is, low in a valley green,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hoar,
From whence the river Dee, as silver clean,
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle roar ;
There all my days he train'd me up in
virtuous lore.

V.

"Thither the great magician Merlin came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visit me ;
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And tutors' nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I ask'd in privy,
Of what loins and what lineage I did spring,
Whose answer bade me still assurèd be,
That I was son and heir unto a king,
As time in her just term the truth to light
should bring."

VI.

"Well worthy Imp," said then the lady gent,
"And pupil fit for such a tutor's hand!

But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread, Prince Arthur, crown of martial
band ?"
"Full hard it is," quoth he, "to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' Eternal Might,
That rules men's ways, and rules the
thoughts of living wight.

VII.

"For whether He, through fatal deep fore-
sight,
Me hither sent, for cause to me unguess'd ;
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and
night
Whylome doth rankle in my riven breast,
With forcèd fury following his behest,
Me hither brought by ways yet never found ;
You to have help'd I hold myself yet blest."
"Ah ! courteous knight," quoth she, "what
secret wound
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest heart
on ground ?"

VIII.

"Dear dame," quoth he, "you sleeping
sparks awake,
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will
grow ;
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moisture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life do lie in ashes low.
Yet sithens' silence lesseneth not my fire,
But, told, it flames ; and, hidden, it does glow ;
I will reveal what ye so much desire :
Ah ! Love, lay down thy bow the whiles I
may respire.

IX.

"It was in freshest flow'r of youthly years,
When courage first does creep in manly
chest ;
Then first that coal of kindly heat appears
To kindle love in every living breast :
But me had warn'd old Timon's wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdue,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers used to rue,
Which still wax old in woe, whiles woe still
waxeth new.

X.

"That idle name of love, and lover's life,
As loss of time, and virtue's enemy,

I ever scorn'd, and joy'd to stir up strife,
In midst of their mournful tragedy;
Aye wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes
brent:

Their god himself, grieved at my liberty,
Shot many a dart at me with fierce intent;
But I them warded all with wary govern-
ment.

XI.

"But all in vain; no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly breast can armèd be so sound,
But will at last be won with batt'ry long,
Or unawares at disadvantage found:
Nothing is sure that grows on earthly ground.
And who most trusts in arm of fleshly might,
And boasts in beauty's chain not to be bound,
Doth soonest fall in disadvantageous fight,
And yields his captive neck to victor's most
despite.

XII.

"Ensample make of him your hapless joy,
And of myself now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging
boy
Did soon pluck down, and curb'd my liberty.
For on a day, prick'd forth with jollity
Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
Ranging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one
consent, [intent.
Did seem to laugh on me, and favour mine

XIII.

"Forwearied with my sports, I did alight
From lofty steed and down to sleep me laid:
The verdant grass my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet fair display'd:
Whiles every sense the humour sweet em-
bay'd,
And slumb'ring soft my heart did steal away,
Me seemèd, by my side a royal maid
Her dainty limbs full softly down did lay;
So fair a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV.

"Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and bade me love her dear;
For dearly sure her love was to me bent,
As, when just time expired, should appear.
But, whether dreams delude, or true it were,
Was never heart so ravish'd with delight,
Ne living man like words did ever hear,

As she to me deliverèd all that night;
And at her parting said, she Queen of
Faeries hight.

XV.

"When I awoke, and found her place devoid,
And nought but pressèd grass where she had
lien,
I sorrow'd all so much as erst I joy'd,
And washèd all her place with wat'ry eyen.
From that day forth I loved that face divine;
From that day forth I cast in careful mind,
To seek her out with labour and long tyne,
And never vow'd to rest till her I find:
Nine months I seek in vain, yet ni'll that
vow unbind."

XVI.

Thus as he spake, his visage waxèd pale,
And change of hue great passion did bewray;
Yet still he strove to cloak his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display;
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say;
"O happy Queen of Faeries, that hast found,
Mongst many, one that with his prowess may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound!
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow
on ground."

XVII.

"Thine, O! then," said the gentle Redcross
knight,
"Next to that lady's love, shall be the place,
O fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith exceeding earthly
race,
Was firmest fix'd in mine extremest case.
And you, my lord, the patron of my life,
Of that great queen may well gain worthy
grace;
For only worthy you through prowess priefe,
If living man mote worthy be, to be her lief."

XVIII.

So diversely discoursing of their loves,
The golden sun his glist'ring head gan shew,
And sad remembrance now the prince
amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursue:
Als Una yearn'd her travel to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship for
to bind,
And love establiish each to other true,
Gave goodly gifts, the signs of grateful mind,
And eke, as pledges firm, right hands to-
gether join'd.

XIX.

Prince Arthur gave a box of diamond sure,
Embow'd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closed few drops of liquor
pure,

Of wondrous worth, and virtue excellent,
That any wound could heal incontinent.

Which to requite, the Redcross knight him
gave

A book, wherein his Saviour's Testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave;
A work of wondrous grace, and able souls
to save.

XX.

Thus been they parted; Arthur on his way
To seek his love, and th' other for to fight
With Una's foe, that all her realm did prey.
But she, now weighing the decayed plight,
And shrunken sinews of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursue,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadful fight,
Till he recover'd had his former hue:
For him to be yet weak and weary well she
knew.

XXI.

So as they travell'd, lo! they gan espy
An arm'd knight towards them gallop fast,
That seem'd from some fear'd foe to fly,
Or other grisly thing, that him aghast.
Still, as he fled, his eve was backward cast,
As if his fear still follow'd him behind:
Als flew his steed, as he his bands had brast,
And with his wing'd heels did tread the
wind,
As he had been a foal of Pegasus his kind.

XXII.

Nigh as he drew, he might perceive his head
To be unarm'd, and curl'd uncombed hairs
Upstaring stiff, dismay'd with uncouth dread:
Nor drop of blood in all his face appears,
Nor life in limb; and to increase his fears,
In foul reproach of knighthood's fair degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he wears,
That with his glist'ring arms does ill agree:
But he of rope, or arms, has now no memory.

XXIII.

The Redcross knight toward him cross'd
fast,
To weet what mister wight was so dismay'd:
There him he finds all senseless and aghast,
That of himself he seem'd to be afraid;

Whom hardly he from flying forward stay'd,
Till he these words to him deliver might:
"Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus array'd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty
flight?"

For never knight I saw in such misseeming
plight."

XXIV.

He answer'd nought at all; but adding new
Fear to his first amazement, staring wide
With stony eyes and heartless hollow hue,
Astonish'd stood as one that had espied
Infernal Furies with their chains untied.
Him yet again, and yet again, bespake
The gentle knight: who nought to him re-
plied,

But trembling every joint did inly quake,
And falt'ring tongue at last these words
seem'd forth to shake:

XXV.

"For God's dear love, sir knight, do me not
stay;

For lo! he comes, he comes fast after me!"
Eft looking back would fain have run away;
But he him forced to stay, and tellen free
The secret cause of his perplexity:
Yet nathemore by his bold hearty speech
Could his blood-frozen heart embold'ned be,
But through his boldness rather fear did
reach;

Yet, forced, at last he made through silence
sudden breach:

XXVI.

"And am I now in safety sure," quoth he,
"From him, that would have forc'd me to
die?"

And is the point of death now turn'd from me,
That I may tell this hapless history?"

"Fear nought," quoth he, "no danger now
is nigh."

"Then shall I you recount a rueful case,"
Said he, "the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld! and had not greater grace
Me left from it, had been partaker of the
place.

XXVII.

"I lately chanced (would I had never
chanced!)

With a fair knight to keepen company,
Sir Tirwin hight, that well himself advanced
In all affairs, and was both bold and free;

But not so happy as mote happy be :
 He loved, as was his lot, a lady gent,
 That him again loved in the least degree ;
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,
 And joy'd to see her lover languish and
 lament :

XXVIII.

" From whom returning sad and comfortless,
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that villain, (God from him me
 bless I) [whyleare,
 That cursèd wight, from whom I scaped
 A man of hell, that calls himself *Despair* ;
 Who first us greets, and after fair areads
 Of tidings strange, and of adventures rare :
 So creeping close, as snake in hidden weeds.
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly
 deeds.

XXIX.

" Which when he knew, and felt our feeble
 hearts
 Embost with bale, and bitter biting grief,
 Which Love had lancèd with his deadly
 darts ; [repreif,
 With wounding words, and terms of foul
 He pluck'd from us all hope of due relief,
 That erst us held in love of lng'ring life :
 Then hopeless, heartless, gan the cunning
 thief
 Persuade us die, to stint all further strife ;
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife :

XXX.

" With which sad instrument of hasty death,
 That woful lover loathing longer light,
 A wide way made to let forth living breath.
 But I more fearful or more lucky wight,
 Dismay'd with that deformèd dismal sight,
 Fled fast away, half dead with dying fear ;
 Ne yet assured of life by you, sir knight,
 Whose like infirmity like chance may bear :
 But God you never let his charnièd speeches
 hear !"

XXXI.

" How may a man," said he, " with idle
 speech
 Be won to spoil the castle of his health ?"
 " I wote," quoth he, " whom trial late did
 teach,
 That like would not for all this worldés
 wealth.
 His subtle tongue, like dropping honey,
 melt'h

Into the heart, and searcheth every vein ;
 That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
 His pow'r is reft and weakness doth remain.
 O never, sir, desire to try his guileful tranel!"

XXXII.

" Certes," said he, " hence shall I never rest,
 Till I that treachour's art have heard and
 tried : [request,
 And you, sir knight, whose name mote I
 Of grace do me unto his cabin guide."
 " I, that hight *Trevisan*," quoth he, " will ride,
 Against my liking, back to do you grace :
 But not for gold nor glee will I abide
 By you, when ye arrive in that same place :
 For leifer had I die than see his deadly face."

XXXIII.

Ere long they come, where that same wicked
 wight
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
 Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
 Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
 That still for carrion carcasses doth crave :
 On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly owl :
 Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
 Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl ;
 And all about it wand'ring ghosts did wail
 and howl :

XXXIV.

And all about old stocks and stubs of trees,
 Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees :
 On which had many wretches hangèd been
 Whose carcasses were scatt' red or the green,
 And thrown about the cliffs. Arrivèd there,
 That bare-head knight, for dread and dole-
 ful teene, [near ;
 Would fain have fled, ne durst approachen
 But th' other forced him stay, and comforted
 in fear.

XXXV.

That darksome cave they enter, where they
 find
 That cursèd man, low sitting on the ground
 Musing full sadly in his sullen mind :
 His grisly locks, long grown and unbound,
 Disorder'd hung about his shoulders round,
 And hid his face ; through which his hollow
 eyne
 Look'd deadly dull, and starèd as astound ;
 His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and
 pine,
 Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never
 drunc.

XXXVI.

His garments, nought but many ragged
 clouts, [was,
 With thorns together pinn'd and patch'd
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts :
 And him beside there lay upon the grass,
 A dreary corse whose life away did pass,
 All wallow'd in his own yet luke-warm blood,
 That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas !
 In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing
 flood.

XXXVII.

Which piteous spectacle, approving true
 The woful tale that Trevisan had told,
 Whenas the gentle Redcross knight did view
 With hery zeal he burnt in courage bold
 Him to avenge, before his blood were cold ;
 And to the villain said ; "Thou damn'd
 wight,
 The author of this fact we here behold,
 What justice can but judge against thee right,
 With thine own blood to price his blood,
 here shed in sight ?"

XXXVIII.

"What frantic fit," quoth he, "hath thus
 distraught
 Thee, foolish man, so rash a doom to give ?
 What justice ever other judgment taught,
 But he should die, who merits not to live ?
 None else to death this man despairing drive
 But his own guilty mind, deserving death.
 Is then unjust to each his due to give ?
 Or let him die, that loatheth living breath ?
 Or let him die at ease, that liveth here
 unneath ?

XXXIX.

"Who travels by the weary wand'ring way,
 To come unto his wish'd 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 stick fast ?
 Most envious man, that grieves at neigh-
 bours' good ;
 And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast ;
 Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath
 stood [flood ?
 Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the

XL.

"He there does now enjoy eternal rest
 And happy ease, which thou dost want and
 crave,

And further from it daily wanderest ;
 What if some little pain the passage have,
 That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave ;
 Is not short pain well borne, that brings long
 ease,
 And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave ?
 Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
 Ease after war, death after life, does greatly
 please."

XLI.

The knight much wond'red at his sudden
 wit,
 And said ; "The term of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it
 The soldier may not move from watchful
 stead,
 Nor leave his stand until his captain bid."
 "Who life did limit by Almighty doom,"
 Quoth he, "knows best the terms established ;
 And he, that 'points the sentinel his room,
 Doth license him depart at sound of morn-
 ing drum.

XLII.

"Is not His deed, whatever thing is done
 In heaven and earth ? Did not He all create
 To die again ? All ends, that was begun .
 Their times in His eternal book of fate
 Are written sure, and have their certain date.
 Who then can strive with strong necessity,
 That holds the world in his still changing
 state ;
 Or shun the death ordain'd by destiny ?
 When hour of death is come, let none ask
 whence or why.

XLIII.

"The longer life, I wote the greater sin ;
 The greater sin, the greater punishment .
 All those great battles, which thou boasts to
 win
 Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengé-
 ment, [repent
 Now praised, hereafter dear thou shalt
 For life must life, and blood must blood
 repay.
 Is not enough thy evil life forespent ?
 For he that once hath muss'd the right way,
 The further he doth go, the further he doth
 stray.

XLIV.

"Then do no further go, no further stray ;
 But here he down, and to thy rest betake,
 Th' ill to prevent, that life enseven may.
 For what hath life, that may it lovèd make,

And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
 Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow,
 strife, [quake;
 Pain, hunger, cold that makes the heart to
 And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;
 All which, and thousands more do make a
 loathsome life.

XLV.

"Thou, wretched man, of death hast great-
 est need,
 If in true balance thou wilt weigh thy state;
 For never knight, that darèd warlike deed,
 More luckless disadvantages did amate:
 Witness the dungeon deep, wherein of late
 Thy life shut up for death so oft did call;
 And though good luck prolonged hath thy
 date, [stall,
 Yet death then would the like mishap fore-
 Into the which hereafter thou mayst happen
 fall.

XLVI.

"Why then dost thou, O man of sin, desire
 To draw thy days forth to their last degree?
 Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
 High heaped up with huge iniquity,
 Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
 Is not enough, that to this lady mild
 Thou falsèd hast thy faith with perjury,
 And sold thyself to serve Duessa vild,
 With whom in all abuse thou hast thyself
 defiled?"

XLVII.

"Is not He just, that all this doth behold
 From highest heaven, and bears an equal
 eye?
 Shall He thy sins up in His knowledge fold,
 And guilty be of thine impiety?
 Is not His law, 'Let every sinner die,
 Die shall all flesh?' What then must needs
 be done?
 Is it not better to do willingly,
 Than linger till the glass be all outrun?
 Death is the end of woes: Die soon, O
 Faery's son."

XLVIII.

The knight was much enmovèd with his
 speech,
 That as a sword's point through his heart
 did pierce,
 And in his conscience made a secret breach,
 Well knowing true all that he did rehearse,

And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
 The ugly view of his deformèd crimes;
 That all his manly pow'rs it did disperse,
 As he were charmed with enchanted rhymes;
 That oftentimes he quaked and fainted
 oftentimes.

XLIX.

In which amazement when the miscreant
 Perceivèd him to waver weak and frail,
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience
 daunt,
 And hellish anguish did his soul assail;
 To drive him to despair, and quite to quail,
 He show'd him painted in a table plain
 The damnèd ghosts, that do in torments
 wail, [pain
 And thousand fiends, that do them endless
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever
 shall remain.

L.

The sight whereof so thoroughly him dis-
 may'd,
 That nought but death before his eyes he
 saw,
 And ever burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th' Almighty's law.
 Then gan the villain him to overcraw,
 And brought unto him swords, ropes, poi-
 son, fire,
 And all that might him to perdition draw;
 And bade him choose what death he would
 desire:
 For death was due to him, that had provokèd
 God's ire.

LI.

But, whenas none of them he saw him take
 He to him rought a dagger sharp and keen,
 And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
 And tremble like a leaf of aspen green.
 And troubled blood through his pale face
 was seen
 To come and go, with tidings from the heart,
 As it a running messenger had been.
 At last resolvèd to work his final smart,
 He lifted up his hand, that back again did
 start.

LII.

Which when as Una saw, through every vein
 The cruddled cold ran to her well of life,
 As in a swoon: but, soon relievèd again,
 Out of his hand she snatch'd the cursèd
 knife,

And threw it to the ground, enragèd rife,
 And to him said: "Fie, fie, faint-hearted
 knight, [strife,
 What meanest thou by this reproachful
 Is this the battle, which thou vaunts to fight
 With that fire-mouthèd dragon, horrible and
 bright?"

LIII.

"Come; come away, frail, feeble, fleshly
 wight,
 Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
 Ne devilish thoughts dismay thy constant
 spright:
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
 Why shouldst thou then despair, that cho-
 sen art? [grace,
 Where justice grows, there grows eke greater

The which doth quench the brand of hellish
 smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface:
 Arise, sir knight; arise, and leave this cursèd
 place."

LIV.

So up he rose, and thence amountèd straight.
 Which when the carl 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 himself, unbid, unblest.
 But death he could not work himself there-
 by;
 For thousand times he so himself had drest,
 Yet nathèless it could not do him die,
 Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

CANTO X.

Her faithful knight fair Una brings
 To house of Holiness;
 Where he is taught repentance, and
 The way to heavenly bless.

I.

WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly
 might
 And vain assurance of mortality,
 Which, all so soon as it doth come to fight
 Against spiritual foes, yields by and by,
 Or from the field most cowardly doth fly!
 Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
 That thorough grace hath gainèd victory:
 If any strength we have, it is to ill;
 But all the good is God's, both power and
 eke will.

II.

By that which lately happen'd, Una saw
 That this her knight was feeble, and too
 faint;
 And all his sinews waxen weak and raw,
 Through long imprisonment, and hard con-
 straint,
 Which he endurèd in his late restraint,
 That yet he was unfit for bloody fight.
 Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
 She cast to bring him, where he cheeren
 might,
 Till he recoverèd had his late decayèd plight.

III.

There was an ancient house not far away.
 Renown'd throughout the world for sacred
 lore
 And pure unspotted life: so well they say,
 It govern'd was, and guided evermore,
 Through wisdom of a matron grave and hoar:
 Whose only joy was to relieve the needs
 Of wretched souls, and help the helpless
 poor:
 All night she spent in bidding of her beads,
 And all the day in doing good and goodly
 deeds.

IV.

Dame Cælia, men did her call, as thought
 From heaven to come, or thither to arise;
 The mother of three daughters well up-
 brought
 In goodly thewes, and goodly exercise:
 The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,
 Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were:
 Though spoused, yet wanting wedlock's
 solemnize;
 But fair Charissa to a lovely fere [dear.
 Was linkèd, and by him had many pledges

V.

Arrived there, the door they find fast lock'd;
For it was warely watchèd night and day,
For fear of many toes; but when they
knock'd,

The porter openèd unto them straightway.
He was an aged sire, all hoary gray,
With looks full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staff his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humiltà. They pass in, stooping
low;

For straight and narrow was the way which
he did show.

VI.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;
But, enter'd in, a spacious court they see,
Both plain and pleasant to be walkèd in;
Where them does meet a franklin fair and
free,

And entertains with comely courteous glee;
His name was Zeal, that him right well be-
came.

For in his speeches and behaviour he
Did labour lively to express the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall
they came.

VII.

There fairly them receives a gentle squire.
Of mild demeanour and rare courtesy,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;
In word and deed that show'd great modesty,
And knew his good to all of each degree;
Hight Reverence: he them with speeches
meet

Does fair entreat; no courting nicety.
But simple, true, and eke unfeignèd sweet,
As might become a squire so great persons
to greet.

VIII.

And afterwards them to his dame he leads,
That aged dame, the lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beads;
Which done, she up arose with seemly grace,
And toward them full matronly did pace
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heaven-
ly race,

Her heart with joy unwonted inly swell'd,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker
eld:

IX.

And, her embracing, said; "O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet do ever tread!

Most virtuous virgin, born of heavenly birth,
That, to redeem thy woful parents' head
From tyrant's rage and ever-dying dread,
Hast wand'red through the world now long
a day,

Yet ceasest not thy weary soles to lead;
What grace hath thee now hither brought
this way?

Or do thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray?

X.

"Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place; or any other wight,
That hither turns his steps: so few they be,
That choose the narrow path, or seek the
right! [delight

All keep the broad highway, and take
With many rather for to go astray,
And be partakers of their evil plight,
Than with a few to walk the rightest way:
O! foolish men, why haste ye to your own
decay?"

XI.

"Thyself to see, and tired limbs to rest,
O matron sage," quoth she, "I hither came;
And this good knight his way with me ad-
dress'd, [fame,
Led with thy praises, and broad-blazèd
That up to heaven is blown." The ancient
dame

Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
And entertain'd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devise,
Ne wanted ought to show her bounteous or
wise.

XII.

Thus as they gan of sundry things devise,
Lo! two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinkèd arm in arm in lovely wise;
With countenance demure, and modest
grace,

They numb'red even steps and equal pace:
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beams threw from her crystal
face

That could have dazed the rash beholder's
sight,
And round about her head did shine like
heaven's light.

XIII.

She was arrayèd all in lily white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,

With wine and water fill'd up to the height,
In which a serpent did himself 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 book, that was both sign'd and seal'd with
blood :

Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be
understood.

XIV.

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blue, that her besemèd well ;
Not all so cheerful seemèd she of sight,
As was her sister ; whether dread did dwell
Or anguish in her heart, is hard to tell :
Upon her arm a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leanèd ever, as befell ;
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
Her steadfast eyes were bent, ne swervèd
other way.

XV.

They, seeing Una, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesy ;
Many kind speeches they between them
spend,

And greatly joy each other for to see :
Then to the knight with shamefast modesty
They turn themselves, at Una's meek re-
quest,

And him salute with well beseeching glee :
Who fair them 'quites, as him besemèd
best. [gest.

And goodly gan discourse of many a noble

XVI.

Then Una thus : " But she, your sister dear,
The dear Charissa, where is she become ?
Or wants she health, or busy is elsewhere ?"
" Ah ! no," said they, " but forth she may
not come ;

For she of late is light'ned of her womb,
And hath encreased the world with one son
more,

That her to see would be but troublesome."
" Indeed," quoth she, " that should her
trouble sore ;

But thank'd be God, and her encrease so
evermore !"

XVII.

Then said the aged Cælia : " Dear dame,
And you, good sir, I wote that of your toil

And labours long, through which ye hither
came,

Ye both forwarded be : therefore a while
I read you rest, and to your bow'rs recoyle."
Then callèd she a groom, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoil
Of puissant arms, and laid in easy bed :
His name was meek Obedience rightfully
aread.

XVIII.

Now when their weary limbs with kindly
rest,

And bodies were refresh'd with due repast,
Fair Una gan Fidelia fair request,
To have her knight into her schoolhouse
placed,

That of her heavenly learning he might
taste,

And hear the wisdom of her words divine.
She granted : and that knight so much
agrate

That she him taught celestial discipline,
And openèd his dull eyes, that light mote in
them shine.

XIX.

And that her sacred Book, with blood ywrit,
That none could read except she did them
teach,

She unto him disclosèd every whit ;
And heavenly documents thereout did
preach,

That weaker wit of man could never reach ;
Of God ; of Grace ; of Justice ; of Free-will ;
That wonder was to hear her goodly speech :
For she was able with her words to kill,
And raise again to life the heart that she did
thrill.

XX.

And, when she list pour out her larger
spright,

She would command the hasty sun to stay,
Or backward turn his course from heaven's
height :

Sometimes great hosts of men she could
Dry-shod to pass she parts the floods in
tway ;

And eke huge mountains from their native
seat

She would command themselves to bear
away,

And throw in raging sea with roaring threat :
Almighty God her gave such pow'r and
puissance great.

XXI.

The faithful knight now grew in little space,
 By hearing her, and by her sisters' lore,
 To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
 That wretched world he gan for to abhor,
 And mortal life gan loath as thing forlore,
 Grieved with remembrance of his wicked
 ways, [sore,
 And prick'd with anguish of his sins so
 That he desired to end his wretched days :
 So much the dart of sinful guilt the soul
 dismays.

XXII.

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
 And taught him how to take assurèd hold
 Upon her silver anchor, as was meet ;
 Else had his sins so great and manifold
 Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
 In his distressèd doubtful agony,
 When him his dearest Una did behold
 Disdaining life, desiring leave to die,
 She found herself assail'd with great per-
 plexity ;

XXIII.

And came to Cælia to declare her smart ;
 Who well acquainted with that common
 plight,
 Which sinful horror works in wounded
 heart,
 Her wisely comforted all that she might,
 With goodly counsel and advisement right ;
 And straightway sent with careful diligence,
 To fetch a leech, the which had great insight
 In that disease of grievèd conscience,
 And well could cure the same ; his name
 was Patience.

XXIV.

Who, coming to that soul-diseasèd knight,
 Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief ;
 Which known, and all, that 'noy'd his heavy
 spright,
 Well search'd, eftsouones he gan apply relief
 Of salves and med'cines, which had passing
 priefe, [might ;
 And thereto added words of wondrous
 By which to ease he him recurèd brief,
 And much assuaged the passion of his plight,
 That he his pain endured, as seeming now
 more light.

XXV.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
 Inward corruption and infected sin,

Not purged nor heal'd, behind remainèd still,
 And fest'ring sore did rankle yet within,
 Close creeping twixt the marrow and the
 skin :

Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
 Down in a darksome lowly place far in,
 Whereas he meant his cõrrosives to apply
 And with strait diet tame his stubborn mal-
 ady.

XXVI.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
 His dainty corse, proud humours to abate ;
 And dietèd with fasting every day,
 The swelling of his wounds to mitigate ;
 And made him pray both early and eke late ;
 And ever, as superfluous flesh did rot,
 Amendment ready still at hand did wait
 To pluck it out with pincers fiery hot,
 That soon in him was left no one corrupted
 jot.

XXVII.

And bitter Penance, with an iron whip,
 Was wont him once to disple every day :
 And sharp Remorse his heart did prick and
 nip, [play :
 That drops of blood thence like a well did
 And sad Repentance usèd to embay
 His body in salt water smarting sore,
 The filthy blots of sin to wash away.
 So in short space they did to health restore
 The man that would not live, but erst lay at
 death's door.

XXVIII.

In which his torment often was so great,
 That, like a lion, he would cry and roar ;
 And rend his flesh ; and his own sinews eat.
 His own dear Una, hearing evermore
 His rueful shrieks and groanings, often tore
 Her guiltless garments and her golden hair,
 For pity of his pain and anguish sore ;
 Yet all with patience wisely she did bear :
 For well she wist his crime could else be
 never clear.

XXIX

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
 And true Repentance, they to Una brought ;
 Who, joyous of his curèd conscience,
 Him dearly kiss'd, and fairly eke besought,
 Himself to cherish, and consuming thought
 To put away out of his careful breast.
 By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,

Was waxen strong, and left her fruitful nest :
To her fair Una brought this unacquainted
guest.

XXX.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easy to compare ;
Full of great love ; but Cupid's wanton snare
As hell she hated ; chaste in work and will ;
Her neck and breast were ever open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might suck their
fill ;
The rest was all in yellow robes arrayèd still.

XXXI.

A multitude of babes about her hung,
Playing their sports, that joy'd her to behold ;
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weak
and young,
But thrust them forth still as they waxèd
old ;
And on her head she wore a tire of gold,
Adorn'd with gems and owches wondrous
fair,
Whose passing price uneth was to be told :
And by her side there sate a gentle pair
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an ivory chair.

XXXII.

The knight and Una ent'ring fair her greet,
And bid her joy of that her happy brood ;
Who them requites with court'sies seeming
meet,
And entertains with cheerful friendly mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her virtuous rules to school her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad house of Penance, where his
spright [sing night,
Had past the pains of hell and long-endur-

XXXIII.

She was right jovous of her just request :
And, taking by the hand that Faery's son,
Gan him instruct in every good behest.
Of love : and righteousness ; and well to
done,
And wrath and hatred warily to shun,
That drew on men God's hatred and His
wrath,
And many souls in dolours had fordonne :
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the
ready path.

XXXIV.

Wherein his weaker wand'ring steps to guide,
An ancient matron she to her does call,
Whose sober looks her wisdom well de-
scriyde ;
Her name was Mercy ; well known over all
To be both gracious and eke liberal :
To whom the careful charge of him she gave
To lead aright, that he should never fall
In all his ways through this wide world's
wave ;
That mercy in the end his righteous soul
might save.

XXXV.

The goodly matron by the hand him bears
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scatt'rd with bushy thorns and ragged
bears,
Which still before him she removed away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay :
And ever when his feet encumb'rd were,
Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmly did upbear ;
As careful nurse her child from falling oft
does rear.

XXXVI.

Estsoones unto an holy hospital
That was foreby the way she did him bring ;
In which seven bead-men, that had vow'd all
Their life to service of high heaven's King,
Did spend their days in doing godly thing :
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the weary way were travelling ;
And one sate waiting ever them before,
To call in comers-by, that needy were and
poor.

XXXVII.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and government,
As guardian and steward of the rest :
His office was to give entertainment,
And lodging unto all that came and went ;
Not unto such as could him feast again,
And double quite for that he on them spent :
But such, as want of harbour did constrain ;
Those for God's sake his duty was to enter-
tain.

XXXVIII.

The second was an alm'n'r of the place :
His office was the hungry for to feed.
And thursty give to drink : a work of grace :
He fear'd not once himself to be in need,

Ne cared to hoard for those whom he did
breed :

The grace of God he laid up still in store,
Which as a stock he left unto his seed :
He had enough ; what need him care for
more ?

And had he less, yet some he would give to
the poor.

XXXIX.

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tires, nor garments
gay,

The plumes of pride and wings of vanity,
But cloths meet to keep keen 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 give he had,
His own coat he would cut, and it distribute
glad.

XL.

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poor prisoners to relieve with gracious aid,
And captives to redeem with price of brass
From Turks and Saracens, which them had
stay'd ;

And though they faulty were, yet well he
weigh'd,

That God to us forgiveth every hour
Much more than that why they in bands
were laid ;

And He, that harrow'd hell with heavy
The faulty souls from thence brought to His
heavenly bow'r.

XLI.

The fifth 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, do most
dismay

The feeble soul departing hence away,
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man ! have mind of that last bitter throw ;
For as the tree does fall, so lies it ever low.

XLII.

The sixth had charge of them now being
dead,
In seemly sort their corses to engrave,

And deck with dainty flow'rs their bridal bed,
That to their heavenly Spouse both sweet
and brave

They might appear, when he their souls
shall save.

The wondrous workmanship of God's own
mould,

Whose face He made all beasts to fear, and
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah, dearest God, me grant, I dead be not
defoul'd !

XLIII.

The seventh, now after death and burial
done,

Had charge the tender orphans of the dead
And widows aid lest they should be undone :
In face of judgment he their right would
plead,

Ne ought the pow'r of mighty men did dread
In their defence ; nor would for gold or fee
Be won their rightful causes down to tread :
And, when they stood in most necessity,
He did supply their want, and gave them
ever free.

XLIV.

There when the elfin knight arrivèd was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose
care

Was guests to welcome, towards him did
pass :

Where seeing Mercy, that his steps upbare
And always led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meek lowliness,
And seemly welcome for her did prepare :
For of their order she was patroness,
Albe Charissa were their chiefest foundress.

XLV.

There she awhile him stays, himself to rest,
That to the rest more able he might be :

During which time, in every good behest,
And godly work of alms and charity,
She him instructed with great industry.
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That, from the first unto the last degree,
His mortal life he learnèd had to frame
In holy righteousness, without rebuke or
blame.

XLVI.

Thence forward by that painful way they
pass

Forth to an hill, that was both steep and
high ;

On top whereof a sacred chapel was,
 And eke a little hermitage thereby,
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
 That day and night said his devotion,
 Ne other worldly business did apply :
 His name was Heavenly Contemplation ;
 Of God and goodness, was his meditation.

XLVII.

Great grace that old man to him given had ;
 For God he often saw from heaven's height :
 All were his earthly eyes both blunt and bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly
 sight, [spright,
 Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his
 As eagle's eye, that can behold the sun.
 That hill they scale with all their pow'r and
 might, [donne,
 That his frall thighs, nigh weary and for-
 Gan fail ; but, by her help, the top at last
 he won.

XLVIII.

There they do find that godly aged sire,
 With snowy locks adown his shoulders shed ;
 As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
 The mossy branches of an oak half dead.
 Each bone might through his body well be
 read,
 And every sinew seen, through his long fast :
 For nought he cared his carcass long unfed ;
 His mind was full of spiritual repast,
 And pined his flesh to keep his body low
 and chaste.

XLIX.

Who, when these two approaching he espied,
 At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
 That forced him lay his heavenly thoughts
 aside ;
 And had he not that dame respected more,
 Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
 He would not once have movèd for the
 knight.
 They him saluted, standing far afore ;
 Who, well them greeting, humbly did requite,
 And askèd, to what end they clomb that
 tedious height ?

L.

"What end," quoth she, "should cause us
 take such pain,
 But that same end, which every living wight
 Should make his mark--high heaven to at-
 tain ?
 Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right

To that most glorious house, that glist'rcth
 bright
 With burning stars and everliving fire,
 Whereof the keys are to thy hand beight
 By wise Fidelia ? She doth thee require,
 To shew it to this knight, according his
 desire."

LI.

"Thrice happy man," said then the father
 grave,
 "Whose staggering steps thy steady hand
 doth lead,
 And shows the way his sinful soul to save !
 Who better can the way to heaven aread
 Than thou thyself, that was both born and
 bred [shine ?
 In heavenly throne, where thousand angels
 Thou dost the prayers of the righteous seed
 Present before the Majesty Divine,
 And His avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII.

"Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shall be
 done.
 Then come, thou man of earth, and see the
 way,
 That never yet was seen of Faeries' son ;
 That never leads the traveller astray,
 But, after labours long and sad delay,
 Brings them to joyous rest and endless bliss.
 But first thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
 And have her strength recured from frail in-
 firmities."

LIII.

That done, he leads him to the highest
 mount ;
 Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
 That blood-red billows like a wallèd front
 On either side disparted with his rod,
 Till that his army dry-foot through them
 yod,
 Dwelt forty days upon ; where, writ in stone
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,
 The bitter doom of death and baleful moan
 He did receive, whiles flashing fire about
 him shone :

LIV.

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full high,
 Adorn'd with fruitful olives all around,
 Is, as it were for endless memory
 Of that dear Lord who oft thereon was
 found,

For ever with a flow'ring garland crown'd :
Or like that pleasant mount, that is for aye
Through famous poets' verse each where
renown'd, [play
On which the thrice three learned ladies*
Their heavenly notes, and make full many
a lovely lay.

LV.

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path, that was both steep and long,
Which to a goodly city led his view,
Whose walls and tow'rs were builded high
and strong [tongue
Of pearl and precious stone, that earthly
Canst of describe, nor wit of man can tell ;
Too high a ditty for my simple song !
The city of the Great King hight it well, †
Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth
dwell.

LVI.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven in gladsome company,
And with great joy into that city wend,
As commonly as friend does with his friend.
Whereat he wond' red much, and gan enquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty tow'rs unto the starry sphere,
And what unknown nation there empeo-
plèd were.

LVII.

"Fair knight," quoth he, "Jerusalem that is,
The New Jerusalem, that God has built
For those to dwell in, that are chosen His,
His chosen people purged from sinful guilt
With precious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursèd tree, of that unspotted Lamb,
That for the sins of all the world was kilt :
Now are they saints all in that city same,
More dear unto their God than younglings
to their dam."

LVIII.

"Till now," said then the knight, "I weened
well,
That great Cleopolis where I have been,
In which that fairest Faery Queen doth
dwell.
The fairest city was that might be seen ;
And that bright tow'r, all built of crystal
clean,

Panthea, seem'd the brightest thing that
was :

But now by proof all otherwise I ween ;
For this great city that does far surpass,
And this bright Angel's tow'r quite dims
that tow'r of glass."

LIX.

"Most true," then said the holy agèd man ;
"Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest piece that eye beholden can ;
And well besecms all knights of noble name,
That covet in th' immortal book of fame
To be etèrnizèd, that same to haunt,
And do their service to that sovereign dame,*
That glory does to them for guerdon grant :
For she is heavenly born, and heaven may
justly vaunt.

LX.

"And thou, fair Imp, † sprung out from
English race,
However now accounted Elfin's son,
Well worthy dost thy service for her grace,
To aid a virgin desolate fordonne
But when thou famous victory hast won,
And high amongst all knights hast hung thy
shield,
Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest
shun, [field :
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but
sorrows yield.

LXI.

"Then seek this path that I to thee presàge,
Which after all to heaven shall thee send ;
Then peaceably thy painful pilgrimage
To yonder same Jerusalem do bend,
Where is for thee ordain'd a blessed end :
For thou amongst those saints, whom thou
dost see,
Shalt be a saint, and thine own nation's
friend [be,
And patron : thou *Saint George* shalt callèd
Saint George of merry *England*, the sign
of victory."

LXII.

"Unworthy wretch," quoth he, "of so great
grace,
How dare I think such glory to attain !"

* Elizabeth.

† An Imp means a *shoot*, or sucker, and is
used for "son."

* The Muscs.

† It is well called.

"These, that have it attain'd, were in like case,"
 Quoth he, "as wretched, and lived in like pain."
 "But deeds of arms must I at last be fain
 And ladies' love to leave, so dearly bought?"
 "What need of arms, where peace doth aye remain,"
 Said he, "and battles none are to be fought?
 As for loose loves, they're vain, and vanish
 into nought."

LXIII.

"O let me not," quoth he, "then turn again
 Back to the world, whose joys so fruitless
 are;
 But let me here for aye in peace remain,
 Or straightway on that last long voyage fare,
 That nothing may my present hope impair."
 "That may not be," said he, "ne mayst thou
 yit
 Forego that royal maid's bequeathèd care,
 Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
 Till from her cursèd foe thou have her free-
 ly quit."

LXIV.

"Then shall I soon," quoth he, "so God me
 grace,
 Abet that virgin's cause disconsolate,
 And shortly back return unto this place,
 To walk this way in pilgrim's poor estate.
 But now aread, old father, why of late
 Didst thou behight me born of English
 blood,
 Whom all a Faery's son do nominate?"
 "That word shall I," said he, "avouchen
 good,
 Sith to thee is unknown the cradle of thy
 brood."

LXV.

"For well I wote thou springst from ancient
 race
 Of Saxon kings, that have with mighty
 hand,
 And many bloody battles fought in place,
 High rear'd their royal throne in Britain
 land,
 And vanquish'd them, unable to withstand:
 From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,

There as thou slepst in tender swaddling
 band,
 And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:
 Such, men do changelings call, so changed
 by Faery's theft.

LXVI.

"Thence she thee brought into this Faery
 lond,
 And in an heaped furrow did thee hide;
 Where thee a ploughman all unweeting
 fond,
 As he his to. Some team that way did guide,
 And brought thee up in ploughman's state
 to bide,
 Whereof Gèorgos* he thee gave no name;
 Till prick'd with courage, and thy force's
 pride,
 To Faery court thou cam'st to seek for
 fame,
 And prove thy puissant arms, as seems thee
 best became."

LXVII.

"O holy sire," quoth he, "how shall I'quite
 The many favours I with thee have found,
 That hast my name and nation read aright,
 And taught the way that does to heaven
 bound!"
 This said, adown he lookèd to the ground
 To have return'd, but dazèd were his eyne
 Throug passing brightness, which did quite
 confound
 His feeble sense, and too exceeding shine.
 So dark are earthly things compared to
 things divine!

LXVIII.

At last, whenas himself he gan to find,
 ToUna back he cast him to retire;
 Who him awaited still with pensive mind,
 Great thanks, and goodly meed, to that good
 sire
 He thence departing gave for his pains' hire.
 So came to Una, who him joy'd to see;
 And, after little rest, gan him desire
 Of her adventure mindful for to be.
 So leave they take of Cælia and her daugh-
 ters three.

* The name George. in Greek, means a hu-
 bandman.

CANTO XI.

The knight with that old dragon fights
Two days incessantly:
The third, him overthrows; and gains
Most glorious victory.

I.

HIGH time now gan it wax for Una fair
To think of those her captive parents dear,
And their forwasted kingdom to repair:
Whereto whenas they now approachèd near,
With hearty words her knight she gan to
cheer,
And in her modest manner thus bespake:
"Dear knight, as dear as ever knight was
dear,
That all these sorrows suffer for my sake,
h heaven behold the tedious toil, ye for
me take!

II.

"Now are we come unto my native soil,
And to the place where all our perils dwell;
Here haunts that fiend, and does his daily
spoil; [well,
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping
And ever ready for your foeman fell:
The spark of noble courage now awake,
And strive your excellent self to excel:
That shall ye evermore renownèd make
Above all knights on earth, that battle un-
dertake."

III.

And pointing forth, "Lo! yonder is," said
she, [dear
"The brazen tow'r, in which my parents
For dread of that huge fiend imprison'd be;
Whom I from far see on the walls appear.
Whose sight my feeble soul doth greatly
cheer;
And on the top of all I do espy
The watchman waiting tidings glad to hear,
That, O my parents, might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery!"

IV.

With that they heard a roaring hideous
sound;
That all the air with terror fillèd wide,
And seem'd unneath to shake the steadfast
ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful dragon they espied,

Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himself like a great hill:
But, all so soon as he from far describ'd
Those glist'ring arms that heaven with light
did fill,
He roused himself full blithe, and hast'ned
them until.

V.

Then bade the knight his lady yede aloof,
And to an hill herself withdraw aside:
From whence she might behold that battle's
proof,
And eke be safe from danger far describ'd:
She him obey'd, and turn'd a little wide.—
Now, O thou sacred Muse, most learnèd
dame,
Fair Imp of Phœbus and his aged bride,
The nurse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike hands ennoblest with immortal
name;

VI.

O, gently come into my feeble breast,
Come gently; but not with that mighty rage,
Wherewith the martial troupes thou dost in-
fest,
And hearts of great heroes dost enrage,
That nought their kindled courage may as-
suage:
Soon as thy dreadful trump begins to sound
The god of war with his fierce equipage
Thou dost awake, sleep never he so sound;
And scared nations dost with horror steri
astound.

VII.

Fair goddess, lay that furious fit aside,
Till I of wars and bloody Mars do sing,
And Briton fields with Saracen blood be-
dyed, [king,
Twixt that great Faery Queen, and Pavnim
That with their horror heaven and earth did
ring;
A work of labour long and endless praise:
But now a while let down that haughty
string

And to my tunes thy second tenor raise,
That I this man of God his godly arms may
blaze.

VIII.

By this, the dreadful beast drew nigh to
hand,
Half flying and half footing in his haste,
That with his largeness measurèd much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge
waste;
As mountain doth the valley overcast.
Approaching nigh, he rearèd high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vast;
Which, to increase his wondrous greatness
more,
Was swoll'n with wrath and poison, and with
bloody gore;

IX.

And over all with brazen scales was arm'd,
Like plated coat of steel, so couchèd near
That nought mote pierce; ne might his corse
be harm'd [spear:
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed
Which, as an eagle, seeing prey appear,
His aery plumes doth rouse full rudely dight;
So shakèd he, that horror was to hear:
For, as the clashing of an armour bright,
Such noise his rousèd scales did send unto
the knight.

X.

His flaggy wings, when forth he did display,
Were like two sails, in which the hollow
wind
Is gather'd full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pens, that did his pinions bind,
Were like main-yards with flying canvas
lined;
With which whenas him lift the air to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The clouds before him fled for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still amazèd with
his threat.

XI.

His huge long tail, wound up in hundred
folds,
Does overspread his long brass-scaly back,
Whose wreathèd boughts whenever he un-
folds,
And thick-entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shields of red and black,
It sweepeth all the land behind him far,
And of three furlongs does but little lack;

And at the point two stings infixèd are,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steel ex-
ceeden far.

XII.

But stings and sharpest steel did far exceed
The sharpness of his cruel rending claws:
Dead was it sure, as sure as death indeed,
Whatever thing does touch his ravenous
paws,
Or what within his reach he ever draws.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell.
Does tremble; for his deep devouring jaws
Wide gapèd, like the grisly mouth of hell,
Through which into his dark abyss all ravin
fell.

XIII.

And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranks of iron teeth enrangèd were,
In which yet trickling blood, and gobbets
raw,
Of late devourèd bodies did appear;
That sight thereof bred cold congealèd fear:
Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphur
sear,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steamed still,
That all the air about with smoke and stench
did fill.

XIV.

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining
shields, [fire:
Did burn with wrath, and sparkled living
As two broad beacons, set in open fields,
Send forth their flames far off to every shire,
And warning give, that enemies conspire
With fire and sword the region to invade;
So flamed his eyne with rage and rancorous
ire:
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lamps were set, that made a
dreadful shade.

XV.

So dreadfully he towards him did pass,
Forelifting up aloft his speckled breast,
And often bounding on the bruised grass,
As for great joyance of his new come guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest;
As chafèd boar his bristles doth uprear;
And shook his scales to lattle ready drest,
(That made the Redcross knight nigh quake
for fear,)
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman near.

XVI.

The knight gan fairly couch his steady spear,
 And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might :
 The pointed steel arrivring rudely there,
 His harder hide would neither pierce nor bite,
 But, glancing by, forth passèd forward right :
 Yet, sore amovèd with so puissant push,
 The wrathful beast about him turnèd light,
 And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
 With his long tail, that horse and man to
 ground did rush.

XVII.

Both horse and man up lightly rose again,
 And fresh encounter towards him address ;
 But th' idle stroke yet back recoil'd in vain,
 And found no place his deadly point to rest.
 Exceeding rage enflamed the furious beast,
 To be avengèd of so great despite ;
 For never felt his impierceable breast
 So wondrous force from hand of living wight :
 Yet had he provèd the pow'r of many a pu-
 issant knight.

XVIII.

Then, with his waving wings displayèd wide,
 Himself up high he lifted from the ground,
 And with strong flight did forcibly divide
 The yielding air, which nigh too feeble
 found
 Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
 To bear so great a weight : He, cutting away
 With his broad sails, about him soarèd round,
 At last, low stooping with unwieldy sway,
 Snatch'd up both horse and man, to bear
 them quite away.

XIX.

Long he them bore above the subject plain,
 So far as yewen bow a shaft may send ;
 Till struggling strong did him at last
 constrain
 To let them down before his flight's end :
 As haggard hawk, presuming to contend
 With hardy fowl above his able might,
 His weary pounces all in vain doth spend
 To truss the prey too heavy for his flight ;
 Which coming down to ground, does free
 itself by fight.

XX.

He so disseizèd of his gripping gross,
 The knight his thrillant spear again assay'd
 In his brass-plated body to embosse, [aid ;
 And three men's strength unto the stroke he

Wherewith the stiff beam quakèd, as afraid,
 And glancing from his scaly neck did glide
 Close under his left wing, then broad dis-
 play'd :
 The piercing steel there wrought a wound
 full wide,
 That with the uncouth smart the monster
 loudly cried.

XXI.

He cried, as raging seas are wont to roar,
 When wintry storm his wrathful wreck does
 threat ;
 The rolling Lillows beat the ragged shore,
 As they the earth would shoulder from her
 seat ;
 And greedy gulf does gape, as he would eat
 His neighbour element in his revenge :
 Then gin the blust'ring brethren boldly
 threat [henge,
 To move the world from off his steadfast
 And boist'rous battle make, each other to
 avenge.

XXII.

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
 Till with his cruel claws he snatch'd the
 wood,
 And quite asunder broke : forth flowèd fresh
 A gushing river of black gory blood,
 That drownèd all the land, whereon he
 stood ; [mill :
 The stream thereof would drive a water-
 Trebly augmented was his furious mood
 With bitter sense of his deep-rooted ill,
 The flames of fire he threw forth from his
 large nostril.

XXIII.

His hideous tail then hurlèd he about,
 And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thighs,
 Of his froth-foamy steed, whose courage
 stout
 Striving to loose the knot that fast him ties,
 Himself in straiter bands too rash implies,
 That to the ground he is perforce constrain'd
 To throw his rider ; who can quickly rise
 From off the earth, with dirty blood dis-
 tain'd,
 For that reproachful fall right foully he dis-
 dain'd ;

XXIV.

And fiercely took his trenchant blade in hand,
 With which he struck so furious and so fell,

That nothing seem'd the puissance could
withstand

Upon his crest the hard'ned iron fell ;
But his more hard'ned crest was arm'd so
well,

That deeper dint therein it would not make,
Yet so extremely did the buff him quell,
That from thenceforth he shunn'd the like
to take,

'But, when he saw them come, he did them
still forsake.

XXV.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke be-
guiled,

And smote again with more outrageous
might ;

But back again the sparkling steel recoil'd,
And left not any mark where it did light,
As if in adamant rock it had been pight.

The beast, impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despite,
Thought with his wings to sty above the
ground ;

But his late wounded wing unserviceable
found.

XXVI.

Then, full of grief and anguish vehement,
He loudly bray'd, that like was never heard :
And from his wide devouring oven sent

A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
Him all amazed, and almost made afear'd :
The scorching flame sore singèd all his face,
And through his armour all his body sear'd,
That he could not endure so cruel case,
But thought his arms to leave, and helmet
to unlace.

XXVII.

Not that great champion of the antique world
Whom famous poets' verse so much doth
vaunt,

And hath for twelve huge labours high ex-
toll'd,

So many furies and sharp fits did haunt,
When him the poison'd garment did enchant,
With Centaur's blood and bloody verses
charm'd ;

As did this knight twelve thousand dolours
daunt,

Whom fiery steel now burnt, that erst him
arm'd ;

That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all
him harm'd.

XXVIII.

Faint, weary, sore, emboylèd, grievèd, brent,
With heat, toil, wounds, arm's smart, and
inward fire,

That never man such mischiefs did torment ;
Death better were ; death did he oft desire ;
But death will never come, when needs
require.

Whom so dismay'd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy stern about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the
ground him fell'd.

XXIX.

It fortunèd, (as fair it then befell.)
Behind his back, unweeting where he stood,
Of ancient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great virtues, and for med'cine good :
Whylome, before that cursèd dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defiled those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life ; ne yet his virtues had
forgot :

XXX.

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinful crimes clean wash away ;
Those, that with sickness were infected sore,
It could recure ; and aged long decay
Renew, as one were born that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excel,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German
Spa ;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well :
Into the same the knight back overthrown
fell.

XXXI.

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steep
His fiery face in billows of the west,
And his faint steeds wat'red in ocean deep,
Whiles from their journal labours they did
rest ;

When that infernal monster, having kest
His weary foe into that living well.
Can high advance his broad discolour'd
breast [fell,
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance
And clapt his iron wings, as victor he did
dwell.

XXXII.

Which when his pensive lady saw from far,
Great woe and sorrow did her soul assay,

As weening that the sad end of the war ;
 And gan to highest God entirely pray
 That feared chance from her to turn away ;
 With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
 All night she watch'd ; ne once adown would
 lay

Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
 But praying still did wake, and waking did
 lament.

XXXIII.

The morrow next gan early to appear,
 That Titan rose to run his daily race ;
 But early, ere the morrow next gan rear
 Out of the sea fair Titan's dewy face,
 Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
 And lookèd all about, if she might spy
 Her lovèd knight to move his manly pace :
 For she had great doubt of his safety,
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

XXXIV.

At last she saw, where he upstartèd brave
 Out of the well wherein he drenchèd lay :
 As eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
 Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
 And deck'd himself with feathers youthly
 gay,
 Like eyas hawk up mounts unto the skies,
 His newly-buddèd pinions to assay,
 And marvels at himself, still as he flies :
 So new this new-born knight to battle new
 did rise.

XXXV.

Whom when the damnèd fiend so fresh did
 spy,
 No wonder if he wond' red at the sight,
 And doubted whether his late enemy
 It were, or other new supplièd knight.
 He now, to prove his late-renewèd might,
 High brandishing his bright dew-burning
 blade,
 Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
 That to the skull a yawning wound it made :
 The deadly dint his dullèd senses all dis-
 may'd.

XXXVI.

I wot not, whether the revenging steel
 Were hard'ned with that holy water dew
 Wherein he fell ; or sharper edge did feel ;
 Or his baptizèd hands now greater grew ;
 Or other secret virtue did ensue ;
 Else never could the force of fleshly arm,
 Ne molten metal, in his blood embrue :

For, till that stownd, could never wight him
 harm
 By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty
 charm.

XXXVII.

The cruel wound enragèd him so sore,
 That loud he yellèd for exceeding pain ;
 As hundred ramping lions seem'd to roar ;
 Whom ravenous hunger did thereto con-
 strain.

Then gan he toss aloft his stretchèd train,
 And therewith scourge the buxom air so sore,
 That to his force to yelden it was fain ;
 Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand
 afore,

That high trees overthrew, and rocks in
 pieces tore :

XXXVIII.

The same advancing high above his head,
 With sharp intended sting so rude him smot,
 That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead ;
 Ne living wight would have him life behott :
 The mortal sting his angry needle shot
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder
 seized,

Where fast it stuck, ne would thereout be
 got :

The grief thereof him wondrous sore dis-
 eased,

Ne might his rankling pain with patience
 be appeasèd,

XXXIX.

But yet, more mindful of his honour dear
 Than of the grievous smart which did him
 wring,

From loathèd soil he can him lightly rear,
 And strove to loose the far infixèd sting :
 Which when in vain he tried with struggel-
 ing,

Inflamèd with wrath, his raging blade he
 left,

And struck so strongly, that the knotty string
 Of his huge tail he quite asunder cleft ;

Five joints thereof he hew'd, and but the
 stump him left.

XL.

Heart cannot think, what outrage and what
 cries,

With foul enfold' red smoke and flashing fire,
 The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the
 skies,

Then fraught with rancour, and engorgèd ire,

He cast at once him to avenge for all ;
 And, gathering up himself out of the mire .
 With his uneven wings did fiercely fall
 Upon his sun-bright shield, and gript it fast
 withal.

XLI.

Much was the man encumb'ed with his hold,
 In fear to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist yet, how his talons to unfold ;
 Nor harder was from Cerberus' greedy jaw
 To pluck a bone, than from his cruel claw
 To reave by strength the griped gage away :
 Thrice he assay'd it from his foot to draw,
 And thrice in vain to draw it did assay ;
 bootèd nought to think to rob him of his
 prey.

XLII.

Tho when he saw no power might prevail,
 His trusty sword he call'd to his last aid,
 Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assail,
 And double blows about him stoutly laid,
 That glancing fire out of the iron play'd ;
 As sparkles from the anvil used to fly,
 When heavy hammers on the wedge are
 sway'd ;
 Therewith at last he forced him to untie
 One of his grasping feet, him to defend
 thereby.

XLIII.

The other foot, fast fixèd on his shield,
 Whenas no strength nor strokes mote him
 constrain
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield ;
 He smote thereat with all his might and main,
 That nought so wordrous puissance might
 sustain :
 Upon the joint the lucky steel did light,
 And made such way, that hew'd it quite in
 twain ;
 The paw yet missèd not his minish'd might,
 But hung still on the shield, as it at first
 was pight.

XLIV.

For grief thereof and devilish despite,
 From his infernal furnace forth he threw,
 Huge flames, that dimmèd all the heaven's
 light,
 Enroll'd in duskish smoke, and brimstone
 blue :
 As burning Etna, from his boiling stew
 Doth belch out flames, and rocks in pieces
 broke,
 And ragged ribs of mountain molten new,

Enwrapt in coalblack clouds and filthy
 smoke,
 That all the land with stench, and heaven
 with horror choke.

XLV.

The heat whereof, and harmful pestilence,
 So sore him 'noy'd, that forced him to retire
 A little backward for his best defence,
 To save his body from the scorching fire,
 Which he from hellish entrails did expire,
 It chanced, (Eternal God that chance did
 guide,)
 As he recoiled backward, in the mire
 His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,
 And down he fell, with dread of shame sore
 terrified.

XLVI.

There grew a goodly tree him fair beside,
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosy red,
 As they in pure vermilion had been dyed,
 Whereof great virtues over all were read :
 For happy life to all which thereon fed,
 And life eke everlasting did befall :
 Great God it planted in that blessed stead
 With His Almighty hand, and did it call
 The Tree of Life, the crime of our first fa-
 ther's fall.

XLVII.

In all the world like was not to be found,
 Save in that soil, where all good things did
 grow,
 And freely sprang out of the fruitful ground,
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
 Till that dead dragon all did overthrow.
 Another like fair tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
 Both good and ill : O mournful memory !
 That tree through one man's fault hath done
 us all to die !

XLVIII.

From that first tree forth flow'd, as from a
 well,
 A trickling stream of balm, most sovereign
 And dainty dear, which on the ground still
 fell.
 And overflowed all the fertile plain.
 As it had dewèd been with timely rain.
 Life and long health that gracious ointment
 gave ;
 And deadly wounds could heal ; and rear
 The senseless corse appointed for the grave ;
 Into that same he fell, which did from death
 him save.

XLIX.

For nigh thereto the ever damnèd beast
 Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
 And all that life preservèd did detest;
 Yet he it oft adventured to invade.
 By this the drooping Day-light gan to fade,
 And yield his room to sad succeeding Night,
 Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
 The face of earth and ways of living wight,
 And high her burning torch set up in heaven
 bright.

L.

When gentle Una saw the second fall
 Of her dear knight, who, weary of long fight,
 And faint through loss of blood, moved not
 at all,
 But lay, as in a dream of deep delight,
 Besnear'd with precious balm, whose vir-
 tuous might
 Did heal his wounds, and scorching heat
 allay;
 Again she stricken was with sore affright,
 And for his safety gan devoutly pray,
 And watch the noyous night, and wait for
 joyous day.

LI.

The joyous day gan early to appear;
 And fair Aurora from the dewy bed
 Of aged Tithone gan herself to rear
 With rosy cheeks, for shame as blushing red:
 Her golden locks, for haste, were loosely shed
 About her ears, when Una her did mark
 Climb to her charret: all with flowers spread
 From heaven high to chase the cheerless
 dark;
 With merry note her loud salutes the moun-
 tain lark.

LII.

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
 All healèd of his hurts and woundès wide.
 And did himself to battle ready dight;
 Whose early foe awaiting him beside
 To have devour'd, so soon as day he spied,
 When none he saw himself so freshly rear,
 As if late fight had nought him damnified,

He woxe dismay'd, and gan his fate to fear;
 Nathless with wonted rage he him advancèd
 near;

LIII.

And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
 He thought at once him to have swallow'd
 quite,
 And rush'd upon him with outrageous pride;
 Who him rencount'ring fierce as hawk in
 flight,
 Perforce rebutted back: the weapon bright,
 Taking advantage of his open jaw,
 Ran through his mouth with so impòrtune
 might,
 That deep empierced his darksome hollow
 maw
 And, back retired, his life blood forth withall
 did draw.

LIV.

So down he fell, and forth his life did breathe
 That vanish'd into smoke and cloudès swift;
 So down he fell, that th' earth him under-
 neath
 Did groan, as feeble so great load to lift;
 So down he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
 Whose false foundation waves have wash'd
 away,
 With dreadful poise is from the mainland
 rift,
 And rolling down, great Neptune doth dis-
 may:
 So down he fell, and like an heapèd moun-
 tain lay.

LV.

The knight himself even trembled at his fall,
 So huge and horrible a mass it seem'd;
 And his dear lady, that beheld it all,
 Durst not approach for dread which she mis-
 deem'd;
 But yet at last, whenas the direful fiend
 She saw not stir, off-shaking vain affright
 She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
 Then God she praised, and thank'd her faith-
 ful knight.
 That had achieved so great a conquest by
 his might.

CANTO XII.

Fair Una to the Redcross knight
 Betrothèd is with joy;
 Though false Duessa, it to bar,
 Her false sleights do employ.

I.

BEHOLD I see the haven nigh at hand,
 To which I mean my weary course to bend;
 Veer the main sheet, and bear up with the
 land,
 The which afore is fairly to be kenn'd,
 And seemeth safe from storms that may
 offend:

There this fair virgin weary of her way
 Must landed be, now at her journey's end;
 There eke my feeble bark a while may stay,
 Till merry wind and weather call her hence
 away.

II.

Scarcely had Phœbus in the glooming east
 Yet harnessèd his fiery-footed team,
 Ne rear'd above the earth his flaming crest;
 When the last deadly smoke aloft did steam,
 That sign of last outbreathèd life did seem
 Unto the watchman on the castle-wall,
 Who thereby dead that baleful beast did
 deem,
 And to his lord and lady loud gan call,
 To tell how he had seen the dragon's fatal
 fall.

III.

Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,
 That aged sire, the lord of all that land,
 And lockèd forth, to weet if true indeed
 Those tidings were, as he did understand:
 Which whenas true by trial he out-found,
 He bade to open wide his brazen gate,
 Which long time had been shut, and out of
 hand [state;
 Proclaimèd joy and peace through all his
 For dead now was their foe, which them
 forrayèd late.

IV.

Then gan triumphant trumpets sound on
 high,
 That sent to heaven the echoèd report
 Of their new joy, and happy victory
 Gainst him, that had them long opprest with
 tort,

And fast imprisonèd in siegèd fort,
 Then all the people, as in solemn feast,
 To him assembled with one full consòrt,
 Rejoicing at the fall of that great beast,
 From whose eternal bondage now they were
 released.

V.

Forth came that ancient lord, and agèd queen,
 Array'd in antique robes down to the ground,
 And sad habiliments right well beseen:
 A noble crew about them waited round
 Of sage and sober peers, all gravely gown'd;
 Whom far before did march a goodly band
 Of tall young men, all able arms to sound,
 But now they laurel branches bore in hand;
 Glad sign of victory and peace in all their
 land.

VI.

Unto that doughty conqueror they came,
 And, him before themselves prostrating low,
 Their lord and patron loud did him proclaim,
 And at his feet their laurel boughs did throw.
 Soon after them, all dancing on a row,
 The comely virgins came, with garlands
 dight,
 As fresh as flow'rs in meadow green do grow,
 When morning dew upon their leaves doth
 light;
 And in their hands sweet timbrels all up-
 held on height.

VII.

And, them before, the fry of children young
 Their wanton sports and childish mirth did
 play,
 And to the maidens' sounding timbrels sung
 In well attunèd notes a joyous lay,
 And made delightful music all the way,
 Until they came, where that fair Virgin
 stood:
 As fair Diana in fresh summer's day
 Beholds her nymphs enranged in shady wood,
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in
 crystal flood:

VIII.

So she beheld those maidens' merriment
 With cheerful view; who, when to her they
 came,
 Themselves to ground with gracious hum-
 blesse bent,
 And her adored by honourable name;
 Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame:
 Then on her head they set a garland green,
 And crownèd her twixt earnest and twixt
 game:
 Who, in her self-resemblance well beseen,
 Did seem, such as she was, a goodly maiden
 queen.

IX.

And after all the rascal many ran,
 Heaped together in rude rablement,
 To see the face of that victorious man,
 Whom all admirèd as from heaven sent,
 And gazèd upon with gaping wondrment.
 But when they came where that dead dragon
 lay, [extent,
 Stretch'd on the ground in monstrous large
 The sight with idle fear did them dismay,
 Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or
 once assay.

X.

Some fear'd, and fled; some fear'd, and well
 it feign'd:
 One, that would wiser seem than all the rest,
 Warn'd him not touch, for yet perhaps re-
 main'd
 Some ling'ring life within his hollow breast,
 Or in his womb might lurk some hidden nest
 Of many dragonettes, his fruitful seed;
 Another said, that in his eye did rest
 Yet sparkling fire, and bade thereof take
 heed; [deed.
 Another said, he saw him move his eyes in-

XI.

One mother, whenas her foolhardy child
 Did come too near, and with his talons play,
 Half dead, through fear, her little babe
 reviled,
 And to her gossips gan in counsel say;
 "How can I tell, but that his talons may
 Yet scratch my son, or rend his tender
 hand?"
 So diversely themselves in vain they fray:
 Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh
 stand,
 To prove how many acres he did spread of
 land.

XII.

Thus flockèd all the folk him round about;
 The whiles that hoary king, with all his
 train,
 Being arrivèd where that champion stout
 After his foe's defeasaunce did remain,
 Him goodly greets, and fair does entertain
 With princely gifts of ivory and gold,
 And thousand thanks him yields, for all his
 pain.
 Then when his daughter dear he does behold,
 Her dearly doth embrace, and kisseth mani-
 fold.

XIII.

And after to his palace he them brings,
 With shawms, and trumpets, and with clari-
 ons sweet;
 And all the way the joyous people sings,
 And with their garments strows the paved
 street; [meet
 Whence mounting up, they find purveyance
 Of all, that royal prince's court became;
 And all the floor was underneath their feet
 Bespread with costly scarlet of great name,
 On which they lowly sit, and fitting purpose
 frame.

XIV.

What needs me tell their feast and goodly
 guise,
 In which was nothing riotous nor vain?
 What needs of dainty dishes to devise,
 Of comely services, or courtly train,
 My narrow leaves cannot in them contain
 The large discourse of royal princes' state.
 Yet was their manner then but bare and
 plain;
 For th' antique world excess and pride did
 hate,
 Such proud luxurious pomp is swollen up
 but late.

XV.

Then, when with meats and drinks of every
 kind
 Their fervent appetite they quenched had,
 That ancient lord gan fit occasion find,
 Of strange adventures, and of perils sad
 Which in his travel him befallen had,
 For to demand of his renownèd guest:
 Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'-
 nance sad,
 From point to point, as is before exprest,
 Discoursed his voyage long, according his
 request.

XVI.

Great pleasure, mix'd with pitiful regard,
That godly king and queen did passionate,
Whiles they his pitiful adventures heard;
That oft they did lament his luckless state,
And often blame the too imp'rtune fate
That heap'd on him so many wrathful
wrecks;

(For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossèd was in fortune's cruel freaks;)
And all the while salt tears bedew'd the hear-
ers' cheeks.

XVII.

Then said that royal peer in sober wise;
"Dear son, great been the evils which ye
bore
From first to last in your late enterprize,
That I no'te whether praise or pity more:
For never living man, I ween, so sore
In sea of deadly dangers was distress'd:
But since now safe ye seizèd have the shore,
And well arrivèd are (high God be blest!)
Let us devise of ease and everlasting rest."

XVIII.

"Ah, dearest lord," said then that doughty
knight,
"Of ease or rest I may not yet devise;
For by the faith, which I to arms have plight,
I bounden am straight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well advise,
Back to return to that great Faery Queen,
And her to serve six years in warlike wise,
Gainst that proud Paynim king that works
her teene; [have been."
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there

XIX.

"Unhappy falls that hard necessity,"
Quoth he, "the troubler of my happy peace
And vowèd foe of my felicity;
Ne I against the same can justly preace.
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor done undo, (for vows may not be vain,)
Soon as the term of those six years shall
cease,
Ye then shall hither back return again,
The marriage to accomplish vow'd betwixt
you twain:

XX.

"Which, for my part, I covet to perform,
In sort as through the world I did proclaim,
That whoso kill'd that monster most deform,
And him in hardy battle overcame,

Should have mine only daughter to his dame,
And of my kingdom heir apparent be:
Therefore since now to thee pertains the
same,
By due desert of noble chivalry,
Both daughter and eke kingdom lo! I yield
to thee."

XXI.

Then forth he callèd that his daughter fair,
The fairest Un', his only daughter dear,
His only daughter and his only heir;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheer,
As bright as doth the morning star appear
Out of the east, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing near,
And to the world does bring long-wishèd
light: [in sight:
So fair and fresh that lady show'd herself

XXII.

So fair and fresh, as freshest flower in May;
For she had laid her mournful stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple thrown away,
Wherewith her heavenly beauty she did hide,
Whiles on her weary journey she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did wear
All lily white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seem'd like silk and silver woven near;
But neither silk nor silver therein did appear.

XXIII.

The blazing brightness of her beauty's beam,
And glorious light of her sunshiny face,
To tell, were as to strive against the stream:
My ragged rhymes are all too rude and base
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchase.
Ne wonder; for her own dear lovèd knight,
All were she daily * with himself in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight:
Oft had he seen her fair, but never so fair
dight.

XXIV.

So fairly dight when she in presence came,
She to her sire made humble reverence,
And bowèd low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wisdom and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say—But, ere he thus had said,
With flying speed, and seeming great pre-
tence,
Came running in, much like a man c'ismay'd,
A messenger with letters, which his message
said.

* Although she were.—CHURCH.

XXV.

All in the open hall amazèd stood
 At suddenness of that unwary sight,
 And wond' red at his breathless hasty mood :
 But he for nought would stay his passage
 right,
 Till fast before the king he did alight ;
 Where falling flat great humblesse he did
 make, [aight ;
 And kiss'd the ground whereon his foot was
 Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
 Which he disclosing, read thus as the paper
 spake :

XXVI.

" To thee, most mighty king of Eden fair,
 Her greeting sends in these sad lines address
 The woful daughter and forsaken heir
 Of that great emperor of all the west ;
 And bids thee be advisèd for the best,
 Ere thou thy daughter link in holy band
 Of wedlock, to that new unknown guest :
 For he already plighted his right hand
 Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII.

" To me sad maid, or rather widow sad,
 He was affiancèd long time before,
 And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
 False errant knight, infâmous, and forswore !
 Witness the burning altars, which he swore,
 And guilty heavens of his bold perjury ;
 Which though he hath pollutèd oft of yore,
 Yet I to them for judgment just do fly,
 And them conjure t' avenge this shameful
 injury !

XXVIII.

" Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
 Or false or true, or living or else dead,
 Withhold, O sovereign prince, your hasty
 hond
 From knitting league with him, I you aread ;
 Ne ween my right with strength adown to
 tread,
 Through weakness of my widowhood or woe ;
 For Truth is strong her rightful cause to
 plead,
 And shall find friends, if need requireth so.
 So bids thee well to fare, thy neither friend
 nor foe, Fidessa."

XXIX.

When he these bitter biting words had read,
 The tidings strange did him abashèd make,

That still he sate long time astonishèd,
 As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
 At last his solemn silence thus he brake,
 With doubtful eyes fast fixèd on his guest :
 " Redoubtèd knight, that for mine only sake
 Thy life and honour late adventurèst ;
 Let nought be hid from me, that ought to
 be express.

XXX.

" What mean these bloody vows and idle
 threats,
 Thrown out from womanish impatient mind ?
 What heavens ? what altars ? what enragèd
 heats,
 Here heaped up with terms of love unkind,
 My conscience clear with guilty bands would
 bind ?
 High God be witness, that I guiltless am !
 But if yourself, sir knight, ye faulty find,
 Or wrapped be in loves of former dame,
 With crime do not it cover, but disclose the
 same."

XXXI.

To whom the Redcross knight this answer
 sent ; [may'd,
 " My lord, my king ; be nought hereat dis-
 Till well ye wote by grave intendment,
 What woman, and wherefore, doth me up-
 braid
 With breach of love and loyalty betray'd.
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 I lately travell'd, that unawares I stray'd
 Out of my way, through perils strange and
 hard ;
 That day should fail me ere I had them all
 declared.

XXXII.

" 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, royal richly dight,
 That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight ;
 Who by her wicked arts and wily skill,
 Too false and strong for earthly skill or
 might,
 Unawares me wrought unto her wicked will,
 And to my foe betray'd, when least I fearèd
 ill."

XXXIII.

Then steppeth forth the goodly royal maid,
 And, on the ground herself prostrating low,

With sober countenance thus to him said :
 " O pardon me, my sovereign lord, to show
 The secret treasons, which of late I know
 To have been wrought by that false sorcer-
 ess :

She, only she, it is, that erst did throw
 This gentle knight into so great distress,
 That death him did await in daily wretched-
 ness.

XXXIV.

" And now it seems, that she subornèd hath
 This crafty messenger with letters vain,
 To work new woe and unprovided scath,
 By breaking of the band betwixt us twain ;
 Wherein she usèd hath the practicke pain
 Of this false footman, cloak'd with simple-
 ness,

Whom if ye please for to discover plain,
 Ye shall him Archimago find, I guess,
 The falsest man alive ; who tries, shall find
 no less."

XXXV.

The king was greatly movèd at her speech
 And, all with sudden indignation fraught,
 Bade on that messenger rude hands to reach.
 Eftsoones the guard, which on his state did
 wait,

Attach'd that faytor false, and bound him
 strait :

Who seeming sorely chafèd at his band,
 As chained bear whom cruel dogs do bait,
 With idle force did feign them to withstand ;
 And often semblance made to scape out of
 their hand.

XXXVI.

But they him laid full low in dungeon deep,
 And bound him hand and foot with iron
 chains :

And with continual watch did warely keep.
 Who then would think, that by his subtle
 traines

He could escape foul death or deadly pains ?
 Thus, when that prince's wrath was pacified,
 He gan renew the late forbidden baines,
 And to the knight his daughter dear he tied
 With sacred rites and vows for eve. to abide.

XXXVII.

His own two hands the holy knots did
 knit,
 That none but death for ever can divide ;

His own two hands, for such a turn most fit,
 The housling fire did kindle and provide,
 And holy water thereon sprinkled wide ;
 At which the bushy teade a groom did light,
 And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor
 night,
 For fear of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII.

Then gan they sprinkle all the posts with
 wine,

And made great feast to solemnize that day :
 They all perfumed with frankincense divine,
 And precious odours fetch'd from far away,
 That all the house did sweat with great
 array :

And all the while sweet music did apply
 Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
 To drive away the dull melánccholy ;
 The whiles one sung a song of love and
 jollity.

XXXIX.

During the which there was an heavenly
 noise

Heard sound through all the palace pleas-
 antly,

Like as it had been many an angel's voice
 Singing before th' Eternal Majesty,
 In their trinal triplicities on high :

Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly
 sweet

Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
 Himself thereby rett of his senses meet,
 And ravishèd with rare impression in his
 spright.

XL.

Great joy was made that day of young and
 old,

And solemn feast proclaim'd throughout the
 land,

That their exceeding mirth may not be told
 Suffice it here by signs to understand

The usual joys at knitting of love's band.
 Thrice happy man the knight himself did
 hold,

Possessed of his lady's heart and hand ;
 And ever, when his eye did her behold,
 His heart did seem to melt in pleasures
 manifold.

XLI.

Her joyous presence, and sweet company
 In full content he there did long enjoy ;

Ne wicked envy, ne vile jealousy,
 His dear delights were able to annoy:
 Yet, swimming in that sea of blissful
 joy,
 He nought forgot how he whylome had
 sworn,
 In case he could that monstrous beast de-
 stroy,
 Unto his Faery Queen back to return;
 The which he shortly did; and Una left to
 mourn.

XLII.

Now, strike your sails, ye jolly mariners,
 For we be come unto a quiet road,
 Where we must land some of our passengers,
 And light this weary vessel of her load.
 Here she a while may make her safe abode,
 Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
 And wants supplied; and then again abroad
 On the long voyage whereto she is bent:
 Well may she speed, and fairly finish her
 intent.

BOOK II.

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERANCE.

RIGHT well I wote, most mighty sovereign,
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' abundance of an idle brain
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of just memory;
Sith none that breatheth living air doth know
Where is that happy land of Faëry,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet nowhere
show;
But vouch antiquities, which nobody can
know.

II.

But let that man with better sense advise,
That of the world least part to us is read;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discoverèd,
Which to late age were never mentionèd,
Who ever heard of th' Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessel measurèd
The Amazon huge river, now found true?
Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever view?

III.

Yet all these were, when no man did them
know,
Yet have from wisest ages hidden been;
And later times things more unknown shall
show.
Why then should witless man so much mis-
ween,

That nothing is, but that which he hath
seen? [sphere,
What, if within the moon's fair shining
What, if in every other star unseen
Of other worlds he happily should hear?
He wonder would much more; yet such to
some appear.

IV.

Of Faery land yet if he more inquire,
By certain signs, here 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, O fairest princess under sky,
In this fair mirror mayst behold thy face,
And thine own realms in land of Faëry,
And in this antique image thy great ancestry.

V.

The which, O! pardon me thus to enfold
In covert veil, and wrapt in shadows light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which else could not endure those beamès
bright,
But would be dazzled with exceeding light.
O! pardon, and vouchsafe with patient ear
The brave adventures of this Faery knight,
The good Sir Guyon, graciously to hear;
In whom great rule of Temp'rance goodly
doth appear.

CANTO I.

Guyon by Archimage abused
The Redcross knight awaits;
Finds Mordant and Amavia slain
With Pleasure's poisoned baits.

I.

THAT cunning architect of cancrèd guile,
Whom prince's late displeasure left in bands,
For falsèd letters, and subornèd wile;
Soon as the Redcross knight he understands
To been departed out of Eden lands,

To serve again his sovereign Elfin queen;
His arts he moves, and out of caytives'
hands
Himself he frees by secret means unseen;
His shackles empty left, himself escapèd
clean;

II.

And forth he fares, full of malicious mind,
To worken mischief, and avenging woe,
Wherever he that godly knight may find,
His only heart-sore and his only foe ;
Sith Una now he algates must forego,
Whom his victorious hands did erst restore
To native crown and kingdom late ygoe ;
Where she enjoys sure peace for evermore,
As weatherbeaten ship arrived on happy
shore.

III.

Him therefore now the object of his spite,
And deadly food he makes : him to offend
By forgèd treason, or by open fight,
He seeks, of all his drift the aimed end :
Thereto his subtle engines he does bend,
His practick wit and his fair filed tongue,
With thousand other sleights ; for well he
kenn'd

His credit now in doubtful balance hung :
For hardly could be hurt, who was already
stung.

IV.

Still, as he went, he crafty stales did lay,
With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,
And privy spials placed in all his way,
To weet what course he takes, and how he
fares ;
To catch him at a vantage in his snares.
But now so wise and wary was the knight
By trial of his former harms and cares,
That he descried, and shunnèd still, his
sleight : [hardly bite.
The fish, that once was caught, new bait will

V.

Nath'less th' enchanter would not spare his
pain,
In hope to win occasion to his will ;
Which when he long awaited had in vain,
He changed his mind from one to other ill :
For to all good he enemy was still.
Upon the way him fortunèd to meet,
Fair marching underneath a shady hill,
A goodly knight, all arm'd in harness meet,
That from his head no place appeared to his
feet.

VI.

His carriage was full comely and upright ;
His countenance demure and temperate ;
But yet so stern and terrible in sight,
That cheer'd his friends, and did his foes
amate :

He was an Elfin born, of noble state
And mickle worship in his native land ;
Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
And knighthood took of good Sir Huon's
hand,
When with king Oberon he came to Faery
land.

VII.

Him als accompanied upon the way
A comely palmer, clad in black attire,
Of ripest years, and hairs all hoary gray,
That with a staff his feeble steps did stire,
Lest his long way his aged limbs should tire :
And, if by looks one may the mind ared ;
He seem'd to be a sage and sober sire :
And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling steed with equal
steps to tread.

VIII.

Such whenas Archimago them did view,
He weened well to work some uncouth wile ;
Eftsoones, untwisting his deceitful clue,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guile ;
And, with fair countenance and flatt'ring
style
To them approaching, thus the knight be-
spake ; [spoil,
" Fair son of Mars, that seek with warlike
And great achievements, great yourself to
make,
Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble
miser's sake." *

IX.

He stay'd his steed for humble miser's sake,
And bade tell on the tenor of his plaint :
Who feigning then in every limb to quake
Through inward fear, and seeming pale and
faint, [paint :
With piteous moan his piercing speech gan
" Dear lady ! how shall I declare thy case,
Whom late I left in languorous constraint ?
Would God ! thyself now present were in
place
To tell this rueful tale : thy sight could win
thee grace :

X.

" Or rather would, O ! would it so had
chanced,
That you, most noble sir, had present been

* For a miserable man's sake—miser origi-
nally meant only miserable.

When that lewd ribald, with vile lust advanced,
Laid first his filthy hands on virgin clean,
To spoil her dainty corps, so fair and sheen
As on the earth, great mother of us all,
With living eye more fair was never seen
Of chastity and honour virginal:
Witness, ye heavens, whom she in vain to
help did call!"

XI.

"How may it be," said then the knight half
wroth,
"That knight should knighthood ever so
have shent?"
"None but that saw," quoth he, "would
ween 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 threat'ned death with many a bloody
word;
Tongue hates to tell the rest that eye to see
abhorr'd."

XII.

Therewith amovèd from his sober mood,
"And lives he yet," said he, "that wrought
this act?"
And do the heavens afford him vital food?"
"He lives," quoth he, "and boasteth of the
fact,
Ne yet hath any knight his courage crack'd."
"Where may that treachour then," said he,
"be found,
Or by what means may I his footing tract?"
"That shall I show," said he, "as sure as
hound
The stricken deer doth challenge by the
bleeding wound."

XIII.

He stay'd not longer talk, but with fierce ire
And zealous haste away is quickly gone
To seek that knight, where him that crafty
squire
Supposed to be. They do arrive anon
Where sate a gentle lady all alone
With garments rent, and hair dishevellèd,
Wringing her hands and making piteous
moan:
Her swollen eyes were much disfigurèd,
And her fair face with tears was foully blub-
berèd.

XIV.

The knight, approaching nigh, thus to her
said;
"Fair lady, through foul sorrow ill bedight,
Great pity is to see you thus dismay'd,
And mar the blossom of your beauty bright:
Forthy appease your grief and heavy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceivèd pain;
For, if he live that hath you done despite,
He shall you do due recompence again,
Or else his wrong with greater puissance
maintain."

XV.

Which when she heard, as in spiteful wise
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offer'd hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden locks most cruelly she rent,
And scratch'd her face with ghastly dreriment;
Ne would she speak, ne see, ne yet be seen,
But hid her visage, and her head down bent,
Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
As if her heart with sorrow had transfixèd
been:

XVI.

Till her that squire bespake; "Madam, my
life,
For God's dear love be not so wilful bent,
But do vouchsafe now to receive relief,
The which good fortune doth to you present.
For what boots it to weep and to wayment
When ill is chanced, but doth the ill increse,
And the weak mind with double woe la-
ment?" [appease
When she her squire heard speak, she gan
Her voluntary pain, and feel some secret ease.

XVII.

Eftsoone she said; "Ah! gentle trusty
squire,
What comfort can I, woful wretch, conceive!
Or why should ever I henceforth desire
To see fair heaven's face, and life not leave,
Sith that false traitor did my honour reave?"
"False traitor certes," said the Faery knight,
"I read the man, that ever would deceive
A gentle lady, or her wrong through might:
Death were too little pain for such a foul
despite.

XVIII.

"But now, fair lady, comfort to you make,
And read who hath ye wrought this shame-
ful plight,

That short revenge the man may overtake.
Whereso he be, and soon upon him light."
"Certes," said she, "I wote not how he hight,
But under him a gray steed he did wield,
Whose sides with dappled circles wren
dight :

Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
He bore a bloody cross, that quarter'd all
the field."

XIX.

"Now by my head," said Guyon, "much I
muse [amiss,
How that same knight should do so foul
Or ever gentle damsel so abuse :
For may I boldly say, he surely is
A right good knight, and true of word ywis :
I present was, and can it witness well,
When arms he swore, and straight did enter-
prise
Th' adventure of the errant damosel ;
In which he hath great glory won, as I hear
tell.

XX.

"Nathless he shortly shall again be tried
And fairly quit him of th' imputed blame ;
Else, be ye sure, he dearly shall abide,
Or make you good amendment for the same :
All wrongs have mends. but no amends of
shame.

Now therefore, lady, rise out of your pain,
And see the salving of your blotted name."
Full loth she seem'd thereto, but yet did
feign ;
For she was inly glad her purpose so to gain.

XXI.

Her purpose was not such as she did feign,
Ne yet her person such as it was seen ;
But under simple show, and semblant plain,
Lurk'd false Duessa secretly unseen,
As a chaste virgin that had wrong'd been ;
So had false Archimago her disguised,
To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad
teene ;

And eke himself had craftily devised
To be her squire, and do her service well
aguis'd.

XXII.

Her, late forlorn and naked, he had found
Where she did wander in waste wilderness,
Lurking in rocks and caves far under ground,
And with green moss cov'ring her nakedness
To hide her shame and loathly filthiness,

Sith her Prince Arthur of proud ornaments
And borrow'd beauty spoil'd : her nathless
Th' enchanter finding fit for his intents
Did thus revest, and deck'd with due habili-
ments.

XXIII.

For all he did was to deceive good knights,
And draw them from pursuit of praise and
fame

To slug in sloth and sensual delights,
And end their days with irrenowned shame.
And now exceeding grief him overcame,
To see the Redcross thus advanced high :
Therefore this crafty engine he did frame,
Against his praise to stir up enmity
Of such, as virtues like mote unto him ally.

XXIV.

So now he Guyon guides an uncouth way
Through woods and mountains, till they
came at last

Into a pleasant dale that lowly lay
Betwixt two hills, whose high heads, over-
placed,

The valley did with cool shade overcast ;
Through midst thereof a little river roll'd,
By which there sate a knight with helm un-
laced,

Himself refreshing with the liquid cold,
After his travel long and labours manifold.

XXV.

"Lo ! yonder he," cried Archimago aloud,
"That wrought the shameful fact which I
did shew ;

And now he doth himself in secret shroud,
To fly the vengeance for his outrage due ;
But vain ; for ye shall dearly do him rue ;
(So God ye speed and send you good suc-
cess !)

Which we far off will here abide to view."
So they him left inflamed with wrathfulness,
That straight against that knight his spear
he did address.

XXVI.

Who, seeing him from far so fierce to prick,
His warlike arms about him gan embrace,
And in the rest his ready spear did stick ;
Tho, whenas still he saw him towards pace,
He gan encounter him in equal race.
They been ymet, both ready to affrap,
When suddenly that warrior gan abase
His threat'ned spear, as if some new mishap
Had him betide, or hidden danger did en-
trap ;

XXVII.

And cried, "Mercy, sir knight! and mercy,
 lord,
 For mine offence and heedless hardiment,
 That had almost committed crime abhorr'd,
 And with reproachful shame mine honour
 shent,
 Whiles curs'd steel against that badge I
 bent,
 The sacred badge of my Redeemer's death,
 Which on your shield is set for ornament!"
 But his fierce foe his steed could stay uneth,
 Who, prick'd with courage keen, did cruel
 battle breathe.

XXVIII.

But, when he heard him speak, straightway
 he knew
 His error; and, himself inclining, said;
 "Ah! dear Sir Guyon, well becometh you,
 But me behoveth rather to upbraid,
 Whose hasty hand so far from reason stray'd
 That almost it did heinous violence
 On that fair image of that heavenly maid,
 That decks and arms your shield with fair
 defence:
 Your court'sy takes on you another's due
 offence."

XXIX.

So been they both atone, and do uprear
 Their beavers bright each other for to greet;
 Goodly comportance each to other bear,
 And entertain themselves with court'sies
 meet.
 Then said the Redcross knight; "Now
 mote I weet,
 Sir Guyon, why with so fierce saliance,
 And fell intent ye did at erst me meet;
 For, sith I know your goodly governance,
 Great cause, I ween, you guided, or some
 uncouth chance."

XXX.

"Certes," said he, "well mote I shame to
 tell
 The fond encheason that me hither led.
 A false infamous faitour late befell
 Me for to meet, that seemèd ill-bested,
 And plain'd of grievous outrage, which he
 read
 A knight had wrought against a lady gent;
 Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
 Where you he made the mark of his intent,
 And now is fled: foul shame him follow
 where he went!"

XXXI.

So can he turn his earnest unto game,
 Through goodly handling and wise temper-
 ance.
 By this his aged guide in presence came;
 Who, soon as on that knight his eye did
 glance,
 Eftsoones of him had perfect cognizance,
 Sith him in Faery court he late avized;
 And said; "Fair son, God give you happy
 chance,
 And that dear Cross upon your shield de-
 Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seem
 aguisèd!

XXXII.

"Joy may you have, and everlasting fame,
 Of late most hard achievement by you done,
 For which enrollèd is your glorious name
 In heavenly registers above the sun,
 Where you a saint with saints your seat have
 won!
 But wretched we, where ye have left your
 mark,
 Must now anew begin like race to run.
 God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy war,
 And to the wishèd haven bring thy weary
 bark!"

XXXIII.

"Palmer," him answerèd the Redcross
 knight,
 "His be the praise, that this achievement
 wrought,
 Whomade my hand the organ of His might!
 More than goodwill, to me attribute nought;
 For all I did, I did but as I ought.
 But you, fair sir, whose pageant next ensues,
 Well mote ye thee, as well can wish your
 thought,
 That home ye may report thrice happy
 For well ye worthy be for worth and gentle
 thewes."

XXXIV.

So courteous congé both did give 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 over dale and hill,
 And with his steady staff did point his way;
 His race with reason, and with words his will,
 From foul intemperance he oft did stay,
 And suffrèd not in wrath his hasty steps to
 stray.

XXXV.

In this fair wise they travell'd long yfere,
Through many hard assays which did betide ;
Of which he honour still away did bear,
And spread his glory through all countries
wide.

At last, as chanced them by a forest side
To pass, for succour from the scorching ray,
They heard a rueful voice that dearly cried
With piercing shrieks and many a doleful lay ;
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps
they stay.

XXXVI.

"But if that careless heavens," quoth she,
"despise

The doom of just revenge, and take delight
To see sad pageants of men's miseries,
As bound by them to live in life's despite ;
Yet can they not warn Death from wretched
wight.

Come, then ; come soon ; come, sweetest
Death to me,

And take away this long lent loathèd light ;
Sharp be thy wounds, but sweet the medi-
cines be,

That long captivèd souls from weary thral-
dom free.

XXXVII.

"But thou, sweet babe, whom frowning fro-
ward fate

Hath made sad witness of thy father's fall,
Sith heaven thee deigns to hold in living
state, [withal

Long mayst thou live, and better thrive
Than to thy luckless parents did befall !

Live thou ! and to thy mother dead attest,
That clear she died from blemish criminal :
Thy little hands embued in bleeding breast
Lo ! I for pledges leave ! So give me leave
to rest !"

XXXVIII.

With that a deadly shriek she forth did
throw

That through the wood re-echoèd again ;

And after, gave a groan so deep and low

That seem'd her tender heart was rent in
twain,

Or thrill'd with point of thorough-piercing
pain :

As gentle hind, whose sides with cruel steel
Through lancèd, forth her bleeding life does
rain,

Whiles the sad pang approaching she does
feel,
Brays out her latest breath, and up her eyes
doth seal.

XXXIX.

Which when that warrior heard, dismounting
straight

From his tall steed, he rush'd into the thick,
And soon arrivèd where that sad portrait
Of death and dolour lay, half dead, half quick ;
In whose white alabaster breast did stick
A cruel knife, that made a griesly wound,
From which forth gush'd a stream of gore-
blood thick,

That all her goodly garments stain'd around,
And into a deep sanguine dyed the grassy
ground.

XL.

Pitiful spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubbling fountain low she lay,
Which she increased with her bleeding heart,
And the clean waves with purple gore did ray :
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruel sport, instead of sorrow due ;
For in her streaming blood he did embay
His little hands, and tender joints emburc :
Pitiful spectacle, as ever eye did view !

XLI.

Besides them both, upon the soilèd grass
The dead corse of an armèd knight was
spread, [was ;

Whose armour all with blood besprinkled
His ruddy lips did smile, and rosy red

Did paint his cheerful cheeks, yet being
dead ;

Seem'd to have been a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flower of lustyhed,
Fit to inflame fair lady with love's rage,
But that fierce fate did crop the blossom of
his age.

XLII.

Whom when the good Sir Guyon did behold,
His heart gan wax as stark as marble stone,
And his fresh blood did freeze with fearful
cold,

That all his senses seem'd bereft attone :
At last his mighty ghost gan deep to groan,
As lion, grudging in his great disdain,
Mourns inwardly, and to himself makes
moan ;

Till ruth and frail affection did constrain
His stout couràge to stoop, and show his in-
ward pain.

XLIII.

Out of her gorèd wound the cruel steel
 He lightly snatch'd, and did the floodgate
 stop
 With his fair garment: then gan softly feel
 Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
 Of living blood yet in her veins did hop:
 Which when he felt to move he hopèd fair
 To call back life to her forsaken shop:
 So well he did her deadly wounds repair,
 That at the last she gan to breathe out living
 air.

XLIV.

Which he perceiving, greatly gan rejoice,
 And goodly counsel, that for wounded heart
 Is meekest med'cine, temp'red with sweet
 voice;
 "Ay me! dear lady, which the image art
 Of rueful pity and impatient smart,
 What direful chance arm'd with avenging
 fate,
 Or cursèd hand, hath play'd this cruel part,
 Thus foul to hasten your untimely date?
 Speak, Oh, dear lady, speak; help never
 comes too late."

XLV.

Therewith her dim eye-lids she up gan rear,
 On which the dreary death did sit as sad
 As lump of lead, and made dark clouds ap-
 pear:
 But when as him, all in bright armour clad,
 Before her standing she espièd had,
 As one out of a deadly dream affright,
 She weakly started, yet she nothing drad:
 Straight down again herself in great despite:
 She grovelling threw to ground, as hating
 life and light.

XLVI.

The gentle knight her soon with careful pain
 Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
 Thrice he her rear'd, and thrice she sunk
 again,
 Till he his arms about her sides gan fold,
 And to her said; "Yet, if the stony cold
 Have not all seizèd on your frozen heart,
 Let one word fall that may your grief unfold,
 And tell the secret of your mortal smart:
 He oft finds present help, who does his grief
 impart."

XLVII.

Then, casting up a deadly look, full low,
 She sigh'd from bottom of her wounded
 breast;

And, after many bitter throbs did throw,
 With lips full pale, and falt'ring tongue op-
 prest,
 These words she breathèd forth from riven
 chest;
 "Leave, ah! leave off, whatever wight thou
 To let a weary wretch from her due rest,
 And trouble dying soul's tranquillity;
 Take not away, now got, which none would
 give to me."

XLVIII.

"Ah! far be it," said he, "dear dame, fro
 me,
 To hinder soul from her desirèd rest,
 Or hold sad life in long captivity:
 For, all I seek, is but to have redrest
 The bitter pangs that doth your heart infest.
 Tell then, O lady, tell what fatal priefe
 Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest;
 That I may cast to compass your relief,
 Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your
 grief."

XLIX.

With feeble hands then stretchèd forth on
 high,
 As heaven accusing guilty of her death,
 And with dry drops congealèd in her eye,
 In these sad words she spent her utmost
 breath:
 "Hear then, O man, the sorrows that uneth
 My tongue can tell, so far all sense they
 pass!
 Lo! this dead corpse, that lies here under-
 The gentlest knight that ever on green grass
 Gay steed with spurs did prick, the good Sir
 Mordant was:

L.

"Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
 My lord, my love, my dear lord, my dear
 love,
 So long as heavens just with equal brow
 Vouchsafèd to behold us from above.
 One day, when him high courage did em-
 move,
 (As wont ye knights to seek adventures wild,)
 He prickèd forth his puissant force to prove,
 Me then he left enwombèd of this child,
 This luckless child, whom thus you see with
 blood defiled.

LI.

"Him fortunèd (hard fortune ye may guess!)
 To come where vile Acrasia does wonne:

Acrasia, a false enchanteress
That many errant knights have foul for-
donne;
Within a wand'ring island, that doth run
And stray in perilous gulf, her dwelling is:
Fair sir, if ever there ye travel, shun
The cursed land where many wend amiss
And know it by the name; it hight the
Bow'r of Bliss.

LII.

"Her bliss is all in pleasure, and delight,
Wherewith she makes her lovers drunken
mad; [drows might,
And then with words, and weeds, of won-
On them she works her will to uses bad:
My liefest lord she thus beguiled had;
For he was flesh; (all flesh doth frailty
breed!)
Whom when I heard to be so ill bestad,
(Weak wretch,) I wrapt myself in palmer's
weed,
And cast to seek him forth through danger
and great dread.

LIII.

"Now had fair Cynthia by even turns
Full measured three-quarters of her year,
And thrice three times had fill'd her crooked
horns,
Whenas my womb her burden would forbear,
And bade me call Lucina to me near.
Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought;
The woods, the nymphs, my bow'rs, my
midwives, were [bought;
Hard help at need! so dear thee, babe, I
Yet nought too dear I deem'd, while so my
dear I sought.

LIV.

"Him so I sought; and so at last I found,
Where him that witch had thrall'd to her
will,
In chains of lust and lewd desires ybound,
And so transform'd from his former skill,
That me he knew not, neither his own ill;
Till, through wise handling and fair govern-
ance,
I him recured to a better will,
Purg'd from drugs of foul intemperance:
Then means I gan devise for his deliverance.

LV.

"Which when the vile enchanteress per-
ceived,
How that my lord from her I would reprieve,

With cup thus charm'd him parting she
deceived;
'Sad verse, give death to him that death
does give,
And loss of love to her that loves to live,
So soon as Bacchus with the Nymph does
link!'
So parted we, and on our journey drive:
Till, coming to this well, he stoop'd to drink:
The charm fulfill'd, dead suddenly he down
did sink.

LVI.

"Which, when I, wretch"—Not one word
more she said,
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And sliding soft, as down to sleep her laid,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That seeing good Sir Guyon could uneth
From tears abstain; for grief his heart did
grate, [wreathe,
And from so heavy sight his head did
Accusing fortune, and too cruel fate,
Which plung'd had fair lady in so wretched
state.

LVII.

Then, turning to his palmer, said; "Old sire,
Behold the image of mortality,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tire!
When raging Passion with fierce tyranny
Robs Reason of her due regality,
And makes it servant to her basest part;
The strong it weakens with infirmity,
And with bold fury arms the weakest heart!
The strong through pleasure soonest falls,
the weak through smart."

LVIII.

"But Temperance," said he, "with golden
squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a mean;
Neither to melt in pleasure's hot desire,
Nor fry in heartless grief and doleful teene:
Thrice happy man, who fares them both
atween;
But sith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguish, rather than of crime hath been,
Reserve her cause to her eternal doom;
And, in the mean vouchsafe her honourable
tomb."

LIX.

"Palmer," quoth he, "death is an equal
doom
To good and bad, the common inn of rest;

But after death the trial is to come,
When best shall be to them that lived best:
But both alike, when death hath both sup-
prest,

Religious reverence doth burial teene;
Which whoso wants, wants so much of his
rest:

For all so great shame after death I ween,
As self to dyen bad, unburied bad to been."

LX.

So both agree their bodies to en-grave:
The great earth's womb they open to the sky,
An' l with sad cypress seemly it embrace;
Then, covering with a clod their closèd eye,
They lay therein their corsès tenderly,
And bid them sleep in everlasting peace.
But, ere they did their utmost obsequy,

Sir Guyon more affection to increase,
Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should
aye release.

LXI.

The dead knight's sword out of his sheath
he drew,

With which he cut a lock of all their hair,
Which meddling with their blood and earth
he threw

Into the grave, and gan devoutly swear;
"Such and such evil God on Guyon rear,
And worse and worse, young orphan, be my
pain,

If I, or thou, due vengeance do forbear,
Till guilty blood her guerdon do obtain!"—
So, shedding many tears, they closed the
earth again.

CANTO II.

Babe's bloody hands may not be cleansed.
The face of Golden Mean:
Her sisters, Two Extremities,
Strive her to banish clean.

I.

THUS when Sir Guyon with his faithful
guide
Had with due rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad tragedy uptied,
The little babe up in his arms he hent;
Who with sweet pleasaunce and bold bland-
ishment, [weep,
Gan smile on them, that rather ought to
As careless of his woe, or innocent
Of that was done; that ruth empiercèd deep
that knight's heart, and words with bitter
tears did steep:

II.

" Ah! luckless babe, born under cruel star,
And in dead parents' baleful ashes bred,
Full little weenest thou what sorrows are
Left thee for portion of thy livelighed;
Poor orphan! in the wide world scatterèd,
As budding branch rent from the native tree,
And thrown forth, till it be witherèd!
Such is the state of men! Thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with misery!"

III.

Then, soft himself inclining on his knee
Down to that well, did in the water ween

(So love does loath disdainful nicety)
His guilty hands from bloody gore to clean:
He wash'd them oft and oft, yet nought they
been
For all his washing cleaner: still he strove;
Yet still the little hands were bloody seen:
The which him into great amazement drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder
clove.

IV.

He wist not whether blot of foul offence
Might not be purged with water nor with
bath;
Or that High God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of His wrath;
To show how sore bloodguiltiness He hat'th;
Or that the charm and venom, which they
drunk,
Their blood with secret filth infected bath,
Being diffusèd through the senseless trunk
That, through the great contagion, direful
deadly stunk.

V.

Whom thus at gaze the palmer gan to board
With goodly reason, and thus fair bespake;

"Ye be right hard amated, gracious lord,
And of your ignorance great marvel make
Whiles cause not well conceivèd ye mistake.
But know, that sœcret virtues are infused
In every fountain, and in every lake,
Which, who hath skill them rightly to have
choosed,
To proof of passing wonders hath full often
used :

VI.

"Of those, some were so from their source
indued
By great dame Nature, from whose fruitful
pap
Their wellheads spring, and are with mois-
ture dew'd; [sap,
Which feeds each living plant with liquid
And fills with flow'rs fair Flora's painted lap:
But other some, by gift of later grace
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had virtue pour'd into their waters' base,
And thenceforth were renown'd, and sought
from place to place.

VII.

"Such is this well, wrought by occasion
strange,
Which to her nymph befell. Upon a day,
As she the woods with bow and shafts did
range,
The heartless hind and roebuck to dismay,
Dan Faunus chanced to meet her by the way,
And, kindling fire at her fair-burning eye,
Inflamèd was to follow beauty's chase,
And chasèd her, that fast from him did fly;
As hind from her, so she fled from her enemy.

VIII.

"At last, when failing breath began to faint,
And saw no means to 'scape; of shame
afraid,
She set her down to weep for sore constraint;
And, to Diana calling loud for aid,
Her dear besought to let her die a maid.
The goddess heard; and sudden, where she
sate [may'd
Welling out streams of tears, and quite dis-
With stony fear of that rude rustic mate,
Transform'd her to a stone from steadfast
virgin's state.

IX.

"Lo! now she is that stone; from whose
two heads, [flow,
As from two weeping eyes, fresh streams do

Yet cold through fear and old conceivèd
dreads;
And yet the stone her semblance seems to
show,
Shaped like a maid, that such ye may her
know;
And yet her virtues in her water bide:
For it is chaste and pure as purest snow,
Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyed;
But ever, like herself, unstainèd hath been
tried.

X.

"From thence it comes, that this babe's
bloody hand
May not be cleansed with water of this well:
Ne certes, sir, strive you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloody, as befell,
That they his mother's innocence may tell,
As she bequeath'd in her last testament;
That as a sacred symbol, it may dwell
In her son's flesh, to mind revengement,
And be for all chaste dames an endless
moniment."

XI.

He heark'ned to his reason; and the child
Uptaking, to the palmer gave to bear;
But his sad father's arms with blood defiled,
An heavy load, himself did lightly rear;
And turning to that place, in which why-
leare
He left his lofty steed with golden sell
And goodly gorgeous barbs, him found not
there:
By other accident, that erst befell,
He is convey'd; but how, or where, here
fits not tell.

XII.

Which when Sir Guyon saw, all were he
wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himself appease,
And fairly fare on foot, however loth:
His double burden did him sore disease.
So, long they travellèd with little ease,
Till that at last they to a castle came,
Built on a rock adjoining to the seas:
It was an ancient work of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature and by skil
ful frame.

XIII.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one sire by mothers three;
Who, dying whylome, did divide this fort
To them in equal shares in equal fee:

But strifeful mind and diverse quality
 Drew them in parts, and each made other's
 foe:
 Still did they strive and daily disagree;
 The eldest did against the youngest go,
 And both against the middest meant to
 worken woe.

XIV.

Where when the knight arrived, he was
 right well [came,
 Received, as knight of so much worth be-
 Of second sister, who did far excel
 The other two; Medina was her name,
 A sober, sad, and comely courteous dame:
 Who rich array'd, and yet in modest guise,
 In goodly garments that her well became,
 Fair marching forth in honourable wise,
 Him at the threshold met and well did en-
 terprize.

XV.

She led him up into a goodly bow'r,
 And comely courtèd with meet modesty;
 Ne in her speech, ne in her haviour,
 Was lightness seen or looser vanity,
 But gracious womanhood, and gravity,
 Above the reason of her youthful years:
 Her golden locks she roundly did uptie
 In braided trammels, that no looser hairs
 Did out of order stray about her dainty ears.

XVI

Whilst she herself thus busily did frame
 Seemly to entertain her new-come guest
 News hereof to her other sisters came,
 Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
 Accourting each her friend with lavish feast
 They were two knights of peerless puissance,
 And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
 Which to these ladies' love did countenance,
 And to his mistress each himself strove to
 advance.

XVII.

He, that made love unto the eldest dame,
 Was hight Sir Hudibras, an hardy man;
 Yet not so good of deeds as great of name,
 Which he by many rash adventures wan,
 Since errant arms to sow he first began.
 More huge in strength than wise in work he
 was,
 And reason with fool-hardize over-ran;
 Stern melancholy did his courage pass;
 And was, for terror more, all arm'd in shin-
 ing brass.

XVIII.

But he, that loved the youngest, was Sans
 loy;
 He, that fair Una late foul outragèd,
 The most unruly and the boldest boy
 That ever warlike weapons menagèd,
 And all to lawless lust encouragèd
 Through strong opinion of his matchless
 might;
 Ne ought he cared whom he endamagèd
 By tortious wrong, or whom bereaved of
 right; [to fight.
 He, now this lady's champion, chose for love

XIX.

These two gay knights vow'd to so diverse
 loves,
 Each other does envy with deadly hate,
 And daily war against his foeman moves,
 In hope to win more favour with his mate,
 And th' other's pleasing service to abate,
 To magnify his own. But when they heard
 How in that place strange knight arrivèd
 late, [fared,
 Both knights and ladies forth right angry
 And fiercely unto battle stern themselves
 prepared.

XX.

But, ere they could proceed unto the place
 Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
 And cruel combat joined in middle space:
 With horrible assault, and fury fell,
 They heap'd huge strokes the scornèd life to
 quell,
 That all an uproar from her settled seat
 The house was raised, and all that in did
 dwell;
 Seem'd that loud thunder with amazement
 great
 Did rend the rattling skies with flames of
 fould'ring heat.

XXI

The noise thereof called forth that stranger
 knight,
 To weet what dreadful thing was there in
 hond; [fight
 Where whenas two brave knights in bloody
 With deadly rancour he enragèd fond,
 His sunbroad shield about his wrist he bond,
 And shining blade unsheath'd, with which he
 ran
 Unto that stead, their strife to understand;
 And, at his first arrival, them began
 With goodly means to pacify, well as he can.

XXII.

But they, him spying, both with greedy force
 At once upon him ran, and him beset
 With strokes of mortal steel without remorse,
 And on his shield like iron sledges bet.
 As when a bear and tiger, being met
 In cruel fight on Lybic ocean wide,
 Espy a traveller with feet surbet,
 Whom they in equal prey hope to divide,
 They stint their strife and him assail on
 every side.

XXIII.

But he, not like a weary traveller,
 Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
 And suff' red not their blows to bite him near,
 But with redoubled buffs them back did put:
 Whose grievèd minds, which choler did en-
 glut,
 Against themselves turning their wrathful
 spite,
 Gan with new rage their shields to hew and
 cut,
 But still, when Guyon came to part their
 fight,
 With heavy load on him they freshly gan to
 smite.

XXIV.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
 Whom raging winds, threat'ning to make
 the prey
 Of the rough rocks, do diversely disease,
 Meets two contráry billows by the way,
 That her on either side do sore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
 She, scorning both their spites, does make
 wide way,
 And with her breast breaking the foamy
 wave,
 Does ride on both their backs, and fair her-
 self doth save:

XXV.

So boldly he him bears, and rusheth forth
 Between them both, by conduct of his blade.
 Wondrous great prowess and heroic worth
 He show'd that day, and rare ensample made,
 When two so mighty warriors he dismay'd:
 At once he wards and strikes; he takes and
 pays;
 Now forced to yield, now forcing to invade;
 Before, behind, and round about him lays:
 So double was his pains, so double be his
 praise.

XXVI.

Strange sort of fight, three valiant knights
 to see
 Three combats join in one, and to darraine
 A triple war with triple enmity,
 All for their ladies' troward love to gain,
 Which, gotten, was but hate. So Love does
 reign
 In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous
 war;
 He maketh war, he maketh peace again,
 And yet his peace is but continual jar:
 O miserable men, that to him subject are!

XXVII.

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious
 arms,
 The fair Medina with her tresses torn
 And naked breast, in pity of their harms,
 Amongst them ran; and falling them befor,
 Besought them by the womb which them
 had born [dear,
 And by the loves which were to them most
 And by the knighthood which they sure had
 sworn,
 Their deadly cruel discord to forbear,
 And to her just conditions of fair peace to
 hear.

XXVIII.

But her two other sisters, standing by,
 Her loud gainsaid; and both their champi-
 ons bade
 Pursue the end of their strong enmity,
 As ever of their loves they would be glad;
 Yet she with pithy words, and counsel sad,
 Still strove their stubborn rages to revoke:
 That at the last, suppressing fury mad,
 They gan abstain from dint of direful stroke,
 And harken to the sober speeches which she
 spoke.

XXIX.

"Ah! puissant lords, what cursèd evil spright,
 Or fell Erinny, in your noble hearts
 Her hellish brand hath kindled with despite,
 And stir'd you up to work your wilful
 smarts?
 Is this the joy of arms? be these the parts
 Of glorious knighthood, after blood to
 thrust,*
 And not regard due right and just desarts?
 Vain is the vaunt, and victory unjust,
 That more to mighty hands than rightful
 cause doth trust.

* Thirst, altered for the rhyme.

XXX.

“ And were there rightfull cause of difference,
 Yet were not better fair it to accord,
 Than with blood-guiltiness to heap offence
 And mortal vengeance join to crime abhorr'd?
 O! fly from wrath! fly, O my liefest lord!
 Sad be the sights, and bitter fruits of war,
 And thousand furies wait on wrathful sword:
 Ne ought the praise of prowess more doth
 mar
 Than foul revenging rage, and base conten-
 tious jar.”

XXXI.

“ But lovely concord, and most sacred peace,
 Doth nourish virtue, and fast friendship
 breeds;
 Weak she makes strong, and strong thing
 does increase,
 Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:
 Brave be her wars, and honourable deeds,
 By which she triumphs over ire and pride,
 And wins an olive garland for her meeds,
 Be therefore, O my dear lord, pacified
 And this misseeming discord meekly lay
 aside.”

XXXII.

Her gracious words their rancour did appal,
 And sunk so deep into their boiling breasts,
 That down they let their cruel weapons fall,
 And lowly did abase their lofty crests
 To her fair presence and discreet behests.
 Then she began a treaty to procure,
 And establish terms betwixt both their re-
 quests,
 That as a law for ever should endure;
 Which to observe, in word of knights they
 did assure.

XXXIII.

Which to confirm and fast to bind their
 league,
 After their weary sweat and bloody toil,
 She then besought, during their quiet
 tregue,
 Into her lodging to repair awhile,
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
 They soon consent: so forth with her they
 fare;
 Where they are well received and made to
 spoil
 Themselves of soiled arms, and to prepare
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouths
 to dainty fare.

XXXIV.

And those two froward sisters, their fair
 loves, [loth,
 Came with them eke, all were they wondrous
 And feignèd cheer, as for the time behoves;
 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 grieve, as doth an hidden moth
 The inner garment fret, not th' outer touch;
 One thought her cheer too little, th' other
 thought too much.

XXXV.

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deem
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would
 eat, [seem
 Ne ought would speak, but evermore (id
 As discontent for want of mirth or meat;
 No solace could her paramour intreat
 Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliance;
 But with bent low'ring brows, as she would
 threat,
 She scowl'd, and frown'd, with froward
 countenance;
 Unworthy of fair lady's comely governance.

XXXVI.

But young Perissa was of other mind,
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
 And quite contrary to her sister's kind;
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right;
 But poured out in pleasure and delight:
 In wine and meats she flow'd above the bank,
 And in excess exceeded her own might;
 In sumptuous tire she joy'd herself to prank;
 But of her love too lavish: little have she
 thank!

XXXVII.

Fast by her side did sit the bold Sansloy,
 Fit mate for such a mincing minion,
 Who in her looseness took exceeding joy;
 Might not be found a franker franion,
 Of her lewd parts to make companion.
 But Hudibras, more like a malecontent,
 Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment;
 Yet still he sat, and inly did himself torment.

XXXVIII.

Betwixt them both the fair Medina sate
 With sober grace and goodly carriage:
 With equal measure she did moderate
 The strong extrenities of their outrage;

That forward pair she ever would assuage,
When they would strive due reason to exceed ;

But that same froward twain would accorage,
And of her plenty add unto their need :
So kept she them in order, and herself in
heed.

XXXIX.

Thus fairly she attemperèd her feast,
And pleased them all with meet satiety :
At last, when lust of meat and drink was
ceased,

Sir Guyon dear besought of courtesy
To tell from whence he came through jeop-
ardy,

And whither now on new adventure bound :
Who with bold grace, and comely gravity,
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
From lofty siege began those words aloud to
sound.

XL.

" This thy demand, O lady, doth revive
Fresh memory in me of that great queen,
Great and most glorious virgin queen alive,
That with her sovereign power, and sceptre
sheen,

All Faery land does peaceably susteen.
In widest ocean she her throne does rear,
That over all the earth it may be seen ;
As morning sun her beams dispredden clear :
And in her face fair peace and mercy doth
appear.

XLI.

" In her the riches of all heavenly grace
In chief degree are heaped up on high :
And all, that else this world's enclosure
base

Hath great or glorious in mortal eye,
Adorns the person of her majesty ;
That men, beholding so great excellence
And rare perfection in mortality,
Do her adore with sacred reverence,
As th' idol of her Maker's great magnificence.

XLII.

" To her I homage and my service owe,
In number of the noblest knights on ground,
Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestow
Order of Maidenhood, the most renown'd,
That may this day in all the world be found.
An yearly solemn feast she wunts to make,
The day that first doth lead the year around,

To which all knights of worth and courage
bold
Resort, to hear of strange adventures to be
told.

XLIII.

" There this old palmer show'd himself that
day,

And to that mighty princess did complain
Of grievous mischiefs, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whelm'd in deadly
pain,

Whereof he craved redress. My sovereign,
Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and joys
Throughout the world her mercy to maintain,
Eftsoones devised redress for such annoys :
Me, all unfit for so great purpose she em-
ploys.

XLIV.

" Now hath fair Phebe with her silver face
Thrice seen the shadows of the nether world,
Sith last I left that honourable place,
In which her royal presence is enroll'd ;
Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false Acrasia have won ;
Of whose foul deeds, too hideous to be told,
I witness am, and this their wretched son
Whose woful parents she hath wickedly for-
donne."

XLV.

" Tell on, fair sir," said she, " that doleful
tale.

From which sad ruth does seem you to re-
strain,

That we may pity such unhappy bale,
And learn from Pleasure's poison to abstain :
Ill, by ensample, good doth often gain."
Then forward he his purpose gan pursue,
And told the story of the mortal pain,
Which Mordant and Amavia did rue ;
As, with lamenting eyes, himself did lately
view.

XLVI.

Night was far spent ; and now in ocean deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
When of his piteous tale he end did make :
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake
Those guests beguiled did beguile their eyes
Of kindly sleep, that did them overtake.

At last, when they had mark'd the changed
skies,
They wist their hour was spent ; then each
to rest him hies.

CANTO III.

Vain Braggadocchio, getting Guy-
on's horse, is made the scorn
Of knighthood true; and is of fair
Belphebe fowl forlorne.

I.

SOON as the morrow fair with purple beams
Dispersed the shadows of the misty night,
And Titan, playing on the eastern streams,
Can clear the dewy air with springing light;
Sir Guyon, mindful of his vow yplight,
Uprose from drowsy couch, and him address
Unto the journey which he had behight;
His puissant arms about his noble breast,
And many folded shield he bound about his
wrest.

II.

Then, taking congé of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her conjure
In virtuous lore to train his tender youth,
And all that gentle nouriture ensu'th;
And that, so soon as riper years he raught,
He might, for memory of that day's ruth,
Be callèd Ruddymane: and thereby taught
T'avenge his parent's death on them that
had it wrought.

III.

So forth he fareð, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good steed is lately from him gore;e;
Patience performe: helpless what may it boot
To fret for anger, or for grief to moan?
His palmer now shall foot no more alone.
So fortune wrought, as under green wood
side
He lately heard that dying lady groan,
He left his steed without, and spear beside,
And rushèd in on foot to aid her ere she died.

IV.

The whiles a losel wand'ring by the way,
One that to bounty never cast his mind,
Ne thought of honour ever did assay
His baser breast, but in his kestrel kind
A pleasing vein of glory he did find,
To which his flowing tongue and troublous
spright
Gave him great aid, and made him more in-
clined;

He, that brave steed there finding ready
dight,
Purloined both steed and spear, and ran
way full light.

V.

Now gan his heart all swell in jollity,
And of himself great hope and help con-
ceived,
That puffed up with smoke of vanity,
And with self-lovèd personage deceived,
He gan to hope of men to be received
For such, as he him thought, or fain would
be;
But for in court gay portance he perceived,
And gallant show to be in greatest gree,
Eftsoones to court he cast t'advance his
first degree.

VI.

And by the way he chanced to espy
One sitting idle on a sunny bank,
To whom avaunting in great bravery,
As peacock that his painted plumes doth
prank,
He smote his courser in the trembling flank,
And to him threat'ned his heart-thrilling
spear.
The seely man, seeing him ride so rank
And am at him, fell flat to ground for fear,
And crying, "Mercy," loud, his piteous
hands gan rear.

VII.

Thereat the scarecrow waxèd wondrous
proud.
Through fortune of his first adventure fair,
And with big thund'ring voice reviled him
loud;
"Vile caytive, vassal of dread and despair?
Unworthy of the common breathèd air,
Why livest thou, dead dog, a longer day,
And dost not unto death thyself prepare?
Die, or thyself my captive yield for aye:
Great favour I thee grant for answer thus to
stay."

VIII.

"Hold, O dear lord, hold your dead-doing hand,"
Then loud he cried, "I am your humble thrall."
[stand
"Ah wretch," quoth he, "thy destinies with-
My wrathful will, and do for mercy call.
I give thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
And kiss my stirrup; that thy homage be."
The miser threw himself, as an offal,
Straight at his foot in base humility,
And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in
fee.

IX.

So happy peace they made and fair accord.
Eftsoones this liegeman gan to wax more
bold,
And, when he felt the folly of his lord,
In his own kind he gan himself unfold:
For he was wily witted, and grown old
In cunning sleights and practicke knavery.
From that day forth he cast for to uphold
His idle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the bellows to his swelling vanity.

X.

Trompart, fit man for Braggadocchio
To serve at court in view of vaunting eye:
Vain-glorious man, when flutt'ring wind does
blow
In his light wings is lifted up to sky;
The scorn of knighthood and true chivalry,
To think, without desert of gentle deed
And noble worth, to be advanced high;
Such praise is shame; but honour, virtue's
meed,
Doth bear the fairest flower in honourable
seed.

XI.

So forth they pass, a well consorted pair,
Till that at length with Archimage they
meet:
Who seeing one, that shone in armour fair,
On goodly courser thund'ring with his feet,
Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
Of his revenge to make the instrument:
For since the Redcross knight he erst did
weet
To been with Guyon knit in one consent,
The ill, which erst to him, he now to Guyon
meant.

XII.

And coming close to Trompart gan inquire
Of him, what mighty warrior that mote be.

That rode in golden sell with single spear,
But wanted sword to wreak his enmity.
"He is a great adventurer," said he,
"That hath his sword through hard assay
forgone,
And now hath vow'd, till he avenged be
Of that despite, never to wearen none;
That spear is him enough to done a thou-
sand groan."

XIII.

Th' enchanter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to wir,
And both his foes with equal foil to daunt:
Tho to him louting lowly did begin
To plain of wrongs, which had committed
bin [knight;
By Guyon, and by that false Redcross
Which two, through treason and deceitful
gin,
Had slain Sir Mordant and his lady bright;
That mote him honour win, to wreak so foul
despite.

XIV.

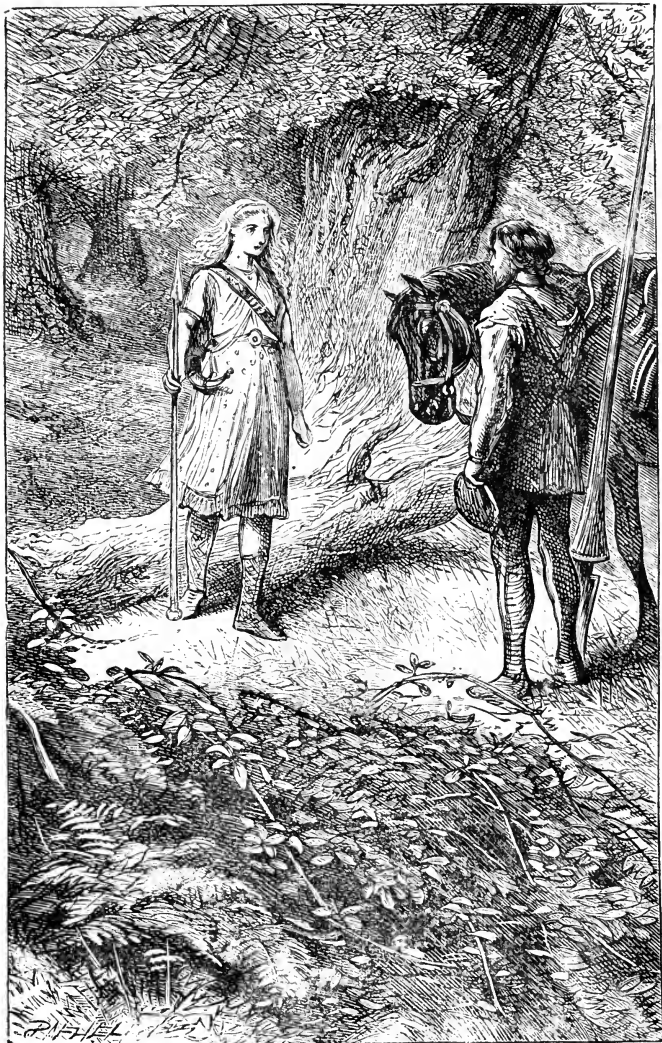
Therewith all suddenly he seem'd enraged,
And threat'ned death with dreadful counte-
nance,
As if their lives had in his hand been gaged,
And with stiff force shaking his mortal lance,
To let him weet his doughty valiance,
Thus said: "Old man, great sure shall be
thy meed, [geance
If, where those knights for fear of due ven-
Do lurk, thou certainly to me aread,
That I may wreak on them their heinous
hateful deed."

XV.

"Certes, my lord," said he, "that sha'l I
soon,
And give you eke good help to their decay,
But mote I wisely you advise to doon;
Give no odds to your foes, but do purvey
Yourself of sword before that bloody day;
(For they be two the prowest knights on
ground,
And oft approved in many hard assay;)
And eke of surest steel, that may be found,
Do arm yourself against that day, them to
confound."

XVI.

"Dotard," said he, "let be thy deep advise;
Seems that through many years thy wits
thee fail



Eftsoone there stepped forth
A goodly lady, clad in hunter's weed,
That seemed to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance, born of heavenly birth.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that this is essential for the proper management of the organization's finances and for ensuring compliance with applicable laws and regulations.

2. The second part of the document outlines the specific procedures that must be followed when recording transactions. This includes the requirement that all entries be supported by appropriate documentation, such as invoices, receipts, and contracts.

3. The third part of the document addresses the issue of internal controls. It states that the organization must implement a system of internal controls that is designed to prevent and detect errors and fraud. This system should be regularly reviewed and updated as needed.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the role of the internal audit function. It states that the internal audit function should be independent and objective, and should report directly to the board of directors or the audit committee. The internal audit function should be responsible for assessing the effectiveness of the organization's internal controls and for providing recommendations for improvement.

5. The fifth part of the document discusses the importance of transparency and accountability. It states that the organization should be open and honest in its financial reporting, and should provide timely and accurate information to all stakeholders. This is essential for building trust and confidence in the organization.

6. The sixth part of the document discusses the importance of ethical behavior. It states that all employees of the organization should be held to the highest standards of ethical conduct, and should be encouraged to report any suspected wrongdoing to the appropriate authorities.

7. The seventh part of the document discusses the importance of ongoing monitoring and evaluation. It states that the organization should regularly monitor and evaluate its financial performance, and should take corrective action as needed to address any areas of concern.

8. The eighth part of the document discusses the importance of communication. It states that the organization should maintain open lines of communication with all stakeholders, and should be responsive to their needs and concerns.

9. The ninth part of the document discusses the importance of training and development. It states that the organization should invest in the training and development of its employees, and should provide ongoing opportunities for professional growth and advancement.

10. The tenth part of the document discusses the importance of risk management. It states that the organization should identify and assess its risks, and should implement appropriate risk management strategies to minimize the potential impact of these risks.

And that weak eld hath left thee nothing
wise,
Else never should thy judgment be so frail
To measure manhood by the sword or mail.
Is not enough four quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an host to quail?
Thou little wotest what this right hand can:
Speak they, which have beheld the battles
which it wan."

XVII.

The man was much abashèd at his boast;
Yet well he wist that whoso would contend
With either of those knights on even coast,
Should need of all his arms him to defend;
Yet fearèd lest his boldness should offend:
When Braggadocchio said; "Once I did
swear,
When with one sword seven knights I
brought to end,
Thenceforth in battle never sword to bear,
But it were that which noblest knight on
earth doth wear."

XVIII.

"Perdy, sir knight," said then th' enchanter
blive,
"That shall I shortly purchase to your hond;
For now the best and noblest knight alive
Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in Faery lond
He hath a sword, that flames like burning
brond:
The same, by my device, I undertake
Shall by to-morrow by thy side be fond."
At which bold word that boaster gan to
quake,
And wond' red in his mind what mote that
monster make.

XIX.

He stay'd not for more bidding, but away
Was sudden vanishèd out of his sight:
The northern wind his wings did broad
display
At his command, and reared him up light
From off the earth to take his airy flight.
They look'd about, but no where could espy
Track of his foot: then dead through great
affright [fly:
They both nigh were, and each bade other
Both fled at once, ne ever back returned eye;

XX.

Till that they came unto a forest green,
In which they shroud themselves from cause-
less fear;

Yet fear them follows still, where so they
been:
Each trembling leaf and whistling wind they
hear,
As ghastly bug,* does greatly them affear:
Yet both do strive their fearfulness to feign.
At last they heard a horn that shrillèd clear
Throughout the wood that echoèd again,
And made the forest ring, as it would rive
in twain.

XXI.

Eft through the thick they heard one rudely
rush;
With noise whereof he from his lofty steed
Down fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dread.
But Trompart stoutly stay'd to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftsoones there step-
pèd forth
A goodly lady clad in hunter's weed,
That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance born of heavn-
ly birth.

XXII.

Her face so fair, as flesh it seemèd not,
But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,
Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions
due;
And in her cheeks the vermeil red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,
The which ambrosial odours from them
threw,
And gazers' sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick and to revive the dead.

XXIII.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' heavenly Maker's light,
And darted fiery beams out of the same,
So passing persaunt and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereaved the rash beholder's sight:
In them the blinded god his lustful fire
To kindle oft assay'd, but had no might;
For, with dread majesty and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched
base desire.

XXIV.

Her ivory forehead full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table did itself dispread,

* Evil spirit or ghost—from hence our mod-
ern word bugbear.

For Love, his lofty triumphs to engrave,
 And write the battles of his great godhead;
 All good and honour might therein be read;
 For there their dwelling was. And, when
 she spake,
 Sweet words like dropping honey, she did
 shed;
 And twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly music seem'd
 to make.

XXV.

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even brows,
 Working belgardes and amorous retrate;
 And every one her with a grace endows,
 And every one with meekness to her bows:
 So glorious mirror of celestial grace,
 And sovereign monument of mortal vows,
 How shall frail pen describe her heavenly
 face,
 For fear, through want of skill, her beauty
 to disgrace!

XXVI.

So fair, and thousand thousand times more
 fair,
 She seem'd, when she presented was to sight;
 And was yclad for heat of scorching air,
 All in a silken Camus, lily white,
 Purpled upon with many a folded plight,
 Which all above besprinkled was throughout
 With golden aygulets that glist'ed bright,
 Like twinkling stars; and all the skirt about
 Was hemm'd with golden fringe.

XXVII.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat train,
 And her straight legs most bravely were
 embayled
 In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,
 All barr'd with golden bends, which were
 entayled
 With curious antiques, and full fair aumay-
 led,
 Before they fast'ned were under her knee
 In a rich jewel, and therein entrayled
 The ends of all the knots, that none might
 see
 How they within their foldings close en-
 wrapped be:

XXVIII.

Like two fair marble pillars they were seen,
 Which do the temple of the gods support,

Whom all the people deck with garlands
 green,
 And honour in their festival resort;
 Those same with stately grace and princely
 port
 She taught to tread, when she herself would
 grace, [play,
 But with the woody nymphs when she did
 Or when the flying libbard she did chase,
 She could then nimble move, and after fly
 apace.

XXIX.

And in her hand a sharp boar-spear she held,
 And at her back a bow and quiver gay,
 Stuff'd with steel-headed darts wherewith
 she quell'd
 The savage beasts in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden baldric which forelay
 Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide
 Her dainty paps; which, like young fruit in
 May,
 Now little gan to swell, and being tied
 Through her thin weed their places only
 signified.

XXX.

Her yellow locks crisp'd like golden wire,
 About her shoalders weren loosely shed,
 And when the wind amongst them did in-
 spire,
 They wav'd like a pennon wide dispread,
 And low behind her back were scatter'd:
 And, whether art it were or heedless hap,
 As through the flow'ring forest rash she fled,
 In her rude hairs sweet flow'rs themselves did
 lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms
 did lawrap.

XXXI.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
 Of swift Euerotas, or on Cynthus green,
 Where all the nymphs have her unwares
 forlore,
 Wand'reth alone with bow and arrows keen,
 To seek her game: or as that famous queen,
 Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,
 The day the first of Priam she was seen,
 Did shew herself in great triumphant joy,
 To succour the weak state of sad afflicted
 Troy.

XXXII.

Such when as heartless Trompart her did
 view,
 He was dismay'd in his coward mind,

And doubted whether he himself should
 shew,
 Or fly away, or bide alone behind ;
 Both fear and hope he in her face did find :
 When she at last him spying thus bespake ;
 " Hail, groom ; didst not thou see a bleeding
 hind,
 Whose right haunch erst my steadfast arrow
 strake ?
 If thou didst, tell me, that I may her over-
 take."

XXXIII.

Wherewith revived this answer forth he
 threw ;
 " O goddess, (for such I thee take to be,)
 For neither doth thy face terrestrial shew,
 Nor voice sound mortal ; I avow to thee,
 Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
 Sith erst into this forest wild I came.
 But mote thy goodlyhed forgive me,
 To weet which of the gods I shall thee name,
 That unto thee due worship I may rightly
 frame."

XXXIV.

To whom she thus—But e'er her words en-
 sued,
 Unto the bush her eye did sudden glance,
 In which vain Braggadocchio was mew'd,
 And saw it stir : she left her piercing lance
 And towards gan a deadly shaft advance,
 In mind to mark the beast. At which sad
 stowre,
 Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortal
 chance,
 Out crying ; " Oh ! whatever heaven'y power,
 Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this dead-
 ly hour."

XXXV.

" O ! stay thy hand : for yonder is no game
 For thy fierce arrows, them to exercise ;
 But lo ! my lord, my liege, whose warlike
 name
 Is far renown'd through many bold emprise ;
 And now in shade he shrouded yonder lies."
 She stay'd : with that he crawl'd out of his
 nest, [thighs ;
 Forth creeping on his caitive hands and
 And standing stoutly up his lofty crest
 Did fiercely shake, and rouse as coming late
 from rest.

XXXVI.

As fearful fowl, that long in secret cave
 For dread of soaring hawk herself hath hid,

Not caring how, her silly life to save,
 She her gay painted plumes disorder'd ;
 Seeing at last herself from danger rid,
 Peeps forth, and soon renews her native
 pride ;
 She gins her feathers foul disfigur'd
 Proudly to prune, and set on every side ;
 She shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she
 did her hide.

XXXVII.

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
 He gan himself to vaunt ; but, when he
 view'd [held
 Those deadly tools which in her hand she
 Soon into other fits he was transmew'd,
 Till she to him her gracious speech renew'd ;
 " All hail, sir knight, and well may thee be-
 fall,
 As all the like, which honour have pursued
 Through deeds of arms and prowess martial !
 All virtue merits praise, but such the most
 of all."

XXXVIII.

To whom he thus ; " O fairest under sky,
 True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
 That warlike feats dost highest glorify,
 Therein I have spent all my youthful days,
 And many battles fought and many frays
 Throughout the world, whereso they might
 be found,
 Endeavouring my dreaded name to raise
 Above the moon, that Fame may it resound
 In her eternal trump with laurel garland
 crown'd."

XXXIX.

" But what art thou, O lady, which dost
 range
 In this wild forest, where no pleasure is,
 And dost not it for joyous court exchange,
 Amongst thine equal peers, where happy
 bliss [this ;
 And all delight does reign much more than
 There thou mayst love, and dearly lov'd be,
 And swim in pleasure, which thou here dost
 miss ;
 There mayst thou best be seen, and best
 mayst see :
 The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fit for
 thee."

XL.

" Whoso in pomp of proud estate," quoth
 she, [bliss,
 " Does swim, and bathes himself in courtly

Does waste his days in dark obscurity,
 And in oblivion ever buried is :
 Where ease abounds, it's eath to do amiss :
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
 Behaves with cares, cannot so easy miss.
 Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind,
 Who seeks with painful toil, shall Honour
 soonest find :

XLI.

" In woods, in waves, in wars, she wents to
 dwell,
 And will be found with peril and with pain ;
 Ne can the man, that moulds in idle cell,
 Unto her happy mansion attain :
 Before her gate High God did Sweat ordain,
 And wakeful Watches ever to abide :
 But easy is the way and passage plain
 To Pleasure's palace ; it may soon be spied,
 And day and night her doors to all stand
 open wide.

XLII.

" In Princes' Court"—The rest she would
 have said,
 But that the foolish man, (fill'd with delight
 Of her sweet words that all his sense dis-
 may'd,
 And with her wondrous beauty ravish'd
 quite.)
 Gan burn in filthy lust ; and, leaping light,
 Thought in his bastard arms her to embrace.
 With that she, swerving back, her javelin
 bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menáce :
 So turn'd her about, and fled away apace.

XLIII.

Which when the peasant saw, amazed he
 stood,
 And griev'd at her flight ; yet durst he not
 Pursue her steps through wild unknowen
 wood ;
 Besides he fear'd her wrath, and threaten'd
 shot,
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgot :
 Ne cared he greatly for her presence vain,

But turning said to Trompart ; " What foul
 blot
 Is this to knight, that lady should again
 Depart to woods untouch'd, and leave so
 proud disdain ! "

XLIV.

" Perdy," said Trompart, " let her pass at
 will,
 Lest by her presence danger mote befall.
 For who can tell (and sure I fear it ill)
 But that she is some pow'r celestial ?
 For, whiles she spake, her great words did
 appal
 My feeble courage, and my heart oppress,
 That yet I quake and tremble over all."
 " And I," said Braggadocchio, " thought no
 less,
 When first I heard her horn sound with such
 ghastriness.

XLV.

" For from my mother's womb this grace I
 have
 Me given by eternal destiny,
 That earthly thing may not my courage brave
 Dismay with fear, or cause one foot to fly,
 But either hellish fiends, or powers on high,
 Which was the cause, when erst that horn I
 heard,
 Weening it had been thunder in the sky,
 I hid my self from it as one afeard ;
 But, when I other knew, myself I boldly
 rear'd.

XLVI.

" But now, for fear of worse that may betide,
 Let us soon hence depart." They soon agree :
 So to his steed he got, and gan to ride
 As one unfit therefore, that all might see
 He had not train'd been in chivalry,
 Which well that valiant courser did discern ;
 For he despis'd to tread in due degree,
 But chafed and foam'd with courage fierce
 and stern,
 And to be eased of that base burden still did
 yearn.

CANTO IV.

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

I.

In brave púrsuit of honourable deed,
 There is I know not what great difference
 Between the vulgar and the noble seed,
 Which unto things of valorous pretence
 Seems to be born by native influence ;
 As feats of arms ; and love to entertain :
 But chiefly skill to ride seems a sciéce
 Proper to gentle blood : some others feign
 To manage steeds, as did this vaunter ; but
 in vain.

II.

But he, the rightful owner of that steed,
 Who well could manage and subdue his
 pride,
 The whiles on foot was forcèd for to yeed
 With that black palmer, his most trusty
 guide,
 Who suff'red not his wand'ring feet to slide ;
 But when strong passion, or weak fleshliness,
 Would from the right way seek to draw him
 wide,
 He would, through temperance and stead-
 fastness,
 Teach him the weak to strengthen, and the
 strong suppress.

III.

It fortunèd, forth faring on his way,
 He saw from far, or seemèd for to see,
 Some troublous uproar or contentious fray,
 Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.
 A madman, or that feignèd mad to be,
 Drew by the hair along upon the ground
 A handsome stripling with great cruelty,
 Whom sore he beat, and gored with many
 a wound,
 That cheeks with tears, and sides with blood,
 did all abound.

IV.

And him behind a wicked hag did stalk
 In ragged robes and filthy disarray ;
 Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walk,
 But on a staff her feeble steps did stay :
 Her locks, that loathly were and hoary gray,

Grew all afore, and loosely hung unroll'd ;
 But all behind was bald, and worn away,
 That none thereof could ever taken hold ;
 And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinkles
 old.

V.

And, ever as she went, her tongue did walk
 In foul reproach and terms of vile despite,
 Provoking him, by her outrageous talk,
 To heap more vengeance on that wretched
 wight ;
 Sometimes she raught him stones, where-
 with to smite,
 Sometimes her staff, though it her one leg
 were,
 Withouten which she could not go upright ;
 Ne any evil means she did forbear,
 That might him move to wrath, and indig-
 nation rear.

VI.

The noble Guyon, moved with great remorse,
 Approaching, first the hag did thrust away ;
 And after, adding more impetuous force,
 His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
 And pluck'd him back ; who, all on fire
 straightway
 Agains! him turning all his fell intent,
 With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
 And smote, and bit, and kick'd, and
 scratch'd, and rent,
 And did he wist not what in his avengement.

VII.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
 Had he had governance it well to guide :
 But, when the frantic fit inflamed his spright,
 His force was vain, and struck more often
 wide
 Than at the aimed mark which he had eyed :
 And oft himself he chanced to hurt unwares,
 Whilst reason, blent through passion,
 nought descried ;
 But, as a blindfold bull, at random fares,
 And where he hits nought knows, and
 whom he hurts nought cares.

VIII.

His rude assault and rugged handling
 Strange seemèd to the knight, that aye with
 foe
 In fair defence and goodly menaging
 Of arms was wont to fight ; yet nathemoe
 Was he abashed now, not fighting so ;
 But more enfierecd through his currish play,
 Him sternly gripp'd, and, haling to and fro,
 To overthrow him strongly did assay,
 But overthrew himself unawares, and lower
 lay :

IX.

And being down the villain sore did beat
 And bruse with clownish fists his manly
 face :
 And eke the hag, with many a bitter threat,
 Still call'd upon to kill him in the place.
 With whose reproach, and odious menâce,
 The knight emboying in his haughty heart
 Knit all his forces, and gan soon unbrace
 His grasping hold : so lightly did upstart,
 And drew his deadly weapon to maintain his
 part.

X.

Which when the palmer saw, he loudly cried,
 " Not so, O Guyon, never think that so
 That monster can be mast' red or destroy'd :
 He is not, ah ! he is not such a foe,
 As steel can wound, or strength can over-
 throw.
 That same is Furor, cursèd cruel wight,
 That unto knighthood works much shame
 and woe :
 And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight,
 Occasion ; the root of all wrath and despite.

XL.

" With her, whoso will raging Furor tame,
 Must first begin, and well her ámenage ;
 First her restrain from her reproachful
 blame
 And evil means, with which she doth enrage
 Her frantic son, and kindles his courage ;
 Then, when she is withdrawn or strong with-
 stood,
 It's eath his idle fury to assuage,
 And calm the tempest of his passion wood :
 The banks are overflown when stoppèd is
 the flood."

XII.

Therewith Sir Guyon left his first emprise,
 And, turning to that woman, fast her hent

By the hoar locks that hung before her eyes,
 And to the ground her threw ; yet n'ould
 she stent
 Her bitter railing and foul révilement ;
 But still provoked her son to wreak her
 wrong ;
 But nathèless he did her still torment,
 And, catching hold of her ungracious tongue,
 Thereon an iron lock did fasten firm and
 strong.

XIII.

Then, whenas use of speech was from her
 rest,
 With her two crookèd hands she signs did
 make,
 And beckon'd him ; the last help she had
 left :
 But he that last left help away did take,
 And both her hands fast bound unto a stake,
 That she no'te stir. Then gan her son to fly,
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake :
 But Guyon after him in haste did hie,
 And soon him overtook in sad perplexity.

XIV.

In his strong arms he stiffly him embraced,
 Who him gain-striving nought at all pre-
 vai'd ;
 For all his power was utterly defaced,
 And furious fits at earst quite weren quail'd :
 Oft he re'nforced, and oft his forces fail'd,
 Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slack.
 Then him to ground he cast, and rudely
 haled,
 And both his hands fast bound behind his
 back,
 And both his feet in fetters to an iron rack.

XV.

With hundred iron chains he did him bind,
 And hundred knots, that did him sore con-
 strain :
 Yet his great iron teeth he still did grind
 And grimly gnash, threat'ning revenge in
 vain :
 His burning eyes, whom bloody streaks did
 stain,
 Starèd full wide, and threw forth sparks of
 fire :
 And, more for rank despite than for great
 pain,
 Shaked his long locks colour'd like copper-
 wire,
 And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging
 ire.

XVI.

Thus whenas Guyon Furor had captived,
 Turning about he saw that wretched squire,
 Whom that madman of life nigh late de-
 prived,
 Lying on ground, all soil'd with blood and
 mire:
 Whom whenas he perceivèd to respire,
 He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dress.
 Being at last recured, he gan inquire
 What hard mishap him brought to such dis-
 tress,
 And made that caytive's thrall, the thrall of
 wretchedness.

XVII.

With heart then throbbing, and with wat'ry
 eyes,
 "Fair sir," quoth he, "what man can shun
 the hap
 That hidden lies unwares him to surprise?
 Misfortune waits advantage to entrap
 The man most wary in her whelming lap.
 So me, weak wretch, of many weakest one,
 Unweeting and unaware of such mishap,
 She brought to mischief through occasion,
 Where this same wicked villain did me light
 upon.

XVIII.

"It was a faithless squire, that was the source
 Of all my sorrow and of these sad tears,
 With whom from tender dug of common
 nurse
 At once I was upbrought; and eft, when
 years
 More ripe us reason lent to choose our peers,
 Ourselves in league of vowèd love we knit;
 In which we long time, without jealous fears
 Or faulty thoughts, continued as was fit;
 And, for my part I vow, dissembled not a
 whit.

XIX.

"It was my fortune, common to that age,
 To love a laqy fair of great degree,
 The which was born of noble parentage,
 And set in highest seat of dignity,
 Yet seem'd no less to love than loved to be;
 Long I her served, and found her faithful
 still,
 Ne ever thing could cause us disagree:
 Love, that two hearts make one, makes eke
 one will:
 Each strove to please, and other's pleasures
 to fulfil.

XX.

"My friend, hight Philemon, I did partake
 Of all my love and all my privity;
 Who gently joyous seemèd for my sake,
 And gracious to that lady, as to me;
 Ne ever wight, that mote so welcome be
 As he to her, withouten blot or blame;
 Ne ever thing, that she could think or see,
 But unto him she would impart the same:
 O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle
 dame!

XXI.

"At last such grace I found, and means I
 wrought,
 That I that lady to my spouse had won;
 Accord of friends, consent of parents sought,
 Affiance made, my happiness begun,
 There wanted nought but few rites to be
 done,
 Which marriage make: that day too far did
 seem!
 Most joyous man, on whom the shining sun
 Did shew his face, myself I did esteem,
 And that, my falsè friend, did no less joy-
 ous seem.

XXII.

"But, ere that wishèd day his beam dis-
 closed,
 He, either envying my toward good,
 Or of himself to treason ill disposed,
 One day unto me came in friendly mood,
 And told, for secret, how he understood
 That lady, whom I had to me assign'd,
 Had both distain'd her honourable blood,
 And eke the faith which she to me did bind;
 And therefore wish'd me stay, till I more
 truth should find.

XXIII.

"The gnawing anguish, and sharp jealousy,
 Which his sad speech infixèd in my breast,
 Rankled so sore, and fest'red inwardly,
 That my engravèd mind could find no rest,
 Till that the truth thereof I did out wrest;
 And him besought, by that same sacred band
 Betwixt us both, to counsel me the best:
 He then with solemn oath and plighted hand
 Assured, ere long the truth to let me under-
 stand.

XXIV.

"Ere long with like again he boarded me,
 Saying, he now had bouted all the flour,

And that it was a groom of base degree,
Which of my love was partner paramour :
Who usèd in a darksome inner bower
Her oft to meet : which better to approve,
Ho promised to bring me at that hour,
When I should see that would me nearer
move,
And drive me to withdraw my blind abusèd
love.

XXV.

“ This graceless man, for furtherance of his
guile,
Did court the handmaid of my lady dear,
Who, glad t’ embosom his affection vile,
Did all she might more pleasing to appear.
One day, to work her to his will more near,
He woo’d her thus ; ‘ Pryné,’ (so she hight,)
‘ What great despite does fortune to thee bear,
Thus lowly to abase thy beauty bright,
That it should not deface all others’ lesser
light ?

XXVI.

“ But if she had her least help to thee lent
T’ adorn thy form according thy desart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldest soon have
blent,
And stain’d their praises with thy least good
part ;
Ne should fair Claribell with all her art,
Tho’ she thy lady be, approach thee near :
For proof thereof, this evening, as thou art,
Array th’ self in her most gorgeous gear,
That I may more delight in thy embrace-
ment dear.’

XXVII.

“ The maiden proud through praise, and
mad through love,
Him heark’ned to, and soon herself array’d ;
The whiles to me the treachour did remove
His crafty engine : and, as he had said,
Me leading, in a secret corner laid,
The sad spectator of my tragedy :
Where left, he went, and his own false part
play’d,
Disguisèd like that groom of base degree,
Whom he had feign’d th’ abuser of my love
to be.

XXVIII.

“ Eftsoones he came unto th’ appointed
place,
And with him brought Pryné, rich array’d,
In Claribella’s clothes : her proper face
I not discernèd in that darksome shade,

But ween’d it was my love with whom he
play’d.
Ah God ! what horror and tormenting grief,
My heart, my hands, mine eyes, and all as-
say’d !
Me liefer were ten thousand death’s priefe,
Than wound of jealous worm, and shame of
such repriefe.

XXIX.

“ I home returning, fraught with foul despite,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soon as my loathèd love appear’d in sight,
With wrathful hand I slew her innocent ;
That after soon I dearly did lament :
For, when the cause of that outrageous deed
Demanded I made plain and evident,
Her faulty handmaid, which that bale did
breed,
Confess’d how Philemon her wrought to
change her weed.

XXX.

“ Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And hellish fury all enraged, I sought
Upon myself that vengeable despite
To punish : yet it better first I thought
To wreak my wrath on him, that first it
wrought ;
To Philemon, false fatour Philemon,
I cast to pay that I so dearly bought :
Of deadly drugs I gave him drink anon,
And wash’d away his guilt with guilty po-
tion.

XXXI.

“ Thus heaping crime on crime, and grief
on grief,
To loss of love adjoining loss of friend,
I meant to purge both with a third mischief,
And in my woes’ beginner it to end :
That was Pryné ; she did first offend,
She last should smart : with which cruel
intent,
When I at her my murd’rous blade did bend,
She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
And I, pursuing my fell purpose, after went.

XXXII.

“ Fear gave her wings, and Rage enforced
my flight ;
Through woods and plains so long I did her
chase,
Till this madman, whom your victorious
might
Hath now fast bound, me met in middle

As I her, so he me pursued apace,
And shortly overtook : I, breathing ire,
Sore chafèd at my stay in such a case,
And with my heat kindled his cruel fire ;
Which kindled once, his mother did more
rage inspire.

XXXIII.

“ Betw’xt them both they have me done to
die,
Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborn
handèling,
That death were better than such agony,
As grief and fury unto me did bring ;
Of which in me yet sticks the mortal sting,
That during life will never be appeasèd ! ”
When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
Said Guyon ; “ Squire, sore have ye been
diseasèd ;
But all your hurts may soon through tem-
perance be easèd.”

XXXIV.

Then gan the palmer thus ; “ Most wretched
man,
That to Affections does the bridle lend !
In their begining they are weak and wan,
But soon through suff’rance grow to fearful
end ;
Whiles they are weak, betimes with them
contend ;
For, when they once to perfect strength do
grow,
Strong wars they make, and cruel batt’ry
bend
Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow :
Wrath, Jealousy, Grief, Love, this squire
have laid thus low.

XXXV.

“ Wrath, Jealousy, Grief, Love, do thus
expel :
Wrath is a fire ; and Jealousy a weed ;
Grief is a flood ; and Love a monster fell ;
The fire of sparks, the weed of little seed,
The flood of drops, the monster filth did
breed ;
But sparks, seed, drops and filth, do thus
delay ;
The sparks soon quench, the springing seed
outweed,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean
away :
So shall Wrath, Jealousy, Grief, Love, die
and decay.”

XXXVI.

“ Unlucky squire,” said Guyon, “ sith thou
hast
Fall’n into mischief through intemperance,
Henceforth take heed of that thou now hast
past,
And guide thy ways with wary governance,
Lest worse betide thee by some later chance.
But read how thou art named, and of what
kin.”
“ Phedon I hight,” quoth he, “ and do ad-
vance
Mine ancestry from famous Coradin,
Who first to raise our house to honour did
begin.”

XXXVII.

Thus as he spake, lo ! far away they spied
A varlet running towards hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast the way applied,
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which, mingled all with sweat, did dim his
eye.
He soon approachèd, panting, breathless,
hot,
And all so soil’d, that none could him descry ;
His countenance was bold, and bashèd not
For Guyon’s looks, but scornful eye-glance
at him shot.

XXXVIII.

Behind his back he bore a brazen shield,
On which was drawn fair, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
And round about the wreath this word was
writ,
Burnt I do burn : Right well besemèd it
To be the shield of some redoubted knight :
And in his hand two darts exceeding flit
And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were
dight
In poison and in blood of malice and despite.

XXXIX.

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
He boldly spake ; “ Sir knight, if knight
thou be,
Abandon this forestallèd place at erst,
For fear of further harm, I counsel thee ;
Or bide the chance at thine own jeopardy.”
The knight at his great boldness wonderèd ;
And, though he scorn’d his idle vanity,
Yet mildly him to purpose answerèd ;
For not to grow of nought he it conjecturèd ;

XL.

"Varlet, this place most due to me I deem,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly:
But whence should come that harm, which
thou dost seem
To threat to him that minds his chance
t'aby?"

"Perdy," said he, "here comes, and is hard
by,
A knight of wondrous pow'r and great assay,
That never yet encoun'tred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or foul dismay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his pres-
ence stay."

XLI.

"How hight he," then said Guyon, "and
from whence?"
"Pyrochles is his name, renownèd far
For his bold feats and hardy confidence,
Full oft approved in many a cruel war;
The brother of Cymochles; both which are
The sons of old Acrates and Despite;
Acrates, son of Phlegethon and Jar;
But Phlegethon is son of Erebus and Night;
But Erebus son of Eternity is hight.

XLII.

"So from immortal race he does proceed,
That mortal hands may not withstand his
might,
Dread for his derring-do and bloody deed;
For all in blood and spoil is his delight.
His am I, Atin, his in wrong and right.
That matter make for him to work upon,
And stir him up to strife and cruel fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearful stead anon,
Least thy foolhardize work thy sad confu-
sion."

XLIII.

"His be that care, whom most it doth con-
cern,"
Said he: "but whither with such hasty
flight
Art thou now bound? for well mote I discern
Great cause, that carries thee so swift and
light."
"My lord," quoth he, "me sent, and straight
behight

To seek Occasion, where so she be:
For he is all disposed to bloody fight,
And breathes out wrath and heinous cruelty;
Hard is his hap, that first falls in his jeop-
ardy."

XLIV.

"Madman," said then the palmer, "that
does seek
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
She comes unsought, and shunnèd follows
eke.
Happy! who can abstain, when Rancour rife
Kindles revenge, and threats his rusty knife:
Woe never wants, where every cause is
caught;
And rash Occasion makes unquiet life!"
"Then lo! where bound she sits, whom thou
hast sought,"
Said Guyon; "let that message to thy lord
be brought."

XLV.

That when the varlet heard and saw, straight-
way
He waxèd wondrous wroth, and said: "Vile
knight,
That knights and knighthood dost with
shame upbray,
And shewest th' ensample of thy childish
might,
With silly weak old woman thus to fight!
Great glory and gay spoil sure hast thou got,
And stoutly proved thy puissance here in
sight!
That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wot,
And with thy blood aboish so reproachful
blot."

XLVI.

With that, one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with ire and vengeable despite:
The quivering steel his aimed end well knew,
And to his breast itself intended right:
But he was wary, and ere it empight
In the meant mark, advanced his shield
atween,
On which it seizing no way enter might,
But back rebounding left the forehead keen:
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where
be seen.

CANTO V.

Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
 And Furor's chain unties,
 Who him sore wounds; whiles Atin to
 Cymochles for aid flies.

WHOEVER doth to Temperance apply
 His stea fast life, and all his actions frame,
 Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,
 Than stubborn Perturbation, to the same;
 To which right well the wise do give that
 name;
 For it the godly peace of stayèd minds
 Does overthrow, and troublous war pro-
 claim;
 His own woe's author, who so bound it finds,
 As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbinds.

II.

After that varlet's flight, it was not long
 Ere on the plain fast pricking Guyon spied
 One in bright arms embattelèd full strong,
 That, as the sunny beams do glance and glide
 Upon the trembling wave, so shinèd bright,
 And round about him threw forth sparkling
 fire,
 That seem'd him to inflame on every side:
 His steed was bloody red, and foamèd ire,
 When with the mast'ring spur he did him
 roughly stir.

III.

Approaching nigh, he never stay'd to greet,
 Ne chaffer words, proud courage to provoke,
 But prick'd so fierce, that underneath his feet
 The smould'ring dust did round about him
 smoke,
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
 And fairly couching his steel-headed spear,
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
 It bootèd not Sir Guyon, coming near,
 To think such hideous puissance on foot to

IV.

But lightly shunnèd it; and passing by,
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell;
 That the sharp steel, arriving forcibly
 On his broad shield, bit not, but glancing fell
 On his horse' neck before the quilted sell,

And from the head the body sund'red quite:
 So him dismounted low he did compel
 On foot with him to matchen equal fight;
 The trunkèd beast fast bleeding did him
 foully sight.

V.

Sore bruised with the fall he slow uprose,
 And all enraged thus him loudly shent;
 "Disleal knight, whose coward couragè
 chose
 To wreak itself on beast all innocent,
 And shunn'd the mark at which it should
 be meant:
 Thereby thine arms seem strong, but man
 hood frail:
 So hast thou oft with guile thine honour
 blent,
 But little may such guile thee now avail,
 If wonted force and fortune do me not much
 fail."

VI.

With that he drew his flaming sword, and
 strook
 At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
 Of his sevenfoldèd shield away it took,
 And, glancing on his helmet, made a large
 And open gash therein: were not his targe
 That broke the violence of his intent,
 The weavy soul from thence it would dis-
 charge;
 Nathless so sore a buff to him it lent,
 That made him reel, and to his breast his
 beaver bent.

VII.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
 And much ashamed that stroke of living arm
 Should him dismay, and make him stoop so
 low,
 Though otherwise it did him little harm:
 The hurling high his iron-bracèd arm,
 He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
 That all his left side it did quite disarm.

Yet there the steel stay'd not, but inly bate
Deep in his flesh, and opened wide a red
floodgate.

VIII.

Deadly dismay'd with horror of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grievèd eke entire ;
Yet nathèr re did it his fry stint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That well-nigh moul't his heart in raging ire :
Ne thenceforth his approvèd skill, to ward,
Or strike, or hurtle round in warlike gyre,
Rememb'red he ne cared for his safeguard,
But rudely raged, and like a cruel tiger fared.

IX.

He hew'd, and lash'd, and foin'd, and thun-
d' red blows,
And every way did seek into his life ;
Ne plate, ne mail, could ward so mighty
throws,
But yielded passage to his cruel knife.
But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
Was wary wise, and closely did await
Advantage, whilst his foe did rage most
rife ;
Sometimes athwart, sometimes he struck
him strait,
And falsèd oft his blows t'illude him with
such bait.

X.

Like as a lion whose imperial pow'r
A proud rebellious unicorn defies,
T'avoid the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him running in full course he
spies,
He slips aside ; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horn, sought of his enemies,
Strikes in the stock, ne thence can be re-
leased, [feast.
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous

XI.

With such fair sleight him Guyon often
fail'd,
Till at the last all breathless, weary, faint,
Him spying, with fresh onset he assail'd,
And, kindling new his courage seeming
quent,
Struck him so hugely, that through great
constraint
He made him stoop perforce unto his knee,
And do unwilling worship to the saint,

That on his shield depainted he did see ;
Such homage till that instant never learnèd
he.

XII.

Whom Guyon seeing stoop, pursuèd fast
The present offer of fair victory,
And soon his dreadful blade about he cast,
Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so
high, [to lie ;
That straight on ground made him full low
Then on his breast his victor foot he thrust :
With that he cried ; " Mercy, do me not die,
Ne deem thy force by fortune's doom unjust,
That has (maugre her spite) thus low me
laid in dust."

XIII.

Eftsoones his cruel hand Sir Guyon stay'd,
Temp'ring the passion with advizement slow
And mast'ring might on enemy dismay'd ;
For th' equal die of war he well did know :
Then to him said : " Live, and allegiance
owe
To him that gives thee life and liberty ;
And henceforth by this day's ensample trow,
That hasty wroth, and heedless hazardry,
Do breed repentance late, and lasting in-
famy."

XIV.

So up he let him rise ; who, with grim look
And count'nance stern upstanding, gan to
grind
His grated teeth for great disdain, and shook
His sandy locks, long hanging down behind,
Knotted in blood and dust, for grief of mind
That he in odds of arms was conquer'd ;
Yet in himself some comfort he did find,
That him so noble knight had masterèd ;
Whose bounty more than might (yet both),
he wonderèd

XV.

Which Guyon marking said ; " Be nought
aggrieved,
Sir knight, that thus ye now subduèd are :
Was never man, who most conquests
achieved, [war ;
But sometimes had the worse, and lost by
Yet shortly gain'd, that loss exceeded far ;
Loss is no shame, nor to be less then foe ;
But to be lesser than himself doth mar
Both looser's lot, and victor's praise alsò :
Vain others' overthrows who self doth over-
throw.

XVI.

"Fly, O Pyrochles, fly the dreadful war
That in thyself thy lesser parts do move;
Outrageous Anger, and woe-working Jar,
Direful Impatience, and heart-murd'ring
Love: [move
Those, those thy foes, those warriors far re-
Which thee to endless bale captivèd lead.
But, sith in n i ht thou didst my mercy prove,
Of courtesy to me the cause aread
That thee against me drew with so impetu-
ous dread."

XVII.

"Dreadless," said he, "that shall I soon
declare:
It was complain'd that thou hadst done great
torts *
Unto an aged woman, poor and bare,
And thrallèd her in chains with strong effort,
Void of all succour and needful comfort:
That ill beseems thee, such as I thee see,
To work such shame: therefore I thee exhort
To change thy will, and set Occasion free,
And to her captive son yield his first liberty."

XVIII.

Thereat Sir Guyon smiled; "And is that
a l?"
Said he, "that thee so sore displeasèd hath?
Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whose freedom shall thee turn to greatest
scath! [wrath:
Nathless now quench thy hot emboyling
Lo! there they be: to thee I yield them free."
Thereat he, wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leap, where he them bound did
see, [tivity,
And gan to break the bands of their cap-

XIX.

Soon as Occasion felt herself untied,
Before her son could well assoilèd be,
She to her use † return'd, and straight defied
Both Guyon and Pyrochles; th' one (said
she)
Because he won; the other, because he
Was won: so matter did she make of nought,
To stir up strife, and garre them disagree:
But soon as Furor was enlarged, she sought,
To kindle his quench'd fire, and thousand
causes wrought.

* The French for "wrong."

† Her ordinary usage or habit.

XX.

It was not long ere she inflamed him so,
That he would algates with Pyrochles fight,
And his redeemer challenged for his foe,
Because he had not well maintain'd his right,
But yielded had to that same stranger knight.
Now gan Pyrochles wax as wood as he,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fierce engraspèd be,
Whiles Guyon standing by their uncouth
strife does see.

XXI.

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
Against Pyrochles, and new matter framed
Upon the old, him stirring to be wroke
Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him
blamed
For suffering such abuse as knighthood
shamed,
And him disabled quite: but he was wise,
Ne would with vain occasions be inflamed;
Yet others she more urgent did devise:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entice.

XXII.

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased Furor's might,
That he his foe has hurt and wounded sore,
And him in blood and dirt deformed quite.
His mother eke, more to augment his spite,
Now brought to him a flaming fire-brand,
Which she in Stygian lake, aye burning
bright,
Had kindled: that she gave into his hand,
That arm'd with fire more hardly he mote
him withstand.

XXIII.

Tho gan that villain wax o fierce and strong,
That nothing might sustain his furious force:
He cast him down to ground, and all along
Drew him through dirt and mire without
remorse,
And foully batterèd his comely corse,
That Guyon much disdain'd so loathly sight.
At last he was compell'd to cry perforce,
"Help, O Sir Guyon! help, most noble
knight,
To rid a wretched man from hands of hell-
ish wight!"

XXIV.

The knight was greatly movèd at his plaint,
And gan him dight to succour his distress,

Till that the palmer, by his grave restraint,
 Him stay'd from yielding pitiful redress,
 And said: "Dear son, thy causeless ruth
 repress,
 Ne let thy stout heart melt in pity vain:
 He that his sorrow sought through wilful-
 ness
 And his foe fett'ed would release again,
 Deserves to taste his folly's fruit,—repented
 pain."

XXV.

Guyon obey'd: so him away he drew
 From needless trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to pursue.
 But rash Pyrochles' varlet, Atin hight,
 When late he saw his lord in heavy plight,
 Under Sir Guyon's puissant stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seem'd in
 sight,
 Fled fast away to tell his funeral
 Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men did
 call.

XXVI.

He was a man of rare redoubtèd might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike
 praise,
 And glorious spoils, purchased in perilous
 fight:
 Full many doughty knights he in his days
 Had done to death, subdued in equal frays;
 Whose carcasses, for terror of his name,
 Of fowls and beasts he made the piteous
 preys, [defame
 And hung their conquer'd arms for more
 On gallow trees in honour of his dearest
 dame.

XXVII.

His dearest dame is that enchanteress,
 The vile Acrasia, that with vain delights,
 And idle pleasures, in her Bower of Bliss,
 Does charm her lovers, and the feeble
 sprights
 Can call out of the bodies of frail wights;
 Whom then she does transform to mon-
 strous hues,
 And horribly misshapes with ugly sights,
 Cap'ed eternally in iron mews
 And darksome dens, where Titan his face
 never shews.

XXVIII.

There Atin found Cymochles sojourning,
 To serve his leman's love; for he by kind

Was given all to lust and loose living,
 Whenever his fierce hands he free mote find:
 And now he has pour'd out his idle mind
 In dainty delices and lavish joys,
 Having his warlike weapons cast behind,
 And flows in pleasures and vain pleasing
 toys,
 Mingled amongst loose ladies and lascivious
 boys.

XXIX.

And over him Art, striving to compare
 With Nature, did an arbour green d'spread,
 Framèd of wanton ivy, flow'ring fair,
 Through which the fragrant eglantine did
 spread
 His prickling arms, entrail'd with roses red
 Which dainty odours round about them
 threw:
 And all within with flow'rs was garnishèd,
 That, when mild Zephyrus amongst them
 blew,
 Did breathe out bounteous smells, and paint-
 ed colours shew.

XXX.

And fast beside there tickled softly down
 A gentle stream, whose murmuring wave
 did play
 Amongst the pumice stones, and made a
 sowne,
 To lull him soft asleep that by it lay:
 The weary traveller, wand'ring that way,
 Therein did often quench his thirsty heat,
 And then by it his weary limbs display,
 (While creeping slumber made him to forget
 His former pain,) and wiped away his toil-
 some sweat.

XXXI.

And on the other side a pleasant grove
 Was shot up high, full of the stately tree
 That dedicated is t' Olympic Jove,
 And to his son Alcides, whenas he
 In Nemea gainèd goodly victory:
 Therein the merry birds of every sort
 Chanted aloud their cheerful harmony,
 And made amongst themselves a sweet con-
 sort,
 That quick'ned the dull spright with musical
 comfort.

XXXII.

There he him found all carelessly display'd,
 In secret shadow from the sunny ray,

On a sweet bed of lilies softly laid,
Amidst a flock of damselfs fresh and gay,
That round about him dissolute did play
Their wanton follies and light merriment;
Every of which did loosely disarray
Her upper parts of meet habiliments,
And show'd them naked, deck'd with many
ornaments.

XXXIII.

And every of them strove with most delights
Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew:
Some fram'd fair looks, glancing like even-
ing lights;
Other sweet words, dropping like honey dew;
Some bath'd kisses, and did soft embrue
The sugar'd liquor through his melting lips.
One boasts her beauty, and does yield to
view

Her dainty limbs above her tender hips:
Another her out boasts, and all for trial
strips.

XXXIV.

He, like an adder lurking in the weeds,
His wand'ring thought in deep desire does
steep,
And his frail eye with spoil of beauty feeds:
Sometimes he falsely feigns himself to sleep,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes
do peep
To steal a snatch of amorous conceit,
Whereby close fire into his heart does creep:
So' he them deceives, deceived in his deceit,
Made drunk with drugs of dear voluptuous
receipt.

XXXV.

Atin, arriving there, when him he spied
Thus in still waves of deep delight to wade,
Fiercely approaching to him loudly cried,
"Cymochles; oh! no, but Cymochles' shade,
In which that manly person late did fade!
What is become of great Acrates' son?
Or where hath he hung up his mortal blade,

That hath so many haughty conquests won?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory
done?"

XXXVI.

Then, pricking him with his sharp-pointed
dart,
He said: "Up, up, thou womanish weak
knight,
That here in ladies' lap entomb'd art,
Unmindful of thy praise and prowest might,
And weetless eke of lately-wrought despite,
Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on senseless
ground,
And groaneth out his utmost grudging
spright
Through many a stroke and many a stream-
ing wound,
Calling thy help in vain, that here in joys
art drown'd."

XXXVII.

Suddenly out of his delightful dream
The man awoke, and would have question'd
more;
But he would not endure that woful theme
For to dilate at large, but urg'd sore,
With piercing words and pitiful implore,
Him hasty to arise: as one affright
With hellish fiends, or furies' mad uproar,
He then uprose, inflamed with fell despite,
And call'd for his arms; for he would al-
gates fight.

XXXVIII.

They been ybrought; he quickly does him-
dight,
And lightly mounted passeth on his way;
Ne ladies' loves, ne sweet entreaties, might
Appease his heat, or hasty passage stay;
For he has vow'd to been avenged that day
(That day itself him seem'd all too long)
On him, that did Pyrochles dear dismay:
So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
And Atin aye him pricks with spurs of shame
and wrong.

CANTO VI.

Guyon is of immodest Mirth
Led into loose desire ;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-
ther burns in furious fire.

I.

A HARDER lesson to learn continence
In joyous pleasure than in grievous pain :
For sweetness doth allure the weaker sense
So strongly, that uneths it can refrain
From that which feeble nature covets fain :
But grief and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can restrain :
Yet Virtue vaunts in both her victories ;
And Guyon in them all shews goodly
masteries.

II.

Whom bold Cymochles travelling to find,
With cruel purpose bent to wreak on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Waiting to pass he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glance of eye,
A little gondelay, bedeckèd trim
With boughs and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little forest seemèd outwardly.

III.

And therein sate a lady fresh and fair,
Making sweet solace to herself alone :
Sometimes she sang as loud as lark in air,
Sometimes she laugh'd, that nigh her breath
was gone ;
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of merriment :
Matter of mirth enough, though there were
none,
She could devise ; and thousand ways invent
To feed her foolish humour and vain jolli-
ment.

IV.

Which when far off Cymochles heard and
saw,
He loudly call'd to such as were aboard
The little bark unto the shore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deep ford.
The merry mariner unto his word
Soon heark'ned, and her painted boat
straightway [like lord
Turn'd to the shore, where that same war-

She in received, but Atin by no way
She would admit, albe the knight her much
did pray.

V.

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
More swift than swallow sheers the liquid
sky,
Withouten oar or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvas with the wind to fly :
Only she turned a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave,
(Ne carèd she her course for to apply,)
For it was taught the way which she would
have,
And both from rocks and flats itself could
wisely save.

VI.

And all the way the wanton damsel found
New mirth her passenger to entertain ;
For she in pleasant purpose did abound,
And greatly joyèd merry tales to feign,
Of which a store-house did with her remain ;
Yet seemèd, nothing well they her became :
For all her words she drown'd with laughter
vain,
And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
That turnèd all her pleasance to a scoffing
game.

VII.

And other whiles vain toys she would devise,
As her fantastic wit did most delight :
Sometimes her head she fondly would aguise
With gaudy garlands, or fresh flowrets dight
About her neck, or rings of rushes plight :
Sometimes, to do him laugh, she would assay
To laugh at shaking of the leavès light,
Or to behold the water work and play
About her little frigate therein making way.

VIII.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliance
Gave wondrous great contentment to the
knight,

That of his way he had no sovenance,
Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruel fight,
But to weak wench did yield his martial
might.

So easy was to quench his flamèd mind
With one sweet drop of sensual delight!
So easy is t' appease the stormy wind
Of malice in the calm of pleasant womankind.

IX.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent;
Mongst which Cymochles of her questionèd
Both what she was, and what that usage
meant,

Which in her cot she daily practisèd:
"Vain man," said she, "that wouldst be
reckonèd

A stranger in thy home, and ignorant
Of Phædria, (for so my name is read,)
Of Phædria, thine own fellow servaunt;
For thou to serve Acrasia thyself dost vaunt.

X.

"In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
The Idle Lake, my wand'ring ship I row,
That knows her port, and thither sails by aim,
Ne care ne fear I how the wind do blow,
Or whether swift I wend or whether slow:
But slow and swift alike do serve my turn;
Ne swelling Neptune ne loud-thund'ring
Jove

Can change my cheer, or make me ever
mourn:

My little boat can safely pass this perilous
bourne."

XI.

Whiles thus she talkèd, and whiles thus she
toy'd,

They were far past the passage which he
spake,

And come unto an island waste and void,
That floated in the midst of that great lake;
There her small gondelay her port did make,
And that gay pair issuing on the shore
Disburd'ned her; their way they forward take
Into the land that lay them fair before,
Whose pleasance she him shew'd, and plen-
tiful great store.

XII.

It was a chosen plot of fertile land,
Amongst wide waves set like a little nest,
As if it had by Nature's cunning hand
Been choicely pickèd out from all the rest,
And laid forth for ensample of the best;

No dainty flow'r or herb that grows on
ground,

No arboret with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweet, but there it might be
found

To bud out fair, and her sweet smells throw
all around.

XIII.

No tree, whose branches did not bravely
spring:

No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sit:
No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
No song, but did contain a lovely ditt.

Trees, branches, birds, and songs, were
framèd fit

For to allure frail mind to careless ease.
Careless the man soon woxe, and his weak
wit

Was overcome of thing that did him please;
So pleasèd did his wrathful purpose fair
appease.

XIV.

Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
With false delights, and fill'd with pleasures
vain,

Into a shady dale she soft him led,
And laid him down upon a grassy plain;
And her sweet self without dread or disdain

She sate beside, laying his head disarm'd
In her loose lap, it sofly to sustain,
Where soon he slumb'rd, fearing not be
harm'd:

The whiles with a love lay she thus him
sweetly charm'd:

XV.

"Behold, O man, that toilsome pains dost
take, [grows,

The flow'rs, the fields, and all that pleasant
How they themselves do thine ensample
make,

Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth
throws

Out of her fruitful lap: how, no man knows,
They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh
and fair, [shows;

And deck the world with their rich pompous
Yet no man for them taketh pains or care,
Yet no man to them can his careful pains
compare.

XVI.

"The lily, lady of the flow'ring field,
The flower-de-luce, her lovely paramour,

Bid thee to them thy fruitless labours yield,
And soon leave off this toilsome weary
stoure;

Lo! lo, how brave she decks her bounteous
bower

With silken curtains and gold coverlets,
Therein to shroud her sumptuous belamour!
Yet neither spins nor cards, ne cares nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her care she
lets.

XVII.

"Why then dost thou, O man, that of them
all

Art lord, and eke of nature sovereign,
Wilfully make thyself a wretched thrall,
And waste thy joyous hours in needless pain,
Seeking for danger and adventures vain?
What boots it all to have and nothing use?
Who shall him rue that swimming in the
main

Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
Refuse such fruitless toil, and present pleas-
ures choose."

XVIII.

By this she had him lulled fast asleep,
That of no worldly thing he care did take:
Then she with liquors strong his eyes did
steep,

That nothing should him hastily awake.
So she him left, and did herself betake
Unto her boat again, with which she cleft
The slothful wave of that great griesly lake:
Soon she that island far behind her left,
And now is come to that same place where
first she weft.

XIX.

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
Unto the other side of that wide strand
Where she was rowing, and for passage
sought:

Him needed not long call; she soon to hand
Her ferry brought, where him she biding fond
With his sad guide: himself she took aboard,
But his black palmer suff'ered still to stand,
Ne would for price or prayers once afford
To ferry that old man over the perloous ford.

XX.

Guyon was loth to leave his guide behind,
Yet being ent'red might not back retire;
For the fleet bark, obeying to her mind,
Forth launchèd quickly as she did desire,

Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
Through the dull billows thick as troubled
mire,

Whom neither wind out of their seat could
force,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their
sluggish source.

XXI.

And by the way, as was her wonted guise,
Her merry fit she freshly gan to rear,
And did of joy and jollity devise
Herself to cherish, and her guest to cheer.
The knight was courteous, and did not
forbear

Her honest mirth and pleasance to partake:
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and jeer.
And pass the bounds of honest merrimake,
Her dalliance he despised and follies did
forsake.

XXII.

Yet she still followed her former style,
And said, and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasant isle,
Where sleeping late she left her other knight.
But, whenas Guyon of that land had sight,
He wist himself amiss, and angry said:
"Ah! dame, perdy ye have not done me
right,

Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obey'd;
Me little needed from my right way to have
stray'd."

XXIII.

"Fair sir," quoth she, "be not displeas-
ed at all;

Who fares on sea may not command his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
The sea is wide, and easy for to stray;
The wind unstable, and doth never stay,
But here awhile ye may in safety rest,
Till season serve new passage to assay:
Better safe port than be in seas distrest."
Therewith she laugh'd, and did her earnest
end in jest.

XXIV.

But he, half discontent, mote nath'less
Himself appease and issued forth on shore:
The joys 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 flow'rs did freshly
spring,
The trees did bud, and early bossoms bore;
And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
And told that garden's pleasures in their
carolling.

XXV.

And she, more sweet than any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes amongst them bear a part,
And strive to pass (as she could well enough)
Their native music by her skilful art:
So did she all, that might his constant heart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enter-
prize,

And drown in dissolute delights apart,
Where noise of arms, or view of martial guise,
Might not revive desire of knightly exercise:

XXVI.

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his heart;
Yet would not seem so rude, and thew'd ill,
As to despise so courteous seeming part
That gentle lady did to him impart;
But, fairly temp'ring, fond desire subdued,
And ever her desired to depart.
She list not hear, but her disports pursued,
And ever bade him stay till time the tide
renewed.

XXVII.

And now by this Cymochles' hour was spent,
That he awoke out of his idle dream;
And, shaking off his drowsy dreriment,
Gan him avize, how ill did him beseem,
In slothful sleep his molten heart to steam,
And quench the brand of his conceived ire.
Tho' up he started, stirr'd with shame ex-
treme
Ne stay'd for his damsel to inquire,
But march'd to the strand, there, passage to
require.

XXVIII.

And in the way he with Sir Guyon met
Accompanied with Phædria the fair:
Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
Crying: "Let be that lady debonaire,
Thou recraent knight, and soon thyself pre-
pare
To battle, if thou mean her love to gain.
Lo! lo already how the fowls in air
Do flock, awaiting shortly to obtain
Thy carcass for their prey, the guerdon of
thy pain."

XXIX.

And there-withal he fiercely at him flew,
And with imp'ortune outrage him assail'd;
Who, soon prepared to field, his sword forth
drew,
And him with equal value countervail'd;
Their mighty strokes their habergeons dis-
mail'd,
And naked made each other's manly spalles;
The mortal steel despiteously entayled
Deep in their flesh, quite through the iron
walls,
That a large purple stream adown their
giambeaux falls.

XXX.

Cymochles, that had never met before
So puissant foe, with envious despite
His proud presumed force increased more,
Disdaining to be held so long in fight.
Sir Guyon, grudging not so much his might
As those unknighly railings which he spoke,
With wrathful fire his courage kindled bright,
Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his pow'rs redoubled every
stroke.

XXXI.

Both of them high at once their hands en-
haunst,
And both at once their huge blows down
did sway:
Cymochles' sword on Guyon's shield yglauust
And thereof nigh one quarter shear'd away;
But Guyon's angry blade so fierce did play
On th' other's helmet, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bar'd all his head unto the bone;
Where-with astonish'd, still he stood as
senseless stone.

XXXII.

Still as he stood, fair Phædria, that beheld
That deadly danger, soon atween them ran;
And at their feet herself most humbly fell'd,
Crying with piteous voice, and count'naice
wan,
"Ah, well away! most noble lords, how can
Your cruel eyes endure so piteous sight,
To shed your lives on ground? Woe worth
the man,
That first did teach the cursed steel to bite
In his own flesh, and make way to the living
spright!"

XXXIII.

"If ever love of lady did empierce
Your iron breasts or pity could find place,
Withhold your bloody hands from battle
fierce;

And, sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stayour deadly strife a space."
They stay'd awhile: and forth she gan proceed:

"Most wretched woman and of wicked race,
That am the author of this heinous deed,
And cause of death between two doughty
knights do breed!

XXXIV.

"But if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kind of battle, nor these
arms

Are meet, the which do men in bale to sterve,
And doleful sorrow heap with deadly harms:
Such cruel game my scarmoges disarms.
Another war, and other weapons, I
Do love, where Love does give his sweet
alarms

Without bloodshéd, and where the enemy
Does yield unto his foe a pleasant victory.

XXXV.

"Debateful strife, and cruel enmity,
The famous name of knight hood foully
shend;

But lovely peace, and gentle amity,
And in amours the passing hours to spend,
The mighty martial hands do most commend;

Of love they ever greater glory bore
Than of their arms: Mars is Cupido's friend,
And is for Venus' loves renowned more
Than all his wars and spoils, the which he
did of yore."

XXXVI.

The ewith she sweetly smiled. They, though
full bent

To prove extremities of bloody fight,
Yet at her speech their rages gan relent,
And calm the sea of their tempestuous spite:
Such pow'r have pleasing words! Such is
the might

Of courteous clemency in gentle heart!
Now after all was ceased, the Faery knight
Besought that damsel suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other
part.

XXXVII.

She no less glad than he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her joy
And vain delight she saw he light did pass,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemn sad, or still disdainful coy;
Delighting all in arms and cruel war,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did
annoy,

Troubled with terror and unquiet jar
That she well pleasèd was thence to amove
him far.

XXXVIII.

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift
boat

Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waves did lightly float,
And soon arrivèd on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome Guyon sallied forth to land,
And to that damsel thanks gave for reward.
Upon that shore he spied Atin stand,
There by his master left, when late he fared
In Phædras' fleet bark over that perulous
shard.

XXXIX.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with Pyrocles sharp debatement made:
Straight gan he him revile, and bitter rate,
As shepherd's cur, that in dark evening's
shade

Hath trackèd forth some savage beast's
tread:

"Vile miscreant," said he, "whither dost
thou fly

The shame and death, which will thee soon
invade?

What coward hand shall do thee next to die,
That art thus foully fled from famous enemy?"

. XL.

With that he stiffly shook his steel-head dart:
But sober Guyon hearing him so rail,
Though somewhat movèd in his mighty
heart,

Yet with strong reason mast' red passion frail,
And passèd fairly forth; he, turning tail,
Back to the strand retirèd, and there still
stay'd,

Awaiting passage, which him late did fail;
The whiles Cymochles with that wanton
maid

The hasty heat of his avow'd revenge delay'd

XLI.

Whilſt there the varlet ſtood, he ſaw from
far
An armèd knight that towards him faſt ran;
He ran on foot, as if in luckleſs war
His fórlorn ſteed from him the victor wan:
He ſeemèd breathleſs, heartleſs, faint and
wan;
And all his armour ſprinkled was with blood.
And ſoil'd with dirty gore, that no man can
Diſcern the hue thereof, he never ſtood,
But bent his haſty courſe towards the Idle
flood.

XLII.

The varlet ſaw, when to the flood he came
How without ſtop or ſtay he fiercely leapt,
And deep himſelf beduckèd in the ſame,
That in the lake his lofty creſt was ſteep'd
Ne of his ſafety ſeemèd care he kept;
But with his raging arms he rudely flaſh'd
The waves about, and all his armour ſwept,
That all the blood and filth away was waſh'd;
Yet ſtill he beat the water, and the billows
daſh'd.

XLIII.

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote be;
For much he wond' red at that úncouth ſight;
Whom ſhould he be but his own dear lord there
ſee,
His own dear lord Pyrochles in ſad plight,
Ready to drown himſelf for fell deſpite:
“ Harrow * now, out and well away!” he
cried,
“ What diſmal day hath lent this curſèd light,
To ſee my lord ſo deadly damnified?
Pyrochles, O Pyrochles, what is thee betide?”

XLIV.

“ I burn, I burn, I burn,” then loud he cried,
“ O how I burn with implacáble fire!
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming
ſide,
Nor ſea of liquor cold, nor lake of mire;
Nothing but death can do me to reſpire.”
“ Ah! be it,” ſaid he, “ from Pyrochles far
After purſuing death once to require,
Or think, that ought thoſe uiſſant hands
may mar:
Death is for wretches born under unhappy
ſtar.”

* Haro was an exclamation anciently uſed
by the Normans to call for help or to raiſe
the hue and cry.

XLV.

“ Perdy,† then is it fit for me,” ſaid he,
“ That am, I ween, moſt wretched man
alive;
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I ſee,
And, dying daily, daily yet revive:
O Atin, help to me laſt death to give!”
The varlet at his plaint was grieved ſo ſore,
That his deep-wounded heart in two did
riſe;
And his own health rememb'ring now ne
more,
Did follow that enſample which he blamed
afore.

XLVI.

Into the lake he leapt his lord to aid,
(So love the dread of danger doth deſpise,)
And, of him catching hold, him ſtrongly
ſtay'd
From drowning; but more happy, he than
wiſe
Of that ſea's nature did him not avize:
The waves therco! ſo ſlow and ſluggiſh
were,
Engroſt with mud which did them foul
agriſe,
That every weighty thing they did upbear,
Ne ought mote ever ſink down to the bottom
there.

XLVII.

Whiles thus they ſtruggled in that Idle wave,
And ſtrove in vain, the one himſelf to drown,
The other both from drowning for to ſave;
Lo! to that ſhore one in an ancient gown,
Whoſe hoary locks great gravity did crown,
Holding in hand a goodly arming ſword,
By fortune came, led with the troublous
ſowne:
Where drenchèd deep he found in that dull
ford
The careful ſervant ſtriving with his raging
lord.

XLVIII.

Him Atin ſpying knew right well of yore,
And loudly call'd; “ Help! help, O Archi-
mage,
To ſave my lord in wretched plight forlore;
Help with thy hand, or with thy counſel ſage:
Weak hands, but counſel is moſt ſtrong in
age.”

† An expletive ſaid to come from “par Dieu.”

Him when the old man saw, he wond' red
 sore
 To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage:
 Yet sithens help, he saw, he needed more
 Than pity, he in haste approachèd to the
 shore.

XLIX.

And call'd; "Pyrochles, what is this I see?
 What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
 Furious ever I knew thee to be,
 Yet never in this strange astonishment."
 "These flames, these flames!" he cried,
 "do me torment!"
 "What flames," quoth he, "when I thee
 present see
 In danger rather to be drent than Brent?"
 "Harrow! the flames which me consume,"
 said he,
 "Ne can be quench'd, within my secret
 bowels be.

L.

"That cursèd man, that cruel fiend of hell,
 Furor, oh! Furor hath me thus bedight;

His deadly wounds within my liver swell,
 And his hot fire burns in my entrails bright.
 Kindled through his infernal brand of spite
 Sith late with him I battle vain would boast;
 That now I ween Jove's dreaded thunder
 light
 Does scorch not half so sore, nor damnèd
 ghost
 In flaming Phlegethon does not so felly
 roast."

LI.

Which whenas Archimago heard, his grief
 He knew right well, and him at once dis-
 arm'd:
 Then search'd his secret wounds, and made
 a priefe
 Of every place that was with bruising harm'd,
 Or with the hidden fire inly warm'd.
 Which done, he balms and herbs thereto
 applied, [charm'd;
 And evermore with mighty spells them
 That in short space he has them qualified,
 And him restored to health, that would have
 algates died.

CANTO VII.

Guyon finds Mammon in a delve
 Sunning his treasures here; *
 Is by him tempted, and led down
 To see his secret store.

I.

As pilot well expert in perilous wave,
 That to a steadfast star his course hath bent,
 When foggy mists or cloudy tempests have
 The faithful light of that fair lamp yblent,
 And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment;
 Upon his card and compass firms his eye,
 The masters of his long experiment,
 And to them does the steady helm apply,
 Bidding his wingèd vessel fairly forward fly:

II.

So Guyon having lost his trusty guide,
 Late left beyond that Idle Lake, proceeds
 Yet on his way, of none accompanied;
 And evermore himself with comfort feeds

Of his own virtues and praise-worthy deeds.
 So, long he yode, yet no adventure found,
 Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy
 reads: [ground,
 For still he travell'd through wide wasteful
 That nought but desert wilderness show'd
 all around.

III.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
 Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heav-
 en's light,
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
 An uncouth, savage, and uncivil wight,
 Of grisly hue and foul ill-favour'd sight;
 His face with smoke was tann'd, and eyes
 were bear'd,
 His head and beard with soot were ill bedigh'

* Sordid—not "hoar" in this place.

His coal-black hands did seem to have been
 sear'd
 In smith's fire-spitting forge, and nails like
 claws appear'd.

IV.

His iron coat all overgrown with rust,
 Was underneath envelop'd with gold;
 Whose glist'ring gloss, dark'ned with filthy
 dust,
 Well yet appear'd to have been of old
 A work of rich entayle and curious mould,
 Woven with antics and wild imagery:
 And in his lap a mass of coin he told,
 And turn'd upside down to feed his eye
 And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

V.

And round about him lay on every side
 Great heaps of gold that never could be
 spent;
 Of which some were rude ore, not purified
 Of Mulciber's *devouring element;
 Some others were new driven, and distent
 Into great ingots and to wedges square;
 Some in round plates withouten moniment:
 But most were stamp'd, and in their metal
 bare
 The antique shapes of kings and Kaisers
 strange and rare.

VI.

Soon as he Guyon saw, in great affright
 And haste he rose for to remove aside
 Those precious hills from stranger's envious
 sight,
 And down them pour'd through an hole full
 wide
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide:
 But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stav'd
 His hand that trembled as one terrified;
 And though himself were at the sight dis-
 may'd,
 Yet him perforce restrain'd, and to him
 doubtful said;

VII.

"What art thou, man, (if man at all thou art),
 That here in desert hast thine habitation,
 And these rich heaps of wealth dost hide
 apart
 From the world's eye, and from her right
 usance?"
 Thereat, with staring eyes fix'd askance,

* Vulcan.

In great disdain he answer'd: "Hardy Elf,
 That darest view my direful countenance!
 I read thee rash and heedless of thyself,
 To trouble my still seat and heaps of pre-
 cious pelf.

VIII.

"God of the world and worldings I me call,
 Great Mammon, greatest god below the sky,
 That of my plenty pour out unto all,
 And unto none my graces do envy:
 Riches, renown, and principality,
 Honour, estate, and all this world's good,
 For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth have their eternal
 brood.

IX.

"Wherefore if me thou deign to serve and
 sue,
 At thy command lo! all these mountains be:
 Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view,
 All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
 Ten times so much be numb'rd frank and
 free."
 "Mammon," said he, "thy godhead's vaunt
 is vain,
 And idle offers of thy golden fee;
 To them that covet such eye-glutting gain
 Proffer thy gifts, and fitter servants entertain.

X.

"Me ill besits, that in der-doing arms,
 And honour's suit my vow'd days do spend,
 Unto thy bounteous baits and pleasing
 charms,
 With which weak men thou witchest, to
 attend;
 Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend
 And low abase the high heroic spright,
 That joys for crowns and kingdoms to con-
 tend:
 Fair shields, gay steeds, bright arms, be my
 delight;
 Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous
 knight."

XI.

"Vain glorious Elf," said he, "dost not thou
 weet,
 That money can thy wants at will supply?
 Shields, steeds, and arms, and all things for
 thee meet,
 It can purvey in twinkling of an eye;

And crowns and kingdoms to thee multiply.
Do not I kings create, and throw the crown
Sometimes to him that low in dust doth lie;
And him that reigned into his room thrust
down;
And, whom I lust, do heap with glory and
renown?"

XII.

"All otherwise," said he, "I riches read,
And deem them root of all disquietness;
First got with guile, and then preserved with
dread,
And after spent with pride and lavishness,
Leaving behind them grief and heaviness:
Infinite mischiefs of them do arise;
Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitterness,
Outrageous wrong and hellish covetise;
That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth
despise.

XIII.

"Ne thine be kingdoms, ne the sceptres
thine; [found,
But realms and rulers thou dost both con-
And loyal truth to treason dost incline:
Witness the guiltless blood pour'd off on
ground;
The crown'd often slain; the slayer crown'd;
The sacred diadem in pieces rent;
And purple robe gor'd with many a wound;
Castles surpris'd; great cities sack'd and
brent;
So mak'st thou kings, and gainest wrongful
government!"

XIV.

Long were to tell the troublous storms that
toss
The private state, and make the life unsweet;
Who swelling sails in Caspian sea doth cross,
And in frail wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
Doth not, I ween, so many evils meet."
Then Mammon waxing wroth, "And why
then," said,
"Are mortal men so fond and indiscreet
So evil thing to seek unto their aid;
And, having not, complain, and, having it
upbraid?"

XV.

"Indeed," quoth he, "through foul intem-
perance,
Frail men are oft captiv'd to covetise:
But would they think with how small allow-
ance

Untroubled nature doth herself suffice,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares impeach our native
joys,
At the well head the purest streams arise;
But mucky filth his branching arms annoys,
And with uncomely weeds the gentle wave
accloys.

XVI.

"The antique world, in his first flow'ring
youth,
Found no defect in his Creator's grace;
But with glad thanks, and unreprov'd truth,
The gifts of sovereign bounty did embrace:
Like angel's life was then men's happy case:
But later ages' pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abused her plenty and fat-swoll'n increase
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her mean and natural first
need.

XVII.

"Then gan a curs'd hand the quiet womb
Of his great Grandmother with steel to
wound.
And the hid treasures in her sacred tomb
With sacrilege to dig: therein he found
Fountains of gold and silver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did com-
pound;
Then Avarice gan through his veins inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devour-
ing fire."

XVIII.

"Son," said he then, "let be thy bitter scorn
And leave the rudeness of that antique age
To them, that lived therein in state forlorn.
Thou, that dost live in later times must
wage
Thy works for wealth, and life for gold
engage.
If then thee list my off'red grace to use,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:
But thing refus'd do not afterward accuse."

XIX.

"Me list not," said the Elfin knight, "re-
ceive
Thing off'red, till I know it well be got;
Ne wote I but thou didst these goods
bercave
From rightful owær by unrighteous lot,

Or that blood-guiltiness or guile them blot."
 "Perdy," quoth he, "yet never eye did view,
 Ne tongue did tell, ne hand these handled not;
 But safe I have them kept in secret mew
 From heaven's sight and pow'r of all which
 them pursue."

XX.

*What secret place," quoth he, "can safely
 held
 So huge a mass, and hide from heaven's eye?
 Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much
 gold
 Thou canst preserve from wrong and rob-
 bery?"
 "Come, thou," quoth he, "and see." So by
 and by
 Through that thick covert he him led, and
 found
 A darksome way, which no man could descry,
 That deep descended through the hollow
 ground,
 And was with dread and horror compassèd
 around.

XXI.

At length they came into a larger space,
 That stretch'd itself into an ample plain,
 Through which a beaten broad highway did
 trace,
 That straight did lead to Pluto's grisly
 rayne:
 By that way's side there sate infernal Pain,
 And fast beside him sate tumultuous Strife;
 The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
 The other brandishèd a bloody knife;
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both
 did threaten life.

XXII.

On th' other side in one consòrt there sate
 Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,
 Disloyal Treason, and heart-burning Hate;
 But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
 And trembling Fear still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place where safe he shroud
 him might:
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie;
 And Shame his ugly face did hide from living
 eye.

XXIII.

And over them sad Horror with grim hue
 Did always soar, beating his iron wings;

And after him owls and night-ravens flew,
 The hateful messengers of heavy things,
 Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
 Whiles sad Celeno,* sitting on a cliff,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That heart of flint asunder could have rift;
 Which having ended, after him she flieth
 swift.

XXIV.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay;
 By whom they passing spake unto them
 nought.
 But th' Elfin knight with wonder all the way
 Did feed his eyes, and fill'd his inner thought.
 At last him to a little door he brought,
 That to the gate of hell, which gapèd wide,
 Was next adjoining, ne them parted ought:
 Betwixt them both was but a little stride,
 That did the House of Riches from Hell-
 mouth divide.

XXV.

Before the door sate self-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For fear lest Force or Fraud should unaware
 Break in, and spoil the treasure there in
 guard:
 Ne would he suffer Sleep once thither-warld
 Approach, albe his drowsy den were next;
 For next to Death is Sleep to be comparèd:
 Therefore his house is unto his annex:
 Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hell-gate
 them both betwixt.

XXVI.

So soon as Mammon there arrivèd, the door
 To him did open and afforded way:
 Him follow'd eke Sir Guyon evermore,
 Ne darkness him ne danger might dismay.
 Soon as he ent'red was the door straightway
 Did shut, and from behind it forth there
 leapt
 An ugly fiend, more foul than dismal day;
 The which with monstrous stalk behind him
 stept,
 And ever as he went due watch upon him
 kept.

XXVII.

Well hopèd he, ere long that hardy guest,
 If ever covetous hand, or lustful eye,
 Or lips he laid on thing that liked him best,
 Or ever sleep his eye-strings did untie,

* One of the harpies.

Should be his prey: and therefore still on high
 He over him did hold his cruel claws,
 Threat'ning with greedy gripe to do him die,
 And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws,
 If ever he transgress'd the fatal Stygian laws.

XXVIII.

That house's form within was rude and
 strong,
 Like an huge cave hewn out of rocky clift,
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches
 hung
 Embost with massy gold of glorious gift;
 And with rich metal loaded every rift,
 That heavy ruin they did seem to threat;
 And over them Arachne high did lift
 Her cunning web, and spread her subtle net,
 Enwrapped in foul smoke and clouds more
 black than jet.

XXIX.

Both roof, and floor, and walls, were all of
 gold,
 But overgrown with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darkness, that none could behold
 The hue thereof; for view of cheerful day
 Did never in that house itself display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertain light;
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;
 Or as the moon, clothèd with cloudy night,
 Does show to him that walks in fear and sad
 affright.

XXX.

In all that room was nothing to be seen
 But huge great iron chests, and coffers strong,
 All barr'd with double bands, that none
 could ween
 Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
 On every side they placèd were along.
 But all the ground with skulls was scattered
 And dead men's bones, which round about
 were flung;
 Whose lives, it seemèd, whylome there were
 shed,
 And their vile carcasses now left unburied.

XXXI.

They forward pass; ne Guyon yet spoke
 word
 Till that they came unto an iron door,
 Which to them openèd of his own accord,
 And show'd of riches such exceeding store,
 As eye of man did never see before,
 Ne ever could within one place be found,

Though all the wealth, which is or was of
 yore,
 Could gather'd be through all the world
 around,
 And that above were added to that under
 ground.

XXXII.

The charge thereof unto a covetous spright
 Commanded was, who thereby did attend,
 And warily awaited day and night,
 From other covetous fiends it to defend,
 Who it to rob and ransack did intend.
 Then Mammon, turning to that warrior, said:
 "Lo, here the world's bliss! lo, here the end
 To which all men do aim, rich to be made!
 Such grace now to be happy is before thee
 laid."

XXXIII.

"Certes," said he, "I n'll thine offred
 grate,
 Ne to be made so happy do intend!
 Another bliss before mine eyes I place,
 Another happiness, another end.
 To them, that list, these base regards I lend:
 But I in arms, and in achievements brave,
 I'o rather choose my fleeting hours to spend,
 And to be lord of those that riches have,
 Than them to have myself, and be their ser-
 vile slave."

XXXIV.

Thereat the fiend his gnashing teeth did
 grate, [prey;
 And grieved, so long to lack his greedy
 For well he weenèd that so glorious bait
 Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay:
 Had he so done, he had him snatch'd away
 More light than culver in the falcon's fist:
 Eternal God thee save from such decay!
 But, whenas Mammon saw his purpose
 miss'd
 Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

XXXV.

Thence, forward he him led and shortly
 brought,
 Unto another room, whose door forthright
 To him did open as it had been taught:
 Therein an hundred ranges weren pight,
 And hundred furnaces all burning bright
 By every furnace many fiends did bide,
 Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
 And every fiend his busy pains applied
 To melt the golden metal, ready to be tried.

XXXVI.

One with great bellows gather'd filling air,
 And with forced wind the fuel did inflame;
 Another did the dying brands repair
 With iron tongs, and sprinkled of the same
 With liquid waves, fierce Vulcan's rage to
 tame,
 Who, mast'ring them, renew'd his former
 heat:
 Some scumm'd the dross that from the
 metal came;
 Some stirr'd the molten ore with ladles
 great:
 And every one did swinck, and every one
 did sweat.

XXXVII.

But, when an earthly wight they present saw
 Glist'ring in arms and battailous array,
 From their hot work they did themselves
 withdraw
 To wonder at the sight; for, till that day,
 They never creature saw that came that way:
 Their staring eyes, sparkling with fervent
 fire
 And ugly shapes, did nigh the Man dismay,
 That, were it not for shame, he would retire;
 Till that him thus bespake their sovereign
 lord and sire:

XXXVIII.

"Behold, thou Faery's son, with mortal eye
 That living eye before did never see!
 The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,
 To weet whence all the wealth late show'd
 by me
 Proceeded, lo! now is reveal'd to thee.
 Here is the fountain of the world's good!
 Now therefore, if thou wilt enrichèd be,
 Advise thee well, and change thy wilful mood;
 Lest thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be
 withstood."

XXXIX.

"Suffice it then, thou money-god," quoth he,
 "That all thine idle offers I refuse.
 All that I need I have; what needeth me
 With such vain shows thy worldlings vile
 abuse:
 But give me leave to follow mine emprise."
 Mammon was much displeas'd, yet no'te
 he choose
 But bear the rigour of his bold mesprise:
 And thence him forward led, him further to
 entice.

XL.

He brought him, through a darksome nar-
 row straight,
 To a broad gate all built of beaten gold:
 The gate was open; but therein did wait
 A sturdy villain, striding stiff and bold,
 As if the Highest God defy he would:
 In his right hand an iron club he held,
 But he himself was all of golden mould,
 Yet had both life and sense, and well could
 wield [quell'd.
 That cursèd weapon, when his cruel foes lie

XLI.

Disdain he callèd was, and did disdain
 To be so call'd, and who so did him call:
 Stern was his look, and full of stomach vain;
 His portance terrible, and stature tall,
 Far passing th' height of men terrestrial;
 Like an huge giant of the Titans' race:
 That made him scorn all creatures great and
 small,
 And with his pride all others pow'r deface;
 More fit amongst black fiends than men to
 have his place.

XLII.

Soon as those glittering arms he did espy,
 That with their brightness made that dark-
 ness light,
 His harmful club he gan to hurtle high,
 And threaten battle to the Faery knight;
 Who likewise gan himself to battle dight,
 Till Mammon did his hasty hand withhold,
 And counsel'd him abstain from perilous
 fight;
 For nothing might abash the villain bold,
 Ne mortal steel empierce his miscreated
 mould.

XLIII.

So having him with reason pacified,
 And that fierce carle commanding to forbear,
 He brought him in. The room was large
 and wide,
 As it some guild or solemn temple were;
 Many great golden pillars did upbear
 The massy roof, and riches huge sustain:
 And every pillar deckèd was full dear
 With crowns, and diadems, and titles vain,
 Which mortal princes wore whiles they on
 earth did reign.

XLIV.

A rout of people there assembled were,
 Of every sort and nation under sky,

Which with great uproar pressèd to draw
near,
To th' upper part, where was advancèd high
A stately siege of sovereign majesty ;
And thereon sate a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royalty,
That never earthly prince in such array
His glory did enhance, and pompous pride
display.

XLV.

Her face right wondrous fair did seem to be,
That her broad beauty's beam great bright-
ness threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might
it see ;
Yet was not that same her own native hue,
But wrought by art and counterfeited shew,
Thereby more lovers unto her to call ;
Nathless most heavenly fair in deed and
view
She by creation was, till she did fall ;
Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloak
her crime withal.

XLVI.

There, as in glist'ring glory she did sit,
She held a great gold chain ylinkèd well,
Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell ;
And all that press did round about her swell
To catchen hold of that long chain, thereby
To climb aloft, and others to excel ;
That was Ambition, rash desire to sty,
And every link thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII.

Some thought to raise themselves to high
degree
By riches and unrighteous reward,
Some by close should'ring ; some by flattery ;
Others through friends ; others for base re-
gard ;
And all, by wrong ways, for themselves pre-
pared .
Those, that were up themselves, held others
low [hard,
Those, that were low themselves, held others
Ne suff'ered them to rise or greater grow ;
But every one did strive his down to
throw.

XLVIII.

Which whenas Guyon saw he gan inquire,
What meant that press about that lady's
throne,

And what she was that did so high aspire?
Him Mammon answerèd ; " That goodly one,
Whom all that folk with such contention
Do flock about, my dear, my daughter is :
Honour and dignity from her alone
Derived are, and all this world's bliss
For which ye men do strive ; few get, but
many miss :

XLIX.

" And fair Philotimè she rightly hight,
The fairest wight that wonneth under sky,
But that this darksome nether world her light
Doth dim with horror and deformity,
Worthy of heaven and high felicity,
From whence the gods have her for envy
thrust :
But, sith thou hast found favour in mine
eye, [lust ;
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou
That she may thee advance for works and
merits just."

L.

" Gramercy, Mammon," said the gentle
knight,
" For so great grace and offer'd high estate ;
But I, that am frail flesh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for such immortal mate
Myself well wote, and mine unequal fate ;
And were I not, yet is my troth yplight,
And love avow'd to other lady late,
That to remove the same I have no might :
To change love causeless is reproach to
warlike knight."

LI.

Mammon emmovèd was with inward wrath ;
Yet, forcing it to feign, him forth thence led,
Through grisly shadows by a beaten path,
Into a garden goodly garnishèd
With herbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not
be read.
Not such as earth out of her fruitful womb,
Throws forth to men, sweet and well sa-
vourèd,
But direful deadly black, both leaf and bloom,
Fit to adorn the dead and deck the dreary
tomb.

LII.

There mournful cypress grew in greatest
store ;
And trees of bitter gall ; and ebon sad
Dead sleeping poppy ; and black hellebore ;
Cold coloquintida ; and tetra mad ;

Mortal samnitas; and cicuta bad,
 With which th' unjust Athenians made to die
 Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,
 Pour'd out his life and last philosophy
 To the fair Critias, his dearest belamy!

LIII.

The garden of Proserpina this hight:
 And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
 With a thick arbour goodly over dight,
 In which she often used from open heat
 Herself to shroud, and pleasures to entreat:
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
 With branches broad dispread and body
 great,
 Clothèd with leaves, that none the wood
 mote see, [be.
 And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might

LIV.

Their fruit were golden apples glist'ring
 bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold;
 On earth like never grew, ne living wight
 Like ever 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' Eubæan young
 man wana, [outran.
 Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her

LV.

Here also sprang that goodly golden fruit,
 With which Acontius got his lover true,
 Whom he had long time sought with fruit-
 less suit:
 Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
 The which amongst the gods false Ate threw;
 For which th' Idæan ladies disagreed,
 Till partial Paris deem'd it Venus' due,
 And had of her fair Helen for his meed,
 That many noble Greeks and Trojans made
 to bleed.

LVI.

The warlike Elf much wond' red at this tree,
 So fair and great, that shadow'd all the
 ground;
 And his broad branches laden with rich fee,
 Did stretch themselves without the utmost
 bound

Of this great garden, compass'd with a
 mound:
 Which over-hanging, they themselves did
 steep
 In a black flood, which flow'd about it round;
 That is the river of Cocytus deep,
 In which full many souls do endless wail
 and weep.

LVII.

Which to behold he clomb up to the bank;
 And, looking down, saw many damnèd
 wights
 In those sad waves, which direful deadly
 stank,
 Plungèd continually of cruel sprights,
 That with their piteous cries, and yelling
 shrights,
 They made the further shore resounden
 wide:
 Amongst the rest of those same rueful sights,
 One cursèd creature he by chance espied,
 That drenchèd lay full deep under the
 garden side.

LVIII.

Deep was he drenchèd to the upmost chin,
 Yet gapèd still as coveting to drink
 Of the cold liquor which he waded in;
 And, stretching forth his hand, did often
 think
 To reach the fruit which grew upon the
 brink;
 But both the fruit from hand, and flood from
 mouth,
 Did fly aback, and made him vainly swinck;
 The whiles he starved with hunger and with
 drowth
 He daily died, yet never throughly dyen
 couth.

LIX.

The knight, him seeing labour so in vain,
 Ask'd who he was, and what he meant
 thereby?
 Who, groaning deep, thus answer'd him
 again;
 "Most cursèd of all creatures under sky,
 Lo Tantalus, I here tormented lie!
 Of whom high Jove wont whylome feasted
 be;
 Lo, here I now for want of food do die!
 But, if that thou be such as I thee see,
 Of grace I pray thee give to eat and drink
 to me!"

LX.

"Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus," quoth he,
 "Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
 And, unto all that live in high degree,
 Ensamble be of mind intemperate,
 To teach them how to use their present
 state."

Then gan the cursèd wretch aloud to cry,
 Accusing highest Jove and gods ingrate;
 And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
 As author of injustice, there to let him die.

LXI.

He look'd a little further, and espied
 Another wretch, whose carcass deep was
 drent

Within the river which the same did hide:
 But both his hands most filthy feculent,
 Above the water were on high extent,
 And feign'd to wash themselves incessantly,
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
 But rather fouler seemèd to the eye;
 So lost his labour vein and idle industry.

LXII.

The knight, him calling, askèd who he was?
 Who, lifting up his head, him answer'd thus;
 "I Pilate am, the falsest judge, alas!
 And most unjust; that by unrighteous
 And wicked doom, to Jews despiteous
 Deliver'd up the Lord of Life to die,
 And did acquit a murd'rer felonous;
 The whiles my hands I wash'd in purity,
 The whiles my soul was soil'd with foul
 iniquity."

LXIII.

Infinite moe tormented in like pain
 He there beheld, too long here to be told:
 Ne Mammon would there let him long re-
 main,
 For terrors of the tortures manifold,
 In which the damnèd souls he did behold,
 But roughly him bespake: "Thou fearful
 fool,
 Why takest not of that same fruit of gold?"

Ne sittest down on that same silver stool,
 To rest thy weary person in the shadow
 cool?"

LXIV.

All which he did to do him deadly fall
 In frail intemperance through sinful bait;
 To which if he inclinèd had at all,
 That dreadful fiend, which did behind him
 wait,
 Would him have rent in thousand pieces
 straight.
 But he was wary wise in all his way,
 And well perceivèd his deceitful sleight,
 Ne suff'red lust his safety to betray:
 So goodly did beguile the guiler of his prey.

LXV.

And now he has so long remainèd there,
 That vital pow'rs gan wax both weak and
 wan
 For want of food and sleep, which two up-
 bear,
 Like mighty pillars, this frail life of man,
 That none without the same enduren
 can:
 For now three days of men were full out-
 wrought.
 Since he this hardy enterprize began:
 Forthy great Mammon fairly he besought
 Into the world to guide him back, as he him
 brought.

LXVI.

The god, though loth, yet was constrain'd
 t' obey,
 For longer time, than that, no living wight
 Below the earth might suff'red be to stay.
 So back again him brought to living light.
 But all so soon as his enfeebled spright
 Gan suck this vital air into his breast,
 As overcome with too exceeding might,
 The life did flit away out of her nest,
 And all his senses were with deadly fit
 opprest.

CANTO VIII.

Sir Guyon, laid in swoon, is by
 Acrates' sons despoil'd;
 Whom Arthur soon hath rescuèd,
 And Paynim brethren foil'd.

I.

AND is there care in heaven? And is there
 love

In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is: else much more wretched were
 the case

Of men than beasts: but O! th' exceeding
 grace

Of Highest God that loves His creatures so,
 And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessèd angels He sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wick-
 ed foe!

II.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
 To come to succour us that succour want!
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The fitting skies, like flying purstivant,
 Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
 They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
 And their bright squadrons round about us
 plant;

And all for love and nothing for reward:
 O, why should Heavenly God to men have
 such regard!

III.

During the while that Guyon did abide
 In Mammon's house, the palmer, whom
 whyleare

That wanton maid of passage had denied,
 By further search had passage found else-
 where;

And, being on his way, approachèd near
 Where Guyon lay in trance; when suddenly
 He heard a voice that callèd loud and clear,
 "Come hither, come hither, O! come
 hastily!" [ful cry]

That all the fields resoundèd with the rue-

IV.

The palmer lent his ear unto the noise,
 To weet who callèd so impòrtunely:
 Again he heard a more efforcèd voice,
 That bade him come in haste: he by and by

His feeble feet directed to the cry;
 Which to that shady delve him brought at
 last,

Where Mammon erst did sun his treasury:
 There the good Guyon he found slumb'ring
 fast

In senseless dream; which sight at first him
 sore aghast.

V.

Beside his head there sat a fair young man,
 Of wondrous beauty and of freshest years,
 Whose tender bud to blossom new began,
 And flourish fair above his equal peers:
 His snowy front, curlèd with golden hairs
 Like Phœbus' face adorn'd with sunny rays,
 Divinely shone; and two sharp wingèd
 shears,

Deckèd with diverse plumes, like painted
 jay's,

Were fixèd at his back to cut his airy ways.

VI.

Like as Cupido on Idæan hill,
 When having laid his cruel bow away
 And mortal arrows wherewith he doth fill
 The world with murd'rous spoils and bloody
 prey,

With his fair mother he him dights to play,
 And with his goodly sisters, Graces three;
 The goddess, pleasèd with his wanton play,
 Suffers herself through sleep beguiled to be,
 The whiles the other ladies mind their merry
 glee.

VII.

Whom when the palmer saw, abash'd he was
 Through fear and wonder, that he nought
 could say, [alas,

Till him the Child bespoke; "Long lack'd,
 Hath been thy faithful aid in hard assay!
 Whiles deadly fit thy pupil doth dismay,
 Behold this heavy sight, thou reverend sire!
 But dread of death and dolour do away;
 For life ere long shall to her home retire,
 And he, that breathless seems, shall courage
 bold respire.

VIII.

"The charge, which God doth unto me ar-
rett,
Of his dear safety I to thee commend ;
Yet will I not forego, ne yet forget
The care thereof myself unto the end,
But evermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou, I
pray;
For evil is at hand him to offend."
So having said, eftssoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanish'd
quite away.

IX.

The palmer seeing his left empty place,
And his slow eyes beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore afraid, and standing still a space,
Gazed after him, as fowl escaped by flight:
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan
try;
Where finding life not yet dislodged quite,
He much rejoiced, and cour'd it tenderly,
(As chicken newly hatch'd,) from dreaded
destiny.

X.

At last he spied where towards him did pace
Two Paynim knights all arm'd as bright as
sky,
And them beside an aged sire did trace,
And far before a light-foot page did fly
That breathèd strife and troublous enmity.
Those were the two sons of Acrates old,
Who, meeting erst with Archimago oly
Foreby that Idle Strand, of him were told
That he, which erst them combated, was
Guyon bold.

XI.

Which to avenge on him they dearly vow'd,
Wherever that on ground they mote him
find;
False Archimage provoked their courage
proud,
And strifeful Atin in their stubborn mind
Coals of contention and hot vengeance tynde.
Now been they come whereas the palmer
sate,
Keeping that slumb'red corse to him as-
sign'd:
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody arms they rashly did
debate.

XII.

Whom when Pyrochles saw, inflamed with
rage
That sire he foul bespake; "Thou dotard
vile,
That with thy bruteness shendst thy comely
age,
Abandon soon, I read, the caitiff spoil
Of that same outcast carcass, that erewhile
Made itself famous through false treachery,
And crown'd his coward crest with knightly
style;
Lo! where he now inglorious doth lie,
To prove that he lived ill, that did thus
foully die."

XIII.

To whom the palmer fearless answerèd;
"Certes, sir knight, ye been too much to
blame.
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
And with foul cowardice his carcass shame
Whose living hands immortalized his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold;
And envy base to bark at sleeping fame:
Was never wight that treason of him told
Yourself his prowess proved, and found him
fierce and bold."

XIV.

Then said Cymochles; "Palmer, thou dost
dote,
Ne canst of prowess ne of knighthood deem,
Save as thou seest or hear'st: but well I
wote,
That of his puissance trial made extreme:
Yet gold all is not that doth go'den seem;
Ne all good knights that shake well spear
and shield:
The worth of all men by their end esteem;
And then due praise or due reproach them
yield:
Bad therefore I him deem that thus lies
dead on field."

XV.

"Good or bad," gan his brother fierce reply,
"What do I reck, sith that he died entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
The greedy hunger of revenging ire,
Sith wrathful hand wrought not her own
desire?
Yet, since no way is left to wreak my spite,
I will him reave of arms, the victor's hire,

And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deck'd in armour bright?"

XVI.

"Fair sir," said then the palmer suppliant,
"For knighthood's love do not so foul a deed,
Ne blame your honour with so shameful vaunt
Of vile revenge: to spoil the dead of weed
Is sacrilege, and doth all sins exceed:
But leave these relics of his living might
To deck his hearse, and trap his tomb-black steed."

"What hearse or steed," said he, "should he have dight,
But be entombèd in the raven or the kite?"

XVII.

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
And th' other brother gan his helm unlace;
Both fiercely bent to have him disarray'd:
Till that they spied where towards them did pace

An armèd knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
Whose squire bore after him an ebon lance,
And cover'd shield: well kenn'd him so far space

Th' enchanter by his arms and amenance,
When under him he saw his Lybian steed to prance;

XVIII.

And to those brethren said; "Rise, rise bilive,

And unto battle do yourselves address;
For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,
Prince Arthur, flow'r of grace and nobillesse,
That hath to Paynim knights wrought great distress,

And thousand Sar'cens foully done to die."
That word so deep did in their hearts impress,
That both eftsoones upstartèd furiously,
And gan themselves prepare to battle greedily

XIX.

But fierce Pyrochles, lacking his own sword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plain,
And Archimage besought, him that afford
Which he had brought for Braggadochio vain,

"So would I," said th' enchanter, "glad and fain
Beteem to you this sword, you to defend,
Or ought that else your honour might maintain;
But that this weapon's pow'r I well have kenn'd
To be contrary to the work which ye intend:

XX.

"For that same knight's own sword this is, of yore
Which Merlin made by his almighty art
For that his nursling, when he knighthood swore,
Therewith to do his foes eternal smart.
The metal first he mixt with medæwart,
That no enchantment from his dint might save;
Then it in flames of Etna wrought apart,
And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
Of hellish Styx, which hidden virtue to it gave.

XXI.

"The virtue is, that neither steel nor stone
The stroke thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne ever may be usèd by his fone;
Ne forced his rightful owner to offend;
Ne ever will it break, ne ever bend;
Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
In vain therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend
The same to thee, against his lord to fight;
For sure it would deceive thy labour and thy might."

XXII.

"Foolish old man," said then the Pagan wroth,
"That weenest words or charms may force withstond. [troth,
Soon shalt thou see, and then believe for
That I can carve with this enchanted brood
His lord's own flesh." Therewith out of his hond
That virtuous steel he rudely snatch'd away
And Guyon's shield about his wrist he bond
So ready dight, fierce battle to assay,
And match his brother proud in battailous array.

XXIII.

By this that stranger knight in presence came,
And goodly salvèd them; who nought again

Him answerèd, as courtesy became ;
 But with stern looks, and stomachous disdain,
 Gave signs of grudge and discontentment
 Then, turning to the palmer he gan spy
 Where at his feet, with sorrowful demayne
 And deadly hue, an armèd corse did lie,
 In whose dead face he read great magnanimity

XXIV.

Said he then to the palmer ; " Reverend sire,
 What great misfortune hath betide this knight ?
 Or did his life her fatal date expire,
 Or did he fall by treason, or by fight ?
 However, sure I rue his piteous plight ! "
 " Not one, nor other," said the palmer grave,
 " Hath him befall'n ; but clouds of deadly night
 Awhile his heavy eyelids cover'd have,
 And all his senscs drowned in deep senseless wave :

XXV.

" Which those his cruel foes, that stand
 hereby,
 Making advantage, to revenge their spite,
 Would him disarm and threaten shamefully ;
 Unworthy usage of redoubted knight !
 But you, fair sir, whose honourable sight
 Doth promise hope of help and timely grace,
 Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
 And by your pow'r protect his feeble case !
 First praise of knighthood is, foul outrage
 to deface.

XXVI.

" Palmer," said he, " no knight so rude, I
 ween,
 As to do outrage to a sleeping ghost :
 Ne was there ever noble courage seen,
 That in advantage would his puissance
 boast :
 Honour is least, where odds appeareth most,
 May be. that better reason will assuage
 The rash revengers' heat. Words, well dis-
 post,
 Have secret pow'r t' appease inflamed rage :
 If not, leave unto me thy knight's last pa-
 tronage."

XXVII.

Tho, turning to those brethren, thus be-
 spoke ;
 " Ye warlike pair, whose valorous great might

It seems, just wrongs to vengeance do pro-
 voke,
 To wreak your wrath on this dead-seeming
 knight,
 Mote ought allay the storm of your despite ;
 And settle patience in so furious heat ?
 Not to debate the challenge of your right,
 But for his carcass pardon I entreat,
 Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest
 seat."

XXVIII.

To whom Cymochles said ; " For what art
 thou,
 That mak'st thyself his days-man, to pro-
 long
 The vengeance press'd ? Or who shall let
 me now,
 On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
 And make his carcass as the outcast dong ?
 Why should not that dead carrion satisfy,
 The guilt, which, if he lived had thus long,
 His life for due revenge should dear aby ?
 The trespass still doth live, albee the person
 die."

XXIX.

" Indeed," then said the prince, " the evil
 done
 Dies not, when breath the body first doth
 leave ;
 But from the grandsire to the nephew's son
 And all his seed the curse doth often cleave,
 Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave :
 So straightly God doth judge. But gentle
 knight,
 That doth against the dead his hand uprear,
 His honour stains with rancour and despite,
 And great disparagement makes to his for-
 mer might."

XXX.

Pyrochles gan reply the second time,
 And to him said ; " Now, felon, sure I read,
 How that thou art partaker of his crime :
 Therefore by Termagaunt thou shalt be
 dead."
 With that, his hand, more sad than lump of
 lead,
 Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure,
 His own good sword Morddure, to cleave
 his head.
 The faithful steel no treason no'uld endure,
 But, swerving from the mark, his lord's life
 did assure.

XXXI.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
That horse and man it made to reel aside ;
Nathless the prince would not forsake his
sell,

(For well of yore he learnèd had to ride,)
But full of anger fiercely to him cried ;
" False traitor, miscreant, thou broken hast
The law of arms, to strike foe undefied :
But thou thy treason's fruit I hope shalt
taste

Right sour, and feel the law, the which thou
hast defaced."

XXXII.

With that his baleful spear he fiercely bent
Against the Pagan's breast, and therewith
thought

His cursèd life out of her lodge have rent :
But, ere the point arrivèd where it ought,
That seven-fold shield which he from Guyon
brought,

He cast between to ward the bitter stownd
Through all those folds the steelhead pas-
sage wrought,

And through his shoulder pierced ; where-
with to ground

He grovelling fell, all gorèd in his gushing
wound.

XXXIII.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with
great grief

And wrath, he to him leapèd furiously,
And foudly said ; " By Mahoune, cursèd
thief,

That direful stroke thou dearly shalt aby."

Then, hurling up his harmful blade on high,
Smote him so hugely on his haughty crest,
That from his saddle forcèd him to fly :

Else mote it needs down to his manly breast
Have cleft his head in twain, and life thence
disposset.

XXXIV.

Now was the prince in dangerous distress,
Wanting his sword, when he on foot should
fight :

His single spear could do him small redress
Against two foes of so exceeding might,
The least of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he erst did daunt,
Had rear'd himself again to cruel fight
Three times more furious and more puissant,
Unmindful of his wound, of his fate ignorant.

XXXV.

So both at once him charge on either side
With hideous strokes and importable power,
That forcèd him his ground to traverse
wide.

And wisely watch to ward that deadly stwre :
For on his shield, as thick as stormy shower,
Their strokes did rain ; yet did he never quail,
Ne backward shrink ; but as a steadfast tow'r,
Whom foe with double batt'ry doth assail ;
Them on her bulwark bears, and bids them
nought avail.

XXXVI.

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay ;
Till that at last, when he advantage spied,
His poignant spear he thrust with puissant
sway

At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was
wide,

That through his thigh the mortal steel did
gyde :

He, swerving with the force, within his flesh
Did break the lance, and let the head abide :
Out of the wound the red blood flowèd fresh,
That underneath his feet soon made a purple
plesh.

XXXVII.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rail,
Cursing his gods, and himself damning deep,
Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle
Adown so fast, and all his armour steep,
For very fellness loud he gan to weep,
And said ; " Caitiff, curse on thy cruel hand,
That twice hath sped ; yet shall it not thee
keep

From the third brunt of this my fatal brand,
Lo, where the dreadful Death behind thy
back doth stand !"

XXXVIII.

With that he struck, and th' other struck
withal.

That nothing seem'd mote bear so mon-
strous might :

The one upon his cover'd shield did fall,
And glancing down would not his owner bite,
But th' other did upon his truncheon smite ;
Which hewing quite asunder, further way,
It made, and on his hacqueton did light,
The which dividing with impùrtune sway,
It seized in his right side, and there the dint
did stay.

XXXIX.

Wide was the wound, and a large lukewarm
 blood,
 Red as the rose, thence gushèd grievously ;
 That when the Paynim spied the streaming
 blood,
 Gave him great heart and hope of victory.
 On th' other side, in huge perplexity
 The prince now stood, having his weapon
 broke ;
 Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did
 lie :
 Yet with his truncheon he so rudely stroke
 Cymochles twice, that twice him forced his
 foot revoke.

XL.

Whom when the palmer saw in such distress,
 Sir Guyon's sword he lightly to him raught,
 And said ; " Fair son, great God thy right
 hand bless,
 To use that sword so well as he it ought ! "
 Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage
 fraught,
 When as again he armèd felt his hond :
 Then like a lion, which had long time sought
 His robbèd whelps, and at the last them fond
 Amongst the shepherd swains, then waxeth
 wood and yond :

XLI.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blows
 On either side, that neither mail could hold,
 Ne shield defend the thunder of his throws :
 Now to Pyrochles many strokes he told ;
 Eft to Cymochles twice so many fold ;
 Then, back again turning his busy hand,
 Them both at once compell'd with courage
 bold
 To yield wide way to his heart-thrilling
 brand ;
 And though they both stood stiff, yet could
 not both withstand.

XLII.

As savage bull, whom two fierce mastiffs
 bait,
 When rancour doth with rage him once en-
 gore,
 Forgets with wary ward them to await,
 But with his dreadful horns them drives
 afore,
 Or flings aloft, or treads down in the floor,
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain
 That all the forest quakes to hear him roar ;

So raged Prince Arthur twixt his foemen
 twain,
 That neither could his mighty puissance
 sustain.

XLIII.

But ever at Pyrochles when he smit,
 (Who Guyon's shield cast over him before,
 Whereon the Faery Queen's portrait was
 writ,)
 His hand relented and the stroke forbore,
 And his dear heart the picture gan adore ;
 Which oft the Paynim saved from deadly
 stowre :
 But him henceforth the same can save no
 more ;
 For now arrivèd is his fatal hour,
 That no'te avoided be by earthly skill or
 pow'r.

XLIV.

For when Cymochles saw the foul reproach,
 Which them appeachèd ; prick'd with guilty
 shame
 And inward grief, he fiercely gan approach,
 Resolved to put away that loathly blame,
 Or die with honour and desert of fame ;
 And on the hauberk struck the prince so sore,
 That quite disparted all the linkèd frame,
 And piercèd to the skin, but bit no more ;
 Yet made him twice to reel, that never
 moved afore.

XLV.

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp
 regret,
 He struck so hugely with his borrow'd
 blade,
 That it empierced the Pagan's burganet ;
 And, cleaving the hard steel, did deep invade
 Into his head, and cruel passage made
 Quite through his brain : he, tumbling
 down on ground,
 Breath'd out his ghost, which, to th' infernal
 shade
 Fast flying, there eternal torment found
 For all the sins wherewith his lewd life did
 abound.

XLVI.

Which when his german saw, the stony fear
 Ran to his heart, and all his sense dismay'd ;
 Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appear :
 But, as a man whom hellish fiends have
 fray'd,

Long trembling still he stood ; at last thus
 said ; [may
 " Traitor, what hast thou done ! How ever
 Thy cursèd hand so cruelly have swayèd
 Against that knight ! Harrow and well
 away ! [day !"
 After so wicked deed why liv'st thou longer

XLVII.

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
 And with revenge desiring soon to die,
 Assembling all his force and utmost might,
 With his own sword he fierce at him did fly,
 And struck and foin'd, and lash'd out-
 rageously,
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
 The prince, with patience and sufferance sly,
 So hasty heat soon coolèd to subdue :
 Tho, when this breathless woxe, that battle
 gan renew.

XLVIII.

As when a windy tempest bloweth high,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy
 stowre, [fly ;
 The clouds, as things afraid, before him
 But, all so soon as his outrageous pow'r
 Is laid, they fiercely then begin to show'r ;
 And, as in scorn of his spent stormy spite,
 Now all at once their malice forth do pour :
 So did Prince Arthur bear himself in fight,
 And suff'rd rash Pyrochles waste his idle
 might.

XLIX.

At last whenas the Saracen perceived
 How the strange sword refused to serve his
 need, [deceived ;
 But, when he struck most strong, the dint
 He flung it from him ; and, devoid of dread,
 Upon him lightly leaping without heed
 Twixt his two mighty arms engraspèd fast,
 Thinking to overthrow and down him tread :
 But him in strength and skill the prince
 surpass'd,
 And through his nimble sleight did under
 him down cast.

L.

Nought bootèd it the Paynim then to strive ;
 For as a bitter in the eagle's claw,
 That may not hope by flight to 'scape alive,
 Still waits for death with dread and tremb-
 ling awe,
 So he, now subject to the victor's law,
 Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,

For vile disdain and rancour, which did gnaw
 His heart in twain with sad melancholy ;
 As one that loathèd life, and yet despised to
 die.

LI.

But, full of princely bounty and great mind,
 The conqueror nought carèd him to slay ;
 But, casting wrongs and all revenge behind,
 More glory thought to give life than decay,
 And said ; " Paynim, this is thy dismal day ;
 Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreance,
 And my true liegeman yield thyself for aye,
 Life will I grant thee for thy valiance,
 And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my
 sovenance."

LII.

" Fool," said the pagan, " I thy gift defy,
 But use thy fortune, as it doth befall ;
 And say, that I not overcome do die,
 But in despite of life for death do call."
 Wroth was the prince, and sorry yet withal,
 That he so willtully refusèd grace ;
 Yet, sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
 His shining helmet he gan soon unlace,
 And left his headless body bleeding all the
 place.

LIII.

By this, Sir Guyon from his trance awaked,
 Life having masterèd her senseless foe ;
 And looking up, whenas his shield he lack'd
 And sword saw not, he waxèd wondrous
 woe :
 But when the palmer, whom he long ago
 Had lost, he by him spied, right glad he grew,
 And said ; " Dear sir, whom wand'ring to
 and fro
 I long have lack'd, I joy thy face to view ;
 Firm is thy faith, whom danger never fro
 me drew.

LIV.

" But read what wicked hand hath robbèd
 me [mer, glad
 Of my good sword and shield ?" The pal-
 With so fresh hue uprising him to see,
 Him answerèd : " Fair son, be no whit sad
 For want of weapons ; they shall soon be
 had."
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
 Which that strange knight for him sustainèd
 had,
 And those two Saracens confounded late,
 Whose carcasses on ground were horribly
 prostrate."

LV.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens
true,
His heart with great affection was embay'd,
And to the prince, with bowing reverence
due,
As to the patron of his life, thus said ;
" My lord, my liege, by whose most gracious
aid
I live this day, and see my foes subdued,
What may suffice to be for me repaid
Of so great graces as ye have me shew'd,
But to be ever bound"—

LVI.

To whom the Infant * thus ; " Fair sir, what
need
Good turns be counted, as a servile bond,
To bind their doers to receive their meed ?
Are not all knights by oath bound to with-
stand [hond ?
Oppressors' pow'r by arms and puissant
Suffice, that I have done my due in place."
So goodly purpose they together fond
Of kindness and of courteous aggrace,
The whiles false Archimage and Atin fled
apace.

CANTO IX.

The House of Temperance, in which
Doth sober Alma dwell,
Besieged of many foes, whom strange-
er knights to fight compel.

I.

OF all God's works, which do this world
adorn,
There is no one more fair and excellent
Than is man's body, both for power and
form,
Whiles it is kept in sober government ;
But none than it more foul and indecent,
Distemp'red through misrule and passions
base ;
It grows a monster, and incontinent
Doth lose his dignity and native grace :
Behold, who list, both one and other in this
place.

II.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The Briton prince recov'ring his stolen sword
And Guyon his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passèd on their way in fair accord,
Till him the prince with gentle court did
board ; [read,
" Sir knight, mote I of you this court'sy
To weet why on your shield, so goodly scored,
Bear ye the picture of that lady's head ?
Full lively is the semblant, though the sub-
stance dead."

III.

" Fair sir," said he, " if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and virtue in vain shew

What mote ye ween, if the true lively head
Of that most glorious visage ye did view !
But if the beauty of her mind ye knew,
That is, her bounty, and imperial power.
Thousand times fairer than her mortal hue,
O ! how great wonder would your thoughts
devour,
And infinite desire into your spirit pour !

IV.

" She is the mighty Queen of Faëry,
Whose fair retraits I in my shield do bear ;
She is the flower of grace and chastity,
Throughout the world renownèd far and
near,
My life, my liege, my sovereign, my dear
Whose glory shineth as the morning star,
And with her light the earth enlumines
clear ;
Far reach her mercies, and her praises far,
As well in state of peace, as puissance in
war."

V.

" Thrice happy man," said then the Briton
knight,
" Whom gracious lot and thy great valiance
Have made thee soldier of that princess
bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenance

* In the sense of *Childe* or *Prince*.

Doth bless her servants, and them high advance!
How may strange knight hope ever to aspire,
By faithful service and meet amenance
Unto such bliss? sufficient were that hire
For loss of thousand lives, to die at her desire."

VI.

Said Guyon, "Noble lord, what meed so great,
Or grace of earthly prince so sovereign,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and easily attain?
But were your will her sold to entertain,
And numb'red be mongst Knights of Maidenhead, [main,
Great Guerdon, well I wote, should you re-
And in her favour high be reckonèd,
As Arthegall and Sophy now been honourèd."

VII.

"Certes," then said the prince, "I God avow,
That sith I arms and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath been, and yet is now,
To serve that queen with all my power and might. [light
Now hath the sun with his lamp-burning
Walk'd round about the world, and I no less,
Sith of that goddess I have sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happiness
Heaven doth to me envy and fortune favour-
less."

VIII.

"Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce,
Seldom," said Guyon, "yields to virtue aid,
But in her way throws mischief and mischance,
Whereby her course is stopt and passage stay'd.
But you, fair sir, be not herewith dismay'd,
But constant keep the way in which ye stand;
Which were it not that I am else delay'd
With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
I labour would to guide you through all
Faery land."

IX.

"Gramercy sir," said he; "but mote I weet
What strange adventure do ye now pursue?"

Perhaps my succour or advizement meet
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdue."

Then gan Sir Guyon all the story shew
Of false Acrasia, and her wicked wiles;
Which to avenge, the palmer him forth drew
From Faery court. So talkèd they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measured
many miles.

X.

And now fair Phœbus gan decline in haste
His weary waggon to the western vale,
Whenas they spied a goodly castle, placed
Foreby a river in a pleasant dale;
Which choosing for that evening's hospital
They thither march'd; but when they came
in sight,
And from their sweaty coursers did avale,
They found the gates fast barrèd long ere
night,
And every loup fast lock'd, as fearing foes'
despite.

XI.

Which when they saw, they weened foul
reproach
Was to them done, their entrance to fore-
stall;
Till that the squire gan nigher to approach,
And wind his horn under the castle wall,
That with the noise it shook as it would fall.
Eftsoones forth lookèd from the highest
spire
Thewatch, and loud unto the knights did call,
To weet what they so rudely did require:
Who gently answerèd, their entrance did
desire.

XII.

"Fly, fly, good knights," said he, "fly fast
away,
If that your lives ye love, as meet ye should;
Fly fast and save yourselves from near de-
cay;
Here may ye not have entrance, though we
would:
We would and would again, if that we could;
But thousand enemies about us rave,
And with long siege us in this castle hold:
Seven years this wise they us besiegèd have,
And many good knights slain that have us
sought to save."

XIII.

Thus as he spoke, lo! with outrageous cry
A thousand villains round about them
swarm'd

Out of the rocks and caves adjoining nigh;
Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformed,
All threat'ning death, all in strange manner
arm'd;

Some with unwieldy clubs, some with long
spears,

Some rusty knives, some staves in fire
warm'd:

Stern was their look; like wild amaz'd
Staring with hollow eyes, and stiff upstand-
ing hairs.

XIV.

Fiercely at first those knights they did assail,
And drove them to recoil: but when again
They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to
fail,

Unable their encounter to sustain;
For with such puissance and impetuous
main

Those champions broke on them, that forced
them fly,

Like scatter'd sheep, whenas the shepherds'
swain

A lion and a tiger doth espy,
With greedy pace forth rushing from the
forest nigh.

XV.

A while they fled, but soon return'd again
With greater fury than before was found;
And evermore their cruel captain
Sought with his rascal routs t'enclose them
round,

And, overrun, to tread them to the ground:
But soon the knights with their bright-burn-
ing blades

Broke their rude troops, and orders did con-
found,

Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;
For though they bodies seem, yet substance
from them fades.

XVI.

As when a swarm of gnats at eventide
Out of the fens of Allan do arise,
Their murmuring small trumpets sounden
wide,

Whiles in the air their clust'ring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seem to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest or take repast

For their sharp wounds and noyous injuries,
Till the fierce northern wind with blust'ring
blast

Doth blow them quite away, and in the
ocean cast.

XVII.

Thus when they had that troublous rout
dispersed,

Unto the castle gate they come again,
And entrance craved, which was denied erst.
Now when report of that their perilous pain,
And cumbrous conflict which they did sus-
tain, [dwell,

Came to the lady's ears which there did
She forth issued with a goodly train
Of squires and ladies equipag'd well,
And entertained them right fairly, as befell.

XVIII.

Alma she call'd was; a virgin bright,
That had not yet felt Cupid's wanton rage;
Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle knight,
And many a lord of noble parentage,
That sought with her to link in marriage:
For she was fair, as fair mote ever be,
And in the flower now of her freshest age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modesty,
That even heaven rejoic'd her sweet face to
see.

XIX.

In robe of lily white she was array'd,
That from her shoulder to her heel down
raught;

The train whereof loose far behind her
stray'd, [wrought,
Branch'd with gold and pearl most richly
And borne of two fair damsels which were
taught

That service well: her yellow golden hair
Was trimly woven, and in tresses wrought,
Ne other tire she on her head did wear,
But crown'd with a garland of sweet rosiers.

XX.

Goodly she entertain'd those noble knights,
And brought them up into her castle hall;
Where gentle court and gracious delight
She to them made, with mildness virginal,
Shewing herself both wise and liberal.
There when they rested had a season due,
They her besought of favour special
Of that fair castle to afford them view:
She granted; and, them leading forth, the
same did shew.

XXI.

First she them led up to the castle wall,
That was so high as foe might not it climb:
And all so fair and fencible withal;
Not built of brick, ne yet of stone and lime,
But of thing like to that Egyptian slime,
Whereof king Nine whylome built Babel
tow'r:

But O great pity, that no longer time
So goodly workmanship should not endure!
Soon it must turn to earth: no earthly thing
is sure.

XXII.

The frame thereof seem'd partly circular,
And part triangular: O work divine!
Those two the first and last proportions are;
The one imperfect, mortal, feminine!
Th' other immortal, perfect, masculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the
base,

Proportion'd equally by seven and nine;
Nine was the circle set in heaven's place:
All which compacted, make a goodly diapase.

XXIII.

Therein two gates were placèd seemly well:
The one before, by which all in did pass,
Did th' other far in workmanship excel;
For not of wood, nor of enduring brass,
But of more worthy substance framed it
was:

Doubly disparted, it did lock and close,
That, when it lockèd, none might thorough
pass,

And, when it open'd, no man might it close;
Still open'd to their friends, and closèd to
their foes.

XXIV.

Of hewen stone the porch was fairly wrought,
Stone more of value, and more smooth and
fine,

Than jet or marble far from Ireland brought;
Over the which was cast a wand'ring vine,
Enchasèd with a wanton ivy twine:
And over it a fair portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline

With comely compass and compacture
strong,
Neither unseemly short, nor yet exceeding
long.

XXV.

Within the barbican a porter sate,
Day and night duly keeping watch and ward;

Nor wight nor word mote pass out of the
gate,
But in good order, and with due regard;
Utterers of secrets he from thence debarr'd,
Babblers of folly, and blazers of crime:
His larum-bell might loud and wide be hard
When cause required, but never out of time;
Early and late it rung, at evening and at
prime.

XXVI.

And round about the porch on every side
Twice sixteen warders sat, all armèd bright
In glist'ring steel, and strongly fortified:
Tall yeomen seemèd they and of great might,
And were enragèd ready still for fight.
By them as Alma passèd with her guests,
They did obeisance, as besecmèd right,
And then again returnèd to their rests:
The porter eke to her did lout with humble
gests.

XXVII.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall,
Wherein were many tables fair dispread,
And ready dight with drapets festival,
Against the viands should be minist' red.
At th' upper end there sate yclad in red
Down to the ground, a come'y personage,
That in his hand a white rod menagèd;
He steward was, hight Diet; ripe of age,
And in demeanour sober, and in counsel
sage.

XXVIII.

And through the hall there walkèd to and
fro

A jolly yeoman, marshal of the same,
Whose name was Appetite; he did bestow
Both guests and meat, whenever in they
c m;

And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the steward bade. They both attone
Did duty to their lady, as became;
Who, passing by, forth led her guests anon
Into the kitchen room, ne spared for nice
ness none.

XXIX.

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,
With many ranges rear'd along the wall.
And one great chimney, whose long tunnel
thence
The smoke forth threw: and in the midst
of all
There placèd was a caldron wide and tall

Upon a mighty furnace, burning hot,
More hot than Etn^o, or flaming Mongiball:
For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
So long as any thing it in the caldron got.

XXX.

Put to delay the heat, lest by mischance
It might break out and set the whole on fire,
There added was by goodly ordinance
An huge great pair of bellows, which did
stir
Continually, and cooling breath inspire.
About the caldron many cooks accoyl'd
With hooks and ladles, as need did require;
The whiles the viands in the vessel boil'd,
They did about their business sweat, and
sorely toil'd.

XXXI.

The master cook was call'd Concoction;
A careful man, and full of comely guise:
The kitchen clerk, that hight Digestion,
Did order all th' achâtes* in seemly wise,
And set them forth, as well he could devise,
The rest had several offices assign'd;
Some to remove the scum as it did rise;
Others to bear the same away did mind;
And others it to use according to his kind.

XXXII.

But all the liquor, which was foul and waste,
Not good nor serviceable else for ought,
They in another great round vessel placed,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought;
And all the rest, that noyous was and nought,
By secret ways, that none might it espy,
Was close convey'd, and to the backgate
brought,
That cleepèd was Port Esquiline, whereby
It was avoided quite, and thrown out privily.

XXXIII.

Which goodly order and great workman's
skill [delight
Whenas those knights beheld, with rare
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;
For never had they seen so strange a sight.
Thence back again fair Alma led them right,
And soon into a goodly parlour brought,
That was with royal arras richly dight,
In which was nothing portrayèd nor wrought;
Not wrought nor portrayèd, but easy to be
thought:

* Achâtes is in the Folio written "Cates,"
cakes or provisions.

XXXIV.

And in the midst thereof upon the floor
A lovely bevy of fair ladies sate,
Courtèd of many a jolly paramour,
The which them did in modest wise amate,
And each one sought his lady to aggrate;
And eke amongst them little Cupid play'd
His wanton sports, being returnèd late
From his fierce wars, and having from him
laid
His cruel bow, wherewith he thousands hath
dismay'd.

XXXV.

Diverse delights they found themselves to
please;
Some sang in sweet consòrt; some laugh'd
for joy; [ease;
Some play'd with straws; some idly sat at
But other some could not abide to toy,
All pleasance was to them grief and annoy:
This frown'd; that fawn'd; the third for
shame did blush;
Another seemèd envious, or coy;
Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:
But at these strangers' presence every one
did hush.

XXXVI.

Soon as the gracious Alma came in place,
They all at once out of their seats arose,
And to her homage made with humble grace:
Whom when the knights beheld, they gan
dispose
Themselves to court, and each a damsel
chose:
The prince by chance did on a lady light,
That was right fair and fresh as morning
rose,
But somewhat sad and solemn eke in sight,
As if some pensive thought constrain'd her
gentle spright.

XXXVII.

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, she was array'd;
And in her hand a poplar branch did hold:
To whom the prince in courteous manner
said:
"Gentle Madâme, why been ye thus dis-
may'd,
And your fair beauty do with sadness spill?
Lives any that you hath thus ill appay'd?
Or do you love, or do you lack your will?
Whatever be the cause, it sure beseems you
ill."

XXXVIII.

"Fair sir," said she, half in disdainful wise,
 "How is it that this word in me ye blame,
 And in yourself do not the same advise?
 Him ill beseems another's fault to name,
 That may unwares be blotted with the same:
 Pensive I yield I am, and sad in mind,
 Through great desire of glory and of fame;
 Ne ought I ween are ye therein behind,
 That have twelve months sought One, yet
 nowhere can her find."

XXXIX.

The prince was inly movèd at her speech,
 Well weeting true what she had rashly told;
 Yet with fair semblant sought to hide the
 breach,
 Which change of colour did perforce unfold,
 Now seeming flaming hot now stony cold:
 Tho, turning soft aside, he did inquire
 What wight she was that poplar branch did
 hold:
 It answer'd was, her name was Praise-desire,
 That by well-doing sought to honour to
 aspire.

XL.

The whiles the Faery knight did entertain
 Another damsel of that gentle crew,
 That was right fair and modest of demayne,
 But that too oft she changed her native hue:
 Strange was her tirc, and all her garment
 blue, [plight:
 Close round about her tuck'd with many a
 Upon her fist the bird, which shunneth view
 And keeps in coverts close from living wight,
 Did sit, as yet ashamed how rude Pan did
 her dight.

XLI.

So long as Guyon with her communèd,
 Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
 And ever and anon with rosy red
 The bashful blood her snowy cheeks did dye,
 That her became as polish'd ivory
 Which cunning craftsman hand hath over-
 laid
 With fair vermilion or pure castory.
 Great wonder had the knight to see the maid
 So strangely passionèd, and to her gently
 said,

XLII.

"Fair damsel seemeth by your troubled
 cheer,
 That either me too bold ye ween, this wise

You to molest, or other ill to fear
 That in the secret of your heart close lies,
 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 discure, assay
 'To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may."

XLIII.

She answer'd nought, but more abash'd for
 shame
 Held down her head, the whiles her lovely
 face
 The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
 And the strong passion marr'd her modest
 grace,
 That Guyon marvel'd at her uncouth case,
 Till Alma him bespake; "Why wonder ye,
 Fair sir, at that which ye so much embrace?
 She is the fountain of your modesty;
 You shamefast are, but Shamefastness itself
 is she."

XLIV

Thereat the Elf did blush in privacy,
 And turn'd his face away; but she the same
 Dissembled fair, and feign'd to oversee.
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly
 game [dame,
 Themselves did solace each one with his
 Till that great lady thence away them sought
 To view her castle's other wondrous frame;
 Up to a stately turret she them brought,
 Ascending by ten steps of alabaster wrought.

XLV.

That turret's frame most admirable was,
 Like highest heaven compass'd around,
 And lifted high above this earthly mass,
 Which it surview'd, as hills do lower ground:
 But not on ground mote like this to be found;
 Not that, which antique Cadmus whylome
 built
 In Thebes, which Alexander did confound;
 Nor that proud tow'r of Troy, though richly
 gilt,
 From which young Hector's blood by cruel
 Greeks was spilt.

XLVI.

The roof hereof was archèd over head,
 And deck'd with flowers and her bars daint-
 ily;
 Two goodly beacons, set in watches' stead,
 Therein gave light, and flamed continually:

For they of living fire most subtilly
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
Cover'd with lids devised of substance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O, who can tell the praises of that maker's
might !

XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell,
This part's great workmanship and wondrous power
That all this other world's work doth excel,
And likest is unto that heavenly tower
That God hath built for His own blessed
bower. [stages ;
Therein were divers rooms, and divers
But three the chiefest and of greatest power,
In which there dwelt three honourable sages :
The wisest men, I ween, that livèd in their
ages.

XLVIII.

Not he, whom Greece, the nurse of all good
arts,
By Phœbus' doom the wisest thought alive,*
Might be compared to these by many parts :
Nor that sage Pylïan sire † which did survive
Three ages, such as mortal men contrive,
By whose advice old Priam's city fell,
With these in praise of policies mote strive.
These three in these three rooms did sundry
dwell,
And counselled fair Alma how to govern
well.

XLIX.

The first of them could things to come fore-
see ;
The next could of things present best advise :
The third things past could keep in memory :
So that no time nor reason could arise,
But that the same could one of these com-
prise.
Forthy the first did in the forepart sit,
That nought mote hinder his quick preju-
dice ;
He had a sharp foresight and working wit
That never idle was, ne once would rest a
whit.

L.

His chamber was disappointed all within
With sundry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of things dispersèd thin :
Some such as in the world were never yet,

* Socrates.

† Nestor.

Ne can devizèd be of mortal wit ;
Some daily seen and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies do flit ;
Infernal hags, centaurs, fiends, hippodames. †
Apes, lions, eagles, owls, fools, lovers, chil-
dren, dames.

LI.

And all the chamber fillèd was with flies
Which buzzèd all about, and made such
sound [eyes ;
That they encumb'red all men's ears and
Like many swarms of bees assembled round ;
After their hives with honey do abound.
All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
Devices, dreams, opinions unsound,
Shows, visions, sooth-says, and prophesies ;
And all that feignèd is, as leasings, tales,
and lies.

LII.

Amongst them all sate he which wonnèd
there,
That hight Plantastes § by his nature true ;
A man of years yet fresh, as mote appear,
Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hue,
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 deem him born with ill-disposèd skies,
When oblique Saturn sate in th' house of
agonies.

LIII.

Whom Alma having showèd to her guests,
Thence brought them to the second room,
whose walls
Were painted fair with memorable gests
Of famous wizards ; || and with picturals
Of magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of commonwealths, of states, of policy,
Of laws, of judgments, and of décrets, all
All arts, all science, all philosophy,
And all that in the world was aye thought
wittily.

LIV.

Of those that room was full ; and them among
There sate a man of ripe and perfect age, ¶

† Hippopotamuses or sea-horses.

§ The Imagination.

|| Wizards here means wise men. Sir John Cheke, in his translation of St. Matthew's gospel, styles the Wise Men or Magi "Wizards."

¶ The Judgment.

Whoe did them meditate all his life long,
That through continual practise and usage
He now was grown right wise and wondrous
sage:
Great pleasure had those stranger knights
to see
His goodly reason and grave personage,
That his disciples both desired to be:
But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost
room of three.

LV.

That chamber seemèd ruinous and old,
And therefore was removèd far behind,
Yet were the walls, that did the same up-
hold,
Right firm and strong, though somewhat
they declined;
And therein sat an old, old man, half blind,*
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
And recompensèd them with a better score:
Weak body well is changed for mind's re-
doubled force.

LVI.

This man of infinite remembrance was,
And things foregone through many ages
held,
Which he recorded still as they did pass,
Ne suff'red them to perish through long eld,
As all things else the which this world doth
weld;
But laid them up in his immortal scryne,
Where they forever incorrupted dwell'd:
The wars he well rememb'red of king Nine,†
Of old Assarachus, ‡ and Inachus § divine.

LVII.

The years of Nestor nothing were to his,
Ne yet Methusalah, though longest lived;
For he rememb'red both their infancies;
Ne wonder then if that he were deprived

* The Memory.

† Ninus.

‡ The great-grandfather of Eneas.

§ The founder of Argos.

Of native strength now that he them sur-
vived.

His chamber all was hang'd about with rolls
And old records from ancient times derived,
Some made in books, some in long parch-
ment scrolls;
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker
holes.

LVIII.

Amidst them all he in a chair was set,
Tossing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unable them to fett,
A little boy did on him still attend
To reach, whenever he for ought did send;
And oft when things were lost, or laid amiss,
That boy them sought and unto him did
lend:
Therefore he Anamnestes clepèd is;
And that old man Eumnestes, by their prop-
erties.

LIX.

The knights there ent'ring did him reverence
due,
And wond'red at his endless exercise.
Then as they gan his library to view,
And antique registers for to avise,
There chanced to the prince's hand to rise
An ancient book, hight *Briton Moniments*,
That of this land's first conquest did devise,
And old division into regiments,
Till it reduced was to one man's govern-
ments.

LX.

Sir Guyon chanced eke on another book,
That hight *Antiquity of Faery Lond*: ||
In which whenas he greedily did look,
Th' offspring of Elves and Faeries there he
fond,
As it deliver'd was from hand to hond:
Whereat they, burning both with fervent fire
Their country's ancestry to understand,
Craved leave of Alma and tl at aged sire
To read those books; who gladly granted
their desire.

|| These words are spelt for the rhyme only.

CANTO X.

A chronicle of Briton kings,
From Brute to Uther's reign;
And rolls of Elfin emperors,
Till time of Gloriane.*

I.

WHO now shall give unto me words and
sound
Equal unto this haughty enterprize?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which
from ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift itself unto the highest skies?
More ample spirit than hitherto was wont
Here needs me, whiles the famous ancestries
Of my most dreaded sovereign I recount,
By which all earthly princes she doth far
surmount.

II.

Ne under sun that shines so wide and fair,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and
light,
Lives ought that to her lineage may compare;
Which though from earth it be derivèd right,
Yet doth itself stretch forth to heaven's
height,
And all the world with wonder overspread;
A labour huge, exceeding far my might:
How shall frail pen, with fear disparagèd,
Conceive such sovereign glory and great
bountyhed!

III.

Argument worthy of Mæonian quill;
Or rather worthy of great Phœbus' rote,
Whereon the ruins of great Ossa hill,
And triumphs of Phlegræan Jove, he wrote,
That all the gods admired his lofty note.
But, if some relish of that heavenly lay
His learnèd daughters would to me report
To deck my song withal, I would assay
Thy name, O sovereign Queen, to blazon
far away.

IV.

Thy name, O sovereign Queen, thy realm
and race,
From this renownèd prince derivèd are,

* Elizabeth.

Who mightily upheld that royal mace
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descendèd
far
From mighty kings and conquerors in war.
Thy father, and great grandfathers of old,
Whose noble deeds above the northern star
Immortal fame for ever hath enroll'd;
As in that old man's book they were in
order told.

V.

The land which warlike Britons now pos-
sess,
And therein have their mighty empire raised,
In antique times was savage wilderness,
Unpeopled, unmanured, unproved, un-
praised;
Ne was it island then, ne was it payed
Amid the ocean waves, ne was it sought
Of merchants far for profits therein praisèd;
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By sea to have been from the Celtic main-
land brought.

VI.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
Till that the venturous mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to
save,
Which all along the southern sea-coast lay
Threat'ning unheedy wreck and rash decay,
For safety that same his sea-mark made,
And named it AIBION: † but later day,
Finding in it fit ports for fishers' trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to
invade.

VII.

But far inland a savage nation dwelt
Of hideous giants, and half-beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodness felt;
But wild like beasts lurking in loathsome
den,
And flying fast as roebuck through the fen,

† White Island.

All naked without shame or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoiling livened;
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That sons of men amazed their sternness to
 behold.

VIII.

But whence they sprang, or how they were
 begot,
Uneath is to assure; uneath to ween,
That monstrous error which doth some
 assott,
That Dioclesian's fifty daughters sheen
Into this land by chance have driven been;
Where compan'ing with fiends and filthy
 sprights
Through vain illusion of their lust unclean,
They brought forth giants and such dread-
 ful wights
As far exceeded men in their immeasured
 mights.

IX.

They held this land, and with their filthi-
 ness
Polluted this same gentle soil long time;
That their own mother loath'd their beastli-
 ness,
And gan abhor her broods' unkindly crime,
All were *they born of her own native slime:
Until that Brutus, anciently derived
From royal stock of old Assarac's line,
Driven by fatal error here arrived,
And them of their unjust possession de-
 pried.

X.

But ere he had establishèd his throne,
And spread his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great battles with his savage fone;
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many giants left on groaning floor,
That well can witness yet unto this day
The western Hogh, † besprinkled with the
 gore
Of mighty Goëmot, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquerèd, and cruelly did slay.

XI.

And eke that ample Pit, yet far renown'd
For the large leap which Debon did compel
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of ground,
Into the which returning back he fell:

* Although they were.

† Camden calls it the Haw.

But those three monstrous stones do most
 excel,
Which that huge son of hideous Albion,
Whose father Hercules in France did quell,
Great Godmer threw, in fierce contention,
At bold Canutus; but of him was slain anon.

XII.

In meed of these great conquests by them
 got,
Corineus had that province utmost west
To him assignèd for his worthy lot
Which of his name and memorable gest
He callèd Cornwall, yet so callèd best:
And Debon's share was, that is Devonshire:
But Canute had his portion from the rest,
The which he callèd Canutum, for his hire;
Now Cantium, which Kent we commonly
 inquire.

XIII.

Thus Brute this realm unto his rule subdued,
And reignèd long in great felicity,
Loved of his friends, and of his foes es-
 chew'd:
He left three sons, his famous progeny,
Born of fair Inogen of Italy;
Mongst whom he parted his imperial state,
And Locrine left chief lord of Britanny.
At last ripe age bade him surrender late
His life, and long good fortune, unto final
 fate.

XIV.

Locrine was left the sovereign lord of all;
But Albanact had all the northern part,
Which of himself Albania he did call;
And Camber did possess the western quart,
Which Severn now from Logris doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enjoy'd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in
 heart,
That once their quiet government annoy'd;
But each his pains to others' profit still
 employ'd.

XV.

Until a nation strange, with visage swart
And courage fierce that all men did affray,
Which through the world then swarm'd in
 every part,
And overflow'd all countries far away,
Like Noyé's great flood, with their impór-
 tune sway,
This land invaded with like violence,
And did themselves through all the north
 display:

Until that Loctrine for his realm's defence,
Did head against them make and strong
munifi

He them encount' red, a confusèd rout,
Foreby the river that whylôme was hight
The ancient Abus, where with courage stout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chased so fiercely after fearful flight,
That forced their chieftain, for his safety's
sake,
(Their chieftain Humber namèd was aright,)
Unto the mighty stream him to betake,
Where he an end of battle and of life did
make.

XVII.

The king returnèd proud of victory
And insolent woxe through unwonted ease,
That shortly he forgot the jeopardy,
Which in his land he lately did appease,
And fell to vain voluptuous disease:
He loved fair Lady Estrild, lewdly loved,
Whose wanton pleasures him too much did
please.
That quite his heart from Guendolene re-
moved,
From Guendolene his wife, though always
faithful proved.

XVIII.

The noble daughter of Corinèus
Would not endure to be so vile disdain'd,
But, gathering force and courage valorous,
Encount' red him in battle well ordain'd,
In which him vanquish'd she to fly con-
strain'd:
But she so fast pursued, that him she took
And threw in bands, where he till death
remain'd;
Als his fair leman flying through a brook
She overhent, nought movèd with her piteous

XIX.

But both nerself, and eke her daughter dear
Begotten by her kingly paramour,
The fair Sabrina, almost dead with fear,
She there attackèd, far from all succour:
The one she slew in that impatient stoure,*
But the sad virgin innocent of all
Adown the rolling river she did pour,

* So reads the edition of 1596. The reading in a former edition, 1590, was "Upon the present floure."

Which of her name now Severn men do call:
Such was the end that to disloyal love did fall.

XX.

Then for her son, which she to Loctrin bore,
Madan was young, unmeet the rule to sway,
In her own hand the crown she kept in store,
Till riper years he raught and stronger stay:
During which time her power she did display
Through all this realm the glory of her sex,
And first taught men a woman to obey:
But, when her son to man's estate did wex,
She it surrend' red, ne herself would longer
vex.

XXI.

Tho Madan reign'd unworthy of his race;
For with all shame that sacred throne he
fill'd.
Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place,
In which being consorted with Manild,
For thirst of single kingdom him he kill'd.
But Ebranck salvèd both their infames
With noble deeds, and warrèd on Brunchild
In Henault, where yet of his victories
Brave monuments remain which yet that
land envies.

XXII.

An happy man in his first days he was
And happy father of fair progeny:
For all so many weeks, as the year has,
So many children he did multiply;
Of which were twenty sons, which did apply
Their minds to praise and chivalrous desire:
Those germans did subdue all Germany,
Of whom it hight, but in the end their sire
With foul repulse from France was forcèd
to retire.

XXIII.

Which blot his son succeeding in his seat,
The second Bute, the second both in name
And eke in semblance of his puissance great,
Right well recured, and did away that blame
With recompense of everlasting fame:
He with his victor sword first openèd
The bowels of wide France, a forlorn dame,
And taught her first how to be conquerèd;
Since which, with sundry spoils she hath
been ransackèd.

XXIV.

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,
And let the marsh of Esthambreges tell,

What colour were their waters that same day
 And all the moor twixt Elversham and Dell,
 With blood of Henalois which therein fell.
 How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see
 The *green shield* dyed in dolorous vermeil?
 That not *scuith guirdh* it mote seem to be,
 But rather *y scuith gogh*,* sign of sad cruelty.

v.

His son, king Leill, by father's labour long,
 Enjoy'd an heritage of lasting peace,
 And built Cairleill, and built Cairleon strong.
 Next Hudibras his realm did not encrease,
 But taught the land from weary wars to
 cease.

Whose footsteps Bladud following, in arts
 Excell'd at Athens all the learnèd preace,
 From whence he brought them to these
 savage parts, [born hearts.
 And with sweet science mollified their stub-

XXVI.

Ensampler of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boiling baths at Cairbadon,
 Which seethe with secret fire eternally,
 And in their entrails, full of quick brimstone,
 Nourish the flames which they are warm'd
 upon, [well,
 That to their people wealth they forth do
 And health to every foreign nation:
 Yet he at last, contending to excel
 The reach of men, through flight into fond
 mischief fell.

XXVII.

Next him king Leyr † in happy peace long
 reign'd,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three fair daughters, which were well
 uptrain'd
 In all that seem'd fit for kingly seed;
 Mongst whom his realm he equally decreed
 To have divided: tho, when feeble age
 Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
 He call'd his daughters, and with speeches
 sage
 Inquired, which of them most did love her
 parentage.

XXVIII.

The eldest Gonerrill gan to protest,
 That she much more than her own life him
 loved;

And Regan greater love to him profess'd
 Than all the world, whenever it were proved;
 But Cordeill said she loved him as behoved:
 Whose simple answer, wanting colours fair
 To paint it forth, him to displeasance mov'd,
 That in his crown he counted her no heir,
 But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole
 did share.

XXIX.

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scots,
 And th' other to the king of Cambria,
 And twixt them shared his realm by equal
 lots;
 But, without dow'r, the wise Cordelia
 Was sent to Aganip of Celtica:
 Their aged sire, thus easèd of his crown,
 A private life led in Albania
 With Gonorill, long had in great renown,
 That nought him grieved to been from rule
 deposèd down.

XXX.

But true it is that, when the oil is spent
 The light goes out, and wick is thrown
 away;
 So, when he had resign'd his regiment,
 His daughter gan despise his drooping day,
 And weary wax of his continual stay:
 Tho to his daughter Regan he repair'd,
 Who him at first well used every way;
 But, when of his departure she despair'd,
 Her bounty she abated, and his cheer em-
 pair'd.

XXXI.

The wretched man gan then advise too late,
 That love is not where most it is profet;
 Too truly tried in his extremest state!
 At last, resolvèd likewise to prove the rest,
 He to Cordelia himself address,
 Who with entire affection him received,
 As for her sire and king her seemèd best;
 And after all an army strong she leaved,
 To war on those which him had of his realm
 bereaved.

II.

So to his crown she him restored again;
 In which he died, made ripe for death by eld,
 And after will'd it should to her remain:
 Who peaceably the same long time did weld,
 And all men's hearts in due obedience held;
 Till that her sisters' children, woxen strong,
 Through proud ambition against her re-
 bell'd,

* That it seem'd not to be a *green shield*,
 but a red shield. † Lear.

And overcommen kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life herself she
hong.

XXXIII.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to reign ;
But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envy
His brother Morgan, prick'd with proud dis-
dain,

To have a peer in part of sovereignty ;
And, kindling coals of cruel enmity,
Raised war, and him in battle overthrew :
Whence as he to these woody hills did fly,
Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him
slew :

Then did he reign alone, when he none
equal knew.

XXXIV.

His son Rival' his dead room did supply ;
In whose sad time blood did from heaven
rain,

Next great Gurgustus, then fair Cæcily,
In constant peace their kingdoms did con-
tain,

After whom Lago and Kinmarke did reign,
And Gorgobud, till far in years he grew :
Then his ambitious sons unto them twain
Arraught the rule, and from their father
drew ;

Stout Ferrex and stern Porrex him in prison
threw.

XXXV.

But O ! the greedy thirst of royal crown,
That knows no kindred, nor regards no right
Stirr'd Porrex up to put his brother down,
Who, unto him assembling foreign might,
Made war on him, and fell himself in fight :
Whose death t' avenge, his mother merciless,
Most merciless of women, Wyden hight,
Her other son last sleeping did oppress,
And with most cruel hand him murd'red
pitiless.

XXXVI.

Here ended Brutus' sacred progeny,
Which had seven hundred years this sceptre
borne,

With high renown and great felicity :
The noble branch from th' antique stock
was torn [orn.

Through discord, and the royal throne for-
Thenceforth this realm was into factions rent,
Whilst each of Brutus boasted to be born,

That in the end was left no monument
Of Brutus, nor of Britons' glory ancient.

XXXVII.

Then up arose a man of matchless might,
And wondrous wit to manage high affairs,
Who, stirr'd with pity of the stressed plight
Of this sad realm, cut into sundry shares
By such as claim'd themselves Brute's right-
ful heirs,

Gather'd the princes of the people loose
To taken counsel of their common cares ;
Who, with his wisdom won, him straight
did choose

Their king, and swore him féalty to win or
lose.

XXXVIII.

Then made he head against his enemies,
And Ymner slew of Logris miscreate ;
Then Ruddoc and proud Stater, both allies,
This of Albány newly nominate,
And that of Cambry king confirm'd late,
He overthrew through his own valiance,
Whose countries he reduced to quiet state,
And shortly brought to civil governance,
Now one, which erst were many made
through variance.

XXXIX.

Then made he sacred laws, which some men
say

Were unto him reveal'd in vision ;
By which he freed the traveller's high-way,
The church's part, and ploughman's portion,
Restraining stealth and strong extortion :
The gracious Numa of Great Britanny :
For, till his days, the chief dominion
By strength was wielded without policy :
Therefore he first wore crown of gold for
dignity.

XL.

Donwallo died, (for what may live for aye?)
And left two sons, of peerless prowess both,
That sacked Rome too dearly did assay,
The recompense of their perjur'd oath ;
And ransack'd Greece well tried, when they
were wroth,

Besides subjected France and Germany,
Which yet their praises speak, all be they
loth,

And inly tremble at the memory
Of Brennus and Belinus, kings of Britanny.

XLI.

Next them did Gurgunt, great Belinus' son,
In rule succeed, and eke in father's praise;
He Easterland subdued, and Denmark won,
And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
The which was due in his dead father's days:
He also gave to fugitives of Spain,
Whom he at sea found wand'ring from their
ways,

A seat in Ireland safely to remain,
Which they should hold of him as subject
to Britain.

XLII.

After him reignèd Guitheline his heir,
The justest man and truest in his days,
Who had to wife Dame Mertia the fair,
A woman worthy of immortal praise,
Which for this realm found many goodly
days, [brought:
And wholesome statutes to her husband
Her many deem'd to have been of the Fays,
As was Egerié,* that Numa taught:
Those yet of her be Mercian laws both
named and thought.

XLIII.

Her son Sifillus after her did reign;
And then Kimarus; and then Danius:
Next whom Morindus did the crown sus-
tain;
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous
And cruel rancour dimm'd his valorous
And mighty deeds, should matchèd have
the best

As well in that same field victorious
Against the foreign Morands he express:
Yet lives his memory, though carcass sleep
in rest.

XLIV.

Five sons he left begotten of one wife,
All which successively by turns did reign:
First Gorboman, a man of virtuous life;
Next Archigald, who for his proud disdain
Deposèd was from principedom sovereign,
And piteous Elidure put in his stead;
Who shortly it to him restored again,
Till by his death he it recoverèd;
But Peridure and Vigent him dethronizèd:

XLV.

In wretched prison long he did remain,
Till they out-reignèd had their utmost date,

* Egeria.

And then therein reseizèd was again,
And rulèd long with honourable state,
Till he surrend' red realm and life to fate.
Then all the sons of these five brethren
reign'd

By due success' and all their nephews late;
Even thrice eleven descents the crown re-
tain'd.

Till aged Hèly by due heritage it gain'd.

XLVI.

He had two sons, whose eldest, callèd Lud,
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endless monuments of his great good:
The ruin'd wall he did reædify
Of Troynovant, † gainst force of enemy,
And built that gate which of his name is
hight, †

By which he lies entombèd solemnly:
He left two sons, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his
might.

XLVII.

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane their
eme
Was by the people chosen in their stead,
Who on him took the royal diadem,
And goodly well long time it governèd;
Till the proud Romans him disquieted,
And warlike Cæsar, tempted with the name
Of this sweet island never conquerèd,
And envying the Briton: ' blazèd fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither
came.

XLVIII.

Yet twice they were repulsèd back again,
And twice reinforced back to their ships to
fly;
The whiles with blood they all the shore did
stain,
And the gray ocean into purple dye,
Ne had they footing found at last perdy,
Had not Androgeus, false to native soil,
And envious of uncle's sovereignty,
Betray'd his country unto foreign spoil.
Nought else but treason from the first this
land did foil.

XLIX.

So by him Cæsar got the victory,
Through great bloodshed and many a sad
assay,

† London.

† Ludgate.

In which himself was chargèd heavily
Of hardy Nennius, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seen this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributary made
T' ambitious Rome, and did their rule obey,
Till Arthur all that reckoning defray'd:
Yet oft the Briton kings against them
strongly sway'd.

L.

Next him Tenantius reign'd, then Kimbe-
line,
What time th' Eternal Lord in fleshly slime
Enwombèd was, from wretched Adam's line
To purge away the guilt of sinful crime.
O joyous memory of happy time,
That heavenly grace so plenteously dis-
play'd!
O too high ditty for my simple rhyme!
Soon after this the Romans him warray'd;
For that their tribute he refused to let be
paid.

LI.

Good Claudius, that next was emperor,
An army brought, and with him battle
fought,
In which the king was by a treachetour
Disguisèd slain, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceasèd not the bloody fight for ought:
For Arvirage his brother's place supplied,
Both in his arms and crown, and by that
draught
Did drive the Romans to the weaker side,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pac-
ified.

LII.

Was never king more highly magnified,
Nor dread of Romans, than was Arvirage:
For which the emperor to him allied
His daughter Genuiss' in marriage:
Yet shortly he renounced the vassalage
Of Rome again, who hither hast'ly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoil and rage
Forwasted all, till Genuissa gent
Persuaded him to cease, and her lord to
relent.

LIII.

He died; and him succeed'd Marius,
Who joy'd his days in great tranquillity.
Then Coyll and after him good Lucius,
That first received Christianity,
The sacred pledge of Christ's Evangely,
Yet true it is, that long before that day

Hither came Joseph of Arimathy,
Who brought with him the Holy Grail,
(they say,)
And preach'd the truth; but since it greatly
did decay.

LIV.

This good king shortly without issue died,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdom grew,
That did herself in sundry parts divide,
And with her pow'r her own self overthrew,
Whilst Romans daily did the weak subdue:
Which seeing, stout Bunduca up arose,
And taking arms the Britons to her drew;
With whom she marchèd straight against
her foes,
And them unwares beside the Severn did
enclose.

LV.

There she with them a cruel battle tried,
Not with so good success as she deserved
By reason that the captains on her side,
Corrupted by Paulinus, from her swerved;
Yet such, as were through former fight pre-
served,
Gath'ring again her host she did renew,
And with fresh courage on the victor served:
But being all defeated, save a few,
Rather than fly, or be captived herself she
slew.

LVI.

O famous monument of women's praise!
Matchable either to Semiramis,
Whom antique history so high doth raise,
Or to Hypsiphyl,* or to Thomyris: †
Her host two hundred thousand numb' red is,
Who, whiles good fortune favourèd her
might
Triumphèd oft against her enemies;
And yet, though overcome in hapless fight,
She triumphèd on death, in enemies' despite.

LVII.

Her relics Fulgent having gatherèd,
Fought with Severus, and him overthrew;
Yet in the chase was slain of them that fled:
So made them victors whom he did subdue.
Then gan Carausius tyrannish anew,
And gainst the Romans bent their proper
pow'r;
But him Allectus treacherously slew,

* Queen of Lemnus.

† Queen of the Massagetæ; she defeated
and killed Cyrus the Great.

And took on him the robe of emperor ;
Nath'ess the same enjoyèd but short happy
hour.

LVIII.

For Asclepiodate him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquish'd plain,
Without or robe or rag to hide his shame :
Then afterwards he in his stead did reign ;
But shortly was by Coyll in battle slain ;
Who after long debate, since Lucius' time,
Was of the Britons first crown'd sovereign :
Then gan this realm renewher passèd prime:
He of his name Coylchester built of stone
and lime.

LIX.

Which when the Romans heard, they hither
sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whom king Coyll made an agrèement,
And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
Fair Helena, the fairest living wight,
Who in all goodly thewes and goodly praise
Did far excel, but was most famous hight
For skill in music of all in her days,
As well in curious instruments as cunning
lays :

LX.

Of whom he did great Constantine beget,
Who afterward was Emperor of Rome ;
To which whiles absent he his mind did set,
Octavius here leapt into his room,
And it usurpèd by unrighteous doom :
But he his title justified by might,
Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
The Roman legion in dreadful fight :
So settled he his kingdom, and confirm'd his
right :

LXI.

But, wanting issue male, his daughter dear
He gave in wedlock to Maximian.
And him with her made of his kingdom heir,
Who soon by means thereof the empire wan,
Till murd'ed by the friends of Gratian.
Then gan the Huns and Picts invade this
land,
During the reign of Maximian ;
Who dying left none heir them to withstand ;
But that they overran all parts with easy
hand.

LXII.

The weavy Britons, whose war-able youth
Was by Maximian lately led away,

With wretched miseries and woful ruth
Were to those pagans made an open prey,
And daily spectacle of sad decay :
Whom Roman wars, which now four hun-
dred years
And more had wasted could no wit dismay ;
Till by consent of Commens and of Peers,
They crown'd the second Constantine with
joyous tears.

LXIII.

Who having oft in battle vanquishèd
Those spoilful Picts, and swarming Easter-
lings,
Long time in peace his realm establishèd
Yet oft annoy'd with sundry bordragings,
Of neighbour Scots, and foreign scatterlings
With which the world did in those days
abound :
Which to outbar with painful pyonings
From sea to sea he heap'd a mighty mound,
Which from Alcluid to Panwelt did that
border bound.

LXIV.

Three sons he dying left, all under age,
By means whereof their uncle Vortigere
Usurp'd the crown during their pupilage ;
Which th' infants' tutors gathering to fear,
Them closely into Armoric did bear :
For dread of whom, and for those Picts
annoys,
He sent to Germany strange aid to rear ;
From whence eftsoones arrivèd here three
hoys
Of Saxons, whom he for his safety employs.

LXV.

Two brethren were their captains, which
hight
Hengist and Horsus, well approved in war,
And both of them men of renownèd might ;
Who making vantage of their civil jar,
And of those foreigners which came from
far,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the realm ere long they stronger are
Than they which sought at first their help-
ing hand,
And Vortiger enforced the kingdom to
aband.

LXVI.

But, by the help of Vortimere his son,
He is again unto his rule restorèd :

And Hengist, seeming sad for that was done
Received is to grace and new accord,
Through his fair daughter's face and flat-
t'ring word.

Soon after which, three hundred lords he
slew

Of British blood, all sitting at his board;
Whose doleful monuments who list to rue,
Th' eternal marks of treason may at Stone-
henge view.

LXVII.

By this the sons of Constantine, which fled,
Ambrose and Uther, did ripe years attain,
And, here arriving, strongly challeng'd

The crown which Vortiger did long detain:
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was
slain;

And Hengist eke soon brought to shameful
death.

Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did reign,
Till that through poison stoppèd was his
breath;

So now entombèd lies at Stonehenge by the
heath.

LXVIII.

After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,
Succeeding—there abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other cesure right;
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th' author self could not at least attend
To finish it: that so untimely breach
The prince himself half seemèd to offend;
Yet secret pleasure did offence impeach,
And wonder of antiquity long stopp'd his
speech.

LXIX.

At last, quite ravish'd with delight to hear
The royal offspring of his native land,
Cried out: "Dear country! O how dearly
dear

Ought thy remembrance and perpetual band
Be to thy foster child, that from thy hand
Did common breath and nouriture receive!
How brutish is it not to understand

How much to her we owe, that all us gave;
That gave unto us all whatever good we
have!"

LXX.

But Guyon all this while his book did read,
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leisure so long leaves here to repeat:

It told how first Prometheus did create
A man, of many parts from beasts derived,
And then stole fire from heaven to animate
His work, for which he was by Jove deprived
Of life himself, and heart-strings of an eagle
rived.

LXXI.

That man so made he callèd Elf, to weet
"Quick," the first author of all Elfin kind;
Who, wand'ring through the world with
weary feet,

Did in the gardens of Adonis find
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind
To be no earthly wight, but either spright,
Or angel, th' author of all woman kind;
Therefore a Fay he her according hight,
Of whom all Faeries spring, and fetch their
lineage right.

LXXII.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
And puissant kings which all the world
warry'd

And to themselves all nations did subdue:
The first and eldest, which that sceptre
sway'd,

Was Elfin; him all India obey'd,
And all that now America men call:
Next him, was noble Elfinan, who laid
Cleopolis' foundation first of all:
But Elifine enclosed it with a golden wall

LXXIII.

His son was Elfinell, who overcame
The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field:
But Elfant was of most renowned fame,
Who all of crystal did Panthea build:
Then Elfar, who two brethren giants kill'd;
The one of which had two heads, th' other
three:

Then Elfinor, who was in magic skill'd;
He built by art upon the glassy sea,
A bridge of brass, whose sound heaven's
thunder seem'd to be.

LXXIV.

He left three sons, the which in order reign'd,
And all their offspring in their due descents;
Even seven hundred princes, which main-
tain'd

With mighty deeds their sundry govern-
ments;

That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much material:
Yet should they be most famous monuments,

And brave ensample, both of martial
And civil rule, to kings and states imperial.

LXXV.

After all these Elficleos did reign,
The wise Elficleos in great majesty,
Who mightily that sceptre did sustain,
And with rich spoils and famous victory
Did high advance the crown of Faëry:
He left two sons, of which fair Elteron,
The eldest brother did untimely die;
Whose empty place the mighty Oberon
Doubly supplied, in spousal and dominion

LXXVI.

Great was his power and glory over all
Which, him before, that sacred seat did fill,
That yet remains his wide memorial:
He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,
Him to succeed therein, by his last will:

Fairer and nobler liveth none this hour,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learnèd skill;
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious
flower:
Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and
great power.

LXXVII.

Beguiled thus with delight of novelties,
And natural desire of country's state,
So long they read in those antiquities,
That how the time was fled they quite for-
gat;
Till gentle Alma, seeing it so late,
Perforce their studies broke and them be-
sought
To think how supper did them long await:
So half unwilling from their books them
brought, [ought].
And fairly feasted as so noble knights she

CANTO XI.

The enemies of Temperance
Besiege her dwelling place;
Prince Arthur them repels, and foul
Maleger doth deface.

I.

WHAT war so cruel, or what siege so sore,
As that, which strong Affections do apply
Against the fort of Reason evermore,
To bring the soul into captivity!
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the frail flesh, relenting to their rage;
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the parts, brought into their bond-
age.
No wretchedness is like to sinful velleinage.

II.

But in a body which doth freely yield
His parts to Reason's rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the sceptre
wield,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is settled there in sure establishment.
There Alma, like a Virgin Queen most bright,
Doth flourish in all beauty excellent;
And to her guests doth bounteous banquet
dight,
Attempt'ed goodly well for health and for
delight.

III.

Early, before the morn with crimson ray
The windows of bright heaven open'd had,
Through which into the world the dawnin'g
day
Might look, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose Sir Guyon in bright armour clad,
And to his purposed journey him prepared:
With him the palmer eke in habit sad
Himself address'd to that adventure hard:
So to the river's side they both together fared:

IV.

Where they awaited ready at the ford
The Ferryman, as Alma had behight,
With his well-riggèd boat: they go aboard,
And he eftsoones gan launch his bark forth-
right.
Ere long they rowèd were quite out of sight,
And fast the land behind them fled away.
But let them pass whiles wind and weather
right
Do serve their turns: here I a while must
stay, [dav].
To see a cruel fight done by the Prince this

V.

For, all so soon as Guyon thence was gone
Upon his voyage with his trusty guide,
That wicked band of villains fresh began
That castle to assail on every side,
And lay strong siege about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hide ;
So foul and ugly that exceeding fear
Their visages impress'd, when they ap-
proachèd near.

VI.

Them in twelve troops their captain did dis-
part,
And round about in fittest steads did place,
Where each might best offend his proper
part,
And his contráry object most deface,
As every one seem'd meetest in that case.
Seven of the same against the castle-gate
In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
Which with incessant force and endless hate
They batt' red day and night, and entrance
did await.

VII.

The other five five sundry ways he set
Against the five great bulwarks of that pile,
And unto each a bulwark did arrett,
T' assail with open force or hidden guile,
In hope thereof to win victorious spoil.
They all that charge did fervently apply
With greedy malice and importune toil,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made most dreadful
battery.

VIII.

The first troop was a monstrous rabblement
Of foul misshapen wights, of which some
were
Headed like owls, with beaks uncomely bent ;
Others like dogs ; others like gryphons drear ;
And some had wings, and some had claws
to tear :
And every one of them had lynx's eyes ;
And every one did bow and arrows bear :
All those were lawless Lusts, and corrupt
Envies,
And covetous Aspécts, all cruel enemies.

IX.

Those same against the bulwark of the Sight
Did lay strong siege and battailous assault,

Ne once did yield it respite day nor night ;
But soon as Titan gan his head exalt,
And soon again as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engines they against it bent ;
That is, each thing by which the eyes may
fault :
But two than all more huge and violent,
Beauty and Money, they that bulwark sorely
rent.

X.

The second bulwark was the Hearing Sense,
Gainst which the second troop designment
makes,
Deformèd creatures, in strange difference :
Some having heads like harts, some like to
snakes,
Some like wild boars late roused out of the
brakes :
Slanderous Reproaches, and foul Infamies,
Leasings, Backbitings, and vain-glorious
Crakes,
Bad Counsels, Praises, and false Flatteries :
All those against that fort did bend their
batteries.

XI.

Likewise that same thirð fort, that is the
Smell,
Of that third troupe was cruelly assay'd ;
Whose hideous shapes were like to fiends of
hell, [may'd ;
Some like to hounds, some like to apes, dis-
Some, like to puttocks, all in plumes array'd ;
All shaped according their conditions :
For, by those ugly forms, weren portray'd
Foolish Delights and fond Abusions,
Which do that sense besiege with fond
illusions.

XII.

And that fourth band which cruel batt'ry bent
Against the fourth bulwark, that is the Taste,
Was as the rest, a greasy rabblement ;
Some mouth'd like greedy ostriches ; some
faced
Like loathly toads ; some fashioned in the
waist
Like swine : for so deformed is Luxury,
Surfeit, Misdiet, and unthrifty Waste,
Vain Feasts, and idle Superfluity :
All those this sense's fort assail incessantly.

XIII.

But the fifth troop, most horrible of hue
And fierce of force, is dreadful to report ;

For some like snails, some did like spiders
shew,
And some like ugly urchins thick and short :
Cruelly they assailed that fifth fort,
Armèd with darts of sensual Delight,
With strings of carnal Lust, and strong ef-
fòrt [night
Of feeling Pleasures, with which day and
Against that same fifth Bulwark they con-
tinued fight.

XIV.

Thus these twelve troops with dreadful
puissance
Against that castle restless siege did lay,
And evermore their hideous ordinance
Upon the bulwarks cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten near decay ;
And evermore their wicked captain
Provokèd them the breaches to assay,
Sometimes with threats, sometimes with
hope of gain,
Which by the ransack of that piece they
should attain.

XV.

On th' other side, th' assiegèd castle's ward
Their steadfast stands did mightily maintain,
And many bold repulse and many hard
Achievement wrought, with peril and with
pain,
That goodly frame from ruin to sustain :
And those two brethren giants did defend
The walls so stoutly with their sturdy main,
That never entrance any durst pretend,
But they to direful death their groaning
ghosts did send.

XVI.

The noble virgin, lady of the place,
Was much dismayèd with that dreadful
sight,
(For never was she in so evil case.)
Till that the prince, seeing her woful plight,
Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
Off'ring his service and his dearest life
For her defence against that carle to fight,
Which was their chief and th' author of that
strife :
She him remercièd as the patron of her life.

XVII.

Eftsoones himself in glitter and arms he
dight
And his well provèd weapons to him hent ;

So taking courteous congé, he behight
Those gates to be unbarr'd and forth he
went.

Fair mote he thee, the prowest and most gent
That ever brandishèd bright steel on high !
Whom soon as that unruly rabblement
With his gay squire issuing did espy,
They rear'd a most outrageous dreadful
yelling cry :

XVIII.

And therewithal at once at him let fly
Their flutt'ring arrows, thick as flakes of
snow,
And round about him flock impetuously,
Like a great water-flood that tumbling low
From the high mountains, threats to over-
flow
With sudden fury all the fertile plain,
And the sad husbandman's long hope doth
throw [vain,
Adown the stream and all his vows make
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruin
may sustain.

XIX.

Upon his shield their heapèd hail he bore,
And with his sword dispersed the rascal
flocks,
Which fled asunder, and him fell before ;
As wither'd leaves drop from their drièd
stocks, [their locks,
When the wroth western wind does reave
And underneath him his courageous steed,
The fierce Spumador, trode them down like
docks ;
The fierce Spumador born of heavenly seed :
Such as Laomedan of Phœbus' race did
breed.

XX:

Which sudden horror and confusèd cry,
When as their captain heard, in haste he yode
The cause to weet, and fault to remedy :
Upon a tiger swift and fierce he rode,
That, as the wind, ran underneath his load,
Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the
ground ; [broad ;
Full large he was of limbs, and shoulders
But of such subtle substance and unsound,
That like a ghost he seem'd whose grave
clothes were unbound :

XXI.

And in his hand a bended bow was seen,
And many arrows under his right side,

All deadly dangerous, all cruel keen,
 Headed with flint, and feathers bloody dyed;
 Such as the Indians in their quivers hide:
 Those could he well direct and straight as
 line,
 And bid them strike the mark which he had
 eyed;

Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
 That mote recure their wounds; so inly
 they did tine.

XXII.

As pale and wan as ashes was his look;
 His body lean and meagre as a rake;
 And skin all wither'd like a drièd rook;
 Thereto as cold and dreary as a snake;
 That seem'd to tremble evermore and quake:
 All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
 And girded with a belt of twisted brake:
 Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
 Made of a dead man's skull, that seem'd a
 ghastly sight:

XXIII.

Måleger was his name: and after him
 There follow'd fast at hand two wicked hags,
 With hoary locks all loose, and visage grim:
 Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
 And both as swift on foot as chased stags;
 And yet the one her other leg had lame,
 Which with a staff all full of little snags
 She did support, and Impotence her name:
 But th' other was Impatience arm'd with
 raging flame.

XXIV.

Soon as the carle from far the prince espied
 Glist'ring in arms and warlike ornament,
 His beast he felly prick'd on either side,
 And his mischiévous bow full ready bent,
 With which at him a cruel shaft he sent:
 But he was wary, and it warded well
 Upon his shield, that it no further went,
 But to the ground the idle quarrel fell:
 Then he another and another did expel.

XXV.

Which to prevent, the prince his mortal
 spear
 Soon to him raught, and fierce to him did
 ride,
 To be avenged of that shot whylcare:
 But he was not so hardy to abide
 That bitter stownd, but, turning quick aside

His light-foot beast, fled fast away for fear:
 Whom to pursue, the Infant after hied
 So fast as his good courser could him bear:
 But labour lost it was to ween approach him
 near.

XXVI.

Far as the wingèd wind his tiger fled,
 That view of eye could scarce him overtake,
 Ne scarce his feet on ground were seen to
 tread;
 Through hills and dales he speedy way did
 make,
 Ne hedge ne ditch his ready passage brake,
 And in his flight the villain turn'd his face,
 (As wonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,
 Whenas the Russian him in fight does
 chase,)
 Unto his tiger's tail, and shot at him apace.

XXVII.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
 Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew;
 And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
 That him his foe more fiercely should pursue:
 But, when his uncouth manner he did view,
 He gan advise to follow him no more,
 But keep his standing, and his shafts eschew.
 Until he quite had spent his perulous store,
 And then assail him fresh, ere he could shift
 for more.

XXVIII.

But that lame hag, still as abroad he strew
 His wicked arrows, gather'd them again,
 And to him brought, fresh battle to renew;
 Which he espying cast her to restrain
 From yielding succour to that cursèd swain,
 And her attaching thought her hands to tie;
 But, soon as him dismounted on the plain
 That other hag did far away espy
 Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily;

XXIX.

And catching hold of him, as down he lent,
 Him backward overthrew, and down him
 stay'd
 With their rude hands and greasy grapple-
 ment;
 Till that the villain, coming to their aid,
 Upon him fell, and load upon him laid;
 Full little wanted, but he had him slain,
 And of the battle baleful end had made,
 Had not his gentle squire beheld his pain,
 And come unto his rescue ere his bitter bane.

XXX.

So greatest and most glorious thing on
ground
May often need the help of weaker hand;
So feeble is man's state, and life unsound,
That in assurance it may never stand,
Till it dissolvèd be from earthly band!
Proof be thou, prince, the prowest man alive,
And noblest born of all in Briton land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearly drive,
That, had not Grace thee blest, thou
shouldest not survive.

XXXI.

The squire arriving, fiercely in his arms
Snatch'd first the one, and then the other
jade,
His chiefest lets, and authors of his harms,
And them perforce withheld with threat'ned
blade,
Lest that his lord they should behind in-
vade;
The whiles the prince, prick'd with reproach-
ful shame
As one awakèd out of long slumb'ring shade,
Reviving thought of glory and of fame,
United all his pow'rs to purge himself from
blame.

XXXII.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long been underkept and down sup-
press'd
With murmurous disdain doth inly rave,
And grudge, in so strait prison to be press'd,
At last breaks forth with furious unrest,
And strives to mount unto his native seat;
All that did erst it hinder and molest,
It now devours with flames and scorching
heat,
And carries into smoke with rage and hor-
ror great.

XXXIII.

So mightily the Briton prince him roused
Out of his hold, and broke his captive bands;
And as a bear, whom angry curs have touzèd,
Having off-shakèd them and escapèd their
hands.
Becomes more fell, and all that him with-
stands
Treads down and overthrows. Now had
the carle
Alighted from his tiger, and his hands
Dischargèd of his bow and deadly quarr'l.
To seize upon his foe flat lying on the marl.

XXXIV.

Which now him turn'd to disadvantage dear;
For neither can he fly, nor other harm,
But trust unto his strength and manhood
mere, [swarm,
Sith now he is far from his monstrous
And of his weapons did himself disarm.
The knight yet wrothful for his late disgrace,
Fiercely advanced his valorous right arm,
And him so sore smote with his iron mace,
That grovelling to the ground he fell, and
fill'd his place.

XXXV.

Well weenèd he that field was then his own,
And all his labour brought to happy end;
When sudden up the villain overthrow
Out of his swoon arose, fresh to contend,
And gan himself to second battle bend,
As hurt he had not been. Thereby there lay,
An huge great stone, which stood upon one
end,
And had not been removèd many a day:
Some land-mark seem'd to be, or sign of
sundry way:

XXXVI.

The same he snatch'd, and with exceeding
sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To shun the engine of his meant decay;
It bootèd not to think that throw to bear,
But ground he gave, and lightly leapt arèar;
Eit fierce returning, as a falcon fair,
That once hath failèd of her house full near,
Remounts again into the open air,
And unto better fortune doth herself pre-
pare:

XXXVII.

So brave returning, with his brandish'd blade,
He to the carle himself again address'd,
And struck at him so sternly, that he made
An open passage through his riven breast.
That half the steel behind his back did rest;
Which drawing back, he lookèd evermore
When the heart blood should gush out of his
chest,
Or his dead corse should fall upon the floor;
But his dead corse upon the floor fell nathe-
more:

XXXVIII.

Ne drop of blood appearèd shed to be,
All were the wound so wide and wonderous

That through his carcass one might plainly
see.

Half in amaze with horror hideous,
And half in rage to be deluded thus,
Again through both the sides he struck him
quite,

That made his spright to groan full piteous;
Yet nathemore forth fled his groaning
spright,

But freshly, as at first, prepared himself to
fight.

XXXIX.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his heart appal;
Ne wist he what to think of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to do at all:
He doubted lest it were some magical
Illusion that did beguile his sense,
Or wand'ring ghost that wanted funeral,
Or airy spirit under false pretence
Or hellish fiend raised up through devilish
science.

XL.

His wonder far exceeded reason's reach,
That he began to doubt his dazzled sight,
And oft of error did himself appeach:
Flesh without blood, a person without
spright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could do harm, yet could not harmed
be, [wight,
That could not die, yet seem'd a mortal
That was most strong in most infirmity;
Like did he never hear, like did he never
see.

XLI.

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Give over to effect his first intent,
And th' utmost means of victory assay,
Or th' utmost issue of his own decay.
His own good sword Morddure, that never
fail'd
At need till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield that nought him now
avail'd,
And with his naked hands him forcibly as-
sail'd.

XLII.

Twixt his two mighty arms him up he
snatch'd,
And crush'd his carcass so against his breast,

That the disdainful soul he thence dispatch'd
And th' idle breath all utterly express'd.
Tho, when he felt him dead, adown he keest
The lumpish corse unto the senseless ground;
Adown he cast it with so puissant wrest,
That back again it did aloft rebound
And gave against his mother Earth a groan-
ful sound.

XLIII.

As when Jove's harness-bearing bird from
high
Stoops at a flying heron with proud disdain,
The stone-dead quarry falls so forcibly,
That it rebounds against the lowly plain,
A second fall redoubling back again.
Then thought the prince all peril sure was
past,
And that he victor only did remain;
No sooner thought, than that the carle as
fast
Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he
down was cast.

XLIV.

Nigh his wits' end then woxe th' amazèd
knight,
And thought his labour lost, and travail
vain,
Against this lifeless shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty main,
That, whiles he marvell'd still, did still him
pain;
Forthy he gan some other ways advise,
How to take life from that dead-living swain,
Whom still he markèd freshly to arise
From th' earth, and from her womb new
spirits to reprise.

XLV.

He then rememb'red well, that had been
said,
How th' Earth his mother was, and first him
bore;*
She eke, so often as his life decay'd,
Did life with usury to him restore,
And raised him up much stronger than be-
fore,
So soon as he unto her womb did fall:
Therefore to ground he would him cast no
more,
Ne him commit to grave terrestrial,
But bear him far from hope of succour usual.

* From the fable of Antaus. See Milton's
"Paradise Regained," Book iv.

XLVI.

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
 And having scruzed out of his carrion corse
 The loathful life, now loosed from sinful bands,
 Upon his shoulders carried him perforce
 Above three furlongs, taking his full course,
 Until he came unto a standing lake :
 Him theriunto he threw without remorse,
 Ne stirr'd, till hope of life did him forsake :
 So end of that carle's days and his own
 pains did make.

XLVII.

Which when those wicked hags from far did spy,
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the [lands ;
 And th' one of them with dreadful yelling cry,
 Throwing away her broken chains and bands,
 And having quench'd her burning fire brands,
 Headlong herself did cast into that lake ;
 But Impotence with her own wilful hands
 One of Maleger's cursèd darts did take,
 So rived her trembling heart, and wickèd
 end did make.

XLVIII.

Thus now alone he conqueror remains :
 Tho, coming to his squire that kept his steed,
 Thought to have mounted ; but his feeble veins,
 Him fail'd thereto and servèd not his need,
 Through loss of blood which from his wounds
 did bleed
 That he began to faint, and life decay :
 But his good squire, him helping up with speed,
 With steadfast hand upon his horse did stay,
 And led him to the castle by the beaten way.

XLIX.

Where many grooms and squires ready were
 To take him from his steed full tenderly ;
 And eke the fairest Alma met him there
 With balm, and wine, and costly spicery,
 To comfort him in his infirmity :
 Eftsoones she caused him up to be convey'd,
 And of his arms despoilèd easily :
 In sumptuous bed she made him to be laid ;
 And, all the while his wounds were dressing,
 by him stay'd.

CANTO XII.

Guyon by palmer's governance,
 Passing through perils great,
 Doth overthrow the Bower of Bliss
 And Acrasy defeat.

Now 'gins that goodly frame of Temperance
 Fairly to rise, and her adornèd head
 To prick of highest praise forth to advance,
 Formerly grounded and fast setteled
 On firm foundation of true bountyhed :—
 And this brave knight, that for this virtue
 fights,
 Now comes to point of that same perilous
 stead,
 Where Pleasure dwells in sensual delights,
 Mongst thousand dangers and ten thousand
 magic mights.

II.

Two days now in that sea he sailèd has,
 Ne ever land beheld, ne living sight

Ne ought save peril, still as he did pass
 Tho, when appeared the third morrow bright,
 Upon the waves to spread her trembling
 light,
 An hideous roaring far away they heard,
 That all their senses fillèd with affright ;
 And straight they saw the raging surges
 rear'd
 Up to the skies, that them of drowning
 made afeard.

III.

Said then the boatman, "Palmer, steer aright
 And keep an even course ; for yonder way
 We needs must pass (God do us well ac-
 quight !)
 This is the Gulf of Greediness, they say,

That deep engorgeth all this world's prey ;
Which having swallow'd up excessively,
He soon in vomit up again doth lay,
And belcheth forth his superfluity,
That all the seas for fear do seem away to
fly.

IV.

" On th' other side an hideous rock is pight
Of mighty magnet stone, whose craggy clift
Depending from on high, dreadful to sight,
Over the waves his rugged arms doth lift,
And threat'neth down to throw his ragged rift
On who so cometh nigh : yet nigh it draws
All passengers, that none from it can shift :
For, whiles they fly that gulf's devouring
jaws,
They on the rock are rent, and sunk in
helpless wawes."

V.

Forward they pass, and strongly he them
rows,
Until they nigh unto that gulf arrive,
Where stream more violent and greedy
grows :
Then he with all his puissance doth strive
To strike his oars, and mightily doth drive
The hollow vessel through the threatful
wave ;
Which, gaping wide to swallow them alive
In th' huge abyss of his engulfing grave,
Doth roar at them in vain, and with great
terror rave.

VI.

They, passing by, that grisly mouth did see
Sucking the seas into his entrails deep,
That seem'd more horrible than hell to be,
Or that dark dreadful hole of Tartare steep
Through which the damnèd ghosts do often
creep
Back to the world, bad livers to torment :
But nought that falls into this direful deep,
Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent
May back return, but is condemnèd to be
drent.

VII.

On th' other side they saw that perilous rock,
Threat'ning itself on them to ruinate,
On whose sharp cliffs the ribs of vessels
broke ;
And shiver'd ships, which had been wrecked
late.

Yet stuck with carcasses exanimate
Of such, as having all their substance spent
In wanton joys and lusts intemperate,
Did afterwards make shipwreck violent
Both of their life and fame for ever foully
blent.

VIII.

Fortly this hight the Rock of vile Reproach
A dangerous and détestable place,
To which nor fish nor fowl did once ap-
proach, [base,
But yelling mewes, with seagulls, hoars, and
And cormorants, with birds of ravenous race,
Which still sat waiting on that wasteful clift
For spoil of wretches, whose unhappy case,
After lost credit and consumed thrift,
At last them driven hath to this despairful
driit.

IX.

The palmer, seeing them in safety past,
Thus said : " Behold th' ensamples in our
sights
Of lustful luxury and thriftless waste.
What now is left of miserable wights,
Which spent their looser days in lewd de-
lights,
But shame and sad reproach, here to be read
By these rent relics speaking their ill-
plights !
Let all that live hereby be counsellèd
To shun Rock of Reproach, and it as death
to dread ! "

X.

So forth they rowed ; and that ferryman
With his stiff oars did brush the sea so
strong,
That the hoar waters from his frigate ran,
And the light bubbles danced all along,
Whiles the salt brine out of the billows
sprong.
At last, far off, they many islands spy
On every side floating the floods among :
Then said the knight ; " Lo ! I the land
descry :
Therefore, old sire, thy course do thereunto
apply."

XI.

" That may not be," said then the ferryman,
" Least we unweeting hap to be fordonne :
For those same islands, seeming now and
then,
Are not firm land, nor any certain wonne,

But stragling plots which to and fro do run
In the waters : therefore are they hight
The Wand'ring Islands : therefore do them
shun,
For they have oft drawn many a wand'ring
wight
Into most deadly danger and distressed
plight.

XII.

" Yet well they seem to him, that far doth
view,
Both fair and fruitful, and the ground dis-
pread
With grassy green of delectable hue
And the tall trees with leaves apparellèd
Are deck'd with blossoms dyed in white and
red,
That mote the passengers thereto allur
But whosoever once hath fastenèd
His foot thereon, may never it recure,
But wand'reth evermore uncertain and un-
sure.

XIII.

" As th' isle of Delos whylome, men report,
Amid th' Ægean sea long time did stray,
Ne made for shipping any certain port,
Till that Latona travelling that way,
Flying from Juno's wrath and hard assay,
Of her fair twins was there deliverèd,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day
Thenceforth it firmly was establishèd,
And for Apollo's temple highly herrièd."

XIV.

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meet ;
And pass on forward : so their way does lie,
That one of those same islands, which do
fleet
In the wide sea, they needs must passen by,
Which seem'd so sweet and pleasant to the
eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there :
Upon the bank they sitting did espy
A dainty damsel dressing of her hair,
By whom a little skippet floating did appear.

XV.

She them espying, loud to them gan call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore,
For she had cause to busy them withal ;
And therewith loudly laugh'd : but nathè-
more
Would the yonce turn, but kept on as afore :

Which when she saw, she left her locks
undight,
And running to her boat withouten oar,
From the departing land it launchèd light,
And after them did drive with all her power
and might.

XVI.

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
Them gan to board and purpose diversely ;
Now feigning 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 justly wite,
She turn'd her boat about, and from them
rowèd quite.

XVII.

That was the wanton Phædria which late
Did ferry him over the Idle Lake :
Whom nought regarding they kept on their
gate,
And all her vain allurements did forsake ;
When them the wary boatman thus bespake ;
" Here now behoveth us well to avise,
And of our safety good heed to take ;
For here before a perlous passage lies,
Where many mermaids haunt, making false
melodies.

XVIII.

" But by the way there is a great quicksand,
And a whirlpool of hidden jeopardy ;
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keep an even hand ;
For twixt them both the narrow way doth
lie."
Scarce had he said, when hard at hand they
spy,
That quicksand nigh with water coverèd ;
But by the chequer'd wave they did descry
It plain, and by the sea discolourèd :
It callèd was the Quicksand of Unthriftyhed.

XIX.

They, passing by, a goodly ship did see
Laden from far with precious merchandise,
And bravely furnishèd as ship might be,
Which through great disadvantage, or mes-
prise,
Herself had run into that hazardize ;
Whose mariners and merchants with much
toil
Labour'd in vain to have recured their prize,

And the rich wares to save from piteous
spoil ;
But neither toil nor travail might her back
recoil.

XX.

On th' other side they see that perilous pool
That callèd was the Whirlpool of Decay ;
In which full many had with hapless doole
Been sunk, of whom no memory did stay :
Whose circled waters rapt with whirling
sway,
Like to a restless wheel, still running round,
Did covet, as they passèd by that way,
To draw their boat within the utmost bound
Of his wide labyrinth, and then to have them
drown'd.

XXI.

But th' heedful boatman strongly forth did
stretch
His brawny arms, and all his body strain,
That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly
fetch,
Whiles the dread danger does behind remain.
Sudden they see from midst of all the main,
The surging waters like a mountain rise
And the great sea, puff'd up with proud
disdain,
To swell above the measure of his guise,
As threat'ning to devour all that his power
despise.

XXII.

The waves come rolling, and the billows roar
Outrageously, as they enragèd were,
Or wrathful Neptune did them drive before
His whirling charet for exceeding fear ;
For not one puff of wind there did appear ;
That all the three thereat woxe much afraid,
Unweeting what such horror strange did
rear.
Eftsoones they saw an hideous host array'd
Of huge sea-monsters, such as living sense
dismay'd.

XXIII.

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspècts,
Such as dame Nature' self mote fear to see,
Or shame, that ever should so foul defects
From her most cunning hand escapèd be :
All dreadful portraits of deformity,
Spring-headed hydras ; and sea should'ring
whales ;
Great whirlpools, which all fishes make to
flee ;

Bright scolopendras armed with silver
scales ;
Mighty monoceroses with immeasured tails ;

XXIV.

The dreadful fish, that hath deserved the
name
Of Death, and like him looks in dreadful hue ;
The grisly wasserman, that makes his game
The flying ships with swiftness to pursue ;
The horrible sea-satyr,* that doth shew
His fearful face in time of greatest storm ;
Huge ziffius, whom mariners eschew
No less than rocks, as travellers inform ;
And greedy rosmarines † with visages de-
form :

XXV.

All these, and thousand thousands many
more,
And more deformèd monsters thousand fold,
With dreadful noise and hollow rumbling
roar,
Came rushing, in the foamy waves enroll'd,
Which seem'd to fly for fear them to behold :
Ne wonder, if these did the knight appal ;
For all that here on earth we dreadful hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withal,
Compared to the creatures in the seas en-
trall.

XXVI.

"Fear nought," then said the palmer well
avised,
"For these same monsters are not these in
deed,
But are into these fearful shapes disguisèd
By that same wicked witch, to work us dread,
And draw from on this journey to proceed."
Tho lifting up his virtuous staff on high,
He smote the sea, which calmèd was with
speed,
And all that dreadful army fast gan fly
Into great Tethys' bosom, where they hidden
lie.

XXVII.

Quit from that danger forth their course
they kept ;
And as they went they heard a rueful cry
Of one that wail'd and pitifully wept,
That through the sea th' resounding plaints
did fly ;

* Sea satyr.—Is this the sea lion ?

† Rosemarines—sea-monsters who feed on
the rocks.

At last they in an island did espy
A seemly maiden, sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony
Seemèd some great misfortune to deplore,
And loud to them for succour callèd ever-
more.

XXVIII.

Which Guyon hearing, straight his palmer
bade
To steer the boat towards that doleful maid,
That he might know and ease her sorrow
sad :
Who, him avising better, to him said ;
“ Fair sir, be not displeasèd if disobey'd :
For ill it were to hearken to her cry ;
For she is inly nothing ill appay'd ;
But only womanish fine forgery,
Your stubborn heart t'affect with frail in-
firmity :

XXX.

“ To which when she your courage hath
inclinèd
Through foolish pity, then her guileful bait
She will embosom deeper in your mind,
And for your ruin at the last await.”
The knight was rulèd, and the boatman
s'raight
Held on his course with stayèd steadfastness,
Ne ever shrunk, ne ever sought to bait
His tirèd arms for toilsome weariness ;
But with his oars did sweep the wat'ry wil-
derness.

XXXI.

And now they nigh approachèd to the stead
Whereas those mermaids dwelt : it was a still
And calmy bay, on th' one side shelterèd,
With the broad shadow of an hoary hill ;
On th' other side an high rock tow'red still,
That twist them both a pleasant port they
made,
And did like an half theatre fulfil :
There those five sisters had continual trade,
And usèd to bathe themse'ves in that deceit-
ful shade.

XXXI.

They were fair ladies, till they fondly strived
With th' Heliconian Maids for mastery ;
Of whom they, over-comen, were deprived
Of their proud beauty, and th' one moiety
Transform'd to fish for their bold surquedry
But th' upper half their hue retainèd still,
And their sweet skill in wonted melody ;

Which ever after they abused to ill,
T' allure weak travellers, whom gotten they
did kill.

XXXII.

So now to Guyon, as he passèd by,
Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus ap-
plied :

“ O thou fair son of gentle Faëry,
That art in mighty arms most magnified
Above all knights that ever battle tried,
O turn thy rudder hitherward awhile ;
Here may thy storm-beat vessel safely ride ;
This is the port of rest from troublous toil,
The world's sweet inn from pain and wear-
some turmoil.

XXXIII.

With that the rolling sea, resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answerèd ;
And on the rock the waves breaking aloft
A solemn mean unto them measurèd ;
The whiles sweet Zephyrus loud whisteled
His treble, a strange kind of harmony ;
Which Guyon's senses softly tickelèd,
That he the boatman bade row easily,
And let him hear some part of their rare
melody.

XXXIV.

But him the palmer from that vanity
With temperate advice discoursellèd,
That they it past, and shortly gan descrie
The land to which their course they levelled ;
When suddenly a gross fog overspread
With his dull vapour all that desert has,
And heaven's cheerful face envelopèd,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great universe seem'd one confusèd
mass.

XXXV.

Thereat they greatly were dismay'd, ne
wist
How to direct their way in darkness wide,
But fear'd to wander in that wasteful mist,
For tumbling into mischief unespied :
Worse is the danger hidden than descried.
Suddenly an innumerable flight
Of harmful fowls about them fluttering cried,
And with their wicked wings them oft did
smite, [night,
And sore annoyèd, groping in that grisly

XXXVI.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
And fatal birds about them flockèd were,

Such as by nature men abhor and hate ;
The ill-faced owl, death's dreadful messenger ;
The hoarse night-raven, trump of doleful
drere ;

The leather-wingèd bat, day's enemy ;
The rueful strich, still waiting on the bier ;
The whistler shrill, that whoso hears doth
die ;

The hellish harpies, prophets of sad destiny :

XXXVII.

All those, and all that else does horror breed,
About them flew, and fill'd their sails with
fear :

Yet stay'd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th' one did row, and th' other stiffly
steer,

Till that at last the weather gan to clear,
And the fair land itself did plainly show.
Said then the palmer ; " Lo ! where does
appear

The sacred soil where all our perils grow !
Therefore, Sir Knight, your ready arms
about you throw."

XXXVIII.

He heark'ned and his arms about him took,
The whiles the nimble boat so well her sped
That with her crooked keel the land she
strook :

Then forth the noble Guyon sallièd,
And his sage palmer that him governèd ;
But th' other by his boat behind did stay.
They marchèd fairly forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmly arm'd for every hard assay,
With constancy and care, gainst danger and
dismay.

XXXIX.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roar'd outrageously,
As if that hunger's point or Venus' sting
Had them enraged with fell surquedry :
Yet nought they fear'd but past on hardily,
Until they came in view of those wild beasts,
Who all at once, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their upstaring crests,
Ran towards to devour those unexpected
guests.

XL.

But, soon as they approach'd with deadly
threat,
The palmer over them his staff upheld,
His mighty staff, that could all charms
defeat : [quell'd,
Eftssoones their stubborn courages were

And high advancèd crests down meekly fell'd ;
Instead of fraying they themselves did fear,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld :
Such wondrous pow'r did in that staff appear,
All monsters to subdue to him that did it
bear.

XLI.

Of that same wood it framed was cunningly,
Of which Caducèus whylome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,
With which he wonts the Stygian realms
invade

Through ghastly horror and eternal shade ;
Th' infernal fiends with it he can assuage,
And Orcus tame, whom nothing can per-
suade,

And rule the Furies when they most do
rage ;

Such virtue in his staff had eke this palmer
sage.

XLII.

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive,
Whereas the Bower of Bliss was situate ;
A place pick'd out by choice of best alive,
That nature's work by art can imitate :
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may daint'est fantasy aggrate,
Was pourèd forth with plentiful dispence,
And made there to abound with lavish afflu-
ence.

XLIII.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
As well their ent'red guests to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without ;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin ;
Nought fear'd their force, that fortilage to
win,
But Wisdom's pow'r, and Temperance's
might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin :
And eke the gate was wrought of substance
light,
Rather for pleasure than for battery or fight.

XLIV.

It framèd was of precious ivory,
That seem'd a work of admirable wit ;
And therein all the famous history
Of Jason and Medæa was writ ;
Her mighty charms, her furious loving fit ;
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsèd faith, and love too lightly flit ;

The wond' red Argo, which in venturous
piece
First through the Euxine seas bore all the
flow'r of Greece.

XLV.

Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry
Under the ship as thorough them she went,
That seem'd the waves were into ivory,
Or ivory into the waves were sent;
And otherwhere the snowy substance sprent
With vermeil, like the boy's blood therein
shed,

A piteous spectacle did represent;
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled
It seem'd th' enchanted flame, which did
Cræusa wed.

XLVI.

All this and more might in that goodly gate
Be read, that ever open stood to all
Which thither came: but in the porch there
sate

A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing, more than natural,
That travell'rs to him seem'd to entice;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Nor fit for speedy pace or manly exercise.

XLVII.

They in that place him Genius did call:
Not that celestial Pow'r, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That lives, pertains in charge particular,
Who wondrous things concerning our wel-
fare

And strange phantoms, doth let us oft fore-
see,

And oft of secret ill bids us beware:
That is our Self, whom though we do not
see,

Yet each doth in himself it well perceive to
be:

XLVIII.

Therefore a god him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call;
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envies to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall
Through guileful semblants which he makes
us see:

He of this garden had the governal,
And Pleasure's porter was devised to be,
Holding a staff in hand for more formality.

XLIX.

With diverse flow'rs he daintily was deck'd,
And strow'd round about; and by his side
A mighty mazer * bowl of wine was set,
As if it had to him been sacrificed;
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratified;
So did he eke Sir Guyon passing by;
But he his idle courtesy defied
And overthrew his bowl disdainfully,
And broke his staff, with which he charm'd
semblants sly.

L.

Thus being ent' red they behold around
A large and spacious plain on every side
Strow'd with pleasance; whose fair grassy
ground

Mantled with green, and goodly beautified
With all the ornaments of Flora's pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,
When forth from virgin bow'r she comes in
th' early morn.

LI.

Thereto the heavens always jovial
Look'd on them lovely, still in steadfast
state,

Ne suff' red storm nor frost on them to fail,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate:
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T' afflict the creatures which therein did
dwell;

But the mild air with season moderate
Gently attempt' red and disposed so well,
That still it breath'd forth sweet spirit and
wholesome smell.

LII.

More sweet and wholesome than the pleas-
ant hill

Of Rhodope, on which the nymph, that
bore

A giant babe, herself for grief did kill;
Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
Fair Daphne Phœbus' heart with love did
gore;

Or Ida, where the gods loved to repair,
Whenever they their heavenly bow'rs forlore;
Or sweet Parnasse the haunt of Muses fair:
Or Eden self, if ought with Eden mote com-
pare.

* A carved bowl of maple wood.

LIII.

Much wond'red Guyon at the fair aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suff'red no delight
 To sink into his sense nor mind affect ;
 But passèd forth, and look'd still forward
 right,
 Bridling his will and mastering his might :
 Till that he came unto another gate ;
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With boughs and branches, which did broad
 dilate
 Their clasping arms in wanton wreathings
 intricate.

LIV.

So fashionèd a porch with rare device,
 Arch'd overhead with an embracing vine,
 Whose bunches hanging down seem'd to
 entice
 All passers-by to taste their luscious wine,
 And did themselves into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gatherèd ;
 Some deep empurplèd as the hyacine,
 Some as the ruby laughing sweetly red,
 Some like fair emeralds, not yet well
 ripenèd :

LV.

And them amongst some were of burnish'd
 gold,
 So made by art to beautify the rest,
 Which did themselves amongst the leaves
 enfold,
 As lurking from the view of covetous guest,
 That the weak boughs with so rich load
 opprest
 Did bow adown as overburdenèd.
 Under that porch a comely dame did rest
 Clad in fair weeds but foul disorderèd,
 And garments loose that seem'd unmeet for
 womanhead :

LVI.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fulness
 swell'd,
 Into her cup she scruzed with dainty breach
 Of her fine fingers, without foul empeach,
 That so fair winepress made the wine more
 sweet :
 Thereof she used to give to drink to each,
 Whom passing by she happenèd to meet :
 It was her guise all strangers goodly so to
 greet.

LVII.

So she to Guyon off'red it to taste,
 Who, taking it out of her tender hond,
 The cup to ground did violently cast,
 That all in pieces it was broken fond,
 And with the liquor stainèd all the lond :
 Whereat Excess exceedingly was wroth,
 Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
 But suff'red him to pass, all were she loth :
 Who, nought regarding her displeasure for-
 ward go'th.

LVIII.

There the most dainty paradise on ground
 Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none does other's happiness envy ;
 The painted flow'rs ; the trees upshooting
 high ;
 The dales for shade ; the hills for breathing
 space ;
 The trembling groves ; the crystal running
 by ;
 And, that which all fair works doth most
 aggrace,
 The art, which all that wrought, appearèd
 in no place.

LIX.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the
 rude
 And scornèd parts were mingled with the
 fine,)
 That Nature had for wantonness ensued
 Art, and that Art at Nature did repine ;
 So striving each th' other to undermine,
 Each did the other's work more beautiuy :
 So differing both in wills agreed in fine :
 So all agreed, through sweet diversity,
 This garden to adorn with all variety.

LX.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood
 Of richest substance that on earth might be,
 So pure and shiny that the silver flood
 Through every channel ruining one might
 see ;
 Most goodly it with curious imagery
 Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked
 boys,
 Of which some seem'd of lively jollity
 To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
 Whilst others did themselves embay in
 liquid joys.

LXI.

And over all of purest gold was spread
 A trail of ivy in his native hue ;
 For the rich metal was so colourèd,
 That wight, who did not well advised it view,
 Would surely deem it to be ivy true.
 Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew
 Their fleecy flow'rs they fearfully did steep,
 Which drops of crystal seem'd for wanton-
 ness to weep.

LXII.

Infinite streams continually did well
 Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
 The which into an ample laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantity,
 That like a little lake it seem'd to be ;
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits
 height, [bottom see,
 That through the waves one might the
 All paved beneath with jasper shining bright,
 That seem'd the fountain in that sea did
 sail upright.

LXIII.

And all the margin round about was set
 With shady laurel trees, thence to defend
 The sunny beams which on the billows bet,
 And those which therein bathèd mote offend.
 As Guyon happ'ned by the same to wend,
 Two naked damsels he therein espied
 Which therein bathing seemèd to contend
 And wrestle wantonly, ne cared to hide
 Their dainty parts from view of any which
 them eyed.

LXIV.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quite
 Above the waters, and then down again
 Her plunge, as over-masterèd by might,
 Where both awhile would coverèd remain,
 And each the other from to rise restrain ;
 The whiles their snowy limbs, as through a
 veil,
 So through the crystal waves appearèd plain :
 Then suddenly both would themselves
 unhele,
 And th' amorous sweet spoils to greedy eyes
 réveal.

LXV.

As that fair star, the messenger of morn,
 His dewy face out of the sea doth rear,
 Or as the Cyprian goddess newly born
 Of th' ocean's fruitful froth, did first appear :

Such seemèd they, and so their yellow hair
 Crystalline humour droppèd down apace.
 Whom such when Guyon saw, he drew him
 near
 And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace ;
 His stubborn breast gan secret pleasaunce to
 embrace.

LXVI.

The wanton maidens him espying, stood
 Gazing awhile at his unwontèd guise ;
 Then th' one herself low duckèd in the flood,
 Abash'd that her a stranger did advise :
 But th' other rather higher did arise,
 And her two lily paps aloft display'd,
 And all, that might his melting heart entice
 To her delights, she unto him bewray'd ;
 The rest, hid underneath, him more de-
 sirsous made.

LXVII.

With that the other likewise up arose,
 And her fair locks, which formerly were
 bound
 Up in one knot, she low adown did loose,
 Which flowing long and thicck her cloth'd
 around,
 And th' ivory in golden mantle gown'd :
 So that fair spectacle from him was reft,
 Yet that which reft it no less fair was found :
 So hid in locks and waves from lookers'
 theft,
 Nought but her lovely face she for his look-
 ing left.

LXVIII.

Withal she laughèd, and she blush'd withal,
 That blushing to her laughter gave more
 grace,
 And laughter to her blushing, as did fall,
 Now when they spied the knight to slack
 his pace
 Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
 The secret signs of kindled lust appear,
 Their wanton merriments they did increase,
 And to him beck'ned to approach more near,
 And shew'd him many sights that courage
 cold could rear :

LXIX.

On which when gazing him the palmer saw,
 He much rebuked those wand'ring eyes of
 his,
 And, counsell'd well, him forward thence
 did draw. [Bliss.
 Now are they come nigh to the Bow'r of

Of her fond favourites so named amiss,
When thus the palm'r; "Now, sir, well
avise:

For here the end of all our travel is:
Here wonnes Acrasia, whom we must sur-
prise,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift
despise."

LXX.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right h'ard it was for wight which did it
hear,

To read what manner music that mote be;
For all that pleasing is to living ear
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters,
all agree:

LXXI.

The joyous birds shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemp'rd sweet;
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine response meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters' fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answerèd to all.

LXXII.

There, whence that music seemèd heard to
be,

Was the fair witch, herself now solacing
With a new lover, whom, through sorcery
And witchcraft, she from far did thither
bring:

There she had him now laid a slumbering
In secret shade after long wanton joys;
Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing
Many fair ladies and lascivious boys,
That ever mixt their song with light licen-
tious toys.

LXXIII.

And all that while right over him she hung,
With her false eyes fast fixèd in his sight,
As seeking medicine whence she was stung,
Or greedily depasturing delight;
And oft inclining down with kisses light,
For fear of waking him, his lips bedew'd,
And through his humid eyes did suck his
spright,

Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighèd soft, as if his case
she rued.

LXXIV.

The whiles some one did chant this lovely
lay;

*Ah! see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flow'r the image of thy day!
Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty;
That fairer seems the less ye see her may'
Lo! see soon after how more bold and free
Her barèd bosom she doth broad display;
Lo! see soon after how she fades and falls
away!*

LXXV.

*So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flow'r;
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and
bow'r*

*Of many a lady and many a paramour.
Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is
prime,
For soon comes age that will her pride de-
flow'r.*

*Gather the rose of love whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou mayst lovèd be with
equal crime.*

LXXVI.

He ceased, and then 'gan all the quire of
birds

Their diverse notes t' attune unto his lay,
As in approbance of his pleasing words.

The constant pair heard all that he did say,
Yet swervèd not, but kept their forward way
Through many covert groves and thickets
close,

In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton lady, with her lover loose,
Whose sleepy head she in her lap did soft
dispose.

LXXVII.

Upon a bed of roses she was laid,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant
sin;

And was array'd, or rather disarray'd,
All in a veil of silk and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather show'd more white if more might
be:

More subtle web Arachne cannot spin.

Nor the fine nets which oft we woven see,
Of scorched dew, do not in th' air more
lightly flee.

LXXVIII.

Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoil
Of hungry eyes, which n'ote therewith be
fill'd;
And yet, through languor of her late sweet
toil,
Few drops, more clear than nectar, forth
distill'd,
That like pure orient pearls adown it trill'd;
And her fair eyes, sweet smiling in delight,
Moisten'd their fiery beams, with which she
thrill'd [light,
Frail hearts, yet quenched not; like starry
Which sparkling on the silent waves, does
seem more bright.

LXXIX.

The young man, sleeping by her, seem'd to be
Some goodly swain of honourable place;
That certes it great pity was to see
Him his nobility so foul deface:
A sweet regard and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternness did appear,
Yet sleeping, in his well proportion'd face;
And on his tender lips the downy hair
Did not but freshly spring, and silken blos-
soms bear.

LXXX.

His warlike arms, the idle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hung upon a tree:
And his brave shield, full of old monuments,
Was foully razed, that none the signs might
see;
Ne for them ne for honour carèd he,
Ne ought that did to his advancement tend;
But in lewd loves, and wasteful luxury,
His days, his goods, his body he did spend;
O horrible enchantment, that him so did
blend!

LXXXI.

The noble elf and careful palmer drew
So nigh them, minding nought but lustful
game,
That sudden forth they on them rush'd and
threw
A subtle net, which only for that same
The skilful palmer formally did frame;
So held them under fast; the whites the rest
Fled all away for fear of fouler shame.

The fair enchantress, so unwares opprest,
Tried all her arts and all her sleights thence
out to wrest;

LXXXII.

And eke her lover strove; but all in vain:
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distract.
They took them both, and both them strongly
bound
In captive bands, which there they ready
found:
But her in chains of adamant he tied;
For nothing else might keep her safe and
sound:
But Verdant (so he hight) he soon untie'd,
And counsel sage instead thereof to him
applied.

LXXXIII.

But all those pleasant bow'rs, and palace
brave,
Guyon broke down with rigour pitiless;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might
save
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulness
But that their bliss he turn'd to balefulness;
Their groves he fell'd; their gardens did
deface;
Their arbours spoil; their cabinets suppress;
Their banquet-houses burn; their buildings
raze; [place.
And, of the fairest late, now made the foulest

LXXXIV.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowful and sad:
The way they came, the same return'd they
right,
Till they arrivèd where they lately had
Charm'd those wild beasts that raged with
fury mad;
Which, now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistress' rescue, whom they lad;
But them the palmer soon did pacify.
Then Guyon ask'd, what means those beasts
which there did lie.

LXXXV.

Said he; "These seeming beasts are men
in deed,
Whom this enchantress hath transformèd
thus, [feed,
Whylomè her lovers, which her lusts did
Now turnèd into figures hideous,

According to their minds like monstrous.”
 “Sad end,” quoth he, “of life intemperate,
 And mournful meed of joys delicious !
 But, palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returned be unto their former
 state.”

LXXXVI.

Straightway he with his virtuous staff them
 strook, [became ;
 And straight of beasts they comely men
 Yet being men they did unmanly look
 And stared ghastly ; some for inward shame,
 And some for wrath to see their captive
 dame :
 But one above the rest in special
 That had an hog been late, high Grylle by
 name,

Repined greatly, and did him miscall
 That had from hoggish form him brought to
 natural.

LXXXVII.

Said Guyon ; “ See the mind of beastly
 man,
 That hath so soon forgot the excellence
 Of his creation, when he life began,
 That now he chooseth with vile difference
 To be a beast, and lack intelligence ! ”
 To whom the palmer thus ; “ The dunghill
 kind
 Delights in filth and foul incontinence :
 Let Gryll be Gryll, and have his hoggish
 mind :
 But let us hence depart whilst weather
 serves and wind.”

BOOK III.

THE LEGEND OF BRITOMARTIS, OR OF CHASTITY.

I.

It falls me here to write of Chastity,
That fairest virtue, far above the rest :
For which what needs me fetch from Faëry
Foreign ensamples it to have exprest ?
Sith it is shrinèd in my sovereign's breast,
And form'd so lively in each perfect part,
That to all ladies, which have it profest,
Need but behold the portrait of her heart ;
If portray'd it might be by any living art :

II.

But living art may not least part express,
Nor life-resembling pencil it can paint :
All were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles,
His dædale hand would fail and greatly faint,
And her perfections with his error taint :
Ne poet's wit, that passeth painter far
In picturing the parts of beauty daint,
So hard a workmanship adventure dare,
For fear through want of words her excellence to mar.

III.

How then shall I, apprentice of the skill
That whylome in divinest wits did reign,
Presume so high to stretch mine humble
quill ?
Yet now my luckless lot doth me constrain

Hereto perforce : but, O dread sovereign,
Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest wit
Cannot your glorious portrait figure plain,
That I in colour'd shows may shadow it ;
And antique praises unto present persons
fit.

IV.

But if in living colours, and right hue,
Thyself thou covet to see picturèd,
Who can it do more lively, or more true,
Than that sweet verse, with nectar sprinkelèd
In which a gracious servant * picturèd
His Cynthia, his heaven's fairest light ?
That with his melting sweetness ravishèd,
And with the wonder of her beamès bright,
My senses lullèd are in slumber of delight.

V.

But let that same delicious poet lend
A little leave unto a rustic muse
To sing his mistress' praise ; and let him
mend,
If ought amiss her liking may abuse :
Ne let his fairest Cynthia refuse
In mirrors more than one herself to see ;
But either Gloriana let her chuse,
Or in Belphebe fashionèd to be ;
In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare
chastity.

CANTO I.

Guyon encount'reth Britomart ;
Fair Florimell is chased :
Duessa's traines and Malecas-
ta's champions are defaced.

I.

THE famous Briton prince and Faery knight
After long ways and perilous pains en-
dured
Having their weary limbs to perfect plight
Restored and sorry wounds right well re-
cured,
Of the fair Alma greatly were procured

To make their longer sojourn and abode ;
But, when thereto they might not be allured
Fron seeking praise and deeds of arms
abroad [gether yode.
They courteous congè took, and forth to

* Sir Walter Raleigh who had written of
Queen Elizabeth as Cynthia.

II.

But the captived Acrasia he sent,
Because of travel long a nigher way,
With a strong guard, all rescue to prevent,
And her to Faery court safe to convey ;
That her for witness of his hard assay
Unto his Faery Queen he might present :
But he himself betook another way,
To make more trial of his hardiment,
And seek adventures, as he with Prince Ar-
thur went.

III.

Long so they travellèd through wasteful
ways,
Where dangers dwelt, and perils most did
wonne,
To hunt for glory and renownèd praise :
Full many countries they did overrun,
From the arising to the setting sun,
And many hard adventures did achieve ;
Of all the which they honour ever won,
Seeking the weak oppressèd to relieve,
And to recover right for such as wrong did
did grieve.

IV.

At last, as through an open plain they yode,
They spied a knight that towards prickèd
fair ;
And him beside an aged squire there rode,
That seem'd to couch under 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 himself prepare,
And on his arm address his goodly shield
That bore a lion passant in a golden field.

V.

Which seeing good Sir Guyon dear besought
The Prince, of grace, to let him run that
turn.
He granted: then the Faery quickly raught
His poignant spear, and sharply gan to spurn
His foamy steed whose fiery feet did burn.
The verdant grass as he thereon did tread,
Ne did the other back his foot return,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful spear against the
other's head.

VI.

They been ymet, and both their points ar-
rived ;
But Guyon drove so furious and fell,

That seem'd both shield and plate it would
have rived ;
Natheless it bore his foe not from his sell,
But made him stagger, as he were not well :
But Guyon' self, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a spear's length behind his crupper fell ;
Yet in his fall so well himself he bare,
That mischievous mischance his life and
limbs did spare.

VII.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he took ;
For never yet, sith warlike arms he bore
And shivering spear in bloody field first
shook,
He found himself dishonourèd so sore.
Ah ! gentlest knight, that ever armour bore,
Let not thee grieve dismountèd to have been,
And brought to ground, that never wast
before ;
For not thy fault, but secret pow'r unseen ;
That spear enchanted was which laid thee
on the green !

VIII.

But weenedst thou that wight thee over-
threw,
Much greater grief and shamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst
renew,
That of a single damsel thou wert met
On equal plain, and there so hard beset :
Even the famous Britomart it was,
Whom strange adventure did from Britain
set,
To seek her lover (love far sought alas !)
Whose image she had seen in Venus' look-
ing-glass.

IX.

Full of disdainful wrath, he fierce uprose
For to revenge that foul reproachful shame,
And snatching his bright sword began to
close
With her on foot, and stoutly forward came ;
Die rather would he then endure that same.
Which when his palmer saw, he gan to fear
His toward peril, and untoward blame,
Which by that new rencounter he should
rear ;
For Death sate on the point of that enchant-
ed spear :

X.

And hasting towards him gan fair persuade
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to wean

His spear's default to mend with cruel blade ;
 For by his mighty science he had seen
 The secret virtue of that weapon keen.
 That mortal puissance mote not withstond :
 Nothing on earth mote always happy been !
 Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
 To lose long-gotten honour with one evil
 hond.

XI.

By such good means he him discoursellèd
 From prosecuting his revenging rage :
 And eke the prince like treaty handelèd
 His wrathful will with reason to assuage ;
 And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
 But to his starting steed that swerved aside,
 And to the ill purveyance of his page,
 That had his furnitures not firmly tied :
 So is his angry courage fairly pacified.

XII.

Thus reconciliation was between them knit
 Through goodly temperance and affection
 chaste,
 And either vow'd with all their power and
 wit
 To let not others honour be defaced
 Of friend or foe, whoever it embraced
 Ne arnis to bear against the other's side :
 In which accord the prince was also placed,
 And with that golden chain of concord tied .
 So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did
 ride.

XIII.

O, goodly usage of those antique times,
 In which the sword was servant unto right ;
 When not for malice and contentious crimes,
 But all for praise and proof of manly might,
 The martial brood accustomèd to fight
 Then honour was the meed of victory,
 And yet the vanquishèd had no despite.
 Let later age that noble use envy,
 Vile rancour to avoid and cruel surquedry !

XIV.

Long they thus travellèd in friendly wise,
 Through countries waste, and eke well
 edified
 Seeking adventurers hard, to exercise
 Their puissance, whylome full dernly tried
 At length they came into a forest wide,
 Whos : hideous horror and sad trembling
 sound
 Full griesly seem'd, therein they long did
 iide,

Yet track of living creature none they found
 Save bears, lions, and bulls, which roamèd
 them around.

XV.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush,
 Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone,
 A goodly lady did foreby them rush,
 Whose face did seem as clear as crystal stone,
 And eke, through fear, as white as whales
 bone.
 Her garments all were wrought of beaten
 gold,
 And all her steed with tinsel trappings shon :
 Which fled so fast that nothing mote him
 hold,
 And scarce them leisure gave her passing to
 behold.

XVI.

Still as she fled her eye she backward thre
 As fearing evil that pursued her fast ;
 And her fair yellow locks behind her flew,
 Loosely dispersed with puff of every blast .
 All as a blazing star doth fair outcast
 His hairy beams, and flaming locks dispread,
 At sight whercof the people stand aghast ;
 But the sage wizard tells as he has read,
 That it impòrtunes death and doleful drery-
 hed.

XVII.

So as they gazèd after her awhile,
 Lo ! where a grisly fo'ster forth did rush,
 Breathing out beastly lust her to defile
 His tyreling jade he fiercely forth did push
 Through thick and thin, both over bank and
 bush,
 In hope her to attain by hook or crook,
 That from his gory sides the blood did gush.
 Large were his limbs, and terrible his look,
 And in his clownish hand a sharp boar-spear
 he shook.

XVIII

Which outrage when those gentle knights
 did see,
 Full of great envy and fell jealousy,
 They stay'd not to avise who first should be
 But all spurr'd after, fast as they mote fly,
 To rescue her from shameful villany.
 The prince and Guyon equally bilive
 Herself pursued, in hope to win thereby
 Most goodly meed, the fairest dame alive .
 But after the foul fo'ster Timias did strive.

XIX.

The whiles fair Britomart, whose constant
mind

Would not so lightly follow beauty's chase,
Ne reck'd of ladies' love, did stay behind;
And them awaited there a certain space,
To weet if they would turn back to that
place: [went,

But when she saw them gone, she forward
As lay her journey, through that perilous
pace,

With steadfast courage and stout hardiment;
Ne evil thing she fear'd, ne evil thing she
meant.

XX.

At last as nigh out of the wood she came,
A stately castle far away she spied,
To which her steps directly she did frame.
That castle was most goodly edified,
And placed for pleasure nigh that forest side:
But fair before the gate a spacious plain,
Mantled with green, itself did spreaden wide
On which she saw six knights, that did
darrayne [and main.
Fierce battle against one with cruel might

XXI.

Mainly they all at once upon him laid,
And sore beset on every side around,
That nigh he breathless grew, yet nought
dismay'd,

Ne ever to them yielded foot of ground,
All had he lost much blood through many a
wound;

But stoutly dealt his blows, and every way,
To which he turn'd in his wrathful stownd,
Made them recoil, and fly from dread decay,
That none of all the six before him durst
assay.

XXII.

Like dastard curs, that, having at a bay
The savage beast imboss'd* in weary chase,
Dare not adventure on the stubborn prey,
Ne bite before, but roam from place to place
To get a snatch when turn'd is his face.
In such distress and doubtful jeopardy
When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
Unto his rescue and with earnest cry
Bade those same six forbear that single
enemy.

* Embost. A deer is said to be *imbossed* when she is so hard pursued that she foams at the mouth.—CHURCH.

XXIII.

But to her cry they list not lenden ear,
Ne ought the more their mighty strokes sur-
cease,

But, gathering him round about more near,
Their direful rancour rather did increase;
Till that she rushing through the thickest
preasse

Perforce disparted their compacted gyre
And soon compell'd to hearken unto peace:
Tho gan she mildly of them to inquire
The cause of their dissention and outrageous
ire.

XXIV.

Whereto that single knight did answer
frame:

"These six would me enforce, by odds of
might,

To change my lief, and love another dame;
That death me liefer were than such despite,
So unto wrong to yield my wrested right:
For I love one, the truest one on ground,
Ne list me change; she th' Errant Damsel
hight; [stownd

For whose dear sake full many a bitter
I have endured, and tasted many a bloody
wound."

XXV.

"Certes," said she, "then been ye six to
blame,

To ween your wrong by force to justify:
For knight to leave his lady were great
shame

That faithful is; and better were to die:
All loss is less, and less the infamy,
Than loss of love to him that loves but one:
Ne may love be compell'd by mastery;
For, soon as mastery comes, sweet love anon
Taket h his nimble wings, and soon away is
gone."

XXVI.

Then spake one of those six; "There
dweleth here

Within this castle-wall a lady fair,
Whose soveraign beauty hath no living peer;
Thereto so bot.nteous and so debonaire:
That never any mote with her compare:
She hath ordain'd this law, which we ap-
prove,

That every knight which doth this way re-
pair,

In case he have no lady nor no love,
Shall do unto her service, never to remove:

XXVII.

"But if he have a lady or a love,
Then must he her to ego with foul defame,
Or else with us by dint of sword approve,
That she is fairer than our fairest dame;
As did this knight, before ye lithe came."
"Perdy," said Britomart, "the choice is
hard!

But what reward had he that overcame?
"He should advanced be to high regard,"
Said they, "and have our lady's love for his
reward.

XXVIII.

"Therefore aread, sir, if thou have a love."
"Love have I sure," quoth she, "but lady
none;

Yet will I not fro my own love remove,
Ne to your lady will I service done,
But wreak your wrongs wrought to this
knight alone,
And prove his cause." With that her mortal
spear

She mightily avent'ed towards one,
And down him smote ere well aware he were;
Then to the next she rode, and down the
next she bear.

XXIX.

Ne did she stav till three on ground she laid,
That none of them himself could rear again:
The fourth was by that other knight dis-
may'd,

All were he weary of his former pain;
That now there do but two of six remain;
Which two did yield before she did them
smite.

"Ah!" said she then, "now may ye all see
plain,
That truth is strong, and true love most of
might,
That for his trusty servants doth so strongly
fight."

XXX.

"Too well we see," said they, "and prove
too well
Our faulty weakness, and your matchless
might.

Fortly, fair sir, yours be the damosel,
Which by her own law to your lot doth light,
And we your liegemen faith unto you plight."
So underneath her feet their swords they
mard,

And, after, her besought, well as they might

To enter in and reap the due reward;
She granted; and then in they all together
fared.

XXXI.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame
And stately port of Castle Joyeous,
(For so that castle hight by common name.)
Where they were entertain'd with courteous
And comely glee of many gracious
Fair ladies, and of many a gentle knight;
Who, through a chamber long and spacious,
Eftsoones them brought unto their lady's
sight,
That of them cleep'd was the Lady of De-
light.

XXXII.

But, for to tell the sumptuous array
Of that great chamber, should be labour
lost;

For living wit, I ween, cannot display
The royal riches and exceeding cost
Of every pillar and of every post,
Which all of purest bullion fram'd were,
And with great pearls and precious stones
emboss'd;

That the bright glister of their beam's clear
Did sparkle forth great light, and glorious
did appar.

XXXIII.

These stranger knights, through passing,
forth were led

Into an inner room, whose royalty
And rich purveyance might uneth be read;
Mote Prince's place besem so deck'd to be.
Which stately manner whenas they did see,
The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of mean degree,
They greatly wond'ed whence so sumptu-
ous guise

Might be maintain'd, and each gan diversely
devise.

XXXIV.

The walls were round about apparell'd
With costly cloths of Arras and of Tours,
In which with cunning hand was portray'd
The love of Venus and her paramour,
The fair Adonis, turn'd to a flow'r;
A work of rare device and wondrous wit.
First did it show the bitter baleful stowre,
Which her essay'd with many a fervent fit,
When first her tender heart was with his
beauty smit:

XXXV.

Then with what sleights and sweet allure-
ments she
Enticed the boy, as well that art she knew,
And wooed him her paramour to be ;
Now making garlands of each flow'r that
grew,
To crown his golden locks with honour due ;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his beaperes, and from bright hea-
ven's view, [suade,
Where him to sleep she gently would per-
Or bathe him in a fountain by some covert
glade :

XXXVI.

And, whilst he slept, she over him would
spread
Her mantle colour'd like the starry skies,
And her soft arm lay underneath his head,
And with ambrosial kisses bathe his eyes ;
And, whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty
spies
She secretly would search each dainty limb,
And throw into the well sweet rosemaries,
And fragrant violets, and paunces trim ;
And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle
him.

XXXVII.

So did she steal his heedless heart away,
And joy'd his love in secret unespied.
But for she saw him bent to cruel play,
To hunt the savage beast in forest wide,
Dreadful of danger that mote him betide
She oft and oft advised him to refrain
From chase of greater beasts, whose brutish
pride [vain ;
Mote breed him scath unwares ; but all in
For who can shun the chance that dest'ny
doth ordain ?

XXXVIII.

Lo ! where beyond he lieth languishing,
Deadly engorged of a great wild boar ;
And by his side the goddess grovelling
Makes for him endless moan, and evermore
With her soft garment wipes away the gore
Which stains his snowy skin with hateful
hue ;
But, when she saw no help might him re-
store,
Him to a dainty flow'r she did transmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it
lively grew.

XXXIX.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wise :
Aud round about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique world's guise,
Some for untimely ease, some for delight,
As pleasèd them to use that use it might :
And all was full of damsels and of squires,
Dancing and revelling both day and night,
And swimming deep in sensual desires ;
And Cupid still amongst them kindled lust-
ful fires.

XL.

And all the while sweet music did divide
Her looser notes with Lydian harmony ;
And all the while sweet birds thereto ap-
plied
Their dainty lays and dulcet melody,
Aye carolling of love and jollity,
That wonder was to hear their trim consort.
Which when those knights beheld, with
scornful eye
They 'sdainèd such lascivious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanour of that
wanton sort.

XLI.

Thence they were brought to that great
lady's view,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous
bed [shew,
That glist' red all with gold and glorious
As the proud Persian queens accoutmèd ;
She seem'd a woman of great bountièd
And of rare beauty, saving that askance
Her wanton eyes (ill signs of womanhed)
Did roll too lightly, and too often glance,
Without regard of grace or comely ame-
naunce.

XLII.

Long work it were, and needless, to devise
Their goodly entertainment and grea' glee :
She causèd them be led in courteous wise
Into a bow'r, disarmèd for to be,
And cheerèd well with wine and spicery :
The Redcross Knight was soon disarmèd
there ;
But the brave maid would not disarmèd be,
But only vented up her umbrière,
And so did let her goodly visage to appear-

XLIII.

As when fair Cynthia, in darksome night,
Is in a noyous cloud envelopèd.

Where she may find the substance thin and
light,
Breaks forth her silver beams, and her bright
head
Discovers to the world discomfited;
Of the poor traveller that went astray
With thousand blessings she is herrièd:
Such was the beauty and the shining ray,
With which fair Britomart gave light unto
the day.

XLIV.

And eke those six, which lately with her
fought,
Now were disarm'd, and did themselves
present
Unto her view, and company unsought;
For they all seemèd courteous and gent,
And all six brethren, born of one parent,
Which had them train'd in all civility,
And goodly taught to tilt and tournament;
Now were they liegemen to this lady free,
And her knights-service ought,* to hold of
her in fee.

XLV.

The first of them by name Gardantè hight,
A jolly person, and of comely view;
The second was Parantè, a bold knight;
And next to him Jocantè did ensue;
Basciantè did himself most courteous shew;
But fierce Bacchantè seem'd too fell and
keen;
And yet in arms Noctantè greater grew:
All were fair knights, and goodly well-be-
seen:
But to fair Britomart they all but shadows
been.

XLVI.

For she was full of amiable grace
And manly terror mixèd therewithal;
That as the one stir'd up affections base,
So th' other did men's rash desires appal,
And hold them back that would in error
fall:
As he that hath espied a vermeil rose,
To which sharp thorns and briars the way
forestall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
But, wishing it far off, his idle wish doth
lose.

* Owed.

XLVII.

Whom when the lady saw so fair a wight,
All ignorant of her contráry sex,
(For she her ween'd a fresh and lusty knight),
She greatly gan enamourèd to wex,
And with vain thoughts her falsèd fancy vex:
Her fickle heart conceivèd hasty fire,
Like sparks of fire which fall in slender flex,
That shortly Brent into extreme desire,
And ransack'd all her veins with passion
entire.

XLVIII.

Eftsoones she grew to great impatience,
And into terms of open outrage brust,
That plain discover'd her incontinence;
Ne reck'd she who her meaning did mistrust;
For she was given all to fleshly lust,
And pour'd forth in sensual delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honour put to flight:
So shameless beauty soon becomes a loathly
sight.

XLIX.

Fair ladies, that to love captivèd are,
And chaste desires do nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweet affections mar
Ne blot the bounty of all womankind
'Mongst thousands good, one wanton dame
to find;
Amongst the roses grow some wicked weeds:
For this was not to love, but lust inclined;
For love does always bring forth bounteous
deeds,
And in each gentle heart desire of honour
breeds.

L.

Nought so of love this looser dame did skill,
But as a coal to kindle fleshly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading under foot her honest name:
Such love is hate, and such desire is shame
Still did she rove at her with crafty glance,
Of her false eyes, that at her heart did aim,
And told her meaning in her countenance;
But Britomart dissembled it with ignorance.

LI.

Supper was shortly dight, and down they
sate,
Where they were servèd with all sumptuous
fare,

Whiles fruitful Ceres and Lyæus fat,
Pour'd out their plenty, without spight or
spare;

Nought wanted there that dainty was and
rare:

And aye the cups their banks did overflow:
And aye between the cups she did prepare.
Way to her love, and secret darts did throw;
But Britomart would not such guileful mes-
sage know.

LII.

So, when they slakèd had the fervent heat
Of appetite with meats of every sort,
The lady did fair Britomart entreat
Her to disarm, and with delightful sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort:
But when she mote not thereunto be won,
(For she her sex under that strange purpört
Did use to hide, and plain appearance shun,)
In plainer wise to tell her grievance she
began;

LIII.

And all at once discover'd her desire
With sighs, and sobs, and plaints, and
piteous grief,

The outward sparks of her in-burning fire:
Which spent in vain, at last she told her brief,
That, but if she did lend her short relief
And do her comfort, she mote algates die,
But the chaste damsel, that had never priefe
Of such malengine and fine forgery,
Did easily believe her strong extremity.

LIV.

Full easy was for her to have belief,
Who by self-feeling of her feeble sex,
And by long trial of the inward grief
Wherewith imperious love her heart did vex,
Could judge what pains do loving hearts
perplex,

Who means no guile, be guiled soonest shall,
And to fair semblance doth light faith annex:
The bird, that knows not the false fowler's
call,

Into his hidden net full easily doth fall.

LV.

Forthy she would not in discourteous wise
Scorn the fair offer of good will profess'd;
For great rebuke it is love to despise,
Or rudely 'sdain a gentle heart's request;
But with fair countenance, as besemèd best,
Her entertain'd; nathless she inly deem'd
Her love too light, to woo a wand'ring guest;

Which she misconstruing, thereby esteem'd
That from like inward fire that outward
smoke had steam'd.

LVI.

Therewith awhile she her fleet fancy fed;
Till she mote win fit time for her desire;
But yet her wound still inward freshly bled,
And through her bones the false in-stilled fire
Did spread itself, and venom close inspire.
Tho were the tables taken all away;
And every knight, and every gentle squire,
Gan choose his dame with basciomani gay,
With whom he meant to make his sport
and courtly play.

LVII.

Some fell to dance; some fell to hazardry;*
Some to make love; some to make merri-
ment;

As diverse wits to diverse things apply:
And all the while fair Malecasta bent
Her crafty engines to her close intent.

By this th' eternal lamps, wherewith high
Jove
Doth light the lower world, were half yspent,
And the moist daughters of huge Atlas †
strove

Into the ocean deep to drive their weary
drove.

LVIII.

High time it seemèd then every wight
Them to betake unto their kindly rest:
Eftsoones long waxen torches weren light
Unto their bow'rs to guiden every guest,
Tho, when the Britoness saw all the rest
Avoided quite, she gan herself despoil,
And safe commit to her soft feather'd nest;
Where through long watch, and late day's
weary toil,
She soundly slept, and careful thoughts did
quite assoil.

LIX.

Now whenas all the world in silence deep
Yshrouded was, and every mortal wight
Was drownèd in the depth of deadly sleep;
Fair Malecasta, whose engravèd spright
Could find no rest in such perplexèd plight,
Lightly arose out of her weary bed,
And, under the black veil of guilty night,

* P'aying at Hazard.

† The Hyades, a constellation in Taurus.

Her with a scarlet mantle coverèd,
That was with gold and ermines fair en-
velopèd.

LX.

Then panting soft, and trembling every joint,
Her fearful feet towards the bower she
moved,
Where she for secret purpose did appoint
To lodge the warlike maid, unwisely loved;
And, to her bed approaching, first she proved
Whether she slept or waked, with her soft
hand
And softly felt if any member moved,
And lent her wary ear to understand
If any puff of breath or sign of sense she
found.

LXI.

Which whenas none she found, with easy
shift,
For fear lest her unwares she should abrade,
Th' embroider'd quilt she lightly up did lift,
And by her side herself she softly laid,
Of every finest finger's touch afraid;
Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
But inly sigh'd. At last the royal maid
Out of her quiet slumber did awake,
And changed her weary side, the better ease
to take.

LXII.

Where feeling one close couchèd by her side,
She lightly leapt out of her fillèd bed,
And to her weapon ran, in mind to gryde
The loathèd leachour : but the dame, half-
dead
Through sudden fear and ghastly drierihed,
Did shriek aloud, that through the house it
rong,
And the whole family therewith adread
Rashly out of their rousèd couches sprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in arms did
throng.

LXIII.

And those six knights, that lady's cham-
pions,
And eke the Redcross knight ran to the
stownd,
Half arm'd and half unarm'd, with them
attons;
Where when confusedly they came, they
found
Their lady lying on the senseless ground;
On th' other side they saw the warlike maid

All in her snow-white smock, with locks un-
bound,
Threat'ning the point of her avenging blade;
That with so troublous terror they were all
dismay'd.

LXIV.

About their lady first they flock'd around;
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they rear'd out of her frozen snownd;
And afterwards they gan with foul reproach
To stir up strife, and troublous conteck
broach:
But, by ensample of the last day's loss,
None of them rashly durst to her approach,
Ne in so glorious spoil themselves emboss:
Her succour'd eke the Champion of the
Bloody Cross.

LXV.

But one of those six knights, Gardantè
hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keen,
Which forth he sent with felonous despite;
And fell intent against the virgin sheen:
The mortal steel stay'd not till it was seen
To gore her side; yet was the wound not
deep,
But lightly razèd her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood thereout did
weep,
Which did her lily smock with stains of
vermeil steep.

LXVI.

Wherewith enraged she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her laid,
That none of them foul mischief could es-
chew,
But with her dreadful strokes were all dis-
may'd;
Here, there, and everywhere, about her
sway'd
Her wrathful steel, that none might it abide;
And eke the Redcross knight gave her good
aid,
Aye joining foot to foot, and side to side;
That in short space their foes they have
quite terrified.

LXVII.

Tho, whenas all were put to shameful flight,
The noble Britomartis her array'd,
And her bright arms about her body dight;
For nothing would she longer there be stay'd,

Where so loose life and so ungentle trade,
Was used of knights and ladies seeming
gent:
So, early, ere the gross earth's gryesy shade,

Was all dispersed out of the firmament,
They took their steeds, and forth upon their
journey went.

CANTO II.

The Redcross knight to Britomart
Describeth Arteggall:
The wondrous mirror, by which she
In love with him did fall.

I.

HERE have I cause in men just blame to find,
That in their proper praise too partial be,
And not indifferent to woman kind,
To whom no share in arms and chivalry
They do impart, ne maken memory
Of their brave gests and prowess martial:
Scarce do they spare to one, or two or three,
Room in their writs; yet the same writing
small
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their
glories all.

II.

But by record of antique times I find
That women wont in wars to bear most sway,
And to all great exploits themselves inclined,
Of which they still the garland bore away;
Till envious men, fearing their rule's decay,
Gan coin strait laws to curb their liberty:
Yet, sith they warlike arms have laid away,
They have excell'd in arts and policy,
That now we foolish men that praise gin
eke t'envy.

III.

Of warlike puissance in ages spent,
Be thou, fair Britomart, whose praise I write,
But of all wisdom be thou precedent,
O sovereign Queen whose praise I would
indite,
Indite I would as duty doth excite;
But ah! my rhymes too rude and rugged are,
When in so high an object they do light,
And, striving fit to make, I fear, do mar:
Thyself thy praises tell, and make them
known far

IV.

She, travelling with Guyon, by the way
Of sundry things fair purpose gan to find,

T' abridge their journey long and ling'ring
day:
Mongst which it fell into that Fairy's mind
To ask this Briton Maid, that uncouth wind
Brought her into those parts, and what
inquest
Made her dissemble her disguisèd kind:
Fair lady she him seem'd like lady drest,
But fairest knight alive when armèd was
her breast.

V.

Thereat she sighing softly had no pow'r
To speak awhile, ne ready answer make;
But with heart-thrilling throbs and bitter
stowre,
As if she had a fever fit, did quake,
And every dainty limb with horror shake;
And ever and anon the rosy red
Flash'd through her face, as it had been a
flake
Of lightning through bright heaven fulminèd:
At last, the passion past, she thus him an-
swerèd:

VI.

"Fair sir, I let you weet, that from the hour
I taken was from nurse's tender pap,
I have been train'd up in warlike stowre,
To tossen spear and shield, and to affrap
The warlike rider to his most mishap;
Sithence I loathèd have my life to lead,
As ladies wont, in pleasure's wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nice thread,
Me leifer were with point of foeman's spear
be dead.*

VII.

"All my delight on deeds of arms is set
To hunt out perils and adventures hard,

* I would sooner die by the point of a foe-
man's spear.

By sea, by land, whereso they may be met
Only for honour and for high regard,
Without respect of riches or reward:
For such intent into these parts I came,
Withouten compass or withouten card,
Far from my native soil, that is by name
The Greater Bretagne,* here to seek for
praise and fame.

VIII.

* Fame blazèd hath, that here in Faery Lond
Do many famous knights and ladies wonne,
And many strange adventures to be fond,
Of which great worth and worship may be
won:

Which to prove, I this voyage have begun.
But mote I weet of you, right courteous
knight,
Tidings of one that hath unto me done
Late foul dishonour and reproachful spite,
The which I seek to wreak, and Arthegall
he hight."

IX.

The word gone out she back again would
call,
As her repenting so to have missaid,
But that he, it uptaking ere the fall,
Her shortly answerèd; "Fair martial maid,
Certes ye misavisèd been t' upbraid
A gentle knight with so unknighly blame;
For, weet ye well, of all that ever plav'd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the
name.

X.

"For thy great wonder were it, if such shame
Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
Or ever do that mote deserven blame:
The noble courage never weeneth ought
That may unworthy of itself be thought.
Therefore, fair damsel, be ye well aware,
Lest that too far ye have your sorrow
sought;
You and your country both I wish welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy
are."

XI.

The royal maid woxe inly wondrous glad,
To hear her love so highly magnified;
And joy'd that ever she affixèd had
Her heart on knight so goodly-glorified,
However finely she it feign'd to hide.

* Great Britain—in contradistinction to Bre-
tagne.

The loving mother, that nine months did
bear
In the dear closet of her painful side
Her tender babe, it seeing safe appear,
Doth not so much rejoice as she rejoicèd
there.

XII.

But to occasion him to further talk,
To feed her humour with his pleasing style,
Her list in strife-full terms with him to balk,
And thus replied; "However, sir, ye file
Your courteous tongue his praises to comple,
It ill besecms a knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye have him boasted, to beguile
A simple maid, and work so heinous tort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can
report.

XIII.

"Let be therefore my vengeance to dissuade
And read, where I that Faitour false may
find."

"Ah! but if reason fair might you persuade
To slake your wrath, and mollify your mind,"
Said he, "perhaps ye should it better find:
For hardly thing it is, to ween by might
That man to hard conditions to bind;
Or ever hope to match in equal fight,
Whose prowess paragon saw never living
wight.

XIV.

"Ne soothly is it easy for to read
Where now on earth, or how, he may be
found;

For he ne wonneth in one certain stead,
But restless walketh all the world around
Aye doing things that to his fame redound,
Defending ladies' cause and orphans' right,
Whereso he hears that any doth confound
Them comfortless through tyranny or might;
So is his sovereign honour raised to heaven's
height."

XV.

His feeling words her feeble sense much
pleased,
And softly sunk 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 magic art,
That doth the charmed snake in slumb-
lay:
Such secret ease felt gentle Britomart,

Yet list the same efforce with feign'd gain-
say :
(So discord oft in music makes the sweeter
lay ;)

XVI.

And said ; " Sir knight, these idle terms
forbear ;
And, sith it is uneach to find his haunt,
Tell me some marks by which he may appear,
If chance I him encounter paravaunt ;
For, perdy, one shall other slay, or daunt :
What shape, what shield, what arms, what
steed, what stead,
Aud whatso else his person most may
vaunt ? "

All which the Redcross knight to point aread
And him in every part before her fashionèd.

XVII.

Yet him in every part before she knew,
However list her now her knowledge feign,
Sith him whylome in Britain she did view,
To her revealèd in a mirror plain :
Whereof did grow her first engraftèd pain,
Whose root and stalk so bitter yet did taste,
That, but the fruit more sweetness did con-
tain,
Her wretched days in dolour she mote waste,
And yield the prey of love to loathsome
death at last.

XVIII.

By strange occasion she did him behold,
And much more strangely gan to love his
sight,
As it in books hath written been of old.
In Deheubarth, that now South-Wales is
hight.
What time King Ryence reign'd and dealèd
right,
The great magician Merlin had devised,
By his deep science and hell-dreaded might
A looking-glass right wondrously aguisèd,
Whose virtues through the wide world soon
were solemnized.

XIX.

It virtue had to show in perfect sight
Whatever thing was in the world contain'd,
Betwixt the lowest earth and heaven's height,
So that it to the looker appertain'd :
Whatever foe had wrought, or friend had
feign'd,
Therein discover'd was, ne ought mote pass,
Ne ought in secret from the same remain'd ;

Fortly it round and hollow shapèd was,
Like to the world itself, and seem'd a world
of glass.

XX.

Who wonders not that reads so wondrous
work ?
But who does wonder, that has read the
tow'r
Wherein th' Egyptian Phao long did lurk
From all men's view, that none might her
discoure,
Yet she might all men view out of her bow'r ?
Great Ptolemy it for his leman's sake
Y'buidled all of glass, by magic pow'r,
And also it impregnable did make ;
Yet, when his love was false, he with a
peaze it brake.

XXI.

Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,
And gave unto King Ryence for his guard,
That never foes his kingdom might invade,
But he it knew at home before he heard
Tidings thereof, and so them still debarr'd :
It was a famous present for a prince,
And worthy work of infinite reward,
That treasons could bewray, and foes con-
vince :
Happy this realm, had it remainèd ever
since !

XXII.

One day it fortunèd fair Britomart
Into her father's closet to repair ;
For nothing he from her reserved apart,
Being his only daughter and his heir ;
Where when she had espied that mirror fair
Herself awhile therein she view'd in vain :
Then, her avising of the virtues rare
Which thereof spoken were, she gan again
Her to bethink of that mote to herself per-
tain.

XXIII.

But as it falleth, in the gentlest hearts
Imperious Love hath highest set his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
Of them, that to him euxom are and prone :
So thought this maid (as maidens use to
done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot ;
Not that she lusted after any one,
For she was pure from blame of sinful blot ;
Yet wist her life at last must link in that
same knot.

XXIV.

Eftsoones there was presented to her eye
A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wise,
Through whose bright ventayle litted up on
high

His manly face, that did his foes agrise
And friends to terms of gentle truce entice,
Look'd forth, as Phœbus' face out of the east
Betwixt two shady mountains doth arise :
Portly his person was, and much increased,
Through his heroic grace and honourable
gest.

XXV.

His crest was cover'd with a couchant hound,
And all his armour seem'd of antique mould
But wondrous massy and assured sound,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was, with cyphers
old.

Achilles' arms which Arthegall did win :
And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
He bore a crown'd little ermilin,
That deck'd the azure field with her fair
powder'd skin.

XXVI.

The damsel well did view his personage,
And likèd well ; ne further fast'ned not,
But went her way ; ne her unguilty age
Did ween, unwares, that her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottom of the pot :
Of hurt unwist most danger doth redound :
But the false archer which that arrow shot
So slyly that she did not feel the wound,
Did smile full smoothly at her weetless wo-
ful stound.

XXVII.

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty crest,
Ruff'd of love, gan lowly to availle ;
And her proud portance and her princely
gest,
With which she erst triumph'd, now did
quail :
Sad, solemn, sour, and full of fancies frail,
She woxe ; yet wist she neither how, nor
why ;
She wist not, silly maid, what she did ail,
Yet wist she was not well at ease, perdy ;
Yet thought it was not love, but some mel-
ancholy.

XXVIII.

So soon as Night had with her pallid hue
Defaced the beauty of the shining sky,
And reft from men the world's desired view,

She with her nurse adown to sleep did lie ;
But sleep full far away from her did fly :
Instead thereof sad sighs and sorrows deep
Kept watch and ward about her warily ;
That nought she did but wail, and often
steep
Her dainty couch with tears which closely
she did weep.

XXIX.

And if that any drop of slumb'ring rest
Did chance to still into her weary spright,
When feeble nature felt herself oppress'd,
Straightway with dreams, and with fantastic
sight
Of dreadful things, the same was put to
flight ;
That oft out of her bed she did astart,
As one with view of ghastly fiends affright :
Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
And think of that fair visage written in her
heart.

XXX.

One night, when she was toss'd with such
unrest,
Her aged nurse, whose name was Glaucè
hight,
Feeling her leap out of her loathèd nest,
Betwixt her feeble arms her quickly keight,
And down again in her warm bed her dight .
" Ah ! my dear daughter, ah ! my dearest
dread,
What uncouth fit," said she, " what evil
plight
Hath thee oppress'd, and with sad dreary-
head
Changed thy lively cheer, and living made
thee dead ?

XXXI.

" For not of nought these sudden ghastly
fears
All night afflict thy natural repose : *
And all the day, whenas thine equal peers
Their fit disports with fair delight do chose,
Thou in dull corners dost thyself inclose ;
Ne tastest prince's pleasures, ne dost spread
Abroad thy fresh youth's fairest flow'r but
lose
Both leaf and fruit, both too untimely shed,
As one in wilful bale for ever buried.

XXXII.

" The time that mortal men their weary
cares
Do lay away, and all wild beasts do rest,

And every river eke his course forbears,
Then doth this wicked evil thee infest,
And rive with thousand throbs thy thrillèd
breast :

Like an huge Etn' of deep engulfèd grief,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
Whence forth it breaks in sighs and anguish
rife,
As smoke and sulphur mingled with con-
fused strife.

XXXIII.

"Ay me! how much I fear lest love it be!
But if that love it be, as sure I read
By knowen signs and passions which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royal seed,
Then I avow, by this most sacred head
Of my dear foster child, to ease thy grief
And win thy will: therefore away do dread:
For death nor danger from thy due relief
Shall me debar; tell me, therefore, my lief-
est lief!"

XXXIV.

So having said, her twixt her armès twain
She straightly strain'd, and collèd tenderly;
And every trembling joint and every vein
She softly felt, and rubbèd busily,
To do the frozen cold away to fly;
And her fair dewy eyes with kisses dear
She oft did bathe, and oft again did dry:
And ever her importuned not to fear
To let the secret of her heart to her appear.

XXXV.

The damsel paused; and then thus fearfully;
"Ah! nurse, what needeth thee to eke my
pain?"

Is not enough that I alone do die,
But it must doubled be with death of twain?
For nought for me but death there doth
remain?"

"Oh daughter dear," said she, "despair no
whit;

For never sore but might a salve obtain:
That blinded god, which hath ye blindly
smit,

Another arrow hath your lover's heart to hit."

XXXVI.

"But mine is not," quoth she, "like other
wound;

For which no reason can find remedy."

"Was never such, but mote the like be
found,"

Said she; "and though no reason may apply

Salve to your sore, yet love can higher sty
Than reason's reach, and oft hath wonders
done,"

"But neither god of love nor god of sky
Can do," said she, "that which cannot be
done."

"Things oft impossible," quoth she, "seen
ere begun."

XXXVII.

"These idle words," said she, "do not
assuage

My stubborn smart but more annoyance
breed;

For know, no usual fire, no usual rage
It is, O nurse, which on my life doth feed,
And sucks the blood which from my heart
doth bleed.

But since thy faithful zeal lets me not hide
My crime, (if crime it be,) I will it read,
Nor prince nor peer it is, whose love hath
gryde

My feeble breast of late, and lancèd this
wound wide.

XXXVIII.

Nor man it is, nor other living wight;
For then some hope I might unto me draw;
But th' only shade and semblant of a knight,
Whose shape or person yet I never saw,
Hath me subjected to love's cruel law:
The same one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my father's wondrous mirror saw,
And, pleasèd with that seeming goodlyhed,
Unawares the hidden hook with bait I
swallowèd:

XXXIX.

"Sithens it hath infixèd faster hold,
Within my bleeding bowels, and so sore
Now rankleth in this same frail fleshy mould,
That all nine entrails flow with pois'nous
gore,

And th' ulcer groweth daily more and more;
Ne can my running sore find remedy,
Other than my hard fortune to deplore,
And languish as the leaf fall'n from the tree,
Till death make one end of my days and
misery!"

XL.

"Daughter," said she, "what need ye be
dismay'd?"

Or why make ye such monster of your mind?
Of much more uncouth thing I was afraid:
Of filthy lust, contráry unto kind:

But this affection nothing strange I find ;
 For who with reason can you aye reprove
 To love the semblant pleasing most your
 mind,
 And yield your heart whence ye cannot
 remove ?
 No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of love.

XLI.

" Not so th' Arabian Myrrh³ did set her
 mind ;
 Not so did Biblis spend her pining heart ;
 But loved their native flesh against all kind,
 And to their purpose used a wicked art :
 Yet play'd Paphia⁴ a more monstrous part,
 That loved a bull, and learn'd a beast to be :
 Such shameful lusts who loathis not, which
 depart
 From course of nature and of modesty ?
 Sweet Love such lewdness bans from his
 fair company.

XLII.

" But thine, my dear, (well fare thy heart,
 my dear !
 Though strange beginning had, yet fix'd is
 On one that worthy may perhaps appear ;
 And certes seems bestow'd not amiss ;
 Joy thereof have thou and eternal bliss !"
 With that, upleaning on her elbow weak,
 Her alabaster breast she soft did kiss,
 Which all that while she felt to pant and
 quake,
 As if an earthquake were : at last she thus
 bespake

XLIII.

" Beldame, your words do work me little
 ease ;
 For though my love be not so lewdly bent
 As those ye blame, yet may it nought appease
 My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
 But rather doth my helpless grief augment.
 For they, however shameful and unkind,
 Yet did possess their horrible intent ;
 Short end of sorrows they thereby did find
 So was their fortune good, though wicked
 were their mind.

XLIV.

" But wicked fortune mine, though mind be
 good,
 Can have no end nor hope of my desire,
 But feed on shadows whiles I die for food,
 And like a shadow wax, whiles with entire
 Affection I do languish, and expire.

I, fonder than Cephisus' foolish child,
 Who, having view'd in a fountain sheer
 His face, was with the love thereof beguiled ;
 I, fonder, yield a shade, the body far exiled."

XLV.

" Nought like," quoth she ; " for that same
 wretched boy,*
 Was of himself the idle paramour,
 Both love and lover, without hope of joy ;
 For which he faded to a wat'ry flower.
 But better fortune thine, and better hour,
 Which lov'st the shadow of a warlike knight ;
 No shadow but a body hath in pow'r ;
 That body, wheresoever that it light,
 May learn'd be by cyphers, or by magic
 might.

XLVI.

" But if thou may with reason yet repress
 That growing evil ere it strength have got,
 And thee abandon'd wholly do possess ;
 Against it strongly strive, and yield thee not
 Till thou in open field adown be smote.
 But if the passion master thy frail might,
 So that needs love or death must be thy lot,
 Then I avow to thee, by wrong or right
 To compass thy desire, and find that lov'd
 knight."

XLVII.

Her cheerful words much cheer'd the feeble
 spright
 Of the sick virgin, that her down she laid
 In her warm bed to sleep, if that she might ;
 And the old woman carefully display'd
 The clothes about her round with busy aid ;
 So that at last a little creeping sleep,
 Surprised her sense : she, therewith well
 appay'd,
 The drunken lamp down in the oil did steep,
 And sate her by to watch, and sate her by
 to weep.

XLVIII.

Early, the morrow next, before that Day
 His joyous face did to the world reveal,
 They both arose and took their ready way
 Unto the church, their prayers to appeal,
 With great devotion, and with little zeal :
 For the fair damsel from the holy herse †
 Her love-sick heart to other thoughts did
 steal :

* Narcissus.

† Herse means the rehearsal of morning
 prayer.

And that old dame said many an idle verse
Out of her daughter's heart fond fancies to
reverse.

XLIX.

Returnèd home, the royal Infant fell
Into her former fit; for why? no pow'r
Nor guidance of herself in her did dwell,
But th' aged nurse, her calling to her bow'r,
Had gather'd rue, and savine, and the flow'r
Of camphora, and calamint, and dill;
All which she in an earthen pot did pour,
And to the brim with coltwood did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood through
it did spill.

L.

Then, taking thrice three hairs from off her
head,
Them trebly braided in a threefold lace,
And round about the pot's mouth bound the
thread;
And, after having whisperèd a space
Certain sad words with hollow voice and
base,
She to the virgin said, thrice said she it;
"Come, daughter, come; come, spit upon
my face;

Spit thrice upon me, thrice upon me spit;
Th' uneven number for this business is most
fit."

LL.

That said, her round about she from her
turn'd,
She turnèd her contràry to the sun;
Thrice she her turn'd contràry, and return'd
All contràry; for she the right did shun;
And ever what she did was straight undone.
So thought she to undo her daughter's love:
But love, that is in gentle breast begun,
No idle charms so lightly may remove;
That well can witness, who by trial it does
prove.

LII.

Ne ought it mote the noble ma'ïd avail,
Ne slake the fury of her cruel flame,
But that she still a wail, and still did wail,
That, through long languor and heart-burn-
ing brame
She shortly like a pinèd ghost became
Which long hath waited by the Stygian
strond;
That when old Glauçè saw, for fear lest blame
Of her miscarriage should in her be found,
She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to
withstend.

CANTO III.

Merlin bewrays to Britomart
The state of Arthegall:
And shows the famous progeny,
Which from them springen shall.

I.

MOST sacred fire, that burnest mightily
In living breasts, ykindled first above
Amongst the eternal spheres and lamping
sky.
And thence pour'd into men, which men call
Love; [move
Not that same, which doth base affections
In brutish minds, and filthy lust inflame;
But that sweet fit that doth true beauty love,
And chooseth Virtue for his dearest dame,
Whence spring all noble deeds and never-
dying fame:

II.

Well did Antiquity a god thee deem,
That over mortal minds hast so great might,
To order them as best to thee doth seem,
And all their actions to direct aright:
The fatal purpose of divine foresight
Thou dost effect in destinèd descents,
Through deep impression of thy secret
might,
And stirrest up th' heroës high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous
moniments.

III.

But thy dread darts in none do triumph more,
 Ne braver proof in any of thy pow'r
 Show'dst thou, than in this royal maid of
 yore,
 Making her seek an unknown paramour,
 From the world's end, through many a bitter
 stowre :
 From whose two loins thou afterwards didst
 raise
 Most famous fruits of matrimonial bow'r,
 Which through the earth have spread their
 living praise,
 That Fame in trump of gold eternally dis-
 plays.

IV.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred dame,
 Laughter of Phœbus and of Memory,
 That dost ennoble with immortal name
 The warlike worthies, from antiquity,
 In thy great volume of eternity :
 Begin, O Clio, and recount from hence
 My glorious sovereign's goodly ancestry,
 Till that by due degrees, and long pretence
 Thou have it lastly brought unto her ex-
 cellence.

V.

Full many ways within her troubled mind
 Old Glaucè cast to cure this lady's grief ;
 Full many ways she sought but none could
 find,
 Nor herbs, nor charms, nor counsel that is
 chief
 And choicest med'cine for sick hearts' relief :
 Forth great care she took, and greater fear,
 Lest that it should her turn to foul reprieve
 And sore reproach, whenso her father dear
 Should of his dearest daughter's had mis-
 fortune hear.

VI.

At last she her advised, that he which made
 That mirror, wherein the sick damosel
 So strangely viewèd her strange lover's shade
 To weet, the learnèd Merlin, well could tell
 Under what coast of heaven the man did
 dwell,
 And by what means his love might best be
 wrought :
 For, though beyond the Afric Ismaël,*
 Or th' Indian Peru he were, she thought
 Him forth through infinite endeavour to
 have sought.

* The Arabs, or Saracens, who had conquered
 and ruled over great part of Africa.

VII.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in
 strange
 And base attire, that none might them be-
 wray,
 To Maridunum, that is now by change
 Of name Cayr-Merdin call'd, they took their
 way ;
 There the wise Merlin whylome wont (they
 To make his wonne, low underneath the
 ground,
 In a deep delve, far from the view of day,
 That of no living wight he mote be found,
 Whenso he counsell'd with his sprights en
 compass'd round

VIII.

And, if thou ever happen that same way
 To travel, go to see that dreadful place :
 It is an hideous hollow cave (they say)
 Under a rock that lies a little space
 From the swift Barry, tumbling down apace,
 Amongst the woody hills of Dynevowre :
 But dare thou not, I charge in any case
 To enter into that same baleful bow'r,
 For fear the cruel fiends should thee un-
 wares devour :

IX.

But standing high aloft low lay thine ear,
 And there such ghastly noise of iron chains
 And brazen caldrons thou shalt rumbling
 hear,
 Which thousand sprights with long endur-
 ing pains
 Do toss, that it will stun thy feeble brains ;
 And oftentimes great groans, and grievous
 stownds,
 When too huge toils and labour them con-
 strains ;
 And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing
 sounds
 From under that deep rock most horribly
 rebounds.

X.

The cause, some say, is this : a little while
 Before that Merlin died, he did intend
 A brazen wall in compass to compile
 About Cairmardin, and did it commend
 Unto these sprights to bring to perfect end ;
 During which work the Lady of the Lake,
 Whom long he loved, for him in haste did
 send ;
 Who, thereby forced his workmen to forsake,
 Them bound, till his return, their labour not
 to slake.

XI.

In the meantime through that false lady's
traine *
He was surprised, and buried under bier,
Ne ever to his work return'd again :
Natheless those fiends may not their work
forbear,
So greatly his commandement they fear,†
But there do toil and travail day and night,
Until that brazen wall they up do rear ;
For Merlin had in magic more insight
Than ever him before or after living wight :

XII.

For he by words could call out of the sky
Both sun and moon, and make them him
obey ;
The land to sea, and sea to mainland dry,
And darksome night he eke could turn to
day ;
Huge hosts of men he could alone dismay,
And hosts of men of meanest things could
frame,
Whenso him list his enemies to fray :
That to this day for terror of his fame,
The fiends do quake when any him to them
does name.

XIII.

And, sooth, men say that he was not the
son
Of mortal sire or other living wight,
But wondrously begotten, and begun,
By false illusion of a guileful spright
On a fair lady Nun, that whylome hight
Matilda, daughter to Pubidius
Who was the lord of Marthraual by right,
And cousin unto king Ambrosius ;
Whence he indued was with skill so marvel-
lous.

XIV.

They, here arriving, stay'd awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new doubt
For dread of danger, which it might portend:
Until the hardy maid (with love to friend)
First entering, the dreadful Mage there
found
Deep busied 'bout work of wondrous end,
And writing strange characters in the ground,
With which the stubborn fiends he to his
service bound.

* By the stratagem or deceit (traine) of Vivien.
† This resembles the Afghan legend of the
building of Ghuzni.

XV.

He nought was moved at their entrance bold,
For of their coming well he wist afore ;
Yet list them bid their business to unfold,
As if ought in this world in secret store
Were from him hidden, or unknown of yore.
Then Glaucè thus ; " Let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darksome
door
Unwares have press'd ; for either fatal end
Or other mighty cause, us two did hither
send."

XVI.

He bade tell on : and then she thus began ;
" Now have three moons with borrow'd
brother's light
Thrice shined fair, and thrice seem'd dim
and wan,
Sith a sore evil, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth and doth plunge in doleful
plight,
First rooting took ; but what thing it mote
be,
Or whence it sprang, I cannot read aright :
But this I read, that, but if remedy
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall
see."

XVII.

Therewith th' enchanter softly gan to smile
At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well
That she to him dissembled womanish guile,
And to her said ; " Beldame, by that ye tell
More need of leech-craft hath your Damosel,
Than of my skill : Who help may have else-
where,
In vain seeks wonders out of magic spell."
Th' old woman woxe half blank those words
to hear :
And yet was loth to let her purpose plain
appear ;

XVIII.

And to him said ; " If any leech's skill,
Or other learned means could have redress'd
This my dear daughter's deep-engrafted ill,
Certes I should be loth thee to molest :
But this sad evil, which doth her infest,
Doth course of natural cause far exceed,
And housèd is within her hollow breast,
That either seems some cursèd witch's deed,
Or evil spright, that in her doth such tor-
ment breed."

XIX.

The wizard could no longer bear her bord,
But, bursting forth in laughter, to her said;
"Glauce, what needs this colourable word
To cloke the cause that hath itself bewray'd?
Ne ye, fair Britomartis, thus array'd,
More hidden are than sun in cloudy vale;
Whom thy good fortune, having fate obey'd,
Hath hither brought for succour to appeal,
The which the pow'rs to thee are pleasèd to
reveal."

XX.

The doubtful maid, seeing herself descried,
Was all abash'd, and her pure ivory
Into a clear carnation sudden dyed;
As fair Aurora, rising hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell that she did lie
All night in old Tithonus' frozen bed,
Whereof she seems ashamed inwardly;
But her old nurse was nought disheartenèd,
But vantage made of that which Merlin had
aread;

XXI.

And said; "Sith then thou knowest all our
grief,
(For what dost not thou know?) of grace I
pray,
Pity our plaint, and yield us meet relief!
With that the prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirit thus gan forth display;
"Most noble virgin, that by fatal lore
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay
The hard begin that meets thee in the door,
And with sharp fits thy tender heart opp-
presseth sore:

XXII.

"For so must all things excellent begin;
And eke enrootèd deep must be that tree,
Whose big embodied branches shall not lin
Till they to heaven's height forth stretchèd
be,
For from thy womb a famous progeny
Shall spring out of the ancient Trojan blood,
Which shall revive the sleeping memory
Of those same antique peers, the heaven's
brood,
Which Greek and Asian rivers stainèd with
their blood.

XXIII.

"Renownèd kings, and sacred emperors,
Thy fruitful offspring, shall from thee de-
scend."

Brave captains, and most mighty warriors,
That shall their conquests through all lands
extend,
And their decayèd kingdoms shall amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long war
They shall uprear and mightily defend
Against their foreign foe that comes from
far,
Till universal peace compound all civil jar.

XXIV.

"It was not, Britomart, thy wand'ring eye
Glancing unwares in charmèd looking-glass,
But the straight course of heavenly destiny,
Led with Eternal Providence, that has
Guided thy glance, to bring His will to pass
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To love the prouest knight that ever was:
Therefore submit thy ways unto His will:
And do, by all due means, thy destiny fulfil.

XXV.

"But read," said Glauce, "thou magician,
What means shall she out-seeke or what
ways take?
How shall she know, how shall she find the
man?
Or what she needs her to toil, sith Fates can
make
Way for themselves their purpose to par-
take?"
Then Merlin thus: "Indeed the Fates are
firm;
And may not shrink, though all the world
do shake:
Yet ought men's good endeavours them con-
firm
And guide the heavenly causes to their con-
stant term.

XXVI.

"The man, whom heavens have ordain'd
to be
The spouse of Britomart, is Arthegall:
He wonneth in the land of Faëry,
Yet is no Faery born, ne sib at all
To Elves, but sprung of seed terrestrial,
And whylome by false Faeries stolen away,
Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crawl,
Ne other to himself is known this day,
But that he by an Elf was gotten of a Fay:

XXVII.

"But sooth he is the son of Gorloës,
And brother unto Cadour, Cornish king

And for his warlike feats renownèd is,
 From where the day out of the sea doth
 spring,
 Until the closure of the evening :
 From thence him, firmly bound with faithful
 band,
 To this his native soil thou back shalt bring,
 Strongly to aid his country to withstand
 The pow'r of foreign paynims which invade
 thy land.

XXVIII.

"Great aid thereto his mighty p'issance
 And dreaded dame shall give in that sad day ;
 Where also proof of thy prow valiance
 'Thou then shalt make, t'increase thy lover's
 prey :
 Long time ye both in arms shall bear great
 sway, [call,
 Till thy womb's burden thee from them do
 And his last fate him from thee take away ;
 Too rathe cut off by practice criminal
 Of secret foes that him shall make in
 mischief fall.

XXIX.

"With thee yet shall he leave, for memory
 Of his late puissance, his image dead,
 That living, him in all activity
 To thee shall represent : he, from the head
 Of his cousin Constantius, without dread
 Shall take the crown that was his father's
 right. [stead :
 And therewith crown himself in th' other's
 Then shall he issue forth with dreadful might
 Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

XXX.

"Like as a lion that in drowsy cave
 Hath long time slept, himself so shall he
 shake ;
 And, coming forth, shall spread his banner
 brave
 Over the troubled south, that it shall make
 The warlike Mercians for fear to quake :
 Thrice shall he fight with them, and twice
 shall win ;
 But the third time shall fair accordance
 make ;
 And, if he then with victory can lin,
 He shall his days with peace bring to his
 earthly Inn.

XXXI.

"His son, hight Vortipore, shall him succeed
 In kingdom, but not in felicity :

Yet shall he long time war with happy speed
 And with great honour many battles try ;
 But at the last to th' importunity
 Of froward fortune shall be forced to yield :
 But his son Malgo shall full mightily
 Avenge his father's loss with spear and
 shield,
 And his proud foes discomfit in victorious
 field.

XXXII.

"Behold the man ! and tell me Britomart,
 If aye more goodly creature thou didst see ?
 How like a giant in each manly part
 Bears he himself with portly majesty,
 That one of th' old heroës seems to be !
 He the six islands, comprovincial
 In ancient times unto Great Britainy,
 Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
 Their sundry kings to do their homage
 several.

XXXIII.

"All which his son Careticus awhile
 Shall well defend, and Saxons' power sup-
 press ;
 Until a stranger king, from unknown soil
 Arriving, him with multitude oppress ;
 Great Gormond, having with huge mighti-
 ness
 Ireland subdued, and therein fix'd his throne,
 Like a swift otter, fell through emptiness,
 Shall overswim the sea with many one,
 Of his Norweyses, to assist the Britons' fone*
 several.

XXXIV.

"He in his fury all shall over-run,
 And holy church with faithless hands deface,
 That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,
 Shall to the utmost mountains fly apace
 Was never so great waste in any place,
 Nor so foul outrage done by living men ;
 For all thy cities they shall sack and raze,
 And the green grass that groweth they shall
 bren,
 And even the wild beast shall die in starvèd
 den.

XXXV.

"Whiles thus thy Britons do in languor pine,
 Proud Ethelred shall from the north arise,
 Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
 And, passing Dee, with hardy enterprise

* His Norwegians to assist the foes of Britain

• Shall back repulse the valiant Brockwell
twice,
And Bangor with massâcred martyrs fill ;
But the third time shall rue his fool-hardise :
For Cadwan, pitying his people's ill,
Shall stoutly him deat, and thousand
Saxons kill.

XXXVI.

“ But, after him, Cadwallin mightily
On his son Edwin all those wrongs shall
wreak ;
Ne shall avail the wicked sorcery
Of false Pellite his purposes to break,
But him shall slay, and on a gallows bleak
Shall give the enchanter his unhappy hire :
Then shall the Britons, late dismay'd and
weak,
From their long vassalage 'gin to respire,
And on their Paynim foes avenge their
rankled ire.

XXXVII.

“ Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
Till both the sons of Edwin he have slain,
Offric and Osric, twins unfortunate,
Both slain in battle upon Layburne plain,
Together with the King of Louthiane,
Hight Adin, and the King of Orkeny,
Both joint partakers of their fatal pain :
But Penda, fearful of like destiny,
Shall yield himself his hegeman, and swear
fâalty :

XXXVIII.

“ Him shall he make his fatal instrument
T' afflict the other Saxons unsubdued :
He marching forth with fury insolent
Against the good King Oswald, who indued,
With heavenly power, and by angels rescued,
All holding crosses in their hands on high,
Shall him defeat withouten blood imbrued :
Of which that field for endless memory
Shall Heavenfield be call'd to all posterity.

XXXIX.

“ Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth issue,
And an huge host into Northumber lead,
With which he godly Oswald shall subdue,
And crown with martyrdom his sacred head :
Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like
dread,
With price of silver shall his kingdom buy ;
And Penda, seeking him adown to tread,
Shall tread adown, and do him foully die ;
But shall with gifts his lord Cadwallin pacify.

XL.

“ Then shall Cadwallin die ; and then the
reign
Of Britons eke with him at once shall die ;
Ne shall the good Cadwallader, with pain
Or pow'r, be able it to remedy,
When the full time, prefix'd by destiny,
Shall be expired of Britons' regiment :
For heaven itself shall their success envy,
And them with plagues and murrains pesti-
lent [spent.
Consume, till all their warlike puissance be

XLI.

“ Yet after all these sorrows, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight years' space,
Cadwallader, not yielding to his ills,
From Armoric', where long in wretched case
He lived, returning to his native place,
Shall be by vision stay'd from his intent :
For th' heavens have decreed to displace
The Britons for their sins' due punishment,
And to the Saxons over-give their govern-
ment,

XLII.

“ Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that shall be born
To live in thraldom of his father's foe !
Late king, now captive ; late lord, now for-
lorn ;
The world's reproach ; the cruel victor's
scorn ;
Banish'd from princely bow'r to wasteful
wood !
O ! who shall help me to lament and mourn ;
The royal seed, the antique Trojan blood,
Whose empire longer here than ever any
stood ! ”

XLIII.

The damsel was full deep empassionèd
Both for his grief, and for her people's sake,
Whose future woes so plain he fashionèd ;
And sighing sore, at length him thus be-
spake ;
“ Ah ! but will heaven's fury never slake,
Nor vengeance huge relent itself at last ?
Will not long misery late mercy make,
But shall their name for ever be defaced
And quite from off the earth their memory
be razed ? ”

XLIV.

“ Nay but the term,” said he, “ is limited,
That in this thraldom Britons shall abide ;

And the just revolution measurèd
That they as strangers shall be notified :
For twice four hundred years shall be sup-
plied,
Ere they to former rule restored shall be,
And their impòrtune fates all satisfied :
Yet, during this their most obscurity
Their beams shall oft break forth, that men
them fair may see.

XLV.

“For Rhodorick, whose surname shall be
Great,
Shall of himself a brave ensample show,
That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat,
And Howell Dha shall goodly well indue
The savage minds with skill of just and true ;
Then Griffyth Conan also shall uprear
His dreaded head, and the old sparks renew
Of native courage, that his foes shall fear
Lest back again the kingdom he from them
should bear.

XLVI.

“Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably
Enjoy the crown, which they from Britons
won
First ill, and after rulèd wickedly :
For, ere two hundred years be full outrun,
There shall a raven * far from rising sun,
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithless chickens overrun
The fruitful plains, and with fell cruelty
In their avenge tread down the victor’s sur-
quedry.

XLVII.

“Yet shall a third both these and thine sub-
due :
There shall a lion from the sea-board wood
Of Neustria † come roaring, with a crew
Of hungry whelps, his battailous bold brood,
Whose claws were newly dipt, in cruddy
blood,
That from the Daniske Tyrant’s head shall
rend
Th’ usurpèd crown as if that he were wood,
And the spoil of the country conquerèd
Amongst his young ones shall divide with
bountyhed.

XLVIII.

“Tho, when the term is full accomplishèd,
There shall a spark of fire, which hath long-
while

* The emblem of Denmark.
Normandy.

Been in his ashes rakèd up and hid,
Be freshly kindled in the fruitful isle
Of Mona, where it lurkèd in exile ;
Which shall break forth into bright burning
flame,
And reach into the house that bears the style
Of royal majesty and sovereign name
So shall the Briton blood their crown again
reclaim.

XLIX.

“Thenceforth eternal union shall be made
Between the nations different afore,
And sacred peace shall lovingly persuade
The warlike minds to learn her goodly lore,
And civil arms to exercise no more :
Then shall a royal virgin reign, which shall
Stretch her white rod over the Belgic shore
And the great Castle smite so sore withal *
That it shall make him shake, and shortly
learn to fall :

L.

“But yet the end is not.” —There Merlin
stay’d,
As overcome of the spirit’s pow’r
Or other ghastly spectacle dismay’d,
That secretly he saw, yet note discoure :
Which sudden fit and half extatic stoure
When the two fearful women saw, they grew
Greatly confusèd in behaviour :
At last, the fury past, to former hue
He turn’d again, and cheerful looks as erst
did show.

LI.

Then, when themselves they well instructed
had
Of all that needed them to be inquired,
They both, conceiving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home retired ;
Where they in secret counsel close conspired,
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possess the purpose they desired :
Now this, now that, twixt them they did
devise,
And diverse plots did frame to mask in
strange disguise.

LII.

At last the nurse in her fool-hardy wit
Conceived a bold device, and thus bespake ;
“ Daughter, I deem that counsel aye most fit.
That of the time doth due advantage take :

* The flag of Spain bears the *Castles of Cas-
tile*.

Ye see that good king Uther now doth make
Strong war upon the Paynim brethren, hight
Octa and Oza, whom he lately brake
Beside Cayr Verolam in victorious fight,
That now all Brittany doth burn in armes
bright.

LIII.

“That therefore nought our passage may
impeach,
Let us in feignèd arms ourselves disguise,
And our weak hands (need makes good
scholars) teach
The dreadful spear and shield to exercise :
Ne certes, daughter, that same warlike wise,
I ween, would you meseem : for ye been tall
And large of limb t’ achieve an hard emprise ;
Ne ought ye want but skill which practice
small
Will bring, and shortly make you a maid
marial.

LIV.

“And, sooth, it ought your courage much
in flame
To hear so often, in that royal house,
From whence to none inferior ye came,
Bards tell of many women valorous,
Which have full many feats adventurous
Perform’d, in paragon of proudest men :
The bold Bunduca, whose victorious
Exploits made Rome to quake ; stout Guen-
dolen ;
Renownèd Martia ; and redoubted Emilen ;

LV.

“And, that which more than all the rest
may sway,
Late days’ ensample, which these eyes be-
held :
In this last field before Menevia,
Which Uther with those foreign Pagans
held,
I saw a Saxon virgin, the which fell’d
Great Ulfin thrice upon the bloody plain ;
And, had not Carados her hand withheld
From rash revenge, she had him surely slain ;
Yet Carados himself from her escaped with
pain.”

LVI.

“Ah ! read,” quoth Britomart, “how is she
hight ?”
“Fair Angela,” quoth she, “men do her
call,
Not whit less fair than terrible in fight :
She hath the leading of a martial

And mighty people, dreaded more than all
The other Saxons, which do for her sake
And love, themselves of her name *Angles*
call.

Therefore, fair Infant, her ensample make
Unto thyself, and equal courage to thee
take.”

LVII.

Her hearty words so deep into the mind
Of the young damsel sunk, that great desire
Of warlike arms in her forthwith they tynde,
And generous stout courage did inspire,
That she resolved, unweeting to her sire,
Advent’rous knighthood on herself to don ;
And counsell’d with her nurse her maid’s
attire,
To turn into a massy habergeon ;
And bade her all things put in readiness anon.

LVIII.

Th’ old woman nought that needed did omit ;
But all things did conveniently purvey.
It fortunèd (so time their turn did fit)
A band of Britons, riding on forray
Few days before, had gotten a great prey
Of Saxon goods ; amongst the which was
seen
A goodly armour, and full rich array,
Which long’d to Angela, the Saxon queen,
All fretted round with gold and goodly well
beseen.

LIX.

The same, with all the other ornaments,
King Ryence causèd to be hangèd high
In his chief church, for endless monuments
Of his success and gladful victory.
Of which herself avising readily,
In th’ evening late old Glaucè thither led
Fair Britomart, and, that same armoury
Down taking, her therein apparellèd
Well as she might, and with brave baldric
garnishèd.

LX.

Beside those arms there stood a mighty spear
Which Bladud made by magic art of yore,
And used the same in battle aye to bear ;
Sith which it had been here preserved in
store,
For his great virtues provèd long afore ;
For never wight so fast in sell could sit,
But him perforce unto the ground it bore :
Both spear she took and shield which hung
by it ;
Both spear and shield of great pow’r, for her
purpose fit.

LXI.

Thus when she had the virgin all array'd,
 Another harness which did hang thereby
 About herself she dight, that the young maid
 She might in equal arms accompany,
 And as her squire attend her carefully:
 Tho' to their ready steeds they clomb full
 light;
 And through back ways, that none might
 them espy,
 Cover'd with secret cloud of silent night,
 Themselves they forth convey'd and passed
 forward right.

LXII.

Ne rested they, till that to Faery Lond
 They came, as Merlin them directed late:
 Where, meeting with this Redcross knight,
 she fond
 Of diverse things discourses to dilate,
 But most of Arthegall and his estate,
 At last their ways so fell, that they mote
 part;
 Then each to other, well affectionate
 Friendship profess'd with unfeign'd heart:
 The Redcross knight diverst,*but forth rode
 Britomart.

CANTO IV.

Bold Marinell of Britomart
 Is thrown on the Rich Strand:
 Fair Florimell of Arthur is
 Long follow'd, but not fond.

I.

WHERE is the antique glory now become,
 That whylome wont in women to appear?
 Where be the brave achievements done by
 some?
 Where be the battles, where the shield and
 spear,
 And all the conquest which them high did
 rear,
 That matter made for famous poets' verse,
 And boastful men so oft abash'd to hear?
 Been they all dead, and laid in doleful hearse?
 Or do they only sleep and shall again re-
 verse?

II.

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore;
 But if they sleep, O let them soon awake!
 For all too long I burn with envy sore
 To hear the warlike feats which Homer spake
 Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake
 Of Greekish blood so oft in Trojan plain;
 But when I read, how stout Deborah strake
 Proud Sisera, and how Camill' hath slain
 The huge Orsilochus, I swell with great
 disdain.

III.

Yet these, and all that else had puissance,
 Cannot with noble Britomart compare,

As well for glory of great valiance,
 As for pure chastity and virtue rare,
 That all her goodly deeds do well declare.
 Well worthy stock, from which the branches
 sprong
 That in late years so fair a blossom bare,
 As thee, O queen, the matter of my song,
 Whose lineage from this lady I derive along!

IV.

Who when, through speeches with the Red-
 cross knight,
 She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,
 And in each point herself inform'd aright,
 A friendly league of love perpetual
 She with him bound, and conge took withal.
 Then he forth on his journey did proceed,
 To seek adventures which mote him befall,
 And win him worship through his warlike
 deed,
 Which always of his pains he made the
 chiefest meed.

V.

But Britomart kept on her former course,
 Ne ever doft her arms; but all the way

* Turned aside.

Grew pensive through that amorous dis-
course,
By which the Redcross knight did erst dis-
play
Her lover's shape and chivalrous array:
A thousand thoughts she fashion'd in her
mind;
And in her feigning fancy did portray
Him, such as fittest she for love could find,
Wise, warlike personable, courteous, and

VI.

With such self-pleasing thoughts her wound
she fed,
And thought so to beguile her grievous
smart:
But so her smart was much more grievous
bred,
And the deep wound more deep engorged
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 her
address.

VII.

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
And, sitting down upon the rocky shore,
Bade her old squire unlace her lofty crest:
Tho, having view'd awhile the surges hoar
That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly roar,
And in their raging surquedry disdain'd
That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
And their devouring covetise restrain'd,
Thereat she sigh'd deep, and after thus
complain'd:

VIII.

"Huge sea of sorrow and tempestuous grief,
Wherein my feeble bark is toss'd along
Far from the hoped haven of relief,
Why do thy cruel billows beat so strong,
And thy moist mountains each on other
throng,
Threatning to swallow up my fearful life?
O, do thy cruel wrath and spiteful wrong
At length allay, and stint thy stormy strife,
Which in these troubled bowels reigns and
rageth rife!

* Love.

IX.

"For eise my feeble vessel crazed and crack'd
Through thy strong buffets and outrageous
blows
Cannot endure, but needs it must be wrack'd
On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shal-
lows,
The whiles that Love it steers, and Fortune
rows;
Love, my lewd* pilot, hath a restless mind;
And Fortune, boatswain, no assurance
knows; [wind;
But sail withouten stars gainst tide and
How can they other do, sith both are bold
and blind!

X.

"Thou god of winds, that reignest in the seas,
That reignest also in the continent,
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent!
Then, when I shall myself in safety see,
A table, for eternal monument
Of thy great grace and my great jeopardy,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee!"

XI.

Then sighing softly sore, and inly deep,
She shut up all her plaint in privy grief;
(For her great courage would not let her
weep;)
Till that old Glauce gan with sharp reprove
Her to restrain, and give her good relief
Through hope of those, which Merlin had
her told
Should of her name and nation be chief,
And fetch their being from the sacred mould
Of her immortal womb, to be in heaven
enroll'd.

XII.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spied
Where far away one, all in armour bright,
With hasty gallop towards her did ride:
Her dolour soon she ceased, and on her dight
Her helmet, to her courser mounting light:
Her former sorrow into sudden wrath
(Both cousin passions of distressed spright)
Converting, forth she beats the dusty path:
Love and despite at once her courage kindled
hath.

* The word here is used for ignorant. It signified laymen in distinction to clerks or the clergy.—See Trench on the Study of Words.

XIII.

As, when a foggy mist hath overcast
The face of heaven and the clear air engrost,
The world in darkness dwells; till that at
last
The wat'ry southwind from the seaboard
coast
Uplowing doth disperse the vapour loosed,
And pours itself forth in a stormy show'r;
So the fair Britomart, having disclosed
Her cloudy care into a wrathful stowre,
The mist of grief dissolved did into ven-
geance pour.

XIV.

Eftsoones, her goodly shield addressing fair,
That mortal spear she in her hand did take,
And unto battle did herself prepare.
The knight, approaching sternly her be-
spake; [make
"Sir Knight, that dost thy voyage rashly
By this forbidden way in my despite,
Ne dost by others' death ensample take;
I read thee soon retire, whiles thou hast
might,
Lest afterwards it be the late to take thy
flight."

XV.

Ythrill'd with deep disdain of his proud
threat,
She shortly thus; "Fly they, that need to fly;
Words fearen babes: I mean not thee entreat
To pass; but maugre thee will pass or die."
Ne longer stay'd for th' other to reply,
But with sharp spear the rest made dearly
known
Strongly the strange knight ran, and sturdily
Struck her full on the breast, that made her
down
Decline her head, and touch her crupper
with her crown.

XVI.

But she again him in the shield did smite
With so fierce fury and great puissance,
That, through his three-square scutcheon
piercing quite
And through his mail'd hauberk, by mis-
chance [glance:
The wicked steel through his left side did
Him, so transfixed, she before her bore
Beyond his croup, the length of all her lance;
Till, sadly sousing on the sandy shore,
He tumbled on an heap, and wallow'd in his
gore.

XVII.

Like as the sacred ox that careless stands
With gilden horns and fow'ry garlands
crown'd,
Proud of his dying honour and dear bands,
Whiles th' altars fume with frankincense
around,
All suddenly with mortal stroke astound
Doth grovelling fall, and with his streaming
gore
Distains the pillars and the holy ground,
And the fair flow'rs that deck'd him afore:
So fell proud Marinell upon the precious
shore.

XVIII.

The martial maid stay'd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the Strand; which, as she over-went,
She saw bestrow'd all with rich array
Of pearls and precious stones of great assay
And all the gravel mix'd with golden ore:
Whereat she wond' red much, but would not
stay
For gold, or pearls, or precious stones, an
hour,
But them despis'd all; for all was in her
pow'r.

XIX.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly 'stonishment,
Tidings hereof came to his mother's ear;
His mother was the black-brow'd Cymoënt,
The daughter of great Nereus, which did
bear
This warlike son unto an earthly peer,
The famous Dumarin; who on a day
Finding the nymph asleep in secret where,
As he by chance did wander that same way,
Was taken with her love, and by her closely
lay.

XX.

There he this knight of her begot, whom born
She, of his father, Marinell did name;
And in a rocky cave as wight forlorn
Long time she fost' red up, till he became
A mighty man at arms, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him
done:
For never man he suff' red by that same
Rich Strand to travel, whereas he did wonne,
But that he must do battle with the sea-
nymph's son.

XXI.

An hundred knights of honourable name
He had subdued, and them his vassals made:
That through all Faery Land his noble fame
Now blazèd was, and fear did all invade,
That none durst passen through that perilous
glade:

And, to advance his name and glory more,
Her sea-god sire she dearly did persuade,
T' endow her son with treasure and rich
store
'Bove all the sons that were of earthly wombs
ybore.

XXII.

The god did grant his daughter's dear de-
mand,

To doen his nephew in all riches flow:
Eftsoones his heaped waves he did command
Out of their hollow bosom forth to throw
All the huge treasure, which the sea below
Had in his greedy gulf devoured deep,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wrecks of many wretches, which did
weep

And often wail their wealth which he from
them did keep.

XXIII.

Shortly upon that shore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all precious things,
The spoil of all the world; that it did pass
The wealth of th' East, and pomp of Per-
sian kings:

Gold, amber, ivory, pearls, owches, rings,
And all that else was precious and dear,
The sea unto him voluntary brings;
That shortly he a great lord did appear,
As was in all the land of Faery, or elsewhere.

XXIV.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tried often to the scath of many dear,
That none in equal arms him matchen might:
The which his mother seeing gan to fear
Lest his too haughty hardiness might rear:
Some hard mishap in hazard of his life;
Forthy she oft him counsell'd to forbear
The bloody battle, and to stir up strife,
But after all his war to rest his weary knife:

XXV.

And, for his more assurance, she inquired
One day of Proteus by his mighty spell
(For Proteus was with prophesy inspired)
Her dear son's destiny to her to teli,

And the sad end of her sweet Marinell:
Who, through foresight of his eternal skill,
Bade her from womankind to keep him well;
For of a woman he should have much ill;
A virgin strange and stout him should dis-
may or kill.

XXVI.

Forthy she gave him warning every day
The love of women not to entertain;
A lesson too too hard for living clay,
From love in course of nature to refrain
Yet he his mother's lore did well retain,
And ever from fair ladies' love did fly;
Yet many ladies fair did oft complain,
That they for love of him would algates die
Die, whoso list for him, he was Love's enemy.

XXVII.

But ah! who can deceive his destiny,
Or ween by warning to avoid his fate?
That, when he sleeps in most security
And safest seems, him soonest doth amate,
And findeth due effect or soon or late;
So feeble is the pow'r of fleshy arm!
His mother bade him women's love to hate,
For she of woman's force did fear no harm;
So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite
disarm.

XXVIII.

This was that woman, this that deadly wound
That Proteus prophesied should him dis-
may;
The which his mother vainly did expound
To be heart-wounding love, which should
assay
To bring her son unto his last decay.
So tickle be the terms of mortal state
And full of subtle sophisms, which do play
With double senses, and with false debate,
T' approve the unknown purpose of eternal
Fate.

XXIX.

Too true the famous Marinell it found;
Who, through late trial, on that wealthy
strand
Inglorious now lies in senseless swownd,
Through heavy stroke of Britomartis' hand,
Which when his mother dear did understand,
And heavy tidings heard, whereas she play'd
Amongst her wat'ry sisters by a pond,
Gathering sweet daffodillies, to have made
Gay garlands from the sun their foreheads
fair to shade:

XXX.

Eftsoones both flow'rs and garlands far away
 She flung, and her fair dewy locks yrent ;
 To sorrow huge she turn'd her former play,
 And gamesome mirth to grievous areriment :
 She threw herself down on the continent,
 Ne word did speak, but lay as in a swoon,
 Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
 With yelling outcries, and with shrieking
 sowne ;
 And every one did tear her garland from her
 crown.

XXXI.

Soon as she up out of her deadly fit
 Arose, she bade her charet to be brought ;
 And all her sisters, that with her did sit,
 Bade eke at once their charets to be sought :
 Tho', full of bitter grief and pensive thought,
 She to her waggon clomb ; clomb all the rest,
 And forth together went, with sorrow
 fraught ;
 The waves obedient to their behest
 Them yielded ready passage, and their rage
 surceased.

XXXII.

Great Neptune stood amazed at their sight,
 Whiles on his broad round back they softly
 slid,
 And eke himself mourn'd at their mournful
 plight, [did,
 Yet wis* not what their wailing meant, yet
 For great compassion of their sorrow, bid
 His mighty waters to them buxom be :
 Eftsoones the roaring billows still abid,
 And all the grisly monsters of the sea
 Stood gaping at their gate, and wond'ring
 them to see.

XXXIII.

A team of dolphins ranged in array
 Drew the smooth charet of sad Cymoënt ;
 They were all taught by Triton to obey
 To the long reins at her commandement :
 As swift as swallows on the waves they went,
 That their broad flaggy fins no foam did
 rear,
 Ne bubbling rowndell they behind them sent
 The rest, of other fishes drawn were,
 Which with their funny oars the swelling sea
 did shear.

XXXIV.

Soon as they been arrived upon the brim
 Of the rich strand, their charets they forlore,

And let their teamed fishes softly swim
 Along the margin of the foamy shore,
 Lest they their fins should bruise, and sur-
 bate sore
 Their tender feet upon the stony ground :
 And coming to the place, were all in gore
 And cruddy blood enwallowed they found
 The luckless Marinell lying in deadly
 swownd.

XXXV.

His mother swoonèd thrice, and the third
 time
 Could scarce recover'd be out of her pain,
 Had she not been devoid o' mortal sime,
 She should not then have been re-lived again.
 But, soon as life recover'd had the rayne,
 She made so piteous moan and dear way-
 ment,
 That the hard rocks could scarce from tears
 refrain :
 And all her sister nymphs with one consent
 Supplied her sobbing breaches with sad
 complement.

XXXVI.

" Dear image of myself," she said, " that is
 The wretched son of wretched mother born,
 Is this thine high advancement ? O ! is this
 Th' immortal name, with which thee, yet
 unborn,
 Thy grandsire Nereus promised to adorn ?
 Now liest thou of life and honour reft ;
 Now liest thou a lump of earth forlorn :
 Ne of thy late life memory is left ;
 Ne can thy irrevocable destiny be wete !

XXXVII.

" Fond Proteus, father of false prophecies !
 And they more fond that credit to thee give !
 Not this the work of woman's hand ywis.
 That so deep wound through these dear
 members drive.
 I feared love ; but they that love do live :
 But they that die, do neither love nor hate :
 Nathless to thee thy folly I forgive ;
 And to myself, and to accursed fate,
 The guilt I do ascribe : dear wisdom bought
 too late !

XXXVIII.

" O ! what avails it of immortal seed
 To been ybred and never born to die !
 Far better I it deem to die with speed
 Than was ; in woe and wailful misery :
 Who dies, the utmost dolour doth aby -

But who that lives, is left to wail his loss ;
So life is loss, and death felicity :
Sad life worse than glad death ; and greater
 cross
To see friends' grave, than dead the grave
 self to engross.

XXXIX.

" But if the heavens did his days envy,
And my short bliss malign ; yet mote they
 well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die.
That the dim eyes of my dear Marinell
I mote have closed, and him bade farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not grant—— ——
Yet ! maugre them, farewell, my sweetest
 sweet !
Farewell, my sweetest son, sith we no more
 shall meet."

XL.

Thus when they all had sorrowèd their fill,
They softly gan to search his griesly wound :
And, that they might him handle more at
 will,
They him disarm'd ; and, spreading on the
 ground
Their watchet mantles fringed with silver
 round,
They softly wiped away the jelly blood
From th' orifice ; which having well upbound
They pour'd in sovereign balm and nectar
 good,
Good both for earthly med'cine and for
 heavenly food.

XLI.

Tho, when the lily-handed Liagore
(This Liagore whylome had learnèd skill
In leech's craft, by great Apollo's lore.
Sith her whylome upon high Pindus hill
He lovèd, and at last her womb did fill
With heavenly seed, whereof wise Pæon
 sprung,)
Did feel his pulse, she knew there stayèd
 still
Some little life his feeble sprights among ;
Which to his mother told, despair she from
 her flung.

XLII.

Tho, up him taking in their tender hands,
They easily unto her charet bear :
Her team at her commandment quiet stands,
Whiles they the corse into the waggon rear,

And strow with flow'rs the lamentable bier :
Then all the rest into their coaches climb,
And through the brackish waves their pas-
 sage shear ;
Upon great Neptune's neck they softly swim,
And to her wat'ry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII.

Deep in the bottom of the sea, her bow'r
Is built of hollow billows heapèd high,
Like to thick clouds that threat a stormy
 show'r,
And vaulted all within like to the sky,
In which the gods do dwell eternally :
There they him laid in easy couch well dight ;
And sent in haste for Tryphon, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of
 might :
For Tryphon of sea-gods the sovereign leech
 is hight.

XLIV.

The whiles the nymphs sit all about him
 round,
Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight ;
And oft his mother, viewing his wide wound,
Cursèd the hand that did so deadly smite
Her dearest son, her dearest heart's delight :
But none of all those curses overtook
The warlike maid, th' ensample of that
 might ; [brook
But fairly well she thrived, and well did
Her noble deeds, ne her right course for
 ought forsook.

XLV.

Yet did false Archimage her still pursue,
To bring to pass his mischievous intent,
Now that he had her singled from the crew
Of courteous knights, the prince and Faery
 gent,
Whom late in chase of beauty excellent
She left, pursuing that same fos'ter strong ;
Of whose foul outrage they impatient,
And full of fiery zeal, him followed long,
To rescue her from shame, and to revenge
 her wrong.

XLVI.

Through thick and thin, through mountains
 and through plains,
Those two great champions did at once
 pursue
The fearful damsel with incessant pains ;
Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from
 view

Of hunter swift and scent of houndes true.
At last they came unto a double way ;
Where, doubtful which to take, her to rescue,
Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
Whether more happy were to win so goodly
prey.

XLVII.

But Timias,* the prince's gentle squire,
That lady's love unto his lord forelent,
And with proud envy and indignant ire
After that wicked fos'ter fiercely went :
So been they three three sundry ways ybent :
But fairest fortune to the prince befell ;
Whose chance it was, that soon he did repent,
To take that way in which that damosel
Was fled afore, afraid of him as fiend of hell.

XLVIII.

At last of her far off he gain'd view :
Then gan he freshly prick his foamy steed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increase his speed,
And of each turning still kept wary heed :
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call
To do away vain doubt and needless dread :
Full mild to her he spake, and oft let fall
Many meek words to stay and comfort her
withal.

XLIX.

But nothing might relent her hasty flight ;
So deep the deadly fear of that foul swain
Was erst impressed in her gentle spright :
Like as a fearful dove, which through the
rayne,
Of the wide air her way does cut amain,
Having far off espied a tercel gent,
Which after her his nimble wings doth strain,
Doubleth her haste for fear to be for-hent,
And with her pinions cleaves the liquid
firmament.

L.

With no less haste, and eke with no less
dread
That fearful lady fled from him that meant
To her no evil thought nor evil deed ;
Yet former fear of being foully shent
Carried her forward with her first intent :
And though, oft looking backward, well she
view'd
Herself freed from that fos'ter insolent,
And that it was a knight which now her sued,
Yet she no less the knight fear'd than that
villain rude.

Sir Walter Raleigh is represented by Timias.

LI.

His uncouth shield and strange arms her
dismay'd,
Whose like in Faery Land were seldom seen ;
That fast she from him fled, no less afraid
Than of wild beasts if she had chas'd been :
Yet he her follow'd still with courage keen
So long, that now the golden Hesperus
Was mounted high in top of heaven sheen
And warn'd his other brethren joyeous
To light their blessed lamps in Jove's eter-
nal house.

LII.

All suddenly dim woxe the dampish air,
And grisly shadows cover'd heaven bright,
That now with thousand stars was deck'd
fair : [sight,
Which when the prince beheld, a loathful
And that perforce, for want of longer light,
He mote surcease his suit and lose the hope
Of his long labour ; he gan foully wyte
His wicked fortune that had turn'd aslope,
And curs'd night that reft from him so
goodly scope.

LIII.

Tho, when her ways he could no more de-
scry,
But to and fro at disaventure stray'd ;
Like as a ship, whose loadstar suddenly
Cover'd with clouds her pilot hath dismay'd ;
His wearisome pursuit perforce he stay'd,
And from his lofty steed dismounting low
Did let him forage ; down himself he laid
Upon the grassy ground to sleep a throw ;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard steel
his pillow.

LIV.

But gentle Sleep envied him any rest ;
Instead thereof sad sorrow and disdain
Of his hard hap did vex his noble breast,
And thousand fancies beat his idle brain
With their light wings, the sights of sem-
blants vain,
Oft did he wish that lady fair mote be
His Faery Queen, for whom he did complain ;
Or that his Faery Queen were such as she :
And ever hasty Night he blam'd bitterly :

LV.

"Night ! thou foul mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heavy Death, and nurse of Woe,
Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape thrust down to hell
below,

Where, by the grim flood of Cocytus slow,
Thy dwelling is in Erebus' black house,
(Black Erebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the gods,) where thou ungracious
Half of thy days dost lead in horror hideous ;

LVI.

"What had th' Eternal Maker need of thee
The world in his continual course to keep,
That dost all things deface, ne lettest see
The beauty of His work? Indeed in sleep
The slothful body that doth love to steep
His lustless limbs, and drown his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian
deep

Calls thee his goddess, in his error blind,
And great dame Nature's handmaid cheer-
ing every kind.

LVII.

"But well I wote that to an heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts :
Instead of rest thou lendest rayling tears ;
Instead of sleep thou sendest troublous fears
And dreadful visions, in the which alive
The dreary image of sad Death appears :
So from the weary spirit thou dost drive
Desirèd rest, and men of happiness deprive.

LVIII.

"Under thy mantle black there hidden lie
Light-stunning Theft, and traitorous Intent,
Abhorred Bloodshed, and vile Felony,
Shameful Deceit, and Danger imminent,
Foul Horror, and eke hellish Dreriment :
All these I wote in thy protection be,
And light do shun, for fear of being shent :
For light ylike is loath'd of them and thee ;
And all, that lewdness love, do hate the light
to see.

LIX.

"For Day discovers all dishonest ways,
And showeth each thing as it is in deed :
The praises of High God he fair displays,
And His large bounty rightly doth aread :
Day's dearest children be the blessed seed
Which Darkness shall subdue and heaven
win :

Truth is His daughter ; He her first did breed
Most sacred virgin without spot of sin :
Our life is day ; but death with darkness
doth begin.

LX.

"O, when will Day then turn to me again,
And bring with him his long-expected light !
O Titan ! haste to rear thy joyous wain ;
Speed thee to spread abroad thy beam's
bright,

And chase away this too long ling'ring
Night ;
Chase her away, from whence she came, to-
hell :

She, she it is, that hath me done despite,
There let her with the damnèd spirits dwell,
And yield her room to Day, that can it
govern well."

LXI.

Thus did the prince that weary night outwear
In restless anguish and unquiet pain ;
And early, ere the Morrow did uprear
His dewy head out of the ocean main,
He up arose, as half in great disdain.
And clomb unto his steed ; so forth he went
With heavy look and lumpish pace, that
plain

In him bewray'd great grudge and maltalent ;
His steed eke seem'd t' apply his steps to
his intent.

CANTO V.

Prince Arthur hears of Florimell ;
 Three fosters Timias wound ;
 Belphœbe finds him almost dead,
 And reareth out of swownd.

I.

WONDER it is to see in diverse minds
 How diversely Love doth his pageants play
 And shows his pow'r in variable kinds :
 The baser wit, whose idle thoughts alway
 Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
 It stirreth up to sensual desire,
 And in lewd sloth to waste his careless day ;
 But in brave spright it kindles goodly fire,
 That to all high desert and honour doth
 aspire.

II.

Ne suffereth it uncomely Idleness,
 In his free thought to build her sluggish nest ;
 Ne suffereth it thought of ungentleness
 Ever to creep into his noble breast ;
 But to the highest and the worthiest
 Lifteth it up 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 still
 doth call.

III.

Who long time wand'red through the forest
 wide
 To find some issue thence ; till that at last
 He met a dwarf that seeméd terrified,
 With some late peril which he hardly past,
 Or other accident which him aghast ;
 Of whom he askèd, whence he lately came,
 And whither now he travelled so fast :
 For sor: he sweat, and, running through
 that same
 Thick forest was bescratch'd and both his
 feet him lame.

IV.

Panting for breath, and almost out of heart,
 The dwarf him answer'd ; " Sir, ill mote I
 stay
 To tell the same : I lately did depart
 From Faery court, where I have many a day
 Servèd a gentle lady of great sway.
 And high account throughout all Elfin Land,
 Who lately left the same, and took this way :

Her now I seek ; and if ye understand
 Which way she farèd hath, good sir, tell out
 of hand."

V.

" What mister wight," said he, " and how
 array'd ?"
 " Royally clad," quoth he, " in cloth of gold,
 As meetest may beseech a noble maid ;
 Her fair locks in rich circlet be enroll'd,
 A fairer wight did never sun behold ;
 And on a palfrey rides more white than snow,
 Yet she herself is whiter manifold ;
 The surest sign, whereby ye may her know
 Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow."

VI.

" Now certes, swain," said he, " such one,
 I ween,
 Fast flying through this forest from her foe,
 A foul, ill-favour'd fos'ter, I have seen ;
 Herself, well as I might, I rescued tho,
 But could not stay ; so fast she did forego,
 Carried away with wings of speedy fear."
 " Ah ! dearest God," quoth he, " that is
 great woe, [hear :
 And wondrous ruth to all that shall it
 But can ye read, sir, how I may her find,
 or where ?"

VII.

" Perdy me liefer were to weeten that,"
 Said he, " than ransom of the richest knight,
 Or all the good that ever yet I gat :
 But froward fortune, and too forward night,
 Such happiness did, maugre, to me spite,
 And from me reft both life and light atone.
 But, dwarf, aread what is that lady bright
 That through this forest wand'reth thus
 alone ;
 For of her error strange I have great ruth
 and moan."

VIII.

" The lady is," quoth he, " whereso she be,
 The bountiest virgin and most debonaire

That ever living eye, I ween, did see :
Lives none this day that may with her com-
pare
In steadfast chastity and virtue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright ;
And is yclepeed Florimell the fair,
Fair Florimell beloved of many a knight,
Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell
is hight ;

IX.

" A sea-nymph's son, that Marinell is hight,
Of my dear dame is lovèd dearly well ;
In other none, but him, she sets delight .
All her delight is set on Marinell ;
But he sets nought at all by Florimell
For lady's love his mother long ago
Did him, they say, forewarn through sacred
spell :
But fame now flies, that of a foreign foe
He is yslain, which is the ground of all our
woe.

X.

" Five days there be since he (they say)
was slain,
And four since Florimell the court fore-
went,
And vowèd never to return again
Till him alive or dead she did invent.
Therefore, fair sir, for love of knighthood
gent
And honour of true ladies, if ye may
By your good counsel, or bold hardiment,
Or succour her, or me direct the way,
Do one or other good, I you most humbly
pray

XI.

" So may ye gain to you full great renown
Of all good ladies through the world so wide,
And haply in her heart find highest room
Of whom ye seek to be most magnified
At least eternal meed shall you abide,
To whom the prince ; " Dwarf, comfort to
thee take ;
For, till thou tidings learn what her betide,
I here avow thee never to forsake :
Ill wears he arms, that nill use them for
ladies' sake."

XII.

So with the dwarf he back return'd again,
To seek his lady, where he mote her find ;
But by the way he greatly gan complain
The want of his good squire late left behind,

For whom he wondrous pensive grew in
mind,
For doubt of danger which mote him betide ;
For him he lovèd above all mankind,
Having him true and faithful ever tried,
And bold, as ever squire that waited by
knight's side.

XIII.

Who all this while full hardly was assay'd
Of deadly danger which to him betid :
For, whiles his lord pursued that noble maid,
After that fos'ter foul he fiercely rid
To beean avenged of the shame he did
To that fair damsel : him he chasèd long
Through the thick woods wherein he would
have hid
His shameful head from his avengement
strong,
And oft him threat'ned death for his out-
rageous wrong.

XIV.

Nathless the villain sped himself so well,
Whether through swiftness of his speedy
beast,
Or knowledge of those woods where he did
dwell,
That shortly he from danger was released,
And out of sight escapèd at the least ;
Yet not escapèd from the due reward
Of his bad deeds, which daily he increased,
Ne ceased not, till him oppressèd hard
The heavy plague that for such leachours is
prepared.

XV.

For, soon as he was vanish'd out of sight,
His coward courage gan embold'ned be,
And cast t' avenge him of that foul despite
Which he had borne of his bold enemy :
Tho to his brethren came, (for they were
three
Ungracious children of one graceless sire,)
And unto them complainèd how that he
Had usèd been of that fool-hardy squire :
So them with bitter words he stir'd to
bloody ire.

XVI.

Forthwith themselves with their sad instru-
ments
Of spoil and murder they gan arm bilive,
And with him forth into the forest went
To wreak the wrath which he did erst revive.

In their stern breasts, on him which late did drive
 Their brother to reproach and shameful flight:
 For they had vow'd that never he alive
 Out of that forest should escape their might;
 Vile rancour their rude hearts had fill'd with
 such despite.

XVII.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
 Foreby a narrow ford, to them well known,
 Through which it was uneach for wight to
 wade;
 And now by fortune it was overflown:
 By that same way they knew that squire
 unknown
 Mote algates pass; forthy themselves they
 set
 There in await with thick woods overgrown,
 And all the while their malice they did whet
 With cruel threats his passage through the
 ford to let.

XVIII.

It fortunèd, as they devisèd had,
 The gentle squire came riding that same way
 Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
 And through the ford to passen did assay;
 But that fierce fos'ter, which late fled away,
 Stoutly forth stepping on the further shore.
 Him boldly bade his passage there to stay,
 Till he had made amends, and full restore
 For all the damage which he had him done
 afore.

XIX.

With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw
 With so fell force, and villainous despite,
 That through his habergeon the forkhead
 flew,
 And through the linkèd mails empièrèd
 But had no pow'r in his soft flesh to bite:
 That stroke the hardy squire did sore dis-
 please,
 But more that him he could not come to
 smite; [seize]
 For by no means the high bank he could
 But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain
 disease.

XX.

And still the fos'ter with his long boar spear
 Him kept from landing at his wishèd will:
 Anon one sent out of the thicket near
 A cruel shaft headed with deadily ill,

And featherèd with an unlucky quill;
 The wicked steel stay'd not till it did light
 In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill;
 Exceeding grief that wound in him empight,
 But more that with his foes he could not
 come to fight.

XXI.

At last, through wrath and vengeance, mak-
 ing way
 He on the bank arrivèd with mickle pain;
 Where the third brother him did sore assay,
 And drove at him with all his might and
 main
 A forest-bill, which both his hands did strain;
 But warily he did avoid the blow,
 And with his spear requited him again
 That both his sides were thrillèd with the
 throw,
 And a large stream of blood out of the
 wound did flow.

XXII.

He, tumbling down, with gnashing teeth
 did bite
 The bitter earth, and bade to let him in
 Into the baleful house of endless night,
 Where wicked ghosts do wail their former
 sin,
 Tho gan the battle freshly to begin;
 For nathèmore for that spectàcle bad
 Did th' other two their cruel vengeance blin,
 But both at once on both sides him bestad,
 And load upon him laid, his life for to have
 had.

XXIII.

Tho when that villain he avisèd, which late,
 Affrighted had the fairest Florimell,
 Full of fierce fury and indignant hate
 To him he turnèd and with rigour fell,
 Smote him so rudely on the pannikell,
 That to the chin he cleft his head in twain:
 Down on the ground his carcass grovelling
 fell;
 His sinful soul with desperate disdain
 Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of
 pain.

XXIV.

That seeing, now the only last of three
 Who with that wicked shaft him wounded
 had,
 Trembling with horror, (as that did foresee
 The fearful end of his avengement sad,

Through which he follow should his brethren
 bad,) His bootless bow in feeble hand upcaught,
 And therewith shot an arrow at the Lad;
 Which faintly flutt'ring scarce his helmet
 raught,
 And glancing fell to ground, but him an-
 noyèd nought.

XXV.

With that, he would have fled into the wood;
 But Timias him lightly overhent,
 Right as he ent'ring was into the flood,
 And struck at him with force so violent,
 That headless him into the ford he sent;
 The carcass with the stream was carried
 down,
 But th' head fell backward on the continent;
 So mischief fell upon the meaner's crown:*
 They three be dead with shame; the squire
 lives with renown

XXVI.

He lives, but takes small joy of his renown;
 For of that cruel wound he bled so sore,
 That from his steed he fell in deadly swoon;
 Yet still the blood forth gush'd in so great
 store
 That he lay wallow'd all in his own gore.
 Now God thee keep! thou gentlest squire
 alive,
 Else shall thy loving lord thee see no more;
 But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
 And eke thyself of honour which thou didst
 achieve.

XXVII.

Providence heavenly passeth living thought,
 And doth for wretched men's relief make
 way:
 For lo! great grace or fortune thither brought
 Comfort to him that comfortless now lay.
 In those same woods ye well remember may
 How that a noble hunteress did wonne,
 She, that base Braggadochio did affray,
 And made him fast out of the forest run;
 Belphebe was her name, as fair as Phœbus'
 sun.

XXVIII.

She on a dav, as she pursued the chase
 Of some wild beast, which with her arrows
 keen

* The meaner's, *i. e.*, he who meant the mis-
 chief.

She wounded had, the same along did trace
 By tract of blood, which she had freshly seen
 To have besprinkled all the grassy green;
 By the great pèrsue which she there per-
 ceived,
 Well hopèd she the beast engored had been,
 And made more haste the life to have be-
 reaved:
 But ah! her expectation greatly was de-
 ceived.

XXIX.

Shortly she came whereas that woful squire
 With blood deformèd lay in deadly swoond;
 In whose fair eyes, like lamps of quenched
 fire,
 The crystal humour stood congealèd round,
 His locks like faded leaves fallen to ground,
 Knotted with blood in bunches rudely ran;
 And his sweet lips, on which before that
 stownd
 The bud of youth to blossom fair began,
 Spoil'd of their rosy red were woxen pale
 and wan.

XXX.

Saw never living eye more heavy sight,
 That could have made a rock of stone to rue,
 Or rive in twain: which when that lady
 bright,
 Besides all hope, with melting eyes did view,
 All suddenly abash'd she changèd hue,
 And with stern horror backward gan to start:
 But, when she better him beheld, she grew
 Full or soft passion and unwonted smart:
 The point of pity piercèd through her tender
 heart.

XXXI.

Meekly she bowed down, to weet if life
 Yet in his frozen members did remain;
 And, feeling by his pulses beating rife
 That the weak soul her seat did yet retain,
 She cast to comfort him with busy pain:
 His double-folded neck she rear'd upright,
 And rubb'd his temples and each trembling
 vein;
 His mailèd habergeon she did undight,
 And from his head his heavy burganet did
 light.

XXXII.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste she went,
 To seek for herbs that mote him remedy;
 For she of herbs had great intendment,
 Taught of the nymph which from her infancy

Her nursèd had in true nobility:
There, whether it divine tobacco were,*
Or panacæa, or polygony,
She found, and brought it to her patient dear,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his
heart blood near.

XXXIII.

The sovereign weed betwixt two marbles
plain,
She pounded small, and did in pieces bruise;
And then atween her lily hand's twain
Into his wound the juce thereof did scruze;
And round about, as she could well it use,
The flesh therewith she suppled and did
steep,
T' abate all spasm and soak the swelling
bruise;
And, after having search'd the intuse deep,
She with her scarf did bind the wound, from
cold to keep.

XXXIV.

By this he had sweet life recured again,
And, groaning inly deep, at last his eyes,
His wat'ry eyes drizzling like dewy rain,
He up gan lift toward the azure skies,
From whence descend all hopeless reme-
dies; †
Therewith he sigh'd; and, turning him aside,
The goodly maid full of divinities
And gifts of heavenly grace he by him spied,
Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

XXXV.

"Mercy! dear Lord," said he, "what grace
is this
That Thou hast showèd to me sinful wight,
To send thine angel from her bow'r of bliss
To comfort me in my distressèd plight!
Angel, or goddess do I call thee right?
What service may I do unto thee meet,
That hast from darkness me return'd to light,
And with thy heavenly salves and medicines
sweet
Hast dress'd my sinful wounds! I kiss thy
blessèd feet."

XXXVI.

Thereat she blushing said: "Ah! gentle
squire,
Nor goddess I, nor angel, but the maid

* Belphebe represent.d Elizabeth, the squire
Sir Walter Raleigh, who introduced tobacco
into England.

† All remedies for hopeless cases.

And daughter of a woody nymph, desire
No service but thy safety and aid;
Which if thou gain, I shall be well paid.
We mortal wights, whose lives and fortunes
be
To common accidents still open laid,
Are bound with common bond of frailty,
To succour wretched wights whom we cap-
tived see."

XXXVII.

By this her damsels, which the former chase
Had undertaken after her, arrived,
As did Belphebe, in the bloody place,
And thereby deem'd the beast had been de-
prived
Of life, whom late their lady's arrow rived:
Forthy the bloody track they follow'd fast,
And every one to run the swiftest strived;
But two of them the rest far overpast,
And where their lady was arrivèd at the last.

XXXVIII.

Where when they saw that goodly boy with
blood
Defouled, and their lady dress his wound,
They wond' red much; and shortly under-
stood
How him in deadly case their lady found,
And rescuèd out of the heavy stownd.
Eitsoones his warlike courser, which was
stray'd
Far in the woods whiles that he lay in swownd
She made those damsels search; which being
stay'd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with
them convey'd.

XXXIX.

Into that forest far they thence him led
Where was their dwelling; in a pleasant glade
With mountains round about environèd
And mighty woods, which did the valley
shade,
And like a stately theatre it made
Spreading itself into a spacious plain;
And in the midst a little river play'd,
Among the pumice stones, which seem'd to
plain
With gentle murmur that his course they
did restrain.

XL.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle-trees and laurels green.
In which the birds sang many a lovely lay
Of God's high praise, and of their loves'
sweet teene,

As it an earthly paradise had been :
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A fair pavilion, scarcely to be seen,
The which was all within most richly dight,
That greatest princes living it mote well
delight.

XLI.

Thither they brought that wounded squire,
and laid
In easy couch his feeble limbs to rest.
He rested him awhile; and then the maid
His ready wound with better salves new
drest :

Daily she dressèd him, and did the best,
His grievous hurt to guarish, that she might;
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foul sore reduced to fair plight :
It she reduced, but himself destroyèd quite,

XLII.

O foolish physic, and unfruitful pain,
That heals up one, and makes another
wound !

She his hurt thigh to him recured again,
But hurt his heart, the which before was
sound,

Through an unwary dart which did rebound
From her fair eyes and gracious countenance.
What boots it him from death to be unbound,
To be captived in endless duraunce
Of sorrow and despair without aleggeaunce !

XLIII.

Still as his wound did gather, and grow
whole,

So still his heart woxe sore, and health
decay'd :

Madness to save a part, and lose the whole !
Still when as he beheld the heavenly maid,
Whiles daily plasters to his wound she laid,
So still his malady the more increased,
The whiles her matchless beauty him dis-
may'd.

Ah God ! what other could he do at least,
But love so fair a lady that his life released !

XLIV.

Long while he strove in his courageous
breast

With reason due the passion to subdue,
And love for to dislodge out of his nest ;
Still when her excellencies he did view,
Her sovereign bounty and celestial hue,
The same to love he strongly was constrain'd,
But, when his mean estate he did review,

He from such hardy boldness was restrain'd,
And of his luckless lot and cruel love thus
plain'd :

XLV.

"Unthankful wretch," said he, "is this the
meed,
With which her sovereign mercy thou dost
quite ?

Thy life she savèd by her gracious deed ;
But thou dost ween with villainous despite,
To blot her honour and her heavenly light :
Die ; rather die than so disloyally
Deem of her high desert, or seem so light :
Fair death it is, to shun more shame, to die :
Die ; rather die than ever love disloyally.

XLVI.

"But if, to love, disloyalty it be,
Shall I then hate her that from death's door
Me brought? ah! far be such reproach fro
me!

What can I less do than her love therefore,
Sith I her due reward cannot restore?
Die ; rather die, and dying do her serve ;
Dying her serve, and living her adore ;
Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve :
Die ; rather die than ever from her service
swerve.

XLVII.

"But, foolish boy, what boots thy service
base

To her, to whom the heavens do serve and
sue ?

Thou, a mean squire, of meek and lowly
place ;

She, heavenly born and of celestial hue.
How then ? of all, love taketh equal view :
And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
The love and service of the basest crew ?
If she will not ; die meekly for her sake :
Die ; rather die than ever so fair love fer-
sake !"

XLVIII.

Thus warrèd he long time against his will ;
Till that through weakness he was forced at
last

To yield himself unto the mighty ill,
Which, as a victor proud, gan ransack fast
His inward parts and all his entrails waste,
That neither blood in face nor life in heart
It left, but both did quite dry up and blast ;
As piercing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing consumes and calcineth by
art.

XLIX.

Which seeing fair Belphebe gan to fear,
 Lest that his wound were inly well not
 heal'd,
 Or that the wicked steel empoison'd were :
 Little she ween'd that love he close conceal'd
 Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeal'd
 When the bright sun his beams thereon doth
 beat :
 Yet never he his heart to her reveal'd ;
 But rather chose to die for sorrow great
 Than with dishonourable terms her to en-
 treat.

L.

She, gracious lady, yet no pains did spare
 To do him ease, or do him remedy ;
 Many restoratives of virtues rare
 And costly cordials she did apply,
 To mitigate his stubborn malady :
 But that sweet cordial which can restore
 A love-sick heart, she did to him envy ;
 To him, and to all th' unworthy world for-
 lore,
 She did envy that sovereign salve in secret
 store.

LI.

That dainty rose, the daughter of her morn,
 More dear than life she tenderèd, whose
 flow'r
 The garland of her honour did adorn :
 Ne suff'red she the midday's scorching pow'r
 Ne the sharp northern wind thereon to
 show'r ;
 But lappèd up her silken leaves most chare,
 Whenso the froward sky began to low'r ;
 But, soon as calmèd was the crystal air,
 She did it fair dispread and let to flourish
 fair.

LII.

Eternal God, in His almighty pow'r,
 To make ensample of His heavenly grace,
 In paradise whylome did plant this flow'r ;
 Whence He it fetch'd out of her native place,
 And did in stock of earthly flesh enrace,

That mortal men her glory should admire.
 In gentle lady's breast and bounteous race
 Of woman-kind it fairest flow'r doth spyre,
 And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste
 desire.

LIII.

Fair imps of beauty, whose bright shining
 beams
 Adorn the world with like to heavenly light
 And to your wills both royalties and realms
 Subdue, through conquest of your wondrous
 might ;
 With this fair flow'r your goodly garlands
 dight
 Of chastity and virtue virginal,
 That shall embellish more your beauty
 bright,
 And crown your heads with heavenly coronal,
 Such as the angels wear before Gods tribunal!

LIV.

To your fair selves a fair ensample frame
 Of this fair virgin, this Belphebe fair ;
 To whom, in perfect love and spotless fame
 Of chastity, none living may compare :
 Ne pois'nous envy justly can impair
 The praise of her fresh-flow'ring maiden-
 head ;
 Forthly she standeth on the highest stair
 Of th' honourable stage of womanhead,
 That ladies all may follow her ensample
 dead.*

LV.

In so great praise of steadfast chastity
 Nathless she was so courteous and kind,
 Temp'red with grace and goodly modesty,
 That seemèd those two virtues strove to
 find
 The higher place in her heroic mind :
 So striving each did other more augment,
 And both increased the praise of womankind
 And both increased her beauty excellent :
 So all did make in her a perfect complement.

* Even when she shall be dead

CANTO VI.

The birth of fair Belphœbe, and
Of Amorett is told;
The gardens of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.

I.

WELL may I ween, fair ladies, all this while
Ye wonder how this noble damosel
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in savage forests she did dwell,
So far from court and royal citadel,
The great schoolmistress of all courtesy:
Seemeth that such wild woods should far
expel
All civil usage and gentility,
And gentle spright deform with rude rusticity

II.

But to this fair Belphœbe in her birth
The heavens so favourable were and free,
Looking with mild aspect upon the earth
In th' horoscope of her nativity,
That all the gifts of grace and chastity
On her they pour'd forth of plenteous horn:
Love laugh'd on Venus from his sovereign
see,
And Phœbus with fair beams did her adorn,
And all the Graces rock'd her cradle being
born.

III.

Her birth was of the womb of morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous prime;
And all the whole creation did her shew
Pure and unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
So was this virgin born, so was she bred;
So was she train'd up from time to time
In all chaste virtue and true bountihed,
Till to her due perfection she were ripen'd.

IV.

Her mother was the fair Chrysogonee,
The daughter of Amphisa, who by race
A Faery was, yborn of high degree:
She bore Belphœbe; she bore in like case
Fair Amoretta in the second place:
These two were twins, and twixt them two
did share
The heritage of all celestial grace;
That all the rest it seem'd they robb'd bare
Of bounty, and of beauty, and all virtues rare.

V.

It were a goodly story to declare
By what strange accident fair Chrysogone
Conceived these infants, and how them she
bare
In this wild forest wand'ring all alone,
After she had nine months fulfill'd and gone:
For not as other women's common brood
They were enwomb'd in the sacred throne
Of her chaste body; nor with common food,
As other women's babes, they suck'd vital
blood:

VI.

But wondrously they were begot and bred
Through influence of th' heaven's fruitful
ray,
As it in antique books is mention'd.
It was upon a summer's shiny day,
When Titan fair his beams did display,
In a fresh fountain, far from all men's view,
She bath'd her breast the boiling heat t'
allay;
She bath'd with roses red and violets blue,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the for-
est grew.

VII.

Till faint through irksome weariness adown
Upon the grassy ground herself she laid
To sleep, the whiles a gentle slumb'ring
swoon
Upon her fell all naked bare display'd:
The sunbeams bright upon her body play'd,
Being through former bathing mollified,
And pierced into her womb; where they
embay'd
With so sweet sense and secret pow'r un-
spied,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly
fructified.

VIII.

Miraculous may seem to him that reads
So strange ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitful seeds
Of all things living, through impression

Of the sunbeams in moist complexion,
Do life conceive and quick'ned are by kind:
So, after Nilus' inundation,
Infinite shapés of creatures men do find
Informed in the mud on which the sun hath
shined.

IX.

Great father he of generation
Is rightly call'd, th' author of life and light;
And his fair sister for creation
Minist'reth matter fit, which, temp'red right
With heat and humour, breeds the living
wight.

So sprung these twins in womb of Chryso-
gone;

Yet wist she nought thereof, but sore affright
Wond'red to see her belly so upblown,
Which still increased till she her terr. had
full outgone.

X.

Whereof conceiving shame and foul disgrace,
Albe her guiltless conscience her clear'd,
She fled into the wilderness a space,
Till that unwieldy burden she had rear'd,
And shunn'd dishonour which as death she
fear'd,

Where, weary of long travel, down to rest
Herself she sate, and comfortably cheer'd;
There a sad cloud of sleep her overkest,
And seizèd every sense with sorrow sore
opprest.

XI.

It fortunèd, fair Venus having lost
Her little son, the wingèd God of love,
Who for some light displeasure, which him
cross'd,

Was from her fled as fleet as airy dove,
And left her blissful bow'r of joy above;
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for ought him sharply did reprove,
And wand'red in the world in strange array,
Disguised in thousand shapés, that none
might him bewray;)

XII.

Him for to seek, she left her heavenly house,
The house of goodly forms and fair aspèct
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beauty, and all shapés select,
With which high God His workmanship
hath deck'd;

And searchèd every way through which his
wings
Had borne him, or his track she mote detect:

She promised kisses sweet, and sweeter
things,
Unto the man that of him tidings to her
brings.

XIII.

First she him sought in court; where most
he used [not;
Whylome to haunt, but there she found him
But many there she found which sore accused
His falsehood, and with foul infamous blot
His cruel deeds and wicked wiles did spot:
Ladies and lords she everywhere mote hear
Complaining, how with his empoison'd shot
Their woful hearts he wounded had whyleare,
And so had left them languishing twixt hope
and fear.

XIV.

She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
And every one did ask, Did he him see?
And every one her answer'd, that too late
He had him seen, and felt the cruelty
Of his sharp darts and hot artillery:
And every one threw forth reproaches rife
Of his mischiévous deeds, and said that he
Was the disturber of all civil life,
The enemy of peace, and author of all strife.

XV.

Then in the country she abroad him sought,
And in the rural cottages inquired:
Where also many plaints to her were brought,
How he their heedless hearts with love had
fired,

And his false venom through their veins in-
spired; [sat

And eke the gentle shepherd swains, which
Keeping their fleecy flocks as they were hired,
She sweetly heard complain both how and
what

Her son had to them done; yet she did
smile thereat.

XVI.

But, when in none of all these she him got,
She gan advise where else he mote him hide:
At last she her bethought that she had not
Yet sought the savage woods and forests
wide,

In which full many lovely nymphs abide:
Mongst whom might be that he did closely
lie,

Or that the love of some of them him tied:
Fortly she thither cast her course t' apply,
To search the secret haunts of Diane's
company.

XVII.

Shortly unto the wasteful woods she came,
Whereas she found the goddess with her
crew,

After late chase of their embrouèd game,
Sitting beside a fountain in a rew;
Some of them washing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat
And soil, which did deform their lively hue,
Other lay shaded from the scorching heat;
The rest upon her person gave attendance
great.

XVIII.

She, having hung upon a bough on high
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaced
Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh.
And her lank loins ungirt, and breasts un-
braced,

After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
Her golden locks, that late in tresses bright
Embraided were for hind'ring of her haste,
Now loose about her shoulders hung undight,
And were with sweet ambrosia all be-
sprinkled light.

XIX.

Soon as she Venus saw behind her back,
She was ashamed to be so loose surprised;
And woxe half wrath against her damsels
slack,

That had not her thereof before avised,
But suff'red her so carelessly disguised
Be overtaken: soon her garments loose
Up'gath'ring, in her bosom she comprised
Well as she might, and to the goddess rose;
Whiles all her nymphs did like a garland
her enclose.

XX.

Goodly she gan fair Cytherea greet,
And shortly askèd her what cause her
brought,

Into that wilderness for her unmeet,
From her sweet bow'rs and beds with plea-
sures fraught,
That sudden change she strange adventure
thought.

To whom half weeping she thus answered;
That she her dearest son Cupido sought
Who in his frowardness from her was fled:
That she repented sore to have him angerèd.

XXI.

Thereat Diana gan to smile, in scorn
Of her vain plaint, and to her scoffing said;
"Great pity sure that ye be so forlorn

Of your gay son, that gives you so good aid
To your disports, ill mote ye been appay'd!"
But she was more engrievèd, and replied:
"Fair sister, ill beseems it to upbraid
A doleful heart with so disdainful pride;
The like that mine may be your pain another
tide.

XXII.

"As you in woods and wanton wilderness
Your glory set to chase the savage beasts;
So my delight is all in joyfulness
In beds, in bow'rs, in banquets, and in
feasts:
And ill becomes you, with your lofty crests,
To scorn the joy that Love is glad to seek:
We both are bound to follow heaven's be-
hests,
And tend our charges with obeisance meek:
Spare, gentle sister, with reproach my pain
to eke."

XXIII.

"And tell me if that ye my son have heard
To lurk amongst your nymphs in secret wise,
Or keep their cabins: much I am afraid
Lest he like one of them himself disguise,
And turn his arrows to their exercise:
So may he long himself full easy hide;
For he is fair, and fresh in face and guise
As any nymph; (let not it be envied.)"
So saying every nymph full narrowly she
eyed.

XXIV.

But Phœbe therewith sore was angerèd,
And sharply said; "Go, dame; go, seek your
boy,
Where you him lately left, in Mars his bed:
He comes not here: we scorn his foolish joy,
Ne lend we leisure to his idle toy:
But, if I catch him in this company,
By Stygian lake I vow, whose sad annoy
The gods do dread, he dearly shall aby:
I'll clip his wanton wings that he no more
shall fly."

XXV.

Whom whenas Verus saw so sore displeasèd,
She inly sorry was, and gan relent
What she had said: so her she soon ap-
peasèd
With sug'red words and gentle blandishment
Which as a fountain from her sweet lips went
And wellèd goodly forth, that in short space
She was well pleasèd, and forth her damsels
sent

Through all the woods, to search from place
to place
If any track of him or tidings they mote trace.

XXVI.

To search the god of love her nymphs she
sent
Throughout the wandering forest everywhere
And after them herself eke with her went,
To seek the fugitive both far and near,
So long they sought, till they arrivèd were
In that same shady cov. rt whereas lay
Fair Chrysegone in slumory trance whileare;
Who in her sleep (a wondrous thing to say)
Unwares had born two babes as fair as
springing day.

XXVII.

Unwares she them conceived, unwares she
bore :
She bore withouten pain, that she conceived
Withouten pleasure; ne her need implore
Lucina's aid : which when they both per-
ceived,
They were through wonder nigh of sense
bereaved,
And gazing each on other nought bespake :
At last they both agreed her seeming grieved
Out of her heavy swoon not to awake,
But from her loving side the tender babes
to take.

XXVIII.

Up they them took, each one a babe uptook,
And with them carried to be fosterèd :
Dame Phœbe to a nymph her babe betook
To be upbrought in perfect Maidenhead,
And, of herself, her name Belphebe read :
But Venus hers thence far away convey'd,
To be upbrought in goodly womanhead ;
And, in her little Love's stead which was
stray'd,
Her Amoretta call'd, to comfort her dis-
may'd.

XXIX.

She brought her to her joyous paradise
Where most she wonnes, when she on earth
does dwell,
So fair a place as nature can devise :
Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
Or it in Gnidus be, I wot not well ;
But well I wot by trial that this same
All other pleasant places doth excel,
And callèd is, by her lost lover's name,
The garden of Adonis, far renow'd by fame.

XXX.

In that same garden all the goodly flow'rs,
Wherewith dame nature doth her beautify
And decks the garlands of her paramours,
Are fetch'd : there is the first seminary
Of all things that are born to live and die,
According to their kinds. Long work it
were
Here to account the endless progeny
Of all the weeds that bud and blossom there ;
But so much as doth need must needs be
counted here.

XXXI.

It sited was in fruitful soil of old,
And girt in with two walls on either side ;
The one of iron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough break, none over-
stride ;
And double gates it had which open'd wide,
By which both in and out men moten pass ;
Th' one fair and fresh, the other old and
dried :
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

XXXII.

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 do require
That he with fleshly weeds would them attire :
Such as him list, such as eternal fate
Ordainèd hath, he clothes with sinful mire,
And sendeth forth to live in mortal state,
Till they again return back by the hinder
gate.

XXXIII.

After that they again returnèd been,
They in that garden planted be again,
And grow afresh, as they had never seen
Fleshly corruption nor mortal pain :
Some thousand years so do they there re-
main,
And then of him are clad with other hue,
Or sent into the changeful world again,
Till thither they return where first they
grew :
So, like a wheel, around they run from old
to new.

XXXIV.

Ne needs there gardener to set or sow,
To plant or prune ; for of their own accord
All things, as they created were, do grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word

Which first was spoken by th' Almighty
 Lord,
 That bade them *to increase and multiply*:
 Ne do they need, with water of the ford
 Or of the clouds, to moisten their roots dry;
 For in themselves eternal moisture they im-
 ply.

XXXV.

Infinite shapés of creatures there are bred,
 And uncouth forms, which none yet ever
 knew:
 And every sort is in a sundry bed
 Set by itself, and rank'd in comely row
 Some fit for reasonable souls t' indue;
 Some made for beasts, some made for birds
 to wear;
 And all the fruitful spawn of fishes' hue
 In endless ranks along enrangèd were,
 That seem'd the ocean could not contain
 them there.

XXXVI.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
 Into the world, it to replenish more;
 Yet is the stock not lessenèd nor spent,
 But still remains in everlasting store
 As it from first created was of yore:
 For in the wide womb of the world there
 lies,
 In hateful darkness and in deep horrór,
 An huge eternal chaos, which supplies
 The substances of nature's fruitful progenies.

XXXVII.

All things from thence to their first being
 fetch,
 And borrow matter whereof they are made;
 Which, whenas form and feature it does
 ketch,
 Becomes a body and doth then invade
 The state of life out of the grisly shade.
 That substance is eterne, and bideth so:
 Ne, when the life decays and form does fade,
 Doth it consume and into nothing go,
 But changèd is and often alt' red to and fro.

XXXVIII.

The substance 's not changèd nor alterèd,
 But th' only form and outward fashion;
 For every substance is conditionèd
 To change her hue, and sundry forms to
 don,
 Meet for her temper and complexion:
 For forms are variable, and decay
 By course of kind and by occasion;

And that fair flow'r of beauty fades away,
 As doth the lily fresh before the sunny ray.

XXXIX.

Great enemy to it, and t' all the rest
 That in the garden of Adonis springs,
 Is wicked Time; who with his scythe ad-
 drest
 Does mow the flow'ring herbs and goodly
 things, [flings,
 And all their glory to the ground down
 Where they do wither and are foully marr'd:
 He flies about, and with his flaggy wings
 Beats down both leaves and buds without
 regard,
 Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard.

XLI.

Yet pity often did the gods relent,
 To see so fair things marr'd and spillèd
 quite:
 And their great mother Venus did lament
 The loss of her dear brood, her dear delight:
 Her heart was piercèd with pity at the sight,
 When walking through the garden them she
 spied,
 Yet no'te she find redress for such despite;
 For all that lives is subject to that law:
 All things decay in time, and to their end
 do draw.

XLI.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
 All that in this delightful garden grows
 Should happy be, and have immortal bliss:
 For here all plenty and all pleasure flows;
 And sweet Love gentle fits amongst them
 throws
 Without fell rancour or fond jealousy:
 Frankly each paramour his leman knows;
 Each bird his mate; ne any does envy
 Their goodly merriment and gay felicity.

XLII.

There is continual spring, and harvest there
 Continual, both meeting at one time:
 For both the boughs do laughing blossoms
 bear, [prime,
 And with fresh colours deck the wanton
 And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
 Which seem to labour under their fruits load:
 The whiles the joyous birds make their pas-
 time
 Amongst the shady leaves their sweet abode,
 And their true loves without suspicion tell
 abroad.

XLIII.

Right in the midst of that Paradise
 There stood a stately mount, on whose round
 top
 A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
 Whose shady boughs sharp steel did never
 lop
 Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did
 crop,
 But like a garland compassèd the height,
 And from their fruitful sides sweet gum did
 drop,
 That all the ground, with precious dew be-
 dight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours and most
 sweet delight.

XLIV.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
 There was a pleasant arbour, not by art
 But of the trees' own inclination made,
 Which knitting their rank branches, part to
 part,
 With wanton ivy-twine entrail'd atwairt,
 And eglantine and caprifole among,
 Fashion'd above within their inmost part,
 That neither Phœbus' beams could through
 them throng
 Nor Eolus' sharp blast could work them
 any wrong.

XLV.

And all about grew every sort of flow'r,
 To which sad lovers were transform'd of
 yore;
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phœbus' paramour
 And dearest love;
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the wat'ry shore;
 Sad Amaranthus, made a flow'r but late,
 Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
 Meseems I see Amintas' wretched fate,*
 To whom sweet poets' verse hath given
 endless date.

XLVI.

There went fair Venus often to enjoy
 Her dear Adonis' joyous company,
 And reap sweet pleasure of the wanton boy:
 There yet, they say, in secret he does lie,
 Lapped in flow'rs and precious spicery,
 By her hid from the world, and from the skill
 Of Stygian gods, which to her love envy:
 But she he self, whenever that she will,
 Possesseth him, and of his sweetness takes
 her fill:

* The commentators have generally supposed
 Amintas signified Sir Philip Sidney.

XLVII.

And sooth it seems, they say; for he may
 not
 For ever die, and ever buried be
 In baleful night where all things are forgot;
 All be he subject to mortality
 Yet is eterne in mutability,
 And by succession made perpetual,
 Transformed oft, and changed diversely:
 For him the father of all forms they call:
 Therefore needs mote he live, that living
 gives to all.

XLVIII.

There now he liveth in eternal bliss,
 Joying his goddess, and of her enjoy'd;
 Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
 Which with his cruel tusk him deadly cloy'd
 For that wild boar, the which him once an-
 noy'd,
 She firmly hath imprisonèd for aye,
 (That her sweet love his malice mote avoid,)
 In a strong rocky cave, which is, they say,
 Hewn underneath that mount, that none
 him loosen may.

XLIX.

There now he lives in everlasting joy,
 With many of the gods in company
 Which thither haunt, and with the wingèd
 boy,
 Sporting himself in safe felicity:
 Who when he hath with spoils and cruelty
 Ransack'd the world, and in the woful hearts
 Of many wretches set his triumphs high,
 Thither resorts, and laying his sad darts
 Aside, with fair Adonis plays his wanton
 parts.

L.

And his true love fair Psyche with him plays,
 Fair Psyche to him lately reconciled,
 After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes,
 With which his mother Venus her reviled,
 And eke himself her cruelly exiled:
 But now in steadfast love and happy state
 She with him lives, and hath him borne a
 child,
 Pleasure, that doth both gods and men
 aggrate,
 Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche
 late.

LI.

Hither great Venus brought this infant fair,
 The younger daughter of Chrysogonee,
 And unto Psyche with great trust and care
 Committed her, yfosterèd to be
 And trainèd up in true femininity;
 Who no less carefully her tenderèd
 Than her own daughter Pleasure, to whom
 she
 Made her companion, and her lessonèd
 In all the lore of love and goodly womanhead.

LII.

In which when she to perfect ripeness grew,
 Of grace and beauty noble paragon,
 She brought her forth into the worldës view,
 To be th' ensample of true love alone,
 And loadstar of all chaste affection
 To all fair ladies that do live on ground,
 To Faery court she came; where many one
 Admired her goodly 'haviour, and found
 His feeble heart wide lancèd with love's
 cruel wound.

LIII.

But she to none of them her love did cast,
 Save to the noble knight Sir Scudamore,
 To whom her loving heart she linkèd fast
 In faithful love, t' abide for evermore;
 And for his dearest sake endurèd sore
 Sore trouble of an heinous enemy,
 Who her would forced have to have forlore
 Her former love and steadfast loyalty:
 As ye may elsewhere read that rueful history.

LIV.

But well I ween ye first desire to learn
 What end unto that fearful damosel
 Which fled so fast from that same fos'ter
 stern
 Whom with his brethren Timias slew, befell:
 That was, to weet, the goodly Florimell;
 Who, wand'ring for to seek her lover dear,
 Her lover dear, her dearest Marinell,
 Into misfortune fell, as ye did hear,
 And from Prince Arthur fled with wings of
 idle fear.

CANTO VII.

The witch's son loves Florimell:
 She flies; he fains to die.
 Satyrane saves the Squire of Dames
 From giant's tyranny.

I.

LIKE as an hind forth singled from the herd,
 That hath escapèd from a ravenous beast,
 Yet flies away of her own feet afraid;
 And every leaf, that shaketh with the least
 Murmur of wind, her terror hath increased:
 So fled fair Florimell from her vain fear,
 Long after she from peril was releasèd:
 Each shade she saw, and each noise she did
 hear,
 Did seem to be the same which she escapèd

II.

All that same evening she in flying spent,
 And all that night her course continuèd:
 Ne did she let dull sleep once to relent
 Nor weariness to slack her haste, but fled

16

Ever alike, as if her former dread
 Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:
 And her white palfrey, having conquerèd
 The mast'ring reins out of her weary wrest,
 Perforce her carrièd wherever he thought
 best.

III.

So long as breath and able puissance
 Did native courage unto him supply,
 His pace he freshly forward did advance,
 And carried her beyond all jeopardy;
 But nought that wanteth rest can long aby:
 He, having through incessant travel spent
 His force, at last derforce adown did lie,
 Ne foot could further move: the lady gent
 Therat was sudden struck with great as-
 tonishment.

IV.

And forced t'alight, on foot mote algates fare
A traveller unwonted to such way;
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That Fortune all in equal lance doth
sway,

And mortal miscries doth make her play.
So long she travell'd, till at length she came
To an hill's side, which did to her bewray
A little valley subject to the same,
All cover'd with thick woods that quite it
overcame.

V.

Through th' tops of the high trees she did
descrie

A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light
Reeking aloft uprollèd to the sky:
Which cheerful sign did send unto her sight
That in the same did wonne some living
wight.

Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applied,
And came at last in weary wretchèd plight
Unto the place, to which her hope did guide
To find some refuge there, and rest her
weary side.

VI.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A little cottage, built of sticks and reeds
In homely wise, and wall'd with sods around;
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weeds
And wilful want, all careless of her needs;
So choosing solitary to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her devilish
deeds

And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far-off unknown whomever she
envied.

VII.

The damsel there arriving ent'red in;
Where sitting on the floor the hag she found
Busy (as seem'd) about some wicked gin:
Who, soon as she beheld that sudden sound,
Lightly upstartèd from the dusty ground,
And with fell look and hollow deadly gaze
Starèd on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speak for great amaze;
But show'd by outward signs that dread her
sense did daze.

VIII.

At last, turning her fear to foolish wrath,
She ask'd, What devil had her thither
brought,
And who she was, and what unwonted path

Had guided her, unwelcomèd, unsought?
To which the damsel full of doubtful thought
Her mildly answer'd; "Beldam, be not
wroth

With silly virgin, by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That crave but room to rest while tempest
overblow'th."

IX.

With that adown out of her crystal eyne
Few trickling tears she softly forth let fall,
That like two orient pearls did purely shine
Upon her snowy cheek; and therewithal
She sighèd soft, that none so bestial
Nor savage heart but ruth of her sad plight
Would make to melt, or piteously appal;
And that vile hag, all were her whole delight
In mischief, was much movèd at so piteous
sight:

X.

And gan recomfort her, in her rude wise,
With womanish compassion of her plaint,
Wiping the tears from her suffusèd eyes,
And bidding her sit down to rest her faint
And weary limbs awhile: she nothing quaint
Nor 'sdainful of so homely fashion,
Sith brought she was now to so hard con-
straint;
Sate down up on the dusty ground anon;
As glad of that small rest, as bird of tem-
pest gone.

XI.

Tho gan she gather up her garments rent,
And her loose locks to dight in order due,
With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament:
Whom such whenas the wicked hag did view,
She was astonish'd at her heavenly hue,
And doubted her to deem an earthly wight,
But or some goddess, or of Diane's crew,
And thought her to adore with humble
spright:
T'adore thing so divine as beauty, were but
right.

XII.

This wicked woman had a wicked son
The comfort of her age and weary days,
A lazy lord, for nothing good to done,
But stretchèd forth in idleness always,
Ne ever cast his mind to covet praise,
Or ply himself to any honest trade;
But all the day before the sunny rays
He used to slug, or sleep in slothful shade:
Such laziness both lewd and poor at once him
made.

XIII.

He, coming home at undertime, there found
The fairest creature that he ever 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 hath gazed
On the bright sun unwares, doth soon
withdraw

His feeble eyne with too much brightness
dazed,
So stared he on her, and stood long while
amazed.

XIV.

Softly at last he gan his mother ask,
What mister wight that was, and whence de-
rived,
That in so strange disguisement there did
mask,
And by what accident she there arrived ?
But she, as one nigh of her wits deprived,
With nought but ghastly looks him answered
Like to a ghost that lately is revived
From Stygian shores where late it wanderèd :
So both at her, and each at other wonderèd.

XV.

But the fair virgin was so meek and mild,
That she to them vouchsafèd to embase
Her goodly port, and to their senses vild
Her gentle speech applied, that in short
space
She grew familiar in that desert place.
During which time the churl, through her
so kind

And courteous use, conceived affection base,
And cast to love her in his brutish mind ;
No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly
tynde.

XVI.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And shortly grew into outrageous fire ;
Yet had he not the heart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his desire ;
His cattiff thought durst not so high aspire :
But with soft sighs and lovely semblances
He ween'd that his affection entire
She should aread ; many resemblances
To her he made, and many kind remem-
brances.

XVII.

Oft from the forest wildings he did bring,
Whese sides empurpled were with smiling
red

And oft young birds, which he had taught to
sing

His mistress' praises sweetly carollèd
Garlands of flowers sometimes for her fair
head :

He fine would dight ; sometimes the squirrel
wild

He brought to her in bands, as conquerèd
To be her thrall, his fellow-servant vild :
All which she of him took with courtenace
meek and mild.

XVIII.

But, past a while, when she fit season saw
To leave that desert mansion, she cast
In secret wise herself thence to withdraw,
For fear of mischief, which she did forecast
Might by the witch or by her son compast ;
Her weary palfrey, closely as she might,
Now well recover'd after long repast,
In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
His late miswand'red ways now to remeasure
right.

XIX.

And early, ere the dawning day appear'd,
She forth issued, and on her journey went ;
She went in peril, of each noise afear'd
And of each shade that did itself present ;
For still she fearèd to be overhent
Of that vile hag, or her uncivil son ;
Who when, too late awaking, well they kent
That their fair guest was gone, they both
began
To make exceeding moan as they had been
undone.

XX.

But that lewd lover did the most lament
For her depart, that ever man did hear ;
He knock'd his breast with desperate intent,
And scratch'd his face, and with his teeth
did tear
His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged hair
That his sad mother seeing his sore plight
Was greatly woe-begone, and gan to fear
Lest his frail senses were emperish'd quite,
And love to frenzy turn'd ; sith love is fran-
tic hight.

XXI.

All ways she sought him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsel, and
with tears,
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor coun-
sel might
Assuage the fury which his entrails tears :

So strong is passion that no reason hears !
 Tho, when all other helps she saw to fail,
 She turn'd herself back to her wicked leares ;
 And by her devilish arts thought to prevail
 To bring her back again, or work her final
 bale.

XXII.

Eftsoones out of her hidden cave she call'd
 An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
 That could the stoutest courage have ap-
 pall'd ;
 Monstrous, misshaped, and all his back
 was speck'd
 With thousand spots of colours quaint elect ;
 Thereto so swift that it all beasts did pass
 Like never yet did living eye detect ;
 But likest it to an hyena was
 That feeds on women's flesh, as others feed
 on grass.

XXIII.

It forth she call'd, and gave it straight in
 charge
 Through thick and thin her to pursue apace,
 Ne once to stay to rest, or breathe at large,
 Till her he had attain'd and brought in place,
 Or quite devour'd her beauty's scornful 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 shortly he her over-
 hent.

XXIV.

Whom when the fearful damsel nigh espied,
 No need to bid her fast away to fly ;
 That ugly shape so sore her terrified,
 That it she shunn'd no less than dread to die ;
 And her fleet palfrey did so well apply
 His nimble feet to her conceiv'd fear,
 That whilst his breath did strength to him
 supply,
 From peril free he her away did bear,
 But, when his force gan fail, his pace gan
 wax arear.

XXV.

Which whenas she perceived, she was dis-
 may'd
 At that same last extremity full sore,
 And of her safety greatly grew afraid :
 And now she gan approach to the sea shore,
 As it befell that she could fly no more

But yield herself to spoil or greediness :
 Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
 From her dull horse, in desperate distress,
 And to her feet betook her doubtful sick-
 ness.*

XXVI.

Not half so fast the wicked Myrrah fled
 From dread of her revenging father's hond ;
 Not half so fast to save her maidenhead
 Fleed fearful Daphne on th' Ægean strond ;
 As Florimell fled from that monster yond,
 To reach the sea ere she of him were raught ;
 For in the sea to drown herself she fond,
 Rather than of the tyrant to be caught :
 Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her
 courage taught.

XXVII.

It fortunèd (High God did so ordain)
 As she arrivèd on the roaring shore,
 In mind to leap into the mighty main,
 A little boat lay hovering before,
 In which there slept a fisher old and poor,
 The whiles his nets were drying on the sand :
 Into the same she leap'd and with the oar
 Did thrust the shallop from the floating
 strand :
 So safety found at sea, which she found not
 on land.

XXVIII.

The monster ready on the prey to seize,
 Was of his forward hope deceiv'd quite,
 Ne durst assay to wade the perilous seas,
 But, greedily long gaping at the sight,
 At last in vain was forced to turn his flight,
 And tell the idle tidings to his dame :
 Yet to avenge his devilish spite,
 He set upon her palfrey tirèd lame,
 And slew him cruelly ere any rescue came :

XXIX.

And, after having him embowellèd,
 To fill his hellish gorge, it chanced a knight
 To pass that way as forth he travellèd :
 It was a goodly swain and of great might,
 As ever man that bloody field did fight ;
 But in vain shows, that wont young knights
 bewitch,
 And courtly services, took no delight ;
 But rather joy'd to be than seemen sich :
 For both to be and seem to him was labour
 lich.

* Safety is here meant. Our readers may
 recollect Kirkpatrick's words to the Bruce, 'I
 will make sicker.'

XXX.

It was to weet the good Sir Satyrane
That ranged abroad to seek adventures wild,
As was his wont, in forest and in plain :
He was all arm'd in rugged steel unfild,
As in the smoky forge it was compiled,
And in his 'scutcheon bore a satyr's head.
He coming present, where the monster vild
Upon that milk-white palfrey's carcass fed,
Unto his rescue ran, and greedily him sped.

XXXI.

There well perceived he that it was the horse
Whereon fair Florimell was wont to ride,
That of that fiend was rent without remorse .
Much feared he lest ought did ill betide
To that fair maid, the flower of woman's
pride ;
For her he dearly lovèd, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnified ;
Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he found, that did him sore
appal.

XXXII.

Full of sad fear and doubtful agony
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked fiend ;
And with huge strokes and cruel battery
Him forced to leave his prey, for to attend
Himself from deadly danger to defend :
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engrave, and muckle blood did spend,
Yet might not do him die, but aye more fresh
And fierce he still appear'd, the more he did
him thresh.

XXXIII.

He wist not how him to despoil of life,
Ne how to win the wishèd victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through
strife,
And himself weaker through infirmity :
Greatly he grew enraged, and furiously
Hurling his sword away he lightly leapt
Upon the beast, that with great cruelty,
Roarèd and ragèd to be underkept ;
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon
him hept.

XXXIV.

As he that strives to stop a sudden flood,
And in strong banks his violence restrain,
Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflow the fruitful plain,
That all the country seems to be a main,

And the rich furrows float all quite fordonne ;
The woful husbandman doth loud complain,
To see his whole year's labour lost so soon,
For which to God he made so many an idle
boon.

XXXV.

So him he held, and did through might amate:
So long he held him, and him beat so long,
That at the last his fierceness gan abate,
And meekly stoop unto the victor strong :
Who, to avenge the implacable wrong
Which he supposed done to Florimell,
Sought by all means his dolour to prolong.
Sith dint of steel his carcass could not quell :
His maker with her charms had framèd him
so well.

XXXVI.

The golden ribbon, which that virgin wore
About her slender waist, he took in hand,
And with it bound the beast that loud did
roar,
For great despite of that unwonted band,
Yet darèd not his victor to withstand,
But trembled like a lamb fled from the prey ;
And all the way him follow'd on the strand,
As he had long been learnèd to obey ;
Yet never learnèd he such service till that
day.

XXXVII.

Thus as he led the beast along the way,
He spied far off a mighty giantess
Fast flying, on a courser dappled gray,
From a bold knight that with great hardiness
Her hard pursued and sought for to sup-
press :
She bore before her lap a doleful squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distress,
Fast bounden hand and foot with cords of
wire,
Whom she did mean to make the thrall of
her desire.

XXXVIII.

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
He left his captive beast at liberty,
And cross'd the nearest way, by which he
cast
Her to encounter ere she passèd by ;
But she the way shunn'd nathèmore forthy,
But forward gallop'd fast ; which when he
spied,
His mighty spear he couchèd warily,

And at her ran ; she, having him descried,
Herself to fight address'd, and threw her load
aside.

XXXIX.

Like as a goshawk, that in foot doth bear
A trembling culver, having spied on height
An eagle that with plummy wings doth shear
The subtle air stooping with all his might,
The quarry throws to ground with fell de-
spite,

And to the battle doth herself prepare :
So ran the giantess unto the fight ;
Her fiery eyes with furious sparks did stare,
And with blasphemous banns High God in
pieces tare.

XL.

She caught in hand an huge great iron mace
Wherewith she many had of life deprived ;
But, ere the stroke could seize his aimed
place,

His spear amidst her sun-broad shield ar-
rived ;

Yet nathëmore the steel asunder rived,
All were the beam in bigness like a mast,
Ne her out of the steadfast saddle driven ;
But, glancing on the temp'ed metal, brast
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her
past.

XLI.

Her steed did stagger with that puissant
stroke ;

But she no more was movèd with that might
Than it had lighted on an aged oak,
Or on the marble pillar that is pight
Upon the top of mount Olympus' height,
For the brave youthly champions to assay
With burning charet wheels it nigh to smite ;
But who that smites it mars his joyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay

XLII.

Yet, therewith sore enraged, with stern re-
gard

Her dreadful weapon she to him address't,
Which on his helmet martellèd so hard
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bow'd his batt' red visor to his breast :
Wherewith he was so stunn'd that he n'ote
ride,

But reelèd to and fro from east to west :
Which when his cruel enemy espied,
She lightly unto him adjoinèd side to side ;

XLIII.

And, on his collar laying puissant hand,
Out of his wavering seat him pluck'd perforce
Perforce him pluck'd unbrle to withstand
Or help himself ; and laying thwart her horse,
In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,
She bore him fast away ; which when the
knight

That her pursuèd saw, with great remorse
He near was touchèd in his noble spright,
And gan encrease his speed as she encreas'd
her flight.

XLIV.

Whom whenas nigh approaching she espied,
She threw away her burden angrily ;
For she list not the battle to abide,
But made herself more light away to fly.
Yet her the hardy knight pursued so nigh
That almost in the back he oft her strake ;
But still when him at hand she did espy,
She turn'd, and semblance of fair fight did
make ;
But, when he stay'd, to flight again she did
her take.

XLV.

By this the good Sir Satyrane gan wake
Out of this dream that did him long entrance,
And, seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding moan, and curs'd that cruel
chance

Which reft from him so fair a chevisance ;
At length he spied whereas that woful squire
Whom he had rescuèd from captivance
Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the mire,
Unable to arise, or foot or hand to stir.

XLVI.

To whom approaching, well he mote perceive
In that foul blight a comely personage
And lovely face, made fit for to deceive
Frail ladies' heart with love's consuming rage
Now in the blossom of his freshest age :
He rear'd him up and loosed his iron bands,
And after gan inquire his parentage,
And how he fell into that giant's hands,
And who that was which chasèd her along
the lands.

XLVII.

Then trembling yet through fear the squire
bespake ;
" That giantess Argantè is behight,
A daughter of the Titans which did make

War against heaven, and heapèd hills on
 height
 To scale the skies and put Jove from his
 right :
 Her sire Typhœus was ; who, mad through
 mirth,
 And drunk with blood of men slain by his
 might,
 Through incest her of his own mother Earth
 Whylome begot, being but half twin of that
 birth :

XLVIII.

" For at that birth another babe she bore ;
 To weet, the mighty Ollyphant, that wrought,
 Great wreek to many errant knights of yore,
 And many hath to foul confusion brought,
 These twins, men say (a thing far passing
 thought,)
 Whiles in their mother's womb enclosed they
 were,
 Ere they into the lightsome world were
 brought,
 In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
 And in that monstrous wise did to the world
 appear.

XLIX.

" So lived they ever after in like sin,
 Gainst nature's law and good behaviour :
 But greatest shame was to that maiden twin ;
 Who, not content so foully to devour,
 Her native flesh and stain her brother's
 bow'r,
 Did wallow in all other fleshly mire,
 And suff'red beasts her body to defow'r ;
 So hot she burnèd in that lustful fire :
 Yet all that might not slake her sensual de-
 sire :

L.

" But over all the country she did range,
 To seek young men to quench her flaming
 thrust :
 And feed her fancy with delightful change :
 Whom so she fittest finds to serve her lust,
 Through her main strength, in which she
 most doth trust,
 She with her brings into a secret isle,
 Where in eternal bondage die he must,
 Or be the vassal of her pleasures vile.
 And in all shameful sort himself with her
 defile.

LI.

" Me, seely wretch, she so at vantage caught,
 After she long in wait for me did lie,

And meant unto her prison to have brought,
 Her loathsome pleasure there to satisfy ;
 That thousand deaths me liefer were to die
 Than break the vow that to fair Columbèll
 I plighted have, and yet keep steadfastly :
 As for my name, it mistreth not to tell ;
 Call me the Squire of Dames : that me be-
 seemeth well.

LII.

" But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing
 saw
 That giantess, is not such as she seem'd,
 But a fair virgin that in martial law
 And deeds of arms above all dames is deem'd,
 And above many knights is eke esteem'd
 For her great worth ; she Palladine is hight :
 She you from death, you me from dread,
 redeem'd :
 Ne any may that monster match in fight,
 But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a
 wight."

LIII.

" Her well beseems that quest," quoth
 Satyrane :
 " But read, thou Squire of Dames, what vow
 is this,
 Which thou upon thyself has lately ta'en ?"
 " That shall I you recount," quoth he, " ywis
 To be ye pleased to pardon all amiss ;
 That gentle lady whom I love and serve,
 After long suit and weary services,
 Did ask me how I could her love deserve,
 And how she might be sure I would never
 swerve.

LIV.

" I, glad by any means her grace to gain,
 Bade her command my life to save or spill :
 Eftssoones she bade me with incessant pain
 To wander through the world abroad at will,
 And everywhere, where with my power or
 skill
 I might do service unto gentle dames,
 That I the same should faithfully fulfil ;
 And at the twelvemouth's end should bring
 their names
 And pledges, as the spoils of my victorious
 games.

LV.

" So well I to fair ladies' service did,
 And found such favour in their loving hearts
 That, ere the year his course had compass'd,
 Three hundred pledges for my good deserts,

And thrice three hundred thanks for my
good parts,
I with me brought and did to her present :
Which when she saw, more bent to eke my
smarts
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me devise a grievous punishment.

LVI.

"To weet, that I my travel should resume,
And with like labour walk the world around,
Ne ever 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 ever chaste and sound."
"Ah! gentle squire," quoth he, "tell at one
word,
How many found'st thou such to put in thy
record?"

LVII.

"Indeed, Sir Knight," said he, "one word
may tell,
All that I ever found so wisely stay'd,
For only three they were disposed so well ;
And yet three years I now abroad have
stray'd,
To find them out." "Mote I," then laugh-
ing said
The knight, "inquire of thee what were
those three
The which thy proffred courtesy deny'd?
Or ill they seem'd sure avised to be,
Or brutishly brought up, that ne'er did
fashions see."

LVIII.

"The first which then refused me," said he,
"Certes was but a common courtesan ;
Yet flat refused to have ado with me,
Because I could not give her many a Jane."*

Much money.—T. WARTON.

(Thereat full heartily laughed Satyrane.)
"The second was an holy nun to choose,
Which would not let me be her chappellane,
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
Her counsel, if she should her trust in me
repose.

LIX.

"The third a damsel was of low degree,
Whom I in country cottage found by chance :
Full little weened I that chastity
Had lodging in so mean a maintenance ;
Yet she was fair, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in seemly fashion :
Long thus I woo'd her with due observance,
In hope unto my pleasure to have won ;
But was as far at last, as when I first begun.

LX.

"Save her, I never any woman found
That chastity did for itself embrace,
But were for other causes firm and sound ;
Either for want of handsome time and place
Or else for fear of shame and foul disgrace.
Thus am I hopeless ever to attain
My lady's love, in such a desperate case,
But all my days am like to waste in vain,
Seeking to match the chaste with th' un-
chaste ladies' train."

LXI.

"Perdy," said Satyrane, "thou Squire of
Dames,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thanks, and therewith many
blames ;
That may amongst Alcides' labours stand."
Thence back returning to the former land,
Where late he left the beast he overcame,
He found him not ; for he had broke his
band,
And was return'd again unto his dame,
To tell what tidings of fair Florimell be-
came.

CANTO VIII.

The witch creates a snowy lady like to Florimell;
Who, wrong'd by Carle, by Proteus saved
Is sought by Paridell.

I.

So oft as I this history record,
My heart doth melt with mere compassion,
To think how causeless of her own accord
This gentle damsel, whom I write upon,
Should plungèd be in such affliction
Without all hope of comfort or relief;
That sure I ween the hardest heart of stone
Would hardly find to aggravate her grief:
For misery craves rather mercy than retriefe.

II.

But that accursèd hag, her hostess late,
Had so enrunkled her malicious heart,
That she desired th' abridgment of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painful smart.
Now when the beast, which by her wicked
art
Late forth she sent, she back returning spied
Tied with her golden girdle; it a part
Of her rich spoils whom he had erst de-
stroyed
She ween'd, and wondrous gladness to her
heart applied:

III.

And, with it running hast'ly to her son,
Thought with that sight him much to have
relieved;
Who, thereby deeming sure the thing as
done,
His former grief with fury fresh revived
Much more than erst, and would have algates
rived
The heart out of his breast: for sith her dead
He surely deem'd, himself he thought de-
prived
Quite of all hope wherewith he long had fed
His foolish malady, and long time had misled.

IV.

With thought whereof exceeding mad he
grew,
And in his rage his mother would have slain,
Had she not fled into a secret mew

Where she was wont her sprights to enter-
tain,
The masters of her art: there was she fain
To eall them all in order to her aid,
And them conjure upon eternal pain,
To counsel her so carefully dismay'd
How she might heal her son whose senses
were decay'd.

V.

By their advice, and her own wicked wit,
She there devised a wondrous work to frame,
Whose like on earth was never framèd yet;
That even Nature' self envied the same,
And grudged to see the counterfeit should
shame
The thing itself: In hand she boldly took
To make another like the former dame,
Another Florimell, in shape and look
So lively, and so like, that many it mistook.

VI.

The substance, whereof she the body made,
Was purest snow in massy mould congeal'd,
Which she had gather'd in a shady glade
Of the Riphœan hills, to her reveal'd
By errant sprights, but from all men con-
ceal'd:
The same she temp'red with fine mercury
And virgin wax that never yet was seal'd,
And mingled them with perfect vermily;
That like a lively sanguine it seem'd to the
eye.

VII.

Instead of eyes two burning lamps she set
In silver sockets, shining like the skies,
And a quick moving spirit did arret
To stir and roll them like to women's eyes;
Instead of yellow locks she did devise
With golden wire to weave her curled head:
Yet golden wire was not so yellow thrice
As Florimell's fair hair: and, in the stead
Of life, she put a spright to rule the carcass
dead;

VIII.

A wicked spright, yfraught with fawning
guile
And fair resemblance above all the rest,
Which with the Prince of Darkness fell
somewhile
From heaven's bliss and everlasting rest ;
Him needed not instruct which way were best
Himself to fashion likest Florimell,
Ne how to speak, ne how to use his gest ;
For he in counterfessance did excel,
And all the wiles of women's wits knew
passing well.

IX.

Him shapèd thus she deck'd in garments gay,
Which Florimell had left behind her late :
That whoso then her saw, would surely say
It was herself whom it did imitate,
Or fairer than herself, it ought algate
Might fairer be. And then she forth her
brought
Unto her son that lay in feeble state ;
Who seeing her gan straight upstart, and
thought
She was the lady's self whom he so long had
sought.

X.

Tho, fast her clipping twixt her armès twain,
Extremely joyèd in so happy sight,
And soon forgot his former sickly pain :
But she, the more to seem such as she light,
Coyly rebutted his embracement light ;
Yet still, with gentle countenance, retain'd
Enough to hold a fool in vain delight :
Him long she so with shadows entertain'd,
As her creatress had in charge to her or-
dain'd :

XI

Till on a day, as he disposèd was
To walk the woods with that his idol fair,
Her to disport and idle time to pass
In th' open freshness of the gentle air,
A knight that way there chancèd to repair ;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastful swain
That deeds of arms had ever in despair ;
Proud Braggadochia, that in vaunting vain
His glory did repose and credit did maintain.

XII.

He, seeing with that churl so fair a wight
Deckèd with many a costly ornament,
Much marvelled thereat, as well he might,

And thought that match a foul disparage-
ment :

His bloody spear eftsoones he boldly bent
Against the silly clown, who dead through
fear,
Fell straight to ground in great astonish-
ment :
" Villain," said he, " this lady is my dear ;
Die, if thou it gainsay : I will away her bear."

XIII.

The fearful churl durst not gainsay or do,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the
prey :
Who, finding little leisure her to woo, [stay,
On Trompart's steed her mounted without
And without rescue led her quite away.
Proud man himself then Braggadochio
deem'd,
And next to none, after that happy day,
Being possess'd of that spoil, which seem'd
The fairest wight on ground and most of
men esteem'd.

XIV.

But, when he saw himself free from pursuit,
He gan make gentle purpose to his dame
With terms of love and lewdness dissolute ;
For he could well his glozing speeches frame
To such vain uses that him best became ;
But she thereto would lend but light regard,
As seeming sorry that she ever came
Into his pow'r, that usèd her so hard
To reave her honour which she more than
life preferr'd.

XV.

Thus as they two of kindness treated long,
There them by chancè encount'rd on the
way
An armèd knight upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feet upon the hollow lay
Seemèd to thunder, and did nigh affray
That capon's courage ; yet he lookèd grim,
And feign'd to cheer his lady in dismay,
Who seem'd for fear to quake in every limb,
And her to save from outrage meekly prayèd
him.

XVI.

Fiercely that stranger forward came ; and,
nigh
Approaching, with bold words and bitter
threat
Bade that same boaster, as he mote on high

To leave to him that lady for excheat
Or bide him battle without furth treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seem,
And fill'd his senses with abashment great ;
Yet, seeing nigh him jeopardy extreme,
He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to
esteem ;

XVII.

Saying, " Thou foolish knight, that weenst
with words

To steal away that I with blows have won,
And brought through points of many perilous
swords !

But if thee list to see thy courser run,
Or prove thyself, this sad encounter shun,
And seek else without hazard of thy head."
At those proud words that other knight be-
gan

To wax exceeding wroth and him aread
To turn his steed about, or sure he should
be dead.

XVIII.

" Sith then," said Braggadochio, " needs
thou wilt

Thy days abridge, through proof of puis-
sance ;

Turn we our steeds ; that both in equal tilt
May meet again, and each take happy
chance."

This said, they both a furlong's moun-
tenance Retired their steeds, to run in even
pace :
But Braggadochio with his bloody lance
Once having turn'd, no more return'd his
face,

But left his love to loss, and fled himself
apace.

XIX.

The knight, him seeing fly, had no regard
Him to pursue, but to the lady rode ;
And, having her from Trompart lightly
rear'd,

Upon his courser set the lovely load,
And with her fled away without abode :
Well ween'd he, that fairest Florimell
It was with whom in company he yode,
And so herself did always to him tell ;
So made him think himself in heaven that
was in hell.

XX.

But Florimell herself was far away,
Driven to great distress by fortune strange,
And taught the careful mariner to play,

Sith late mischance had her compell'd to
change

The land for sea, at random there to range :
Yet there that cruel queen avengeress,
Not satisfied so far her to estrange
From courtly bliss and wonted happiness,
Did heap on her new waves of weary wretch-
edness.

XXI.

For, being fled into the fisher's boat
For refuge from the monster's cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty main did float,
And with the tide drove forward carelessly ;
For th' air was mild and clear'd was the sky,
And all his winds Dan Eolus did keep
From stirring up their stormy enmity,
As pitying to see her wail and weep ;
But all the while the fisher did securely sleep.

XXII.

At last when drunk with drowsiness he woke,
And saw his drover drive along the stream,
He was dismay'd ; and thrice his breast he
stroke,

For marvel of that accident extreme :
But when he saw that blazing beauty's
beam,

Which with rare light his boat did beautify,
He marvel'd more, and thought he yet did
dream

Not well awak'd ; or that some extacy,
Assotted had his sense, or daz'd was his eye.

XXIII.

But, when her well avising he perceived
To be no vision nor fantastic sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceived,
And felt in his old courage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frozen spright :
Tho rudely ask'd her, how she thither came ?
" Ah !" said she, " father, I note read aright
What hard misfortune brought me to this
same ;

Yet am I glad that here I now in safety am.

XXIV.

" But thou, good man, sith far in sea we be,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the main-land see,
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-boat
well,

Lest worse on sea than us on land befell,"
Threat th' old man did nought but fondly
grin,
And said, his boat the way could wisely tell :

But his deceitful eyes did never lin
To look on her fair face and mark her snowy
skin.

XXV.

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh
Infix'd such secret sting of greedy lust,
That the dry wither'd stock it gan refresh,
And kindled heat, that soon in flame forth
brust :

The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust,
Rudely to her he leapt, and his rough hand,
Where ill became him, rashly would have
thrust ;

But she with angry scorn him did withstand,
And shamefully reprovèd for his rudeness
fond.

XXVI.

But he, that never good nor manners knew,
Her sharp rebuke full little did esteem ;
Hard is to teach an old horse amble true ;
The inward smoke, that did before but
steam,

Broke into open fire and rage extreme ;
And now he strength gan add unto his will,
Forcing to do that did him foul misseem
Beastly he threw her down, ne cared to spill
Her garments gay with scales of fish, that
all did fill.

XXVII.

The silly virgin strove him to withstand
All that she might, and him in vain reviled ;
She struggled strongly both with foot and
hand

To save her honour from that villain vild,
And cried to heaven, from human help exiled.
O ! ye brave knights, that boast this lady's
love,

Where be ye now, when she is nigh defiled
Of filthy wretch ! well may she you reprove
Of falsehood or of sloth, when most it may
behave.

XXVIII.

But if that thou, Sir Satyrane didst weet,
Or thou, Sir Peridure, her sorry state,
How soon would ye assemble many a fleet,
To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late !
Tow'rs, cities, kingdoms, ye would ruinate
In your avengement and dispiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate :
But, if Sir Calidore could it presage,
No living creature could his cruelty assuage.

XXIX.

But, sith that none of all her knights is nigh,
See how the heavens, of voluntary grace
And sovereign favour towards chastity,
Do succour send to her distressed case :
So much High God doth innocence embrace !
It fortunèd, whilst thus she stiffly strove,
And the wide sea impòrtunèd long space
With shrilling shrieks, Proteus abroad did
rove,
Along the foamy waves driving his finny
drove.

XXX.

Proteus is shepherd of the seas of yore,
And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty
herd ;
An aged sire with head all frory hoar,
And sprinkled frost upon his dewy beard ;
Who when those pitiful outcries he heard
Through all the seas so ruefully resound.
His c'aret swift in haste he thither steer'd,
Which with a team of scaly Phocas bound
Was drawn upon the waves, that foamèd
him around ;

XXXI.

And coming to that fisher's wand'ring boat,
That went at will withouten card or sail,
He therein saw that irksome sight, which
smote
Deep indignation and compassion frail,
Into his heart at once : straight did he hale
The greedy villain from his hopèd prey,
Of which he now did very little fail.
And with his staff, that drives his herd astray
Him beat so sore, that life and sense did
much dismay.

XXXII.

The whiles the piteous lady up did rise,
Ruffled and foully raid with filthy soil,
And blubb'rd face with tears of her fair
eyes ;
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toil,
To save herself from that outrageous spoil :
But when she lookèd up, to meet what wight
Had her from so infamous fact assoil'd,
For shame, but more from fear of his grim
sight, [shright
Down in her lap she hid her face, and loudly

XXXIII.

Herself not savèd yet from danger dread
She thought, but changed from one to other
fear :

Like as a fearful partridge, that is fled,
From the sharp hawk which her attackèd
near,

And falls to ground to seek for succour there,
Whereas the hungry spaniels she does spy
With greedy jaws her ready for to tear:
In such distress and sad perplexity
Was Florimell, when Proteus she did see
her by.

XXXIV.

But he endeavourèd with speeches mild
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her fear no more her foeman vild,
Nor doubt himself, and who he was her
told:

Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevail'd;
For her faint heart was with the frozen cold
Benumb'd so inly that her wits nigh tail'd,
And all her senses with abashment quite
were quail'd.

XXXV.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he rear'd,
And with his frory lips full softly kiss'd,
Whiles the cold icicles from his rough beard
Droppèd adown upon her ivory breast:
Yet he himself so busily adrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought,
And, out of that same fisher's filthy nest
Removing her, into his charret brought,
And there with many gentle terms her fair
besought.

XXXVI.

But that old lecher, which with bold assault
That beauty durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his hemous fault:
Then took he him yet trembling sith of late
And tied behind his charret, to aggrate
The virgin whom he had abused so sore;
So draggèd him through the waves in scorn-
ful state,

And after cast him up upon the shore;
But Florimell with him unto his bow'r he
bore.

XXXVII.

His bow'r is in the bottom of the main,
Under a mighty rock against which do rave
The roaring billows in their proud disdain,
That with the angry working of the wave
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seems rough mason's hand with engines
keen
Had long while labourèd it to engrave:

There was his wonne; ne living wight was
seen [it clean.
Save one old nymph, hight Panopè, to keep

XXXVIII.

Thither he brought the sorry Florimell,
And entertainèd her the best he might,
(And Panopè her entertain'd eke well)
As an immortal mote a mortal wight,
To win her liking unto his delight:
With flattering words he sweetly wooèd her;
And offerèd fair gifts t' allure her sight;
But she both offers and the offerer
Despised, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

XXXIX.

Daily he tempted her with this or that,
And never suff'rd her to be at rest:
But evermore she him refusèd flat,
And all his feignèd kindness did detest;
So firmly she had sealèd up her breast.
Sometimes he boasted that a god he hight;
But she a mortal creature lovèd best:
Then he would make himself a mortal wight;
But then she said she loved none but a
Faery knight.

XL.

Then like a Faery knight himself he dress'd;
For every shape on him he could endure
Then like a king he was to her express'd
And off'red kingdoms unto her in view,
To be his leman and his lady true:
But, when all this he nothing saw prevail,
With harder means he cast her to subdue,
And with sharp threats her often did assail,
So thinking for to make her stubborn courage
quail

XLI.

To dreadful shapes he did himself trans-
form;
Now like a giant; now like to a fiend.
Then like a centaur: then like to a storm,
Raging within the waves: thereby he ween'd
Her will to win unto his wish'd end:
But when with fear, nor favor, nor with all
He else could do, he saw himself esteem'd,
Down in a dungeon deep he let her fall,
And threat'nèd there to make her his eternal
thrall.

XLII.

Eternal thralldom was to her more lief
Than loss of chastity, or change of love:
Die had she rather in tormenting grief
Than any should of falseness her prove
Or looseness that she lightly did remove,

Most virtuous virgin I glory be thy meed,
 And crown of heavenly praise with saints
 above,
 Where most sweet hymns of this thy famous
 Are still amongst them sung, that far my
 rhymes exceed.

XLIII.

Fit song of angels carollèd to be I
 But yet whatso my feeble Muse can frame,
 Shall be t' advance thy goodly chastity,
 And to enroll the memorable name
 In th' heart of every honourable dame,
 That they thy virtuous deeds may imitate,
 And be partakers of thy endless fame
 It irks me leave thee in this woful state,
 To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late :

XLIV.

Who having ended with that Squire of
 Dames
 A long discourse of his adventures vain,
 The which himself than ladies more defame.
 And finding not th' hyena to be slain,
 With that same squire returnèd back again
 To his first way : And, as they forward went,
 They spied a knight far pricking on the
 plain,
 As if he were on some adventure bent.
 And in his port appearèd madly hardiment.

XLV.

Sir Satyrane him towards did address,
 To weet to what wight he was, and what his
 quest :
 And, coming nigh, eftsoones he gan to guess
 Both by the burning heart which on his
 breast
 He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
 That Paridell it was : Tho to him yode,
 And, him saluting as beseemèd best,
 Can first inquire of tidings far abroad,
 And afterwards on what adventure now he
 rode.

XLVI.

Who thereto answering said ; " The tidings
 bad,
 Which now in Faery Court all men do tell,
 Which turnèd hath great mirth to mourning
 sad
 Is the late ruin of proud Marinell,
 And sudden parture of fair Florimell
 To find him forth : and after her are gone
 All the brave knights, that do in arms excel
 To safeguard her ywand' red all alone ;

Amongst the rest my lot (unworthy) is to
 be one."

XLVII.

" Ah ! gentle knight," said then Sir Satyrane.
 " Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
 That hast a thankless service on thee ta'en,
 And off'rest sacrifice unto the dead :
 For dead, I surely doubt, thou mayst aread
 Henceforth forever Florimell to be :
 That all the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
 Which her adored, may sore repent with me ;
 And all fair ladies may forever sorry be."

XLVIII.

Which words when Paridell had heard, his
 hue
 Can greatly change and seem'd dismay'd to
 Then said ; " Fair sir, how may I ween it
 true,
 That ye do tell in such uncertainty ?
 Or speak ye of report, or did ye see
 Just cause of dread, that makes thee doubt
 so sore ?
 For perdy else how mote it ever be,
 That ever hand should dare for to engore
 Her noble blood ! The heavens such cruelty
 abhor."

XLIX.

" These eyes did see that they will ever rue
 T' have seen," quoth he, " whenas a mon-
 strous beast
 The palfrey whereon she did travel slew,
 And of his bowels made his bloody feast.
 Which speaking token showeth at the least
 Her certain loss, if not her sure decay :
 Besides, that more suspicion increased,
 I found her golden girdle cast astray,
 Distain'd with dirt and blood, as relic of the
 prey."

L.

" Ah me !" said Paridell, " the signs be sad,
 And, but God turn the same to good sooth-
 say.
 That lady's safety is sore to be drad :
 Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
 Till trial do more certain truth bewray."
 " Fair sir," quoth he, " well may it you
 succeed !
 He long shall Satyrane behind you stay :
 But to the rest, which in this quest proceed,
 My labour add, and be partaker of their
 speed."

LI.

"Ye noble knights," said then the Squire of
 Dames, [pains!
 "Well may ye speed in so praiseworthy
 But sith the sun now 'gins to slake his
 beams
 In dewy vapours of the western main,
 And loose the team out of his weary wain,
 Mote not mislike you also to abate
 Your zealous haste till morrow next again
 Both light of heaven and strength of men
 relate: [your gate."
 Which if ye please, to yonder castle turn

LII.

That counsel pleasèd well; so all yfere
 Forth marchèd to a castle them before;
 Where soon arriving they restrainèd were
 Of ready entrance, which ought evermore
 To errant knights be common: Wondrous
 sore [squire
 Thereat displeasèd they were, till that young
 Gan them inform the cause why that same
 door
 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 peevish jealousy.
 Paridell jousts with Britomart:
 Both show their ancestry.

I.

REDOUBTED knights and honourable
 dames,
 To whom I level all my labours' end,
 Right sore I fear lest with unworthy blames
 This odious argument my rhymes should
 shend,
 Or ought your goodly patience offend,
 Whiles of a wanton lady I do write, [blend
 Which with her loose incontinence doth
 The shining glory of your sovereign light;
 And knighthood foul defacèd by a faithless
 knight.

II.

But never let th' ensample of the bad
 Offend the good: for good, by parazon:
 Of evil, may more notably be rad; [atone:
 As white seems fairer match'd with black
 Ne all are shamèd by the fault of one
 For lo! in heaven, whereas all goodness is
 Amongst the angels, a whole legion
 Of wicked sprights did fall from happy bliss,
 What wonder then if one, of women all, did
 miss.

III.

Then listen, lordings, if ye list to weet
 The cause why Satyrane and Paridell

Mote not be entertain'd, as seemèd meet,
 Into that castle, as that squire does tell.
 "Therein a cank'red crabbed carle does
 dwell,
 That has no skill of court nor courtesy.
 Ne cares what men say of him ill or well:
 For all his days he drowns in privity,
 Yet has full large to live and spend at liberty.

IV.

"But all his mind is set on mucky pelf,
 To hoard up heaps of evil-gotten mass,
 For which he others wrongs, and wrecks
 himself:
 Yet is he linked to a lovely lass,
 Whose beauty doth her bounty far sur-
 pass;
 The which to him both far unequal years,
 And also far unlike conditions has;
 For she does joy to play amongst her peers,
 And to be free from hard restraint and
 jealous fears.

V.

"But he is old, and witherèd like hay,
 Unfit fair lady's service to supply;
 The privy guilt whereof makes him alway,
 Suspect her truth, and keep continual spy
 Upon her with his other blinked eye;

Ne suff'reth he resort of living wight
Approach to her, he keep her company,
But in close bow'r her mewes from all men's
sight,
Deprived of kindly joy and natural delight

VI.

"Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight;
Unfitly yoked together in one team.
That is the cause why never any knight
Is suff'red here to enter, but he seem
Such as no doubt of him he need misdeem."
Thereat Sir Satyrane gan smile, and say;
"Extremely mad the man I surely deem
That weens, with watch and hard restraint, to
stay [astray.
A woman's will which is disposed to go

VII.

"In vain he fears that which he cannot
shun:
For who wots not, that woman's subtleties
Can guilen Argus, when she list misdene?
It is not iron hands, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brazen walls, nor many wakeful spies,
That can withhold her wilful wand'ring feet;
But fast goodwill, with gentle courtesies,
And timely service to her pleasures meet,
May her perhaps contain that else would
algates fleet."

VIII.

"Then is he not more mad," said Paridell,
"That hath himself unto such service sold,
In doleful thralldom all his days to dwell?
For sure a fool I do him firmly hold, [gold.
That loves his fetters, though they were of
But why do we devise of other's ill,
Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old
To keep us out in scorn, of his own will,
And rather do not ransack all, and himself
kill?"

IX.

"Nay, let us first," said Satyrane, "entreat
The man by gentle means, to let us in;
And afterwards affray with cruel threat,
Ere that we to efforce it do begin:
Then, if all fail, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
As may be worthy of his heinous sin."
That counsel pleased: Then Paridell did
rise,
And to the castle-gate approach'd in quiet
wise:

X.

Whereat soft knocking entrance he desired:
The good man's self which then the porter
play'd,
Him answer'd, that all were now retired
Unto their rest, and all the keys convey'd
Unto their master who in bed was laid,
That none him durst awake out of his
dream,
And therefore them of patience gently
pray'd.
Then Paridell began to change his theme,
And threat'ned him with force and punish-
ment extreme.

XI.

But all in vain; for nought mote him relent:
And now so long before the wicket fast
They waited, that the night was forward
spent,
And the fair welkin foully overcast
Gan blown up a bitter stormy blast,
With show'r and hail so horrible and dread,
That this fair many were compell'd at last
To fly for succour to a little shed,
To which beside the gate for swine was
order'd.

XII.

It fortunèd, soon after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempest thither
brought,
Came to that castle, and with earnest moan
Like as the rest, late entrance dear besought,
But, like so as the rest, he pray'd for nought;
For flatly he of entrance was refused:
Sorely thereat he was displeasèd, and
thought
How to avenge himself so sore abused,
And evermore the carle of courtesy accusèd.

XIII.

But, to avoid th' intolerable stowre.
He was compell'd to seek some refuge near
And to that shed, to shroud him from th'
show'r. [wh'lear
He came, which full of guests he found:
So as he was not let to enter there:
Whereat he gan to wax exceeding wroth.
And swore that he would lodge with them
yfer
Or them dislodge, all were they lief or loth;
And so defied them each, and so defied them
both.

XIV.

Both were full loth to leave that needful tent,
And both full loth in darkness to debate;

Yet both full lief him lodging to have lent,
 And both full lief his boasting to abate:
 But chiefly Paridell his heart did grate
 To hear him threaten so despitefully,
 As if he did a dog in kennel rate
 That durst not bark: and rather had he die
 Than, when he was defied, in coward corner
 lie.

XV.

Tho, hastily remounting to his steed,
 He forth issued; like as a boistrous wind,
 Which in th' earth's hollow caves hath long
 ben hid

And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
 Makes the huge element, against her kind,
 To move and tremble as it were aghast,
 Until that it an issue forth may find; [blast
 Then forth it breaks, and with his furious
 Confounds both land and seas, and skies
 doth overcast.

XVI.

Their steel-head spears they strongly couch'd
 and met

Together with impetuous rage and force,
 That with the terror of their fierce affret
 They rudely drove to ground both man and
 horse,

That each awhile lay like a senseless corse.
 But Paridell sore bruised with the blow
 Could not arise, the counterchange to scorse;
 Till that young squire him rearèd from below;
 Then drew he his bright sword, and gan
 about him throw.

XVII.

But Satvrane forth stepping did them stay,
 And with fair treaty pacified their ire:
 Then, when they were accorded from the
 frav,

Against that castle's lord they gan conspire,
 To heap on him due vengeance for his hire.
 They been agreed, and to the gates they go
 To burn the same with unquenchable fire,
 And that uncourteous carle, their common
 foe, [woe.

To do foul death to die, or wrap in grievous

XVIII.

Malbecco seeing them resolved indeed
 To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
 For fire in earnest, ran with fearful speed,
 And, to them calling from the castle wall,
 Besought them humbly, him to bear withal,
 As ignorant of servants' bad abuse
 And slack attendance unto strangers' call,

The knights were willing all things to excuse,
 Though nought believed, and entrance late
 did not refuse.

XIX.

They been ybrought into a comely bow'r,
 And served of all things that mote needful
 be;

Yet secretly their host did on them lour,
 And welcom'd more for fear than charity;
 But they dissembled what they did not see
 And welcomed themselves. Each gan un-
 dight

Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
 To dry themselves by Vulcan's flaming light,
 And eke their lately bruised parts to bring
 in plight.

XX.

And eke that stranger knight amongst the
 rest

Was for like need enforced to disarray:
 Tho, whenas vailèd was her lofty crest,
 Her golden locks, that were in trammels gay
 Upbouden, did themselves adown display
 And raught unto her heels; like sunny
 beams, [stay,
 That in a cloud their light did long time
 Their vapour vaded, show their golden
 gleams, [persant streams.
 And through the azure air shoot forth their

XXI.

She also doft her heavy habergeon,
 Which the fair feature of her limbs did hide;
 And her well-plighted frock, which she did
 won',

To tuck about her short when she did ride,
 She low let fall, that flow'd from her lank
 side

Down to her foot with careless modestv.
 Then of them all she plainly was espied
 To be a woman-wight, unwist to be,
 The fairest woman-wight that ever eye did
 see.

XXII.

Like as Bellona (being late return'd
 From slaughter of the giants conquerèd
 Where proud Encelade, whose wide nostrils
 burn'd

With breathèd flames like to a furnace red,
 Transfixèd with her spear down tumbled
 dead

From top of Hemus by him heaped high,
 Hath loosed her helmet from her loftv head,
 And her Gorgonian shield gins to untie
 From her left arm, to rest in glorious victory.

XXIII.

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten
were

With great amazement of so wondrous sight ;
And each on other, and they all on her,
Stood gazing ; as if sudden great affright
Had them surprised : At last avising right
Her goodly personage and glorious hue,
Which they so much mistook, they took de-
light

In their first error, and yet still anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry
view.

XXIV.

Yet n'ote their hungry view be satisfied,
But, seeing, still the more desired to see,
And ever firmly fixèd did abide
In contemplation of divinity :
But most they marvell'd at her chivalry
And noble prowess, which they had approved,
That much they fain'd to know who she
mote be :

Yet none of all them her thereof amoved ;
Yet every one her liked, and every one her
loved.

XXV.

And Paridell, though partly discontent
With his late fall and foul indignity,
Yet was soon won his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her fair eye,
And knightly worth which he too late did try,
Yet trièd did adore. Supper was dight ;
Then they Malbecco pray'd of courtesy,
That of his lady they might have the sight
And company at meat, to do them more
delight.

XXVI.

But he, to shift their curious request,
Gan causen why she could not come in place ;
Her crazed health, her late recourse to rest,
And humid evening ill for sick folk's case :
But none of those excuses could take place ;
Ne would they eat, till she in presence come :
She come in presence with right comely
grace,

And fairly them saluted, as became,
And show'd herself in all a gentle courteous
dame.

XXVII.

They sate to meat ; and Satyrane his chance
Was her before, and Paridell beside ;
But he himself sate looking still askance
Gainst Britomart, and ever closely eyed
Sir Satyrane, that glances might not glide ;

But his blind eye, that sided Paridell,
All his demeanour from his sight did hide :
On her fair face so did he feed his fill,
And sent close messages of love to her at
will :

XXVIII.

And ever and anon, when none was ware,
With speaking looks, that close embassage
bere,

He roved at her, and told his secret care ;
For all that art he learnèd had of yore :
Ne was she ignorant of that lewd lore,
But in his eye his meaning wisely read,
And with the like him answer'd evermore ;
She sent at him one fiery dart, whose head
Empois'nèd was with privy lust and jealous
dread.

XXIX.

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weak heart open'd
wide :

The wicked engine through false influence,
Past through his eyes, and secretly did glide
Into his heart, which it did sorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that same pain,
Ne pain at all ; for he so oft had trièd
The pow'r thereof, and loved so oft in vain
That thing of course he counted, love to en-
ertain.

XXX.

Thenceforth to her he sought to intimate
His inward grief, by means to him well
known :

Now Bacchus' fruit out of the silver plate
He on the table dash'd, as overthrowen,
Or of the fruitful liquor overflowen ;
And by the dancing bubbles did divine,
Or therein write to let his love be shown,
Which well she read out of the learnèd line :
A sacrament profane in mystery of wine.

XXXI.

And, whenso of his hand the pledge she
raught,

The guilty cup she feignèd to mistake,
And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
Showing desire her inward flame to slake.
By such close signs they secret way did make
Unto their wills, and one eye's watch escape :
Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
Who lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,
By their fair handing, put into Malbecco's
cape.

XXXII.

Now, when of meats and drinks they had
 their fill,
 Purpose was movèd by that gentle dame
 Unto those knights adventurous, to tell
 Of deeds of arms which unto them became,
 And every one his kindred and his name.
 Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
 Of gracious speech and skill his words to
 frame
 Abounded, being glad of so fit tide
 ' Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all
 well eyed.

XXXIII.

" Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
 And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
 Though whylome far much greater than thy
 fame,
 Before that angry Gods and cruel sky
 Upon thee heap'd a direful destiny;
 What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
 And fetch from heaven thy great genealogy,
 Sith all thy worthy praises being blent
 Their offspring hath embased, and later glory
 shent!

XXXIV.

" Most famous worthy of the world, by whom
 That war was kindled which did Troy in-
 flame,
 And stately tow'rs of Iliou whylome
 Brought unto baleful ruin was by name
 Sir Paris far renown'd through noble fame,
 Who, through great prowess and bold hardi-
 ness,
 From Lacedæmon fetch'd the fairest dame
 That ever Greece did boast, or knight pos-
 sess,
 Whom Venus to him gave for meed of
 worthiness;

XXXV.

' Fair Helen, flow'r of beauty excellent,
 And garland of the mighty conquerors,
 That madest many ladies dear lament
 The heavy loss of their brave paramours,
 Which they far off beheld from Trojan
 tow'rs,
 And saw the fields of fair Scamander strown
 With carcasses of noble warriors
 Whose fruitless lives were under furrow
 sown. [overflown!
 And Xanthus' sandy banks with blood all

XXXVI.

" From him my lineage I derive aright,
 Who long before the ten years' siege of Troy
 Whiles yet on Ida he a shepherd hight,
 On fair Enone got a lovely boy
 Whom, for remembrance of her passèd joy,
 She, of his father, Paris did name;
 Who, after Greeks did Priam's realm de-
 stroy,
 Gath'rd the Trojan relics saved from flame,
 And with them sailing thence, to isle of
 Paros came.

XXXVII.

" That was by him call'd Paros, which before
 Hight Nausa; there he many years did
 reign,
 And built Nausicle by the Pontic shore;
 The which he dying left next in remain
 To Paris his son,
 From whom I Paridell by kin descend;
 But, for fair ladies' love and glory's gain,
 My native soil have left, my days to spend
 In seeing deeds of arms, my life's and
 labour's end."

XXXVIII.

Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell
 Of Trojan wars and Priam's city sack'd,
 (The rueful story of Sir Paridell,
 She was impassion'd at that piteous act,
 With zealous envy of Greek's cruel fact
 Against that nation, from whose race of old
 She heard that she was lineally extract:
 For noble Britons sprang from Trojans bold,
 And Troynovant was built of old Troy's
 ashes cold.

XXXIX.

Then sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:
 " O lamentable fall of famous town,
 Which enjoy'd so many years victorious,
 And of all Asia bore the sovereign crown,
 In one sad night consumed and thrown
 down!
 What stony heart, that hears thy hapless fate
 Is not empierced with deep compassion,
 And makes ensample of man's wretched
 state, [evening late!
 That flow'rs so fresh at morn, and fades at

XL.

" Behold, sir, how your pitiful complaint
 Hath found another partner of your pain,
 For nothing may impress so dear constraint,
 As country's cause, and common foes' dis-
 dain.

But, if it should not grieve you back again
To turn your course, I would to hear desire
What to Eneas fell; sith that men sayne
He was not in the city's woful fire
Consumed, but did himself to safety retire.

XLI.

"Anchises' son begot of Venus fair,"
Said he, "out of the flames for safeguard
fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repair;
Where he, through fatal error long was led
Full many years, and weetless wanderèd
From shore to shore amongst the Lybic
sands,
Ere rest he found: Much there he sufferèd,
And many perils past in foreign lands,
To save his people sad from victor's venge-
ful hands:

XLII.

"At last in Latium he did arrive,
Where he with cruel war was entertain'd
Of th' inland folk which sought him back to
drive
Till he with old Latinus was constrain'd,
To contract wedlock, so the fates ordain'd;
Wedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplish'd; that many dear complain'd:
The rival slain, the victor (through the
flood [good
Escapèd hardly) hardly praised his wedlock

XLIII.

"Yet, after all, he victor did survive,
And with Latinus did the kingdom part:
But after, when both nations gan to strive
Into their names the titles to convert,
His son Iulus did from thence depart
With all the warlike youth of Trojans' blood
And in long Alba placed his throne apart;
Where fair it flourished and long time stood,
Till Romulus, renewing it, to Rome re-
moved."

XLIV.

"There; there," said Britomart, "afresh
appear'd
The glory of the later world to spring,
And Troy again out of her dust was rear'd
To sit in second seat of sovereign king
Of all the world, under her governing.
But a third kingdom yet is to arise
Out of the Trojans' scattered offspring,
That all in glory and great enterprise,
Both first and second Troy shall dare to
equalise.

XLV.

"It Troynovant is high, that with the
waves
Of wealthy Thamis washèd is along,
Upon whose stubborn neck (whereat he
raves
With roaring rage, and sore himself does
throng, [strong,)
That all men fear to tempt his billows
She fast'ned hath her foot; which stands so
high
That it a wonder of the world is song
In foreign lands; and all, which passen by,
Beholding it from far do think it threatens
the sky.

XLVI.

"The Trojan Brute did first that city found
And Highgate made the meare thereof by
West,
And Overt-gate by North: that is the bound
Toward the land: two rivers bound the rest.
So huge a scope at first him seemèd best,
To be the compass of his kingdom's seat:
So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
Ne in small meares contain his glory great,
That Albion had conquer'd first by warlike
feat."

XLVII.

"Ah, fairest lady-knight," said Paridell,
"Pardon, I pray, my heedless oversight,
Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell
From aged Mnemon; for my wits been
light.
Indeed he said, if I remember right,
That of the antique Trojan stock there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous
height,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw
Into the utmost angle of the world he knew.

XLVIII.

"For that same Brute, whom much he did
advance
In all his speech, was Sylvius his son,
Whom having slain through luckless arrow's
glance,
He fled for fear of that he had misdome.
Or else for shame, so foul reproach to shun;
And with him led to sea a vouthly train:
Where weary wand'ring they long time did
wonne,
And many fortunes proved in th' ocean main,
And great adventures found, that now were
long to sayne.

XLIX.

“ At last by fatal course they driven were
 Into an island spacious and broad,
 The furthest North that did to them appear;
 Which, after rest, they, seeking far abroad,
 Found it the fittest soil for their abode,
 Fruitful of all things fit for living food,
 But wholly waste and void of people's trode,
 Save an huge nation of the giant's brood,
 That fed on living flesh, and drank men's
 vital blood.

L.

“ Whom he, through weary wars and labours
 long,
 Subdued with loss of many Britons bold :
 In which the great Goëmagot of strong
 Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old, [cold,
 Were overthrown and laid on th' earth full
 Which quakèd under their so hideous mass :
 A famous history to be enroll'd
 In everlasting monuments of brass, [pass.
 That all the antique worthies' merits far did

LI.

“ His work great Troynovant, his work isek :
 Fair Lincoln, both renownèd far away ;
 That who from East to West will endlong
 seek
 Cannot two fairer cities find this day,

Except Cleopolis ; so heard I say [well
 Old Mnemon. Therefore, Sir, I greet you
 Your country kin : and you entirely pray
 Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
 Betwix us both unknown.” So ended Paridell.

LII.

But all the while that he these speeches spent
 Upon his lips hung fair Dame Hellenore
 With vigilant regard and due attent,
 Fashioning worlds of fancies evermore
 In her frail wit that now her quite forlore :
 The whites unwares away her wond'ring eye
 And greedy ears her weak heart from her
 bore :

Which he preceiving, ever privily, [fly.
 In speaking, many false belgards at her let

LIII.

So long these knights discoursèd diversely
 Of strange affairs, and noble hardiment,
 Which they had past with mickle jeopardy,
 That now the humid night was farforth spent
 And heavenly lamps were halfendeale
 ybrent :

Which th' old man seeing well, who too long
 thought
 Every discourse, and every argument,
 Which by the hours he measur'd, besought
 Them go to rest. So all unto their bow'rs
 were brought.

CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore ;
 Malbecco her pursues ;
 Finds amongst Satyrs, whence with him
 To turn she doth refuse.

I.

THE morrow next, so soon as Phœbus' lamp
 Bewrayèd had the world with early light,
 And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
 Out of the goodly heaven amovèd quite,
 Fair Britomart and that same Faery knight
 Uprose, forth on their journey for to wend ;
 But Paridell complain'd that his late fight
 With Britonar so sore did him offend,
 That ride he could not till his hurts he did
 amend.

II.

So forth they fared ; but he behold them
 stay'd,
 Maugre his host, who grudgèd grievously
 To house a guest that would be needs obey'd,
 And of his own him left not liberty :
 Might wanting measure, moveth surquedry.
 Two things he fearèd, but the third was
 death ;
 That fierce young man's unruly mastery ;
 His money, which he loved as living breath ;

And his fair wife whom honest long he kept
uneath.

III.

But patience perforce ; he must aby
What fortune and his fate on him will lay :
Fond is the fear that finds no remedy,
Yet warily he watcheth every way,
By which he feareth evil happen may ;
So th' evil thinks by watching to prevent :
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,
Out of his sight herself once to absent :
So doth he punish her, and eke himself tor-
ment.

IV.

But Paridell kept better watch than he,
A fit occasion for his turn to find. [see,
False love ! why do men say thou canst not
And in their foolish fancy feign thee blind,
That with thy charms the sharpest sight dost
bind,

And to thy will abuse ? Thou walkest free,
And seest every secret of the mind ;
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee :
All that is by the working of thy deity.

V.

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
That he Malbecco's halfe eye did wile ;
His halfe eye he wiled wondrous well,
And Hellenore's both eyes did eke beguile,
Both eyes and heart at once, during the while
That he there sojourn'd his wounds to heal ;
That Cupid's self it seeing, close did smile
To weet how he her love away did steal,
And bade that none their joyous treason
should reveal.

VI.

The learnèd lover lost no time nor tide
That least advantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore so fair a sail, that none espied
His secret drift till he laid her aboard.
Whenso in open place and common board
He fortun'd her to meet, with common speech
He courted her ; yet baited every word,
That his ungentle host n'ote him appeach
Of vile ungentleness or hospitage's breach.

VII.

But when apart (if ever her apart
He found) then his false engines fast he plied,
And all the sleights unbosom'd in his heart :
He sigh'd, he sobb'd, he swoon'd, he perdy
died,
And cast himself on ground her fast beside :
Tho when again he him bethought to live,

He wept, and wailed, and false laments be-
lied,
Saying, but if she mercy would him give,
That he mote algates die, yet did his death
forgive.

VIII.

And otherwhiles with amorous delights
And pleasing toys he would her entertain ;
Now singing sweetly to surprise her sprights,
Now making lays of love and lover's pain,
Bransles, ballads, virelayes, and verses vain ;
Oft purposes, oft riddles, he devised,
And thousands like which flow'd in his brain
With which he fed her fancy, and enticed
To take to his new love, and leave her old
despised.

IX.

And everywhere he might and everywhile
He did her service dutiful, and sued
At hand with humble pride and pleasing
guile ;
So closely yet, that none but she it view'd,
Who well perceiv'd all, and all indued,
Thus finely did he his false nets dispread,
With which he many weak hearts had sub-
dued
Of yore, and many had ylike misled :
What wonder then if she were likewise car-
ried ?

X.

No fort so fensible, no walls so strong,
But that continual battery will rive,
Or daily siege, through dispurveyance long
And lack of rescues, will to parley drive ;
And peace that unto parley ear will give,
Will shortly yield itself, and will be made
The vassal of the victor's will bilive :
That stratagem had oftentimes assay'd
This crafty paramour, and now it plain dis-
play'd.

XI.

For through his traines he her intrapp'd
hath,
That she her love and heart hath wholly sold
To him without regard of gain, or scath,
Or care of credit, or of husband old,
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fair cuckold.
Nought wants but time and place, which
shortly she
Devis'd hath, and to her lover told.
It pleas'd well : so weil they both agree,
So ready ripe to ill, ill women's counsels be,

XII.

Dark was the evening, fit for lover's stealth,
 When chanced Malbecco busy be elsewhere,
 She to his closet went, where all his wealth
 Lay hid ; thereof she countless sums did rear,
 The which she meant away with her to bear ;
 The rest she fired, for sport or for despite,
 As Helen, when she saw aloft appear
 The Trojan flames and reach to heaven's
 height,
 Did clap her hands, and joyèd at that doleful

XIII.

The second Helen, fair Dame Hellenore,
 The whiles her husband ran with sorry haste
 To quench the flames which she had tynde
 before,
 Laugh'd at his foolish labour spent in waste,
 And ran into her lover's arms right fast,
 Where straight embracèd she to him did cry
 And call aloud for help, ere help were past ;
 For lo ! that guest did bear her forcibly,
 And meant to ravish her, that rather had to
 die.

XIV.

The wretched man hearing her call for aid,
 And ready seeing him with her to fly,
 In his disquiet mind was much dismay'd ;
 But when again he backward cast his eye,
 And saw the wicked fire so furiously
 Consume his heart, and scorch his idol's face,
 He was therewith distressèd diversely,
 Ne wist he how to turn, nor to what place :
 Was never wretched man in such a woful
 case.

XV.

Aye when to him she cried, to her he turn'd,
 And left the fire ; love, money overcame :
 But, when he markèd how his money burn'd,
 He left his wife ; money did love disclaim :
 Both was he loth to lose his lovèd dame,
 And loth to leave his liefest pelf behind ;
 Yet, sith he no'te save both, he saved that
 same
 Which was the dearest to his dunghill mind,
 The god of his desire, the joy of misers blind.

XVI.

Thus whilst all things in troublous uproar
 were,
 And all men busy to suppress the flame,
 The loving couple need no rescue fear
 But leisure had and liberty to frame
 Their purposed flight, free from all men's
 reclaim,
 And Night, the patronness of love-stealth

Gave them safe conduct till to end they came :
 So been they gone yfere, a wanton pair
 Of lovers loosely knit, where list them to re-
 pair.

XVII.

Soon as the cruel flames yslakèd were,
 Malbecco, seeing how his loss did lie,
 Out of the flames which he had quench'd
 whyleare,
 Into huge waves of grief and jealousy
 Full deep emplungèd was, and drownèd nigh
 Twixt inward dole and felonous despite
 He raved, he wept, he stamp'd, he loud did
 cry :
 And all the passions, that in man may light,
 Did him at once oppress and vex his caytive
 spright.

XVIII.

Long thus he chew'd the cud of inward grief
 And did consume his gall with anguish sore :
 Still when he musèd on his late mischief,
 Then still the smart thereof increased more,
 And seem'd more grievous than it was be-
 fore ;
 At last when sorrow he saw bootèd nought,
 Ne grief might not his love to him restore,
 He gan devise how her he rescue might ;
 Ten thousand ways he cast in his confusèd
 thought.

XIX.

At last resolving, like a pilgrim poor,
 To search her forth whereso she might be
 fond,
 And bearing with him treasure in close store,
 The rest he leaves in ground : so takes in
 hond
 To seek her endlong both by sea and lond.
 Long he her sought, he sought her far and
 near,
 And everywhere that he mote understand
 Of knights and ladies any meetings were ;
 And of each one he met he tidings did in-
 quire.

XX.

But all in vain ; his woman was too wise,
 Ever to come into his clutch again,
 And he too simple ever to surprise
 The jolly Paridell, for all his pain.
 One day, as he forepassèd by the plain
 With weary pace, he far away espied
 A couple, seeming well to be his twain
 Which hovèd close under a forest side,
 As if they lay in wait, or else themselves
 did hide.

XXI.

Well weened he that those the same mote be ;
 And, as he better did their shape avise,
 Him seemed more their manner did agree ;
 For th' one was armed all in warlike wise,
 Whom to be Paridell he did devise ;
 And th' other, all yclad in garments light
 Discolour'd like to womanish disguise,
 He did resemble to his lady bright ;
 And ever his faint heart much yearned at the
 sight :

XXII.

And ever fain he towards them would go,
 But yet durst not for dread approchen nigh,
 But stood aloof, unweeting what to do ;
 Till that prick'd forth with love's extremity,
 That is the father of foul jealousy,
 He closely nearer crept the truth to weet :
 But, as he nigher drew, he easily
 Might 'scern that it was not his sweetest
 sweet, [sheet :
 Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his

XXIII.

But it was scornful Braggadochio,
 That with his servant Trompart hover'd
 there
 Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe :
 Whom such whenas Malbecco spied clear,
 He turnèd back, and would have fled arrear :
 Till Trompart, running hast'ly, him did stay
 And bade before his sovereign lord appear ;
 That was him loth, yet durst he not gainsay,
 And coming him before low louted on the
 lay.

XXIV.

The boaster at him sternly bent his brow,
 As if he could have kill'd him with his look,
 That to the ground him meekly made to bow
 And awful terror deep into him strook,
 That every member of his body quoke.
 Said he, "Thou man of nought! what dost
 thou here

Unfitly furnish'd with thy bag and book,
 Where I expected one with shield and spear
 To prove some deeds of arms upon an
 equal peer."

XXV.

The wretched man at his imperious speech,
 Was all abash'd and low prostrating said :
 "Good sir, let not my rudeness be no breach
 Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid ;
 For I unwares this way by fortune stray'd,
 A silly pilgrim driven to distress,
 That seek a lady"—There he sudden stay'd,

And did the rest with grievous sighs sup-
 press, [bitterness.
 While tears stood in his eyes, few drops of

XXVI.

"What lady, Man?" said Trompart, "take
 good heart,
 And tell thy grief, if any hidden lie :
 Was never better time to show thy smart
 Than now that noble succour is thee by,
 That is the whole world's common remedy."
 That cheerful word his weak heart much did
 cheer,
 And with vain hope his spirits faint supply,
 That bold he said, "O most redoubted Peer,
 Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretch's case
 to hear."

XXVII.

Then sighing sore, "It is not long," said he,
 "Sith I enjoy'd the gentlest dame alive ;
 Of whom a knight, (no knight at all perdy,
 But shame of all that do for honour strive,)
 By treacherous deceit did me deprive ;
 Through open outrage he her bore away,
 And with foul force unto his will did drive ;
 Which all good knights, that arms do bear
 this day, [may.
 Are bound for to revenge and punish if they

XXVIII.

"And you, most noble lord, that can and dare
 Redress the wrong of miserable wight,
 Cannot employ your most victorious spear
 In better quarrel than defence of right,
 And for a lady gainst a faithless knight :
 So shall your glory be advanced much,
 And all fair ladies magnify your might,
 And eke myself, albe I simple such,
 Your worthy pain shall well reward with
 guerdon rich."

XXIX.

With that, out of his budget forth he drew
 Great store of treasure, therewith him to
 tempt ;
 But he on it look'd scornfully askew,
 As much disdainig to be so misdempt,
 Or a war-monger to be basely nempt ;
 And said : "Thy offers base I greatly loathe,
 And eke thy words uncourteous and un-
 kempt :
 I tread in dust thee and thy money both ;
 That, were it not for shame"—So turnèd
 from him wroth.

XXX.

But Trompart, that his master's humour
knew
In lofty looks to hide an humble mind,
Was only tickled with golden view,
And in his ear him rounded close behind,
Yet stopp'd he not, but lay still in the wind,
Waiting advantage on the prey to seize:
Till Trompart, lowly to the ground inclined
Besought him his great courage to appease,
And pardon simple man that rash did him
displease.

XXXI.

Big looking like a doughty doucëperc,*
At last he thus; "Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudeness bear,
And weet henceforth, that all that golden
prey,
And all that else the vain world vaunten may
I loathe as dung, ne deem my due reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory virtuous pay:
But minds of mortal men are muchle
marr'd [meet regard.
And moved amiss with massy muck's un

XXXII.

"And more; I grant to thy great misery
Gracious respect; thy wife shall back be
sent:
And that vile knight, whoever that he be,
Which hath thy lady reft and knighthood
shent,
By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent
The blood hath of so many thousands shed
I swear ere are long shall dearly it repent;
Ne he twixt heaven and earth shall hide his
head, [done be dead."
But soon he shall be found, and shortly

XXXIII.

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous
blithe,
As if the word so spoken were half done,
And humbly thanked him a thousand sithe
That had from death to life him newly won.
Tho forth the boaster marching brave begun
His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
As if he heaven and hell would over-run,
And all the world confound with cruelty;
That much Malbecco joyed in his jollity.

* This word is derived from the "douze pairs" of Charlemagne—the twelve valiant peers of France; Chaucer wrote it "doseperis."

XXXIV.

Thus long they three together travellèd,
Through many a wood and many an uncouth
way,
To seek his wife that was far wanderèd:
But those two sought nought but the pres-
ent prey
To weet, the treasure which he did bewray,
On which their eyes and hearts were wholly
set,
With purpose how they might it best betray;
For, sith the hour that first he did them let
The same behold, therewith their keen de-
sires were whet.

XXXV.

It fortunèd, as they together fared,
They spied where Paridell came pricking
fast
Upon the plain, the which himself prepared
To joust with that brave stranger knight a
cast,
As on adventure by the way he pass'd:
Alone he rode without his paragon;
For, having filch'd her bells, her up he cast
To the wide world, and let her fly alone;
He could be clogg'd; so had he servèd many
one.

XXXVI.

The gentle lady, loose at random left, [wide
The green-wood long did walk, and wander
At wild adventure, like a forlorn weft;
Till on a day the Satyrs her espied
Straying alone withouten groom or guide;
Her up they took, and with them home her
led,
With them as housewife ever to abide,
To milk their goats, and make them cheese
and bread;
And every one as common good her handeled:

XXXVII.

That shortly she Malbecco has forgot,
And eke Sir Paridell all were he dear;
Who from her went to seek another lot,
And now by fortune was arrivèd here,
Where those two guilers with Malbecco were.
Soon as the old man saw Sir Paridell,
He fainted, and was almost dead with fear,
Ne word he had to speak his grief to tell,
But to him louted low, and greeted goodly
well.

XXXVIII.

And, after, askèd him for Hellenore:
"I take no keep of her," said Paridell,

"She wonneth in the forest there before."
 So forth he rode as his adventure fell;
 The whiles the boaster from his lofty sell
 Feign'd to alight, something amiss to mend;
 But the fresh swain would not his leisure
 dwell, [kenn'd,
 But went his way; whom when he pass'd
 He up remounted light, and after feign'd to
 wend,

XXXIX.

"Perdy nay," said Malbecco, "shall ye
 not;
 But let him pass as lightly as he came:
 For little good of him is to be got,
 And mickle peril to be put to shame.
 But let us go to seek my dearest dame,
 Whom he hath left in yonder forest wild:
 For of her safety in great doubt I am,
 Lest savage beasts her person have despoil'd,
 Then all the world is lost, and we in vain
 have toil'd.

XL.

They all agree, and forward them address:
 "Ah! but," said crafty Trompart, "weet
 ye well,
 That yonder in that wasteful wilderness
 Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers
 dwell;
 Dragons, and minotaurs, and fiends of hell,
 And many wild woodmen which rob and
 rent
 All travellers; therefore advise thee well,
 Before ye enterprize that way to wend:
 One may his journey bring too soon to evil
 end."

XLI.

Malbecco stont in great astonishment,
 And, with pale eyes fast fix'd on the rest,
 Their counsel craved in danger imminent.
 Said Trompart; "You, that are the most
 oppress'd
 With burden of great treasure, I think best
 Here for to stay in safety behind:
 My lord and I will search the wide forest."
 That counsel pleased not Malbecco's mind;
 For he was much afraid himself alone to
 find.

XLII.

"Then is it best," said he, "that ye do
 leave
 Your treasure here in some security,
 Either fast closed in some hollow grave,
 Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,

Till we return again in safety:
 As for us two, lest doubt of us ye have,
 Hence far away we will blindfoldèd lie,
 Ne privy be unto your treasure's grave."
 It pleas'd; so he did. Then they march
 forward brave.

XLIII.

Now when amid the thickest woods they
 were,
 They heard a noise of many bagpipes shrill,
 And shrieking hubbubs them approaching
 near,
 Which all the forest did with horror fill:
 That dreadful sound the boaster's heart did
 thrill
 With such amazement, that in haste he fled,
 Ne ever look'd back for good or ill:
 And after him eke fearful Trompart sped:
 The old man could not fly, but fell to ground
 half dead.

XLIV.

Yet afterwards close creeping as he might,
 He in a bush did hide his fearful head.
 The jolly satyrs full of fresh delight [led
 Came dancing forth, and with them nimbly
 Fair Hellenore with garlands well-bespread,
 Whom their May-lady they had newly made.
 She, proud of that new honour which they
 read,
 And of their lovely fellowship full glad,
 Danced lively and her face did with a
 laurel shade.

XLV.

The silly man that in the thicket lay
 Saw all this goodly sport, and griev'd sore;
 Yet durst he not against it do or say,
 But did his heart with bitter thoughts engore,
 To see th' unkindness of his Hellenore.
 All day they danced with great lustyhed,
 And with their horn'd feet the green grass
 wore;
 The whiles their goats upon the brouzes fed
 Till drooping Phœbus gan to hide his golden
 head.

XLVI.

Tho up they gan their merry pipes to truss,
 And all their goodly herds did gather round;
 But every satyr first did give a buss
 To Hellenore; so busses did abound.
 Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground
 With pearly dew, and th' earthies gloomy
 shade
 Did dim the brightness of the welkin round,
 That every bird and beast awarn'd made

To shroud themselves, while sleep their
senses did invade.

XLVII.

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush
Upon his hands and feet he crept full light,
And like a goat amongst the goats did rush ;
That through the help of his fair horns on
height,

And misty damp of misconceiving night,
And eke through likeness of his goatish beard
He did the better counterfeit aright ;

So home he march'd amongst the hornèd
herd,
That none of all the satyrs him espied or
heard.

XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to sleep, he
view'd,

Whereas his lovely wife amongst them lay,
Embracèd of a satyr rough and rude,
Who all the night did mind his jousous play :
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his heart with jealousy did swell ;
But yet that night's ensample did bewray
That not for naught his wife them loved so
well, [bell.

When one so oft a night did ring his matin's

XLIX.

So closely as he could to them he crept,
When weary of their sport to sleep they fell,
And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whisper'd in her ear and did her tell.
That it was he which by her side did dwell ;
And therefore pray'd her wake to hear him
plain.

As one out of a dream not wakèd well
She turnèd her, and return'd back again :
Yet her for to awake he did the more con-
strain.

L.

At last with irksome troublè she abray'd ;
And then perceiving, that it was indeed
Her old Malbecco, which did her upbraid
With looseness of her love and loathly deed,
She was astonish'd with exceeding dread,
And would have wakèd the satyr by her side ;
But he pray'd, her for mercy or for meed,
To save his life, ne let him be descried,
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsel
hide.

LI.

Tho gan he her persuade to leave that lewd
And loathsome life, of God and man abhorr'd,

And home return, where all should be renew'd
With perfect peace and bands of fresh accord,
And she received again to bed and board,
As if no trespass ever had been done :
But she it all refusèd at one word,
And by no means would to his will be won,
But chose amongst the jolly satyrs still to
wonne.

LII.

He woèd her till day-spring he espied ;
But all in vain : and then turn'd to the herd,
Who buttèd him with horns on every side,
And trode down in the dirt, where his hoar
beard

Was foully dight, and he of death afearèd.
Early, before the heaven's fairest light
Out of the ruddy East was fully rear'd,
The herds out of their folds were loosèd quite,
And he amongst the rest crept forth in sorry
plight.

LIII.

soon as he the prison-door did pass
He ran as fast as both his feet could bear,
And never lookèd who behind him was,
Ne scarcely who before : like as a bear,
That creeping close amongst the hives to rear
An honey-comb, the wakeful dogs espy,
And him assailing sore his carcass tear,
That hardly he with life away does fly,
Ne stays, till safe himself he sees from
jeopardy.

LIV.

Ne stay'd he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treasure he entombèd had ;
Where when he found it not (for Trompart
base

Had it purloinèd for his master bad,)
With extreme fury he became quite mad,
And ran away ; ran with himself away :
That who so strangely had him seen bestad,
With upstart hair and staring eyes' dismay,
From Limbo lake him late escapèd sure
would say.

LV.

High over hills and over dales he fled,
As if the wind upon his wings had borne ;
Ne bank nor bush could stay him, when he
sped
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorn ;
Grief, and Despite, and Jealousy, and Scorn,
Did all the way him follow hard behind ;
And he himself, himself loath'd so forlorn,
So shamefully forlorn of womankind
That, as a snake, still lurkèd in his wounded
mind.

LVI.

Still fled he forward, looking backward
still;

Ne stay'd his flight for fearful agony
Till that he came unto a rocky hill
Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrify
To look adown or upward to the height:
From thence he threw himself despiteously,
All desperate of his fore-damnèd spright,
That seem'd no help for him was left in
living sight.

LVII.

But through long languish and self-murd'ring
thought,

He was so wasted and forpinèd quite
That all his substance was consumed to
nought,

And nothing left but like an airy spright:
That on the rocks he fell so fleet and light,
That he thereby received no hurt at all;
But chancèd on a craggy cliff to light;
Whence he with crooked claws so long did
crawl, [small]

That at the last he found a cave with entrance

LVIII.

Into the same he creeps, and thenceforth
there

Resolved to build his baleful mansion
In dreary darkness and continual fear

Of that rock's fall, which ever and anon
Threats with huge ruin him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleep, but that one eye
Still ope he keeps for that occasion:
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity, [trously,
The roaring billows beat his bow'r so bois-

LIX.

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed
But toads and frogs, his pasture poisonous,
Which in his cold complexion do breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspicious,
That doth with cureless care consume the
heart,
Corrupts the stomach with gall vicious,
Cross-cuts the liver with internal smart,
And doth transfix the soul with death's
eternal dart.

LX.

Yet can he never die, but dying lives,
And doth himself with sorrow new sustain,
That death and life at once unto him gives,
And painful pleasure turns to pleasing pain.
There dwells he ever miserable swain,
Hateful both to himself and every wight;
Where he, through privy grief and horror
vain,

Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quite
Forgot he was a man, and Jealousy is hight

CANTO XI.

Britomart chaseth Ollyphant;
Finds Scudamore distrest:
Assays the house of Busyrane,
There love's spoils are exprest.

I.

O HATEFUL hellish snake! what fury first
Brought thee from baleful house of Pros-
erpine,

Where in her bosom she thee long hath nurst,
And fost' red up with bitter milk of tine;
Foul Jealousy! that turnest love divine
To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart
With hateful thoughts to languish and to
pine,

And feed itself with self-consumed smart,
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest
art.

II.

O let him far be banished away,
And in his stead let love for ever dwell!
Sweet Love, that doth his golden wings em-
bay

In blessed nectar and pure pleasures' well,
Untroubled of vile fear or bitter fell.
And ye, fair ladies, that your kingdom make
In th' hearts of men, them govern wisely
well,

And of fair Britomart ensample take,
That was as true in love as turtle to her
mate.

III.

Who with Sir Satyrane, as erst ye read
 Forth riding from Malbecco's hostless house,
 Far off espied a young man, the which fled
 From an huge giant, that with hideous
 And hateful outrage long him chased thus ;
 It was that Olllyphant, the brother dear
 Of that Argantè vile and vicious,
 From whom the Squire of Dames was reft
 whyleare, [ought were.
 This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse

IV.

For as the sister did in feminine
 And filthy lust exceed all womankind
 So he surpassed his sex masculine,
 In beastly use all that I ever find.
 Whom when as Britomart beheld behind,
 The fearful boy so greedily pursue,
 She was emmovèd in her noble mind,
 T' employ her puissance to his rescue
 And prickèd fiercely forward where she did
 him view.

V.

Ne was Sir Satyrane her far behind,
 But with like fierceness did ensue the chase :
 Whom when the giant saw, he soon resign'd
 His former suit, and from them fled apace,
 They after both, and boldly bade him base,*
 And each did strive the other to outgo ;
 But he them both outran a wondrous space,
 For he was long and swift as any roe
 And now made better speed t' escape his
 feared foe.

VI.

It was not Satyrane, whom he did fear,
 But Britomart, the flow'r of chastity ;
 For he the pow'r of chast hands might not
 bear,
 But always did their dead encounter fly
 And now so fast his feet he did apply,
 That he has gotten to a forest near,
 Where he is shrouded in security.
 The wood they enter, and search every-
 where ; [were.
 They searchèd diversly ; so both divided

VII.

Fair Britomart so long him followèd,
 That she at last came to a fountain sheer,
 By which there lay a knight all wallowèd
 Upon the grassy ground, and by him near
 His habergeon, his helmet, and his spear :

* Alluding to the then fashionable game of Prisoners' Base.—UPTON.

A little off, his shield was rudely thrown,
 On which the wingèd boy in colours clear
 Depainted was, full easy to be known,
 And he thereby, wherever it in field was
 shown.

VIII.

His face upon the ground did grovelling lie,
 As if he had been slumb'ring in the shade ;
 That the brave maid would not for courtesy
 Out of his quiet slumber him abrade,
 Nor seem too suddenly him to invade :
 Still as she stood, she heard with grievous
 throb
 Him groan, as if his heart were pieces made,
 And with most painful pangs to sigh and sob,
 That pity did the virgin's heart of patience
 rob.

IX.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaints
 He said ; " O sovereign Lord, that sit'st on
 high [saints,
 And reign'st in bliss amongst thy blessed
 How suff'rest thou such shameful cruelty
 So long unwreakèd of thine enemy !
 Or hast thou, Lord, of good men's cause no
 heed ?
 Or doth thy justice sleep and silent lie ?
 What booteth then the good and righteous
 deed, [no need !
 If goodness find no grace, nor righteousness

X.

" If good find grace, and righteousness re-
 ward,
 Why then is Amoret in captive band
 Sith that more bounteous creature never
 fared
 On foot upon the face of living land !
 Or if that heavenly justice may withstand
 The wrongful outrage of unrighteous men,
 Why then is Busirane with wicked hand
 Suff'red, these seven months' day, in secret
 den
 My lady and my love so cruelly to pen !

XI.

" My lady and my love is cruelly penn'd
 In doleful darkness from the view of day,
 Whilst deadly torments do her chaste breast
 rend, [tway,
 And the sharp steel doth rive her heart in
 All for she Scudamore will not deny.
 Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art
 sound,
 Ne canst her aid, ne canst her foe dismay ;

Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
For whom so fair a lady feels so sore a
wound."

XII.

There an huge heap of singulfs did oppress
His struggling soul and swelling throbs im-
peach

His falt'ring tongue with pangs of deariness,
Choking the remnant of his plaintive speech,
As if his days were come to their last reach.
Which, ⁱⁿ she heard, and saw the ghastly
fit

Threat'ning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terror she was smit,
Fearing lest from her cage the weary soul
would flit.

XIII.

Tho, stooping down, she him amovèd light ;
Who, therewith somewhat starting, up gan
look,

And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
Whereas no living creature he mistook,
With great indignance he that sight forsook,
And, down again himself disdainfully
Abjecting, th' earth with his fair forehead
strook :

Which the bold virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit med'cine to his grief and spake thus
courteously ;

XIV.

" Ah ! gentle knight, whose deep conceivèd
grief

Well seems t' exceed the pow'r of patience,
Yet, if that heavenly grace some good relief
You send, submit you to High Providence ;
And ever, in your noble heart, prepense,
That all the sorrow in the world is less
Than virtue's might and value's confidence :
For who nill bide the burden of distress,
Must not here think to live ; for life is
wretchedness.

XV.

" Therefore, fair sir, do comfort to you take,
And freely read what wicked felon so
Hath outraged you, and thrall'd your gentle
Make. [woe,

Perhaps this hand may help to ease your
And weak your sorrow on your cruel foe ;
At least it fair endeavour will apply,"
Those feeling words so near the quick did go,
That up his head he rearèd easily ;
And, leaning on his elbow, these few words
let fly :

Value is put for *valour* here.

XVI.

" What boots it plain that cannot be redrest,
And sow vain sorrow in a fruitless ear ;
Sith pow'r of hand, nor skill of learnèd
breast,

Ne worldly price, cannot redeem my dear
Out of her thralldom and continual fear !
For he, the tyrant, which her hath in ward
By strong enchantments and black magic
lear,

Hath in a dungeon deep her close embarr'd
And many dreadful fiends hath 'pointed to
her guard.

XVII.

" There he tormenteth her most terribly
And day and night afflicts with mortal pain
Because to yield him love she doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold again :
But yet by torture he would her constrain
Love to conceive in her disdainful breast :
Till so she do, she must in doole remain,
Ne may by living means be thence releast :
What boots it then to plain that cannot be
redrest !"

XVIII.

With this sad hersal * of his heavy stress
The warlike damsel was empassion'd sore,
And said ; " Sir knight, your cause is noth-
ing less

Than is your sorrow certes, if not more
For nothing so much pity doth implore
As gentle lady's helpless misery :
But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
I will with proof of last extremity,
Deliver her from thence, or with her for you
die."

XIX.

" Ah ! gentlest knight alive," said Scuda-
more,
" What huge heroic magnanimity
Dwells in thy bounteous breast ? what couldst
thou more,

If she were thine, and thou as now am I ?
O spare thy happy days, and them apply
To better boot ; but let me die that ought :
More is more loss ; one is enough to die !"
" Life is not lost," said she, " for which is
bought [to be sought."
Endless renown ; that, more than death, is

XX.

Thus she at length persuaded him to rise,
And with her wend to see what new success
Mote him befall upon new enterprize :

* Rehearsal.

His arms, which he had vow'd to disprofess,
She gather'd up and did about him dress,
And his foreward red steed unto him got :
So forth they both yfere make their progress,
And march, not past the mountenance of a
shot, [did plot,
Till they arrived whereas their purpose they

XXI.

There they dismounting drew their weapons
bold,
And stoutly came unto the castle gate,
Whereas no gate they found them to with-
hold,
Nor ward to wait at morn and evening late ;
But in the porch that did them soe amate,
A flaming fire ymixt with smould'ry smoke
And stinking sulphur, that with grisly hate
And dreadful horror did all entrance choke,
Enforcèd them their forward footing to
revoke.

XXII.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismay'd,
Ne in that stownd wist how herself to bear ;
For danger vain it were to have assay'd
That cruel element, which all things fear,
Ne none can suffer to approachen near :
And turning back to Scudamore, thus said ;
"What monstrous enmity provoke we here ?
Foolhardy as th' earth's children, the which
made
Battle against the gods, so we a god invade.

XXIII.

"Danger without discretion to attempt,
Inglorious, beast-like, is ; therefore, Sir
Knight,
Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
And how we with our foe may come to fight."
"This is," quoth he, "the dolorous despite
Which erst to you I plain'd : for neither may
This fire be quench'd by any wit or might,
Ne yet by any means removed away ;
So mighty be th' enchantments which the
same do stay.

XXIV.

"What is there else but cease these fruitless
pains,
And leave me to my former languishing !
Fair Amoret must dwell in wicked chains,
And Scudamore here die with sorrowing !"
"Perdy not so," said she ; "for shameful
thing
It were t' abandon noble chevisance,
For show of peril, without venturing :

Rather, let try extremities of chance
Than enterpriz'd praise for dread to disa-
[vance."

XXV.

Therewith resolved to prove her utmost
might,
Her ample shield she threw before her face,
And her sword's spoint directing forward
right
Assail'd the flame ; the which eftsoons gave
place,
And did itself divide with equal space,
That through she passèd ; as a thunderbolt
Pierceth the yielding air, and doth displace
The soaring clouds into sad show'rs ymolt ;
So to her yold the flames, and did their
force revolt.

XXVI.

Whom whenas Scudamore saw past the fire
Safe and untouch'd, he likewise gan assay
With greedy will and envious desire, [way :
And bade the stubborn flames to yield him
But cruel Mulciber would not obey
His threatful pride, but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
Him forced, maugre his fierceness, to relent,
And back retire, all scorch'd and pitifully
brent.

XXVII.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
More for great sorrow that he could not pass
Than for the burning torment which he felt ;
That with fell woodness he effiercèd was,
And wilfully him throwing on the grass,
Did beat and bounce his head and breast full
sore.
The whiles the championess now ent'red has
The utmost room, and pass'd the foremost
door, [cious store.
The utmost room abounding with all pre-

XXVIII.

For, round about the walls yclothèd were
With goodly arras of great majesty,
Woven with gold and silk so close and near
That the rich metal lurkèd privily,
As feigning to be hid from envious eye ;
Yet here, and there, and everywhere, una-
wares,
It show'd itself and shone unwillingly ;
Like a discolour'd snake, whose hidden
snares [tarnish'd back declares.
Through the green grass his long bright

XXIX.

And in those tappets * weren fashioned
 Many fair portraits, and many a fair feat :
 And all of love, and all of lusty-hed,
 As seemèd by their semblant, did entreat :
 And eke all Cupid's wars they did repeat,
 And cruel battles, which he whylome fought
 Gainst all the gods to make his empire great ;
 Besides the huge massâcres which he
 wrought
 On mighty kings and kaisars into thraldom
 brought.

XXX.

Therein was writ how often thund'ring Jove
 Had felt the point of his heart-piercing dart,
 And, leaving heaven's kingdom, here did rove
 In strange disguise, to slake his scalding
 smart ;
 Now, like a ram, fair Helle to pervart,
 Now, like a bull, Europa to withdraw :
 Ah, how the fearful lady's tender heart
 Did lively seem to tremble, when she saw
 The huge seas under her t' obey her ser-
 vant's law

XXXI.

Soon after that, into a golden show'r
 Himself he changed, fair Danaë to view,
 And through the roof of her strong brazen
 tow'r
 Did rain into her lap an honey dew ;
 The whiles her foolish guard, that little knew
 Of such deceit, kept th' iron door fast barr'd,
 And watch'd that none should enter or issue ;
 Vain was the watch, and bootless all the
 ward,
 Whenas the god to golden hue himself
 transfar'd.

XXXII.

Then was he turn'd into a snowy swan,
 To win fair Leda to his lovely trade :
 O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
 That her in daffodillies sleeping made
 From scorching heat her dainty limbs to
 shade ! [wide
 Whiles the proud bird, ruffling his feathers
 And brushing his fair breast, did her invade.
 She slept ; yet twixt her eyelids closely spied
 How towards her he rush'd, and smiled at
 his pride.

* The tapestry, or arras.

XXXIII.

Then show'd it how the Theban Semele
 Deceived of jealous Juno, did require
 To see him in his sovereign majesty,
 Arm'd with his thunderbolts and lightning
 fire, [desire.
 When dearly she with death bought her
 But fair Alcmena better match did make,
 Joying his love in likeness more entire :
 Three nights in one they say that for her
 sake
 He then did put, her pleasures longer to
 partake.

XXXIV.

Twice was he seen in soaring eagle's shape,
 And with wide wings to beat the buxom air :
 Once, when he with Asterie did scape ;
 Again, whenas the Trojan boy so fair
 He snatch'd from Ida hill, and with him
 bare :
 Wondrous delight it was there to behold
 How the rude shepherds after him did stare.
 Trembling through fear lest down he fallen
 should
 And often to him calling to take surer hold.

XXXV.

In satyr's shape Antiopa he snatch'd ;
 And like a fire, when he Aegin' assay'd ;
 A shepherd, when Mnemosyne he catch'd ;
 And like a serpent to the Thracian maid.
 Whiles thus on earth great Jove these pa-
 geants play'd,
 The wing'd boy did thrust into his throne,
 And, scoffing, thus unto his mother said ;
 " Lo ! now the heavens obey to me alone,
 And take me for their Jove, whiles Jove to
 earth is gone."

XXXVI.

And thou, fair Phœbus, in thy colours bright
 Wast there enwoven, and the sad distress
 In which that boy thee plunged for despite
 That thou bewray'dst his mother's wanton-
 ness, [ness.
 When she with Mars was meynt in joyful-
 Fortly he thrill'd thee with a leaden dart
 To love fair Daphne, which thee lov'd less
 Less she thee loved than was thy just desart,
 Yet was thy love her death, and her death
 was thy smart.

XXXVII.

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinct
 So lovedst thou the fair Coronis dear :
 Yet both are of thy hapless hand extinct ;

Yet both in flow'rs do live and love thee bear,
The one a pounce, the other a sweet-briar;
For grief whereof, ye mote have lively seen
The god himself rending his golden hair,
Aad breaking quite his garland evergreen,
With other signs of sorrow and impatient
teene.

XXXVIII.

Both for those two, and for his own dear son,
The son of Climene, he did repent;
Who, bold to guide the chariot of the sun,
Himself in thousand pieces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fier brent;
So like, that all the walls did seem to flame.
Yet cruel Cupid, not herewith content,
Forced him eftsouones to follow other game,
And love a shepherd's dau his
dearest dame.

XXXIX.

He lovèd Isse for his dearest dame,
And for her sake her cattle fed awhile,
And for her sake a cowherd vile became
The servant of Admetus, cowherd vile,
Whiles that from heaven he sufferèd exile,
Long were to tell each other lovely fitt,
Now, like a lion hunting after spoil;
Now, like a hag; now, like a falcon flit:
All which in that fair arras was most lively
writ.

XLI.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
In his divine resemblance wondrous like:
His face was rugged, and his hoary head
Droppèd with brackish dew: his threefork
pike [strike
He sternly shook, and therewith fierce did
The raging billows that on every side
They trembling stood, and made a long
broad dyke, [wide,
That his divine chariot might have passage
Which four great hippodames did draw in
team wise tied.

XLI.

His seahorses did seem to snort amain
And from their nostrils blow the briny stream
That made the sparkling waves to smoke
again, [cream
And flame with gold; but the white foamy
Did shine with silver and shoot forth his
beam:
The god himself did pensive seem and sad,
And hung adown his head as he did dream;
For privy love his breast emperced had,
Ne ought but dear Bisaltis aye could make
him glad.

XLII.

He lovèd eke Iphimedia dear,
And Eolus' fair daughter, Arné hight,
For whom he turn'd himself into a steer,
And fed on fodder to beguile her sight.
Also, to win Deucalion's daughter bright,
He turn'd himself into a dolphin fair;
And, like a wingèd horse, he took his flight
To snaky-lock'd Medusa to repair,
On whom he got fair Pegasus that fitteth
the air.

XLIII.

Next Saturn was (but who would ever ween
That sullen Saturn ever ween'd to love?
Yet love is sullen, and Saturnlike seen,
As he did for Erigone it prove.)
That to a centaur did himself transmove.
To proved it eke that gracious god of wine,
When, for to compass Phillira's hard love,
He turn'd himself into a fruitful vine,
And into her fair bosom made his grapes
decline.

XLIV.

Long were to tell the amorous assays,
And gentle pangs, with which he makèd
meek
The mighty Mars, to learn his wanton plays,
How oft for Venus, and how often eke
For many other nymphs, he sore did shriek;
With womanish tears, and with unwarlike
smarts,
Privily moistening his horrid cheek:
There was he painted full of burning darts,
And many wide wounds lanced through his
inner parts.

XLV.

Ne did he spare (so cruel was the elf)
His own dear mother, (ah! why should he
so?)
Ne did he spare sometime to prick himself,
That he might taste the sweet consuming
woe,
Which he had wrought to many others moe.
But to declare the mournful tragedies
And spoils wherewith he all the ground did
strow,
More eath to number with how many eyes
High heaven beholds sad lovers' night
thieveries.

XLVI.

Kings, queens, lords, ladies, knights, and
damsels gent,
Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,
And mingled with the rascal rabblement,

Without respect of person or of port,
To show Dan Cupid's pow'r and great effort:
And round about a border was entrayl'd *
Of broken bows and arrowshiver'd short;
And a long bloody river through them rayled,
So lively, and so like, that living sense it
fail'd.

XLVII.

And at the upper end of that fair room
There was an altar built of precious stone
Of passing value and of great renown,
On which there stood an image all alone
Of massy gold, which with his own light
shone;
And wings it had with sundry colours dight,
More sundry colours than the proud pavone
Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
When her discolour'd bow she spreads
through heaven bright.

XLVIII.

Blindfold he was; and in his cruel fist
A mortal bow and arrows keen did hold,
With which he shot at random when him list,
Some headed with sad lead, some with pure
gold; [behold!]
(Ah! man, beware how thou those darts
A wounded dragon under him did lie,
Whose hideous tail his left foot did enfold,
And with a shaft was shot through either
eye,
That no man forth might draw, ne no man
remedy.

XLIX.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the Victor of the gods this be:
And all the people in that ample house
Did to that image bow their humble knee,
And oft committed foul idolary.
That wondrous sight fair Britomart amazed,
Ne seeing could her wonder satisfy
But ever more and more upon it gazed,
The whiles the passing brightness her frail
senses dazed.

L.

Tho, as she backward cast her busy eye
To search each secret of that goodly stead,
Over the door thus written she did spy,
Be bold: she oft and oft it over-read,
Yet could not find what sense it figurèd:
But wnat's were therein or writ or meant,

* Worked as in knot-work, intermingled;
Italian *intralciato* and French *entrelassé*.—
UPTON.

She was no whit thereby discouragèd
From prosecuting of her first intent,
But forward with bold steps into the next
room went.

LI.

Much fairer than the former was that room,
And richlier, by many parts array'd;
For not with arras made in painful loom,
But with pure gold it all was overlay'd,
Wrought with wild antics* which their follies
play'd
In the rich metal, as they living were:
A thousand monstrous forms therein were
made,
Such as false Love doth oft upon him wear;
For Love in thousand monstrous forms doth
oft appear.

LII.

And, all about, the glist'ring walls were hong
With warlike spoils and with victorious
praise
Of mighty conquerors and captains strong,
Which were whylome captivèd in their days
To cruel Love, and wrought their own de-
cays: [hauberks rent,
Their swords and spears were broke, and
And their proud garlands of triumphant bays
Trodden in dust with fury insolent,
To show the victors' might and merciless
intent.

LIII.

The warlike maid, beholding earnestly
The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder: ne could satisfy
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space:
But more she marvell'd that no footings' trace
Nor wight appear'd, but wasteful emptiness
And solemn silence over all that place:
Strange thing it seem'd, that none was to
posse s [fulness.
So rich purveyance, ne them keep with care-

LIV.

And, as she look'd about, she did behold
How over that same door was likewise writ,
Be bold, be bold, and everywhere, *Be bold*:
That much she mused, yet could not con-
strue it
By any riddling skill or common wit.
At last she spied at that room's upper end
Another iron door on which was writ,

* Buffoons and the mummers who appeared
in the old English plays, and also at Christmas,
etc.

Be not too bold, whereto though she did bend
Her earnest mind, yet wist not what it might intend.

LV.

Thus she there waited until eventide,
Yet living creature none she saw appear.

And now sad shadows gan the world to hide
From mortal view, and wrap in darkness drear;

Yet n'ould she doff her weary arms, for fear
Of secret danger, ne let sleep oppress
Her heavy eyes with nature's burden dear,
But drew herself aside in sickness,
And her well pointed weapons did about her dress.

CANTO XII.

The Mask of Cupid, and th' enchanted chamber are display'd ;
Whence Britomart redeems fair Amoret through charms decay'd

I.

THO, whenas cheerless night ycover'd had
Fair heaven with an universal cloud,
That every wight dismay'd with darkness sad
In silence and in sleep themselves did shroud,
She heard a shrilling trumpet sound aloud,
Sign of nigh battle, or got victory: [proud,
Nought therewith daunted was her courage
But rather stirr'd to cruel enmity, [descry.
Expecting ever when some foe she might

II.

With that an hideous storm of wind arose,
With dreadful thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it straight would loose

The world's foundations from his centre fixt:
A direful stench of smoke and sulphur mixt
Ensued, whose noyance fill'd the fearful stead
From the fourth hour of night until the sixt ;
Yet the bold Britoness was nought ydread,
Though much emmoved, but steadfast still
perséverèd.

III.

All suddenly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clappèd every door,

With which that iron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had been tore ;
And forth issued, as on the ready floor
Of some théâtre, a grave personage
That in his hand a branch of laurel bore,
With comely haviour and count'nance sage,
Yclad in costly garments fit for tragic stage.

IV.

Proceeding to the midst he stiiil did stand,
As if in mind he somew'at had to say ;
And to the vulgar beck'ning with his hand,
In sign of silence, as to hear a play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter passionèd ;
Which done, he back retirèd soft away,
And passing by, his name discoverèd,
EASE, on his robe in golden letters cypherèd.

V.

The noble maid still standing all this view'd,
And marvell'd at his strange intendiment :
With that a joyous fellowship issued
Of minstrels making goodly merriment,
With wanton bards, and rhymers impudent ;
All which together sang full cheerfully
A lay of love's delight with sweet concent .
After whom march'd a jolly company,
In manner of a mask, enrangèd orderly

VI.

The whiles a most delicious harmony
In full strange notes was sweetly heard to sound,
That the rare sweetness of the melody,
The feeble senses wholly did confound,
And the frail soul in deep delight nigh drown'd :
And, when it ceased, shrill trumpets loud
did bray,
That their report did far away rebound ;
And, when they ceased, it gan again to play,

The whiles the maskers marchèd forth in trim array.

VII.

The first was Fancy, like a lovely boy
Of rare aspect and beauty without peer,
Matchable either to that imp of Troy,
Whom Jove did love and chose his cup to bear ;
Or that same dainty lad, which was so dear
To great Alcides, that, whenas he died,
He wailèd womanlike with many a tear,
And every woad and every valley wide
He fill d with Hylas' name; the nymphs
eke "Hylas" cried.

VIII.

His garment neither was of silk nor say,*
But painted plumes in goodly order dight,
Like as the sunburnt Indians dō array
Their tawny bodies in their proudest plight:
As those same plumes, so seem'd he vain
and light,
That by his gait might easily appear ;
For still he fared as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did bear,
That in the idle air he moved still here and there.

IX.

And him beside march'd amorous Desire,
Who seem'd of riper years than th' other swain,
Yet was that other swain this elder's sire,
And gave him being, common to them twain:
His garment was disguisèd very vain,
And his embroidered bonnet sat awry :
Twixt both his hands few sparks he close
did strain,
Which still he blew and kindled busily,
That soon they life conceived, and forth in
flames did fly.

X.

Next after him went Doubt, who was yclad
In a discolour'd coat of strange disguise,
That at his back a broad capuccio had,
And sleeves dependant Albanesè wise ; †
He looked askew with his mistrustful eyes,
And nicely trod, as thorns lay in his way,
Or that the floor to shrink he did advise ;
And on a broken reed he still did stay
His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard
thereon he lay.

* Say was a thin sort of stuff.

† Hauging sleeves in the Albanian fashion.

XI.

With him went Danger, cloth'd in ragged
weed [made ;
Made of bear's skin, that him more dreadful
Yet his own face was dreadful, 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 Mischief, that Mis-
hap ; [vade,
With th' one his foes he threat'ned to in-
[wriap ;
With th' other he his friends meant to ev-
For whom he could not kill he practisèd to
entrap.

XII.

Next him was Fear, all arm'd from top to
toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough thereby
But fear'd each shadow moving to or fro ;
And, his own arms when glittering he did spy
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
As ashes pale of hue, and wingèd heel'd ;
And evermore on Danger fix'd his eye,
Gainst whom he always bent a brazen shield,
Which his right hand unarmèd fearfully did
wield.

XIII.

With him went Hope in rank, a handsome
maid,
Of cheerful look and lovely to behold ;
In silken samite * she was light array'd,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold :
She always smiled, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinkle, dipt in dew,
With which she sprinkled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking shew,
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

XIV.

And after them Dissemblance and Suspect
March'd in one rank, yet an unequal pair ;
For she was gentle and of mild aspect,
Courteous to all and seeming debonaire,
Goodly adornèd and exceeding fair :
Yet was that all but painted and pur'loin'd,
And her bright brows were deck'd with bor-
row'd hair ; [coin'd,
Her deeds were forgèd, and her words false
And always in her hand two clews of silk
she twined ;

* Samy, *old French*, a half silk stuff, which hath a gloss like satin. —CHURCH.

XV.

But he was foul, ill favourèd, and grim,
Under his eyebrows looking still askance;
And ever, as Dissemblance laugh'd on him,
He lour'd on her with dangerous eye-glance,
Showing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did never rest in place,
But walk'd each where for fear of hid mis-
chance,
Holding a lattice * still before his face,
Through which he still did peep as forward
he did pace.

XVI.

Next him went Grief and Fury match'd
yfare;
Grief all in sable sorrowfully clad,
Down hanging his dull head with heavy
cheer,
Yet inly being more than seeming sad:
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinchèd people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they
lad,
In wilful languor and consuming smart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of
dour's dart.

XVII.

But Fury was full ill apparellèd
In rags, that naked nigh she did appear,
With ghastly looks and dreadful drierihed;
And from her back her garments she did
tear, [hair:
And from her head oft rent her snarled †
In her right hand a firebrand she did toss
About her head, still roaming here and there;
As a dismayèd deer in chase embost, [lost.
Forgetful of his safety, hath his right way

XVIII.

After them went Displeasure and Pleas-
ance,
He looking lumpish and full sullen sad,
And hanging down his heavy countenance;
She cheerful, fresh, and full of joyance glad,
And if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;
That evil matchèd pair they seem'd to be:
An angry wasp th' one in a vial had,
Th' other in hers an honey lady-bee.
Thus marchèd these six couples forth in fair
degree.

XIX.

After all these there march'd a most fair
dame,
Led of two grysie villians th' one Despite,
The other cleepèd Cruelty by name:
She doleful lady, like a dreary spright
Call'd by strong charms out of eternal night,
Had Death's own image figured in her face,
Full of sad signs, fearful to living sight;
Yet in that horror show'd a seemly grace,
And with her feeble feet did move a comely
pace.

XX.

Her breast all naked, as net ivory
Without adorn of gold or silver bright
Wherewith the craftsman wounts it beautify,
Of her due honour was despoiled quite;
And a wide wound therein (O rueful sight!)
Entrenchèd deep with knife accursèd keen
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting
spright,
(The work of cruel hand) was to be seen,
That dyed in sanguine red her skin all snowy
clean.

XXI.

At that wide orifice her trembling heart
Was drawn forth, and in silver basin laid,
Quite through transfixèd with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steaming fresh em-
bay'd.
And those two villains (which her steps up-
stay'd. [tain,
When her weak feet could scarcely her sus-
And fading vital powers gan to fade,)
Her forward still with torture did constrain,
And evermore increased her consuming pain.

XXII.

Next after her, the wingèd god himself
Came riding on a lion ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that elf
That man and beast with pow'r imperious
Subdueth to his kingdom tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he bade awhile unbind,
That his proud spoil of that same dolorous
Fair dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which seen, he much rejoicd in his cruel
mind.

XXIII.

Of which full proud, himself uprearing high
He lookèd round about with stern disdain,
And did survey his goodly company:
And, marshalling the evil-order'd train,
With that the darts which his right hand did
strain

* A mask.

† Snarled is still used in America and in
some parts of England for knotted or entangled.

Full dreadfully he shook, that all did quake,
 And clapp'd on high his colour'd winges
 twain,
 That all his many it afraid did make :
 Tho, blinding him again, his way he forth
 did take.

XXIV.

Behind him was Reproach, Repentance,
 Shame ; [hind :
 Reproach the first, Shame next, Repent be-
 Repentance feeble, sorrowful, and lame ;
 Reproach despiteful, careless, and unkind ;
 Shame most ill-favou'd, bestial, and blind :
 Shame lour'd, Repentance sigh'd, Reproach
 did scold ; [entwined,
 Reproach sharp stings, Repentance whips
 Shame burning brand-irons in her hands did
 hold :
 All three to each unlike, yet all made in one
 mould.

XXV.

And after them a rude confusèd rout
 Of persons flock'd, whose names is hard to
 read : [stout ;
 Amongst them was stern Strife ; and Anger
 Unquiet Care ; and fond Unthriftyhead ;
 Lewd Loss of Time ; and Sorrow seeming
 dead ;
 Inconstant Change ; and false Disloyalty ;
 Consuming Riotise ; and guilty Dread
 Of heavenly vengeance ; faint Infirmity ;
 Vile Poverty ; and, lastly, Death with infamy.

XXVI.

There were full many moe like maladies,
 Whose names and natures I note readen well ;
 So many moe, as there be fantasies
 In wavering women's wit, that none can tell,
 Or pains in love, or punishments in hell :
 All which disguised march'd in masking-wise
 About the chamber by the damosel :
 And then returnèd, having marchèd thrice,
 Into the inner room from whence they first
 did rise.

XXVII.

So soon as they were in, the door straight-
 way
 Fast lockèd, driven with that stormy blast
 Which first it open'd, and bore all away.
 Then the brave Maid, which all this while
 was placèd
 In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
 Issuèd forth and went unto the door
 To enter in, but found it lockèd fast :

In vain she thought with rigorous uproar
 For to enforce, when charms had closèd it
 afore.

XXVIII.

Where force might not avail, there sleights
 and art
 She cast to use, both fit for hard emprise :
 Forthy from that same room not to depart
 Till morrow next she did herself advise,
 When that same mask again should forth
 arise.
 The morrow next appear'd with joyous cheer,
 Calling men to their daily exercise ;
 Then she, as morrow fresh, herself did rear
 Out of her secret stand that day for to out-
 wear.

XXIX.

All that day she outwore in wandering
 And gazing on that chamber's ornament,
 Till that again the second evening
 Her cover'd with her sable vestiment,
 Wherewith the world's fair beauty she hath
 blent :
 Then, when the second watch was almost
 past,
 That brazen door flew open, and in went
 Bold Britomart, as she had late forecast,
 Neither of idle shows nor of false charms
 aghast.

XXX.

So soon as she was ent'red, round about
 She cast her eyes to see what was become
 Of all those persons which she saw without.
 But lo ! they straight were vanish'd all and
 some ;
 Ne living wight she saw in all that room,
 Save that same woful lady ; both whose
 hands
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
 And her small waist girt ground with iron
 bands
 Unto a brazen pillar, by the which she stands

XXXI.

And, her before, the vile enchanter sate,
 Figuring strange characters of his art ;
 With living blood he those characters wrate,
 Dreadfully dropping from her dying heart,
 Seeming transfixed with a cruel dart :
 And all perforce to make her him to love.
 Ah ! who can love the worker of her smart !
 A thousand charms he formerly did prove :
 Yet thousand charms could not her stead-
 fast heart remove.

XXXII.

Soon as that virgin knight he saw in place,
His wicked books in haste he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And, fiercely running to that lady true,
A murd'rous knife out of his pocket drew,
The which he thought, for villainous despote,
In her tormented body to imbrue:
But the stout damsel to him leaping light
His cursèd hand withheld, and masterèd his
might.

XXXIII.

From her, to whom his fury first he meant,
The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
And, turning to herself his fell intent,
Unwares it struck into her snowy chest,
That little drops empurpled her fair breast.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deep impress'd,
And fiercely forth her mortal blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage
due.

XXXIV.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell half dead; next stroke him should
have slain,
Had not the lady, which by him stood bound,
Dernly unto her callèd to abstain
From doing him to die; for else her pain
Should be remèdiless; sith none but he
Which wrought it could the same recure
again. [to be;
Therewith she stay'd her hand, loth stay'd
For life she him envied, and long'd revenge
to see.

XXXV.

And to him said; "Thou wicked man,
whose meed
For so huge mischief and vile villainy
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed;
Be sure that nought may save thee from to
die
But if that thou this dame do presently
Restore unto her health and former state:
This do, and live; else die undoubtedly"
He, glad of life, that look'd for death but late,
Did yield himself right willing to prolong
his date:

XXXVI.

And rising up gan straight to overlook
Those cursèd leaves, his charms back to
reverse:
Full dreadful things out of that baleful book
He read, and measured many a sad verse,

That horror gan the virgin's heart to pierce,
And her fair locks up starèd stiff on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lines re-
hearse;
And all the while he read, she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did
offend.

XXXVII

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the doors to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismayèd make,
Nor slack her threatful hand for danger's
doubt.
But still with steadfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all:
At last that mighty chain, which round about
Her tender waist was wound, adown gan fall,
And that great brazen pillar broke in pieces
small.

XXXVIII.

The cruel steel, which thrill'd her dying
heart,
Fell sottly forth, as of its own accord;
And the wide wound, which lately did
dispart
Her bleeding breast and riven bowels gored,
Was closèd up as it had not been sored:*
And every part to safety full sound,
As she were never hurt, was soon restored:
Tho, when she felt herself to be unbound
And perfect whole, prostrate she fell unto
the ground;

XXXIX.

Before fair Britomart she fell prostrate,
Saying; "Ah! noble knight, what worthy
meed
Can wretched lady, quit from woful state,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious
deed?
Your virtue' self her own reward shall breed
Even immortal praise and glory wide,
Which I your vassal, by your prowess freed,
Shall through the world make to be
notified, [was tried."
And goodly well advance that goodly well

XL.

But Britomart, uprearing her from ground,
Said; "Gentle dame, reward enough I ween,
For many labours more than I have found,
This, that in safety now I have you seen,
And mean of your deliverance have been:
Henceforth, fair lady, comfort to you take,

* As a sore heals.

And put away remembrance of late teene;
 Instead thereof, know that your loving make
 Hath no less grief endured for your gentle
 sake."

XLII.

She much was cheer'd to hear him mention'd,
 Whom of all living wights she lovèd best.
 Then laid the noble championess' strong
 hond

Upon th' enchanter which had her distrest
 So sore, and with foul outrages opprest:
 With that great chain, wherewith not long
 ygo [released,

He bound that piteous lady prisoner, now
 Himself she bound, more worthy to be so,
 And captive with her led to wretchedness
 and wo.

XLIII.

Returning back, those goodly rooms which
 erst

She saw so rich and royally array'd,
 Now vanish'd utterly and clean subverst
 She found, and all their glory quite decay'd;
 That sight of such a change her much
 dismay'd. [porch,

Thence forth descending to that perloous
 Those dreadful flames she also found delay'd
 And quenched quite like a consumed torch,
 That erst all ent'ers wou'd so cruely to
 scorch.

XLIII.

More easy issue now than entrance late
 She found; for now that feigned dreadful
 flame,

Which choked the porch of that enchanted
 gate

And passage barr'd to all that thither came
 Was vanished quite, as it were not the same,
 And gave her leave at pleasure forth to pass.
 Th' enchanter self, which all that fraud did
 frame

To have efforded the love of that fair lass,
 Seeing his work now wasted, deep grievèd
 was.

XLIV.

But when the victoress arrivèd there
 Where late she left the pensive Scudamore.
 With her own trusty squire both full of fear,
 Neither of them sne found where she them
 lore:

Thereat her noble heart was 'stonish'd sore:
 But most fair Amoret, whose gentle spright
 Now gan to feed on hope, which she before
 Conceivèd had, to see her own dear knight,
 Being thereof beguiled, was fill'd with new
 affright.

XLV.

But he, sad man, when he had long in dread
 Awaited there for Britomart's return,
 Yet saw her not, nor sign of her good speed,
 His expectation to despair did turn,
 Misdeening sure that her those flames did
 burn;

And therefore gan advise with her old squire,
 Who her dear nursling's loss no less did
 mourn,

Thence to depart for further aid t' enquire:
 Where let them wend at will, whilst here I
 do respire.

BOOK IV.

The Legend of Combel and Triamond or of Friendship.

I.

THE rugged forehead, that with grave
foresight *
Wields kingdom's causes and affairs of
state,
My looser rhymes, I wote, doth sharply wite
For praising love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers' dear debate;
By which frail youth is oft of folly led,
Through false allurement of that pleasing
bait
That better were in virtues disciplèd,
Than with vain poems' weeds to have their
fancies fed.

II.

Such ones ill judge of love, that cannot love,
Ne in their frozen hearts feel kindly flame:
Forthy they ought not thing unknown
reprove,
Ne natural affection faultless blame
For fault of few that have abused the same:
For it of honour and all virtue is [fame,
The root, and brings forth glorious flow'rs of
That crown true lovers with immortal bliss,
The meed of them that love, and do not
live amiss.

III.

Which whoso list look back to former ages,

* Spenser alludes to Lord Burleigh, who
hated him, and opposed the queen in her wish
to serve the poet.

And call to count the things that then were
done,
Shall find that all the works of those wise
sages,
And brave exploits which great heroës won,
In love were either ended or begun:
Witness the father of Philosophy,
Which to his Critias, shaded oft from sun,
Of love full many lessons did apply, [deny,
The which these stoic censors cannot well

IV.

To such therefore I do not sing at all:
But to that sacred saint my sovereign queen
In whose chaste breast all bounty natural
And treasures of true love enlockèd been,
Bove all her sex that ever yet was seen;
To her I sing of love, that loveth best,
And best is loved of all alive I ween;
To her this song, most fitly is address,
The Queen of Love, and Prince of Peace
from heaven blest.

V.

Which that she may the better deign to hear
Do thou, dread Infant, Venus' darling dove,
From her high spirit chase imperious fear,
And use of awful majesty remove:
Instead thereof with drops of melting love,
Dew'd with ambrosial kisses, by thee gotten
From thy sweet-smiling mother from above,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughty courage
soften, [lesson often,
That she may hark to love, and read this

CANTO I.

Fair Britomart saves Amoret:

 Duessa discord breeds

'Twixt Scudamore and Blandamour:

 Their fight and warlike deeds.

I.

OF lovers sad calamities of old
Full many piteous stories do remain,
But none more piteous ever was yold

Than that of Amoret's heart-binding chain,
And this of Florimell's unworthy pain:
The dear compassion of whose bitter fit
My soft'ned heart so sorely doth constrain

That I with tears full oft do pity it, [writ.
And oftentimes do wish it never had been

II.

For, from the time that Scudamore her
brought
In perilous fight, she never joyèd day;
A perilous fight! when he with force her
brought
From twenty knights that did him all assay;
Yet fairly well he did them all dismay,
And with great glory both the shield of Love
And eke the lady' self he brought away;
Whom having wedded, as did him behove,
A new unknown mischief did from him
remove.

III.

For that same vile enchanter Busyran,
The very self same day that she was weddèd,
Amidst the bridal feast, whilst every man
Surcharged with wine were heedless and ill-
headed,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that Mask of Love which late
was shoven;
And there the lady ill of friends bestedded,
By way of sport, as oft in masks is known,
Conveyèd quite away to living wight un-
known.

IV.

Seven months he so her kept in bitter smart,
Because his sinful lust she would not serve,
Until such time as noble Britomart
Releasèd her, that else was like to starve
Through cruel knife that her dear heart did
carve:
And now she is with her upon the way
Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
To blot her with dishonour of so fair a prey.

V.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale, to tell
The diverse usage, and demeanour daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell:
For Amoret right fearful was and faint
Lest she with blame her honour should
attaint,
That every word did tremble as she spake,
And every look was coy and wondrous quaint
And every limb that touchèd her did quake;
Yet could she not but courteous counten-
ance to her make.

VI.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
That her life's lord and patron of her health
Right well deservèd, as his dueful meed,
Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth:
All is his justly that all freely deal'th.
Nathless her honour dearer than her life
She sought to save, as things reserved from
stealth;
Die had she liefer with enchanter's knife
Than to be false in love, profest a virgin
wife

VII.

Thereto her fear was made so much the
greater
Through fine abusion of that Briton maid;
Who, for to hide her feignèd sex the better
And mask her wounded mind, both did and
said
Full many things so doubtful to be weigh'd,
That well she wist not what by them to
guess:
For otherwhiles to her she purpose made
Of love, and otherwhiles of lustfulness,
That much she fear'd his mind would grow
to some excess.

VIII.

His will she fear'd; for him she sure/y thought
To be a man, such as indeed he seem'd;
And much the more, by that he lately
wrought,
When her from deadly thraldom he re-
deem'd,
For which no service she too much esteem'd
Yet dread of shame and doubt of foul dis-
honour
Made her not yield so much as due she
deem'd.
Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all
honour

IX.

It so befell one evening that they came
Unto a castle, lodgèd there to be,
Where many a knight, and many a lovely
dame,
Was then assembled deeds of arms to see:
Amongst all which was none more fair than
she,
That many of them moved to eye her sore.
The custom of that place was such, that he,
Which had no love nor leman there in store
Should either win him one, or lie without
the door.

X.

Amongst the rest there was a jolly knight,
Who, being asked for his love, avow'd
That fairest Amoret was his by right,
And off'red that to justify aloud.
The warlike virgin, seeing him so proud,
And boastful challenge, waxed inly wroth,
But for the present did her anger shroud;
And said, her love to lose she was full loth,
But either he should neither of them have,
or both.

XI.

So forth they went, and both together joustèd;
But that same younker soon was overthrow'n,
And made repent that he had rashly lustèd
For thing unlawful that was not his own:
Yet since he seemèd valiant, though un-
known,
She, that no less was courteous than stout,
Cast how to salve, that both the custom
shown
Were kept, and yet that knight not lockèd
out;
That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so
far in doubt.

XII.

The seneschal was call'd to deem the right;
Whom she required, that first fair Amoret
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight
That did her win and free from challenge set:
Which straight to her was yielded without
let:
Then, since that strange knight's love from
him was quitted,
She claim'd that to herself, as ladies' debt,
He as a knight might justly be admitted;
So none should be out shut, sith all of loves
were fitted.

XIII.

With that, her glist'ring helmet she unlaced;
Which doft, her golden locks, that were up-
bound
Still in a knot, unto her heels down traced,
And like a silken veil in compass round
About her back and all her body wound:
Like as the shining sky in summer's night,
What time the days with scorching heat
abound,
Is crested all with lines of fiery light,
That it prodigious seems in common peoples'
sight.

XIV.

Such, when those knights and ladies all
about

Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
And every one gan grow in secret doubt
Of this and that, according to each wit:
Some thought that some enchantment
feign'd it:
Some, that Bellona in that warlike wise
To them appear'd, with shield and armour
fit;
Some, that it was a mask of strange dis-
guise;
So diversely each one did sundry doubts
devise.

XV.

But that young knight, which through her
gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowship restored,
Ten thousand thanks did yield her for her
mood,
And, doubly overcommen, her adored:
So did they all their former strife accord;
And eke fair Amoret, now freed from fear,
More frank affection did to her afford;
And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
Now freely drew, and found right safe as-
surance there:

XVI.

Where all that night they of their loves did
treat,
And hard adventures, twixt themselves
alone,
That each the other gan with passion great
And grievfull pity privately bemoan.
The morrow next, so soon as Titan shone,
They both uprose, and to their ways them
dight:
Long wand'ring they, yet never met with
none
That to their wills could them direct aright,
Or to them tidings tell that mote their hearts
delight.

XVII.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spied
Two armed knights that toward them did
pace,
And each of them had riding by his side
A lady, seeming in so far a space;
But ladies none they were, albe in face
And outward show fair semblance they did
bear;
For, under mask of beauty and good grace
Vile treason and foul falsehood hidden were
That mote to none but to the wary wise
appear.

XXVIII.

The one of them the false Duessa hight,
That now had changed her former wonted
hue;

For she could don so many shapes in sight,
As ever could chameleon colours new;
So could she forge all colours, save the true:
The other no whit better was than she,
But that, such as she was, she plain did
shew;

Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might be,
And daily more offensive unto each degree.

XIX.

Her name was Atè, mother of debate
And all dissension which doth daily grow
Amongst frail men, that many a public state
And many a private oft doth overthrow.
Her false Duessa, who full well did know
To be most fit to trouble noble knights
Which hunt for honour, raised from below
Out of the dwellings of the damnèd sprights,
Where she in darkness wastes her cursèd
days and nights.

XX.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is;
There, whereas all the plagues and harms
abound

Which punish wicked men that walk amiss:
It is a darksome delve far under ground,
With thorns and barren brakes environ'd
round,

That none the same may easily out win;
Yet many ways to enter may be found,
But none to issue forth when one is in;
For discord harder is to end than to begin.

XXI.

And all within, the riven walls were hung
With ragged monuments of times forepast,
All which the sad effects of discord sung;
There were rent robes and broken sceptres
placed;

Altars defiled, and holy things defaced,
Disshiver'd spears and shields ytorn in twain;
Great cities ransack'd, and strong castles
razed:

Nations captivèd, and huge armies slain:
Of all which ruins there some relics did
remain.

XXII.

There was the sign of antique Babylon;
Of fatal Thebes; of Rome that reignèd long;
Of sacred Salem; and sad Ilion,
For memory of which on high there hang

The golden apple, cause of all their wrong,
For which the three fair goddesses did strive:
There also was the name of Nimrod strong;
Of Alexander, and his princes five
Which shared to them the spoils that he had
got alive!

XXIII.

And there the relics of the drunken fray,
The which amongst the Lapithees befell:
And of the bloody feast, which sent away
So many centaurs' drunken souls to hell,
That under great Alcides' fury fell:
And of the dreadful discord, which did drive
The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
That each of life sought others to deprive,
All mindless of the Golden Fleece, which
made them strive.

XXIV.

And eke of private persons many moe,
That were too long a work to count them all;
Some, of sworn friends that did their faith
forego;

Some, of born brethren proved unnatural:
Some, of dear lovers, foes perpetual: [seen,
Witness their broken hands there to be
Their garlands rent, their bow'rs despoilèd
all;

The monuments whereof there biding been,
As plain as at the first when they were fresh
and green.

XXV.

Such was her house within; but all without
The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,
Which she herself had sown all about,
Now grown great, at first of little seeds,
The seeds of evil words and factious deeds;
Which, when to ripeneas due they grown
are,
Bring forth an infinite increase that breeds
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious jar,
The which most often end in bloodshed and
in war.

XXVI.

And those same cursèd seeds do also serve
To her for bread, and yield her living food:
For life it is to her, when others sterve
Through mischievous debate and deadly
feud, [blood,
That she may suck their life and drink their
With which she from her childhood had
been fed:

For she at first was born of hellish brood,
And by infernal furies nourishèd; [be read,
That by her monstrous shape might easily

XXVII.

Her face most foul and filthy was to see,
 With squinted eyes contrary ways intended,
 And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be,
 That nought but gall and venom compre-
 hended, [offended;
 And wicked words that God and man
 Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
 And both the parts did speak, and both
 contended;
 And as her tongue so was her heart dissid.*
 That never thought one thing, but doubly
 still was guided.

XXVIII.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
 With matchless ears deformèd and distort,
 Fill'd with false rumours and seditious
 trouble,
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
 That still are led with every light report:
 And as her ears, so eke her feet were odd,
 And much unlike; th' one long, the other
 short,
 And both misplaced; that, when th' one
 forward yode,
 The other back retirèd and contrary trode.

XXIX.

Likewise unequal were her hand's twain;
 That one did reach, the other push'd away;
 That one did make, the other marr'd again,
 And sought to bring all things unto decay;
 Whereby great riches, gatherèd many a day,
 She in short space did often bring to nought,
 And their possessors often did dismay:
 For all her study was and all her thought
 How she might overthrow the things that
 Concord wrought.

XXX.

So much her malice did her might surpass,
 That even th' Almighty' self she did malign,
 Because to man so merciful He was,
 And unto all His creatures so benign,
 Sith she herself was of His grace indign:
 For all this world's fair workmanship she
 tried
 Unto his last confusion to bring,
 And that great golden chain quite to divide,
 With which it blessèd Concord hath together
 tied.

* Double, or two-sided.

XXXI.

Such was that hag, which with Duessa rode;
 And, serving her in her malicious use
 To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her
 bawd
 To sell her borrow'd beauty to abuse:
 For though, like wither'd tree that wanteth
 juice,
 She old and crooked were, yet now of late
 As fresh and fragrant as the flow'r-de-luce
 She was become, by change of her estate,
 And made full goodly joyance to her new
 found mate:

XXXII.

Her mate, he was a jolly youthful knight
 That bore great sway in arms and chivalry,
 And was indeed a man of mickle might;
 His name was Blandamour, that did descri
 His fickle mind full of inconstancy:
 And now himself he fitted had right well
 With two companions of like quality,
 Faithless Duessa, and false Paridell, [to tell
 That whether were more false, full hard it is

XXXIII.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
 From far espied the famous Britomart,
 Like knight adventurous in outward view,
 With his fair paragon, his conquest's part
 Approaching nigh; eftsoones his wanton
 heart
 Was tickled with delight, and jesting said;
 "Lo! there, Sir Paridell, for your desert,
 Good luck presents you with yon lovely maid
 For pity that he want a fellow for your aid."

XXXIV.

By that the lovely pair drew nigh to hond:
 Whom whenas Paridell more plain beheld,
 Albe in heart he like affection fond,
 Yet mindful how he late by one was fell'd
 That did those arms and that same scutcheon
 wield
 He had small lust to buy his love so dear,
 But answer'd; "Sir, him wise I never held,
 That, having once escapèd peril near, [rear.
 Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evil

XXXV.

"This knight too late his manhood and his
 might
 I did assay, that me right dearly cost;
 Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
 Ne for light lady's love, that soon is lost."
 The hot-spur youth so scorning to be cross'd,

"Take then to you this dame of mine,"
 quoth he,
 "And I, without your peril or your cost,
 Will challenge yond same other for my fee."
 So forth he fiercely prick'd, that one him
 scarce could see.

XXXVI.

The warlike Britoness her soon address,
 And with such uncouth welcome did receive
 Her fainèd paramour, her forcèd guest,
 That, being forced his saddle soon to leave,
 Himself he did of his new love deceive;
 And made himself th' ensample of his folly.
 Which done, she passèd forth, not taking
 leave,
 And left him now as sad as whylome jolly,
 Well warnèd to beware with whom he dared
 to dally.

XXXVII.

Which when his other company beheld,
 They to his succour ran with ready aid;
 And, finding him unable once to weld,
 They rearèd him on horse-back and upstay'd,
 Till on his way they had him forth convey'd:
 And all the way, with wondrous grief of mind
 And shame, he show'd himself to be dismay'd
 More for the love which he had left behind,
 Than that which he had to Sir Paridell re-
 sign'd.

XXXVIII.

Nathless he forth did march, well as he might,
 And make good semblance to his company,
 Dissembling his disease and evil plight;
 Till that ere long they chancèd to espy
 Two other knights, that towards them did ply
 With speedy course, as bent to charge them
 new: [nigh
 Whom whenas Blandamour approaching
 Perceivèd to be such as they seem'd in view,
 He was full woe, and gan his former grief
 renew.

XXXIX.

For th' one of them he perfectly descried
 To be Sir Scudamore, (by that he bore
 The god of love with wings displayèd wide,
 Whom mortally he hated evermore,
 Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
 And eke because his love he won by right:
 Which when he thought, it grievèd him full
 sore,
 That, through the bruises of his former fight,
 He now unable was to wreak his old despite.

XL.

Fortly he thus to Paridell bespake:
 "Fair Sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
 That as I late adventured for your sake,
 The hurts whereof me now from battle stay,
 Ye will me now with like good turn repay,
 And justly my cause on yonder knight."
 "Ah! Sir," said Paridell, "do not dismay
 Yourself for this; myself will for you fight,
 As ye have done for me: The left hand rubs
 the right."

XLI.

With that he put his spurs into his steed,
 With spear in rest, and toward him did fare
 Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed.
 But Scudamore was shortly well aware
 Of his approach, and gan himself prepare
 Him to receive with entertainment meet.
 So furiously they met, that either bare
 The other down under their horses' feet,
 That what of them became themselves did
 scarcely weet.

XLII.

As when two billows in the Irish sounds,
 Forcibly driven with contráry tides,
 Do meet together, each aback rebounds
 With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
 That fillet all the sea with foam, divides
 The doubtful current into divers' ways:
 So fell those two in spite of both their prides,
 But Scudamore himself did soon praise,
 And, mounting light, his foe for lying long
 upbrays.

XLIII.

Who, rollèd on an heap, lay still in swound
 All careless of his taunt and bitter rail;
 Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground
 Ran hastily, to weet what did him ail:
 Where finding that the breath gan him to fail,
 With busy care they strove him to awake,
 And doft his helmet, and undid his mail:
 So much they did, that at the last they brake
 His slumber, yet so mazed that he nothing
 spake.

XLIV.

Which whenas Blandamour beheld, he said;
 "False faitour Scudamore, that hast by
 sleight
 And foul advantage this good knight dis-
 may'd,
 A knight much better than thyself behight,
 Well falls it thee that I am not in plight
 This day, to wreak the damage by thee
 done!

Such is thy wont, that still when any knight
Is weak'ned, then thou dost him overrun :
So hast thou to thyself false honour often
won."

XLV.

He little answer'd, but in manly heart
His mighty indignation did forbear ;
Which was not yet so secret, but some part
Thereof did in his frowning face appear :
Like as a gloomy cloud, the which doth bear
An hideous storm, is by the northern blast
Quite overblown, yet doth not pass so clear
But that it all the sky doth overcast
With darkness dread, and threatens all the
world to waste.

XLVI.

" Ah ! gentle knight," then false Duessa
said,

" Why do ye strive for ladies' love so sore,
Whose chief desire is love and friendly aid
Mongst gentle knights to nourish evermore !
Ne be ye wroth, Sir Scudamore, therefore,
That she your love list love another knight,
Ne do yourself dislike a whit the more :
For love is free, and led with self-delight,
Ne will enforced be with masterdom or
might."

XLVII.

So false Duessa ; but vile Atè thus ;
" Both foolish knights, I can but laugh at
both,

That strive and storm with stir outrageous
For her, that each of you alike doth loth,
And loves another, with whom now she
go'th

In lovely wise, and sleeps, and sports, and
plays ;

Whilst both you here with many a cursèd
oath

Swear she is yours, and stir up bloody frays,
To win a willow bough, whilst other wears
the bays.

XLVIII.

" Vile hag," said Scudamore, " why dost
thou lie,
And falsely seekst a virtuous wight to
shame?"

" Fond knight," said she, " the thing that
with this eye

I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?"

" Then tell," quoth Blandamour, " and fear
no blame ;

Tell what thou saw'st, maugre whoso it
hears."

" I saw," quoth she " a stranger knight,
whose name

I wot not well, but in his shield he bears
(That well I wot) the heads of many brokea
spears ;

XLIX.

" I saw him have your Amoret at will ;
I saw him kiss ; I saw him her embrace ;
I saw him sleep with her all night his fill ;
All, many nights ; and many by in place
That present were to testify the case."

Which whenas Scudamore did hear, I
heart

Was thrill'd with inward grief : as when in
chase

The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering
dart,

The beast astonish'd stands in midd'le of
his smart ;

L.

So stood Sir Scudamore when this he heard,
Ne word he had to speak for great dismay,
But look'd on Glaucè grim, who woxe afraid
Of outrage for the words which she heard say,
Albe untrue she wist them by assay.

But Blandamour, whenas he did espie
His change of cheer that anguish did bewray,
He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victory.

LI.

" Lo ! recreant," said he, " the fruitless end
Of thy vain boast, and spoil of love misgotten,
Whereby the name of knighthood thou dost
shend,

And all true lovers with dishonour blotten :
All things not rooted well will soon be rotten.

" Fie, fie, false knight," then false Duessa
cried,

" Unworthy life, that love with guile hast
gotten ;

Be thou, wherever thou do go or ride,
Loathèd of ladies all, and of all knights
defied !"

LII.

But Scudamore, for passing great despite,
Stay'd not to answer ; scarcely did refrain
But that in all those knights' and ladies'
sight

He for revenge had guiltless Glaucè slain ;
But, being past, he thus began amain ;

" False traitor squire, false squire of falsest
knight,

Why doth mine hand from thine avenge
abstain,

Whose lord hath done my love this foul
despite!
Why do I not it wreak on thee now in my
might

LIII.

'Discourteous, disloyal Britomart,
Untrue to God, and unto man unjust!
What vengeance due can equal thy desert,
That hast with shameful spot of sinful lust
Defiled the pledge committed to thy trust!
Let ugly shame and endless infamy
Colour thy name with foul reproaches' rust!
Yet thou, false squire, his fault shall dear aby,

And with thy punishment his penance shalt
supply.

LIV.

The aged dame him seeing so enraged
Was dead with fear; nathless as need
required
His flaming fury sought to have assuaged
With sober words, that sufferance desired
Till time the trial of her truth expired;
And evermore sought Britomart to clear:
But he the more with furious rage was fired,
And thrice his hand to kill her did uprear,
And thrice he drew it back: so did at last
forbear.

CANTO II.

Blandamour wins false Florinell;
Paridell for her strives:
They are accorded: Agapè
Doth lengthen her sons' lives.

I.

FIREBRAND of hell first tynde in Phlegethon
By thousand furies, and from thence out-
thrown
Into this world to work confusion
And set it all on fire by force unknown,
Is wicked Discord; whose small sparks once
blown
None but a god or godlike man can slake:
Such as was Orpheus, that, when strife was
grown
Amongst those famous imps of Greece, did
take
His silver harp in hand and shortly friends
them make:

II.

Or such as that celestial psalmist was,
That, when the wicked fiend his lord tor-
mented,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pass,
The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such music is wise words with time con-
cented,
To moderate stiff minds disposed to strive:
Such as that prudent Roman well invented;
What time his people into parts did rive,
Them reconciled again, and to their homes
did drive.

Such used wise Glauçè to that wrathful
knight,
To calm the tempest of his troubled
thought:
Yet Blandamour, with terms of foul despite,
And Paridell her scorn'd, and set at nought,
As old and crooked and not good, for
ought.
Both they unwise, and wareless of the evil
That by themselves unto themselves is
wrought,
Through that false witch, and that foul aged
drevill;
The one a fiend the other an incarnate devil.

With whom as they thus rode accompanied,
They were encount'red of a lusty knight
That had a goodly lady by his side,
To whom he made great dalliance and de-
light:
It was to weet the bold Sir Ferraug
hight,
He that from Braggalochio whylome rest
The snowy Florinell, whose beauty bright
Made him seem happy for so glorious theft;
Yet was it in due trial but a wand'ring
weft.

v.

Which whenas Blandamour, whose fancy
light
Was always fitting as the wavering wind
After each beauty that appear'd in sight,
Beheld: eftsometimes it prick'd his wanton
mind,
With sting of lust that reason's eye did
blind,
That to Sir Paridell these words he sent;
"Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus
behind,
Since so good fortune doth to you present
So fair a spoil, to make you joyous merri-
ment?"

vi.

But Paridell, that had too late a trial
Of the bad issue of his counsel vain,
List not to hark, but made this fair denial;
"Last turn was mine, well prov'd to my
pain; [gain!"
This now be yours; God send you better
Whose scoff'd words he taking half in scorn,
Fiercely forth prick'd his steed as in disdain
Against that knight, ere he him well could
turn; [overborne.
By means whereof he hath him lightly

vii.

Who, with the sudden stroke astonish'd sore
Upon the ground awhile in slumber lay;
The whiles is love away the other bore,
And, showing her, did Paridell upbray:
"Lo! sluggish knight, the victor's happy
prey!

So fortune friends the bold." Whom Paridell
Seeing so fair indeed, as he did say,
His heart with secret envy gan to swell,
And inly drudge at him that he had sped so
well.

viii.

Nathless proud man himself the other deem'd
Having so peerless paragon ygot:
For sure the fairest Florimell him seem'd
To him was fallen for his happy lot,
Whose like alive on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did serve, did

woo,

With humblest suit that he imagine mot,
And all things did devise, and all things do,
That might her love prepare, and liking win
thereto.

ix.

She, in regard thereof, him recompensed
With golden words and goodly countenance,

17

And such fond favours sparingly dispensed:
Sometimes him blessing with a light eye-
glance,
And coy looks temp'ring with loose dalliance;
Sometimes estranging him in sterner wise;
That, having cast him in a foolish trance,
He seem'd brought to bed in Paradise,
And proved himself most fool in what he
seem'd most wise.

x.

So great a mistress of her art she was,
And perfectly practised in woman's craft,
That though therein himself he thought to
pass,
And by this false allurements wily draft
Had thousand women of their love beaft,
Yet now he was surprised: for that false
spright, [engraft,
Which that same witch had in this form
Was so expert in every subtle sleight,
That it could overreach the wisest earthly
wight.

xi.

Yet he to her did daily service more,
And daily more deceived was thereby;
Yet Paridell him envi'd therefore,
As seeming placed in sole felicity:
So blind is lust false colours to descry.
But Atè soon discovering his desire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To stir up strife twixt love and spite and ire,
Did privily put coals unto his secret fire.

xii.

By sundry means thereto she prick'd him
forth; [speeches,
Now with remembrance of those spiteful
Now with opinion of his own more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches,
Made in their friendship, as that hag him
teaches:

And ever, when his passion is allay'd,
She it revives, and new occasion reaches
That, on a time as they together way'd,
He made him open challenge, and thus
boldly said;

xiii.

"Too boastful Blandamour! too long I bear
The open wrongs thou dost me day by day:
Well know'st thou, when we friendship first
did swear

The covenant was, that every spoil or prey
Should equally be shared betwixt us tway:
Where is my part then of this lady bright,

Whom to thyself thou takest quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or answer for thy wrong as shall fall out in
fight."

XIV.

Exceeding wroth thereat was Blandamour,
And gan this bitter answer to him make;
"Too foolish Paridell! that fairest flow'r
Wouldst gather fain, and yet no pains
wouldst take:

But not so easy will I her foresake;
This hand her won, this hand shall her
defend."

With that they gan their shivering spears
And deadly points at either's breast to bend,
Forgetful each to have been ever other's
friend.

XV.

Their fiery steeds with so untamed force
Did bear them both to fell avenger's end,
That both their spears with pitiless remorse
Through shield and mail and habergeon did
wend,

And in their flesh a grisly passage rend,
That with the fury of their own affret [send];
Each other horse and man to ground did
Where, lying still awhile, both did forget
The perilous present stound in which their
lives were set.

XVI.

As when two warlike brigantines at sea,
With murd'rous weapons arm'd to cruel fight,
Do meet together on the wat'ry lea,
They stem each other with so fell despite,
That with the shock of their own heedless
might

Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh asunder;
They which from shore behold the dreadful
sight [thunder,
Of flashing fire, and hear the ord'nance
Do greatly stand amazed at such unwonted
wonder.

XVII.

At length they both upstart in amaze,
As men awakèd rashly out of dream, [gaze;
And round about themselves awhile did
Till seeing her, that Florimell did seem,
In doubt to whom she victory should deem,
Therewith their dullèd sprights they edged
anew, [extreme,
And, drawing both their swords with rage
Like two mad mastiffs each on other flew,
And shields did shear, and mails did rash,
and helms did hew.

XVIII.

So furiously each other did assail,
As if their souls they would at once have rent
Out of their breasts, that streams of blood
did rayle

Adown, as if their springs of life were spent;
That all the ground with purple blood was
sprent,

And all their armours stain'd with bloody
Yet scarcely once to breathe would they re-
lent,

So mortal was their malice and so sore
Become, of feignèd friendship which they
vow'd afore.

XIX.

And that which is for ladies most besitting,
To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
Was from those dames so far and so un-
fitting,

As that, instead of praying them surcease,
They did much more their cruelty increase;
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather die than ladies' cause release:
With which vain terms so much they did
them move, [prove.
That both resolved the last extremities to

XX.

There they, I ween, would fight until this day,
Had not a squire, even he the Squire of
Dames,

By great adventure travellèd that way;
Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weet the cause of their debate:
And first laid on those ladies thousand
blames,

That did not seek t' appease their deadly
hate, [estate.
But gazèd on their harms not pitying their

XXI.

And then those knights he humbly did be-
seech

To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken
Who look'd a little up at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battle so be broken,
Both greedy fierce on other to be wroken.

Yet he to them so earnestly did call, [token,
And them conjurèd by some well-known
That they at last their wrathful hands let fall,
Content to hear him speak, and glad to rest
withal.

XXII.

First he desired their cause of strife to see :
They said, it was for love of Florimell.

" Ah, gentle knights," quoth he, " how may
that be,

And she so far astray as none can tell ? "

" Fond squire," full angry then said Paridell,
" Seest not the lady there before thy face ? "

He lookèd back, and, her avising well,
Ween'd, as he said, by that her outward grace,
That fairest Florimell was present there in
place.

XXIII.

Glad man was he to see that joyous sight,
For none alive but joy'd in Florimell,
And lowly to her louting thus behight ;
" Fairest of fair, that fairness dost excel,
This happy day I have to greet you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischief that be-
fell ; [state ! "

Long may you live in health and happy
She little answer'd him, but lightly did ag-
grate.

XXIV.

Then, turning to those knights, he gan anew :
" And you, Sir, Blandamour and Paridell,
That for this lady present in your view
Have raised this cruel war and outrage fell,
Certes, meseems, becn not advisèd well ;
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To join your force, their forces to repel
That seek perforce her both from you to take,
And of your gotten spoil their own triumph
to make."

XXV.

Thereat Sir Blandamour, with countenance
stern
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake ;
" Aread, thou squire, that I the man may
learn.

That dare fro me think Florimell to take ! "
" Not one," quoth he, " but many to partake
Herein ; as thus : it lately so befell,
That Satyrane a girdle did uptake
Well known to appertain to Florimell, [well.
Which for her sake he wore, as him besemèd

XXVI.

" But, whenas she herself was lost and gone,
Full many knights that lovèd her like dear,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost fair lady's ornament should wear,

And gan therefore close spite to him to bear ;
Which he to shun, and stop vile envy's
sting,

Hath lately caused to be proclaim'd each
where

A solemn feast, with public tourneyng,
To which all knights with them their ladies
are to bring.

XXVII.

" And of them all she, that is fairest found,
Shall have that golden girdle for reward ;
And of those knights, who is most stout on
ground,

Shall to that fairest lady be preferred.
Since therefore she herself is now your
ward,

To you that ornament of hers pertains,
Against all those that challenge it, to guard,
And save her honour with your vent'rous
pains ; [find gains."

That shall you win more glory than ye here

XXVIII.

When they the reason of his words had
heard,

They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours' and their loves'
regard

The furious flames of malice to assuage.
Theo each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithful friends thenceforth to join in
one

With all their force, and battle strong to
wage

Gainst all those knights, as their professèd
fone, [they alone.

That challengèd ought in Florimell, save

XXIX.

So, well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly sort, that lasted but awhile ;
And of all old dislikes they made fair
weather :

Yet all was forged and spread with golden
foil,

That under it hid hate and hollow guile.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
However gay and goodly be the style,
That doth ill cause or evil end enure
For virtue is the band that bindeth hearts
most sure.

XXX.

Thus as they marchèd all in close disguise
Of feignèd love, they chanced to overtake
Two knights that linkèd rode in lovely wise,
As if they secret counsels did partake ;

And each not far behind him had his make,
To weet, two ladies of most goodly hue,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose
make,
Unmindful both of that discordful crew,
The which with speedy pace did after them
pursue :

XXXI.

Who, as they now approachèd nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughty as they did appear,
They sent that squire afore, to understand
What mote they be : who, viewing them
more near,
Returnèd ready news, that those same were
Two of the prowtest knights in Faery Land ;
And these two ladies their two lovers dear ;
Courageous Cambell, and stout Triamond,
With Canacee and Cambine link'd in lovely
bond.

XXXII.

Whylome, as antique stories tellen us,
Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
And battle made the dreadest dangerous
That ever shrilling trumpet did resound ;
Though now their acts be nowhere to be
found,
As that renownèd poet them compiled
With warlike numbers and heroic sound,
Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,
On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be
filed.

XXXIII.

But wicked time that all good thoughts doth
waste,
And works of noblest wits to nought out-
wear,
That famous monument hath quite defaced,
And robb'd the world of treasure endless
dear.
The which mote have enrichèd all us here.
O cursèd eld, the canker-worm of wits !
How may these rhymes, so rude as doth
appear,
Hope to endure, sith works of heavenly wits
Are quite devour'd, and brought to nought
by little bits !

XXXIV.

Then pardon, O most sacred happy spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steal from thee the meed of thy due
merit,
That none durst ever whilst thou wast alive,
And, being dead, in vain yet many strive :

Ne dare I like ; but, through infusion sweet
Of thine own spirit which doth in me
survive,
I follow here the footing of thy feet,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather
meet.

XXXV.

Cambello's sister was fair Canacee,
That was the learnedst lady in her days,
Well seen in every science that mote be,
And every secret work of nature's ways ;
In witty riddles ; and in wise soothsays ;
In power of herbs ; and tunes of beasts and
birds ;
And, that augmented all her other praise,
She modest was in all her deeds and words,
And wondrous chaste of life, yet loved of
knights and lords.

XXXVI.

Full many lords and many knights her
loved,
Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection movèd,
But ruled her thoughts with goodly govern-
ment,
For dread of blame and honour's blemish-
And eke unto her looks a law she made,
That none of them once out of order went,
But, like to wary sentinels well stay'd,
Still watch'd on every side, of secret foes
afraid.

XXXVII.

So much the more as she refused to love,
So much the more she lovèd was and
sought,
That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels
wrought ;
That oft for her in bloody arms they fought.
Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and
wise,
Perceived would breed great mischief, he
How to prevent the peril that mote rise,
And turn both him and her to honour in
this wise.

XXXVIII.

One day, when all that troop of warlike
woers
Assembled were, to weet whose she should
be,
All mighty men and dreadful derring-doers,
(The harder it to make them well agree,)
Amongst them all this end he did decree ;

That, of them all which love to her did
make,
They by consent should choose the stoutest
three
That with himself should combat for her
sake,
And of them all the victor should his sister
take.

XXXIX.

Bold was the challenge, as himself was bold,
And courage full of haughty hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he achieved to his great ornament:
But yet his sister's skill unto him lent
Most confidence and hope of happy speed,
Conceived by a ring which she him sent,
That, mongst the many virtues which we
read, [mortally did bleed.
Had power to staunch all mounds that

XL.

Well was that ring's great virtue known to
all;
That dread thereof, and his redoubted
might,
Did all that youthly rout so much appal,
That none of them durst undertake the
fight:
More wise they ween'd to make of love
delight
Than life to hazard for fair lady's look;
And yet uncertain by such outward sight,
Though for her sake they all that peril took,
Whether she would them love, or in her
liking brook.

XLI.

Amongst those knights there were three
brethren bold,
Three bolder brethren never were yborn,
Born of one mother in one happy mould,
Born at one burden in one happy morn;
Thrice happy mother, and thrice happy
morn, [fond!
That bore three such, three such not to be
Her name was Agapè, whose children wern
All three as one; the first hight Priamond,
The second Diamond, the youngest Triamond.

XLII.

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike;
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight;
But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
On horseback usèd Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foot had more delight;

But horse and foot knew Diamond to wield:
With curtax usèd Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle spear and shield,
But spear and curtaxe both used Priamond
in field.

XLIII.

These three did love each other dearly well,
And with so firm affection were allied,
As if but one soul in them all did dwell,
Which did her pow'r into three parts divide;
Like three fair branches budding far and
wide,
That from one root derived their vital sap;
And, like that root that doth her life divide,
Their mother was; and had full blessèd hap
These three so noble babes to bring forth at
one clap.

XLIV.

Their mother was a fay, and had the skill
Of secret things, and all the pow'rs of
nature,
Which she by art could use unto her will,
And to her service bind each living creature,
Through secret understanding of their fea-
ture.
Thereto she was right fair, whenso her face
She list discover, and of goodly stature;
But she, as fays are wont, in privy place
Did spend her days, and loved in forests
wild to space.

XLV.

There on a day a noble youthly knight,
Seeking adventures in the savage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
As she sate careless by a crystal flood,
Combing her golden locks, as seem'd her
good;
And unawares upon her laying hold, [stood,
That strove in vain him long to have with-
Oppressed her, and there (as it is told)
Got these three lovely babes, that proved
three champions bold:

XLVI.

Which she with her long fost'ered in that
wood,
Till that to ripeness of man's state they
grew:
Then, showing forth signs of their father's
blood,
They lovèd arms, and knighthood did ensue,
Seeking adventures where they any knew.
Which when their mother saw, she gan to
doubt

Their safety ; lest by searching dangers new
And rash provoking perils all about,
Their days mote be abridgèd, through their
courage stout.

XLVII.

Therefore desirous th' end of all their days
To know, and them t'enlarge with long ex-
tent,

By wondrous skill and many hidden ways
To the three fatal sisters' house she went,
Far under ground from track of living went;
Down in the bottom of the deep abyss,
Where Demogorgon in dull darkness pent
Far from the view of gods and heaven's bliss
The hideous Chaos keeps, their dreadful
dwelling is.

XLVIII.

There she them found all sitting round about
The direful distaff standing in the mid,
And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
Sad Clotho heid the rock, the whiles the
thrid

By grisly Lachesis was spun with pain,
That cruel Atropos eftsoones undid,
With cursèd knife cutting the twist in twain:
Most wretched men, whose days depend on
threads so vain !

XLIX.

She, them saluting there, by them sate still
Beholding how the threads of life they span :
And when at last she had beheld her fill,
Trembling in heart, and looking pale and
wan,

Her cause of coming she to tell began.
To whom fierce Atropos ; " Bold fay, that
durst

Come see the secret of the life of man,
Well worthy thou to be of Jove accurst,
And eke thy children's threads to be asunder
burst ! "

L.

Whereat she sore afraid yet her besought
To grant her boon, and rigour to abate,
That she might see her children's threads
forth brought,

And know the measure of their utmost date
To them ordainèd by eternal fate :
Which Clotho granting showed her the same,
That when she saw, it did her much amate
To see their threads so thin, as spider's
fram

And eke so short, that seem'd their ends
out shortly came.

LI.

She then began them humbly to intreat
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That so their lives might be prolonged late :
But Lachesis thereat gan to repine,
And said ; " Fond dame ! that deem'st of
things divine
As of humane, that they may alt'red be,
And changed at pleasure for those imps of
thine :
Not so ; for what the fates do once decree,
Not all the gods can change, nor Jove him-
self can free ! "

LII.

" Then since," quoth she, " the term of each
man's life

For nought may lessen'd nor enlargèd be ;
Grant this ; that when ye shred with fatal
knife

His line, which is the eldest of the three,
Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
Eftsoones his life may pass into the next ;
And, when the next shall likewise ended be,
That both their lives may likewise be next
Unto the thrid, that his may be so trebly
wext.

LIII.

They granted 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 unto them what destiny was assign'd,
Or how their lives were eek'd, she did not
tell ;

But evermore, when she fit time could find,
She warnèd them to tend their safeties well,
And love each other dear, whatever them
befell.

LIV.

So did they surely during all their days,
And never discord did amongst them fall ;
Which much augmented all their other
praise ;

And now, t'increase affection natural,
In love of Canacee they joinèd all :
Upon which ground this same great battle
grew

(Great matter growing of beginning small.)
The which, for length, I will not here pursue,
But rather will reserve it for a canto new.

CANTO III.

The battle 'twixt three brethren with.
 Cambell for Canacee :
 Cambina with true friendship's bond
 Doth their long strife agree.

I.

O! WHY do wretched men so much desire
 To draw their days unto the utmost date,
 And do not rather wish them soon expire ;
 Knowing the misery of their estate,
 And thousand perils which them still awa't,
 Tossing them like a boat amid the main,
 That every hour they knock at Death's gate !
 And he that happy seems and least in pain,
 Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth
 plain.

II.

Therefore this fay I hold but fond and vain,
 The which, in seeking for her children three
 Long life, thereby did more prolong their
 pain :
 Yet whilst they livèd none did ever see
 More happy creatures than they seem'd to be ;
 Nor more ennobled for their courtesy,
 That made them dearly loved of each degree ;
 Ne more renownèd for their chivalry,
 That made them dreaded much of all men
 far and nigh.

III.

These three that hardy challenge took in
 hand,
 For Canacee with Cambell for to fight :
 The day was set, that all might understand,
 And pledges pawn'd the same to keep aright :
 That day, (the dreadest day that living wight
 Did ever see upon this world to shine),
 So soon as heaven's window showèd light,
 These warlike champions, all in armour-
 shine,
 Assembled were in field the challenge to
 define.

IV.

The field with lists was all about enclosed
 To bar the press of people far away ;
 And at th' one side six judges were disposed,
 To view and deem the deeds of arms that
 day ;
 And on the other side in fresh array
 Fair Canacee upon a stately stage

Was set, to see the fortune of that fray
 And to be seen, as his most worthy wage
 That could her purchase with his life's ad-
 ventured gage.

V.

Then ent'red Cambell first into the list,
 With stately steps and fearless countenance,
 As if the conquest his he surely wist.
 Soon after did the brethren three advance
 In brave array and goodly amenance,
 With scutcheons gilt and banners broad
 display'd ;
 And, marching thrice in warlike ordinance,
 Thrice louted lowly to the noble Maid ;
 The whiles shrill trumpets and loud clarions
 sweetly play'd.

VI.

Which done, the doughty challenger came
 forth,
 All arm'd to point, his challenge to abet :
 Gainst whom Sir Priamond, with equal
 worth
 And equal arms, himself did forward set.
 A trumpet blew ; they both together met
 With dreadful force and furious intent,
 Careless of peril in their fierce affret,
 As if that life to loss they had forelent.
 And cared not to spare that should be
 shortly spent.

VII.

Right practicke was Sir Priamond in fight,
 And thoroughly skill'd in use of shield and
 spear ;
 Ne less approvèd was Cambello's might,
 Ne less his skill in weapons did appear ;
 That hard it was to ween which harder were.
 Full many mighty strokes on either side
 Were sent, that seemèd death in them to
 bear ;
 But they were both so watchful and well eyed
 That they avoided were, and vainly by did
 slide.

VIII.

Yet one, of many, was so strongly bent
By Priamond, that with unlucky glance
Through Cambel's shoulder it unwarely went,
That forc'd him his shield to disadvantage :
Much was he griev'd with that graceless
chance ;

Yet from the wound no drop of blood there
fell, [hance
But wondrous pain that did the more en-
His haughty courage to avengement fell ;
Smart daunts not mighty hearts, but makes
them more to swell.

IX.

With that, his poignant spear he fierce
avent'red [shield,
With doubled force close underneath his
That through the mails into his thigh it
en'tred,

And, there arresting, readily did yield
For blood to gush forth on the grassy field ;
That he for pain himself n'ot right uprear,
But to and fro in great amazement reel'd ;
Like an old oak, whose pith and sap is sear
At puff of every storm doth sag here
and there.

X.

Whom so dismay'd when Cambell had
espied,

Again he drove at him with double might,
That nought mote stay the steel, till in his
side

The mortal point most cruelly empight ;
Where fast infix'd, whilst he sought by
sleight

It forth to wrest, the staff asunder brake,
And left the head behind : with which de-
spite

He all enraged his shivering spear did shake,
And charging him afresh thus felly him
bespake :

XI.

" Lo ! faitour, there thy meed unto thee
take,

The meed of thy mischallenge and abet :
Not for thine own, but for thy sister's sake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let :
But to forbear doth not forgive the debt."

The wicked weapon heard his wrathful vow ;
And, passing forth with furious affret,
Pierced through his beaver quite into his
brow,

That with the force it backward forc'd him
to bow.

XII.

Therewith asunder in the midst it brast,
And in his hand nought but the truncheon
left ;

The other half behind yet sticking fast
Out of his head-piece Cambell fiercely re
And with such fury back at him it heft,
That, making way unto his dearest life,
His weasand-pipe it through his gorge
cleft :

Thence streams of purple blood issuing rife
Let forth his weary ghost, and made an end
of strife.

XIII.

His weary ghost assoil'd from fleshy band
Did not, as others wont, directly fly
Under her rest in Pluto's griesly land ;
Ne into air did vanish presently,
Ne chang'd was into a star in sky ;
But through traduction was eftsoones de-
rived,

Like as his mother pray'd the Destiny,
Into his other brethren that survived,
In whom he lived anew, of former life de-
prived.

XIV.

Whom when on ground his brother next
beheld,

Though sad and sorry for so heavy sight,
Yet leave unto his sorrow did not yield ;
But rather stir'd to vengeance and despite
Through secret feeling of his generous
spright,

Rush'd fiercely forth, the battle to renew,
As in reversion of his brother's right ;
And challenging the virgin as his due,
His foe was soon address: the trumpets
freshly blew.

XV.

With that they both together fiercely met,
As if that each meant other to devour ;
And with their axes both so sorely bet,
That neither plate nor mail, whereas their
pow'r

They felt, could once sustain the hideous
But riv'd were, like rotten wood, asunder ;
Whilst through their rifts the ruddy blood
did show'r,

And fire did flash, like lightning after
thunder,

That fill'd the lookers on at once with ruth
and wonder.

XVI.

As when two tigers prick'd with hunger's
 rage
 Have by good fortune found some beast's
 fresh spoil,
 On which they ween their famine to assuage,
 And gain a feastful guerdon of their toil;
 Both falling out do stir up strifeful broil,
 And cruel battle twixt themselves do make.
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the soil,
 But either 'sdains with other to partake:
 So cruelly those knights strove for that
 lady's sake.

XVII.

Full many strokes, that mortally were
 meant,
 The whiles were interchangèd twixt them
 two;
 Yet they were all with so good wariment
 Or warded, or avoided and let go,
 That still the life stood fearless of her foe;
 Till Diamond disdainig long delay
 Of doubtful fortune wavering to and fro,
 Resolved to end it one or other way;
 And heaved his murd'rous axe at him with
 mighty sway.

XVIII.

The dreadful stroke, in case it had arrivèd
 Where it was meant, (so deadly it was
 meant,)
 The soul had sure out of his body rived,
 And stinted all the strife incontinent;
 But Cambel's fate that fortune did prevent;
 For seeing it at hand, he swerved aside,
 And so gave way unto his fell intent;
 Who, missing of the mark which he had
 eyed,
 Was with the force nigh feld's whilst his
 right foot did slide.

XIX.

As when a vulture greedy of his prey,
 Through hunger long that heart to him doth
 lend,
 Strikes at an heron with all his body's sway,
 That from his force seems nought may it
 defend:
 The wary fowl, that spies him toward bend
 His dreadful souse, avoids it, shunning
 light,
 And maketh him his wing in vain to spend;
 That with the weight of his own wieldless
 might
 He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce re-
 covereth flight.

XX.

Which fair adventure when Cambello spied,
 Full lightly, ere himself he could recover,
 From danger's dread to ward his naked side,
 He can* let drive at him with all his power,
 And with his axe him smote in evil hour,
 That from his shoulders quite his head he
 reft:
 The headless trunk, as heedless of that
 stower,
 Stood still awhile, and his fast footing kept;
 Till, feeling life to fail, it fell, and deadly
 slept.

XXI.

They, which that piteous spectacle beheld,
 Were much amazed the headless trunk to
 see
 Stand up so long and weapon vain to weld,
 Unweeting of the Fates' divine decree
 For life's succession in those brethren three.
 For notwithstanding that one soul was reft,
 Yet had the body not dismemb'red be,
 It would have livèd, and revivèd eft;
 But, finding no fit seat, the lifeless corse it
 left.

XXII.

It left; but that same soul which therein
 dwelt,
 Straight ent'ring into Triamond him fill'd
 With double life and grief; which when he
 felt,
 As one whose inner parts had been ythrill'd
 With point of steel that close his heartblood
 spill'd,
 He lightly leapt out of his place of rest,
 And, rushing forth into the empty field,
 Against Cambello fiercely him address'd;
 Who, him affronting soon, to fight was ready
 press'd.

XXIII.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble knight,
 After he had so often wounded been,
 Could stand on foot now to renew the fight:
 But had ye then him forth advancing seen,
 Some newborn wight ye would him surely
 ween;
 So fresh he seemèd and so fierce in sight;
 Like as a snake, whom weary winter's teene,
 Hath worn to nought, now feeling summer's
 might

* Church says "began," and there is evidently the mistake of a letter, it should be 'gan.

Casts off his ragged skin and freshly doth
him dight.

XXIV.

All was, through virtue of the ring he wore ;
The which not only did not from him let
One drop of blood to fall, but did restore
His weak'ned powers, and dullèd spirits
whet,
Through working of the stone therein yset.
Else how could one of equal might with
most,
Against so many no less mighty met,
Once think to match three such on equal
cost,
Three such as able were to match a puissant
host ?

XXV.

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adread,
Ne desperate of glorious victory ;
But sharply him assail'd, and sore bested
With heaps of strokes, which he at him let
fly
As thick as hail forth pourèd from the sky.
He struck, he soused, hefoin'd, he hew'd, he
lash'd
And did his iron brand so fast apply,
That from the same the fiery sparkles
flash'd,
As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rock are
dash'd.

XXVI.

Much was Cambello daunted with his blows ;
So thick they fell, and forcibly were sent,
That he was forced from danger of the
throws
Back to retire, and somewhat to relent,
Till th' heat of his fierce fury he had spent ;
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afresh with new encouragement
Did him assail, and mightily amate,
As fast, as forward erst, now backward to
retrate,

XXVII.

Like as the tide, that comes fro th' ocean
main,
Flows up the Shannon with contráry force,
And, over-ruling him in his own rayne,
Drives back the current of his kindly course,
And makes it seem to have some other
source ;
But when the flood is spent, then back again
His borrow'd waters forced to re-disburse,
He sends the sea his own with double gain,
And tribute eke withal, as to his sovereign.

XXVIII.

Thus did the battle vary to and fro,
With diverse fortune doubtful to be deem'd :
Now this the better had, now had his foe,
Then he half vanquish'd, then the other
seem'd ;
Yet victors both themselves always es-
teem'd :
And all the while the disentrailèd
A down their sides like little rivers stream'd,
That with the wasting of his vital flood
Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble
stood.

XXIX.

But Cambell still more strong and greater
grew,
Ne felt his blood to waste, ne pow'rs em-
perish'd,
Through that rings virtue, that with vigor
new,
Still whenas he enfeebled was, him cherish'd,
And all his wounds and all his bruises
guarish'd : [toil,
Like as a wither'd tree, through husband's
Is often seen full freshly to have flourish'd,
And fruitful apples to have borne awhile,
As fresh as when it first was planted in the
soil.

XXX.

Through which advantage, in his strength
he rose
And smote the other with so wondrous
might,
That through the seam which did his
hauberk close
Into his throat and life it piercèd quite,
That down he fell as dead in all men's
sight :
Yet dead he was not ; yet he sure did die,
As all men do that lose the living spright :
So did one soul out of his body fly
Unto her native home from mortal misery.

XXXI.

But nathëless whilst all the lookers-on
Him dead behight, as he to all appear'd,
All unawares he started up anon,
As one that had out of a dream been rear'd,
And fresh assail'd his foe ; who half afraid
Of th' uncouth sight, as he some ghost had
seen,
Stood still amazed, holding his idle sward ;
Till, having often by him stricken been,
He forcèd was to strike and save himself
from teene.

XXXII.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
 As one in fear th' Stygian gods t' offend,
 Ne follow'd on so fast, but rather sought
 Himself to save, and danger to defend,
 Than life and labor both in vain to spend.
 Which Triamond perceiving, weened sure
 He gan to faint toward the battle's end,
 And that he should not long on foot endure;
 A sign which did to him the victory assure.

XXXIII.

Whereof full blithe eftsoones his mighty
 hand
 He heaved on high, in mind with that same
 blow
 To make an end of all that did withstand:
 Which Cambell seeing come was nothing
 slow
 Himself to save from that so deadly throw:
 And at that instant reaching forth his
 sward
 Close underneath his shield, that scarce did
 show,
 Stroke him, as he his hand to strike up-
 rear'd,
 In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides
 the wound appear'd.

XXXIV.

Yet still that direful stroke kept on his way,
 And, falling heavy on Cambello's crest,
 Struck him so hugely that in swoon he lay,
 And in his head an hideous wound im-
 press'd:
 And sure, had it not happily found rest
 Upon the brim of his broad-plated shield,
 It would have cleft his brain down to his
 breast:
 So both at once fell dead upon the field,
 And each to other seem'd the victory to
 yield.

XXXV.

Which whenas all the lookers-on beheld,
 They weened sure the war was at an end;
 And judges rose; and marshals of the field
 Broke up the lists, their arms away to rend;
 And Canacee gan wail her dearest friend.
 All suddenly they both upstarted light,
 The one out of the swoon which him did
 blend,
 The other fiercely each assailing gan afresh
 to fight.

XXXVI.

Long while they then continued in that
 wise,
 As if but then the battle had begun:
 Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they
 did despise;
 Ne either cared to ward or peril shun,
 Desirous both to have the battle done;
 Ne either cared life to save or spill,
 Ne which of them did win, ne which were
 won;
 So weary both of fighting had their fill,
 That life itself seem'd loathsome, and long
 safety ill.

XXXVII.

Whilst thus the case in doubtful balance
 hung,
 Unsure to whether side it would incline,
 And all men's eyes and hearts, which there
 among
 Stood gazing, fillèd were with rueful tine
 And secret fear, to see their fatal fine;
 All suddenly they heard a troublous noise,
 That seem'd some perilous tumult to de-
 sign,
 Confused with women's cries and shouts of
 boys,
 Such as the troubled theatres oftentimes an-
 noys.

XXXVIII.

Thereat the champions both stood still a
 space,
 To weeten what that sudden clamor meant:
 Lo! where they spied with speedy whirling
 pace
 One in a charet of strange furniment
 Towards them driving like a storm out
 sent.
 The charet deckèd was in wondrous wise
 With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
 After the Persian monarch's antique guise,
 Such as the maker self could best by art
 devise.

XXXIX.

And drawn it was (that wonder is to tell)
 Of two grim lions, taken from the wood
 In which their pow'r all others did excel,
 Now made forget their former cruel mood,
 T' obey their rider's hest, as seemèd good:
 And therein sate a lady passing fair
 And bright, that seemèd born of angel's
 brood;
 And, with her beauty bounty did compare,
 Whether of them in her should have the
 greater share.

XL.

Thereto she learnèd was in magic leare,
 And all the arts that subtle wits discover,
 Having therein been trainèd many a year,
 And well instructed by the fay her mother,
 That in the same she far excell'd all other :
 Who, understanding by her mighty art
 Of the evil plight in which her dearest
 brother
 Now stood, came forth in haste, to take his
 part, [smart.
 And pacify the strife which caused so deadly

XLI.

And, as she passèd through th' unruly
 preace
 Of people thronging thick her to behold,
 Her angry team breaking their bonds of
 peace
 Great heaps of them, like sheep in narrow
 fold,
 For haste did over-run in dust enroll'd ;
 That, thorough rude confusion of the rout,
 Some fearing shriek, some being harmèd
 howl'd, [shout,
 Some laugh'd for sport, some did for wonder
 And some, that would seem wise, their
 wonder turn'd to doubt.

XLII.

In her right hand a rod of peace she bore,
 About the which two serpents weren wound,
 Entraylèd mutually in lovely lore,
 And by the tails together firmly bound,
 And both were with one olive garland
 crown'd ; [wield,
 (Like to the rod which Maia's son doth
 Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth con-
 found ;)
 And in her other hand a cup she hild,
 The which was with Nepenthe to the brim
 upfill'd.

XLIII.

Nepenthe is a drink of sovereign grace,
 Devisèd by the gods for to assuage
 Heart's grief, and bitter gall away to chase
 Which stirs up anguish and contentious
 rage :
 Instead thereof sweet peace and quietage
 It doth establish in the troubled mind.
 Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
 Are by the gods to drink thereof assign'd ;
 But such as drink, eternal happiness do
 find.

XLIV.

Such famous men, such worthies of the
 earth,
 As Jove will have advancèd to the sky,
 And there made gods, though born of mor-
 tal birth,
 For their high merits and great dignity,
 Are wont, before they may to heaven fly,
 To drink hereof ; whereby all cares forepast
 Are wash'd away quite from their memory :
 So did those hold heroës hereof taste,
 Before that they in bliss amongst the gods
 were placed.

XLV.

Much more of price and of more gracious
 pow'r
 Is this, than that same water of Ardenne
 The which Rinaldo drunk in happy hour,
 Describèd by that famous Tuscan pen : *
 For that had might to change the hearts of
 men
 Fro love to hate, a change of evil choice :
 But this doth hatred make in love to breinne,
 And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoice.
 Who would not to this virtue rather yield
 his voice !

XLVI.

At last arriving by the listès side
 She with her rod did softly smite the rail,
 Which straight flew off and gave her way
 to ride.
 Eftsoones out of her coach she gan avail,
 And pacing fairly forth did bid all hail
 First to her brother whom she lovèd dear,
 That so to see him made her heart to
 quail ;
 And next to Cambell, whose sad rueful
 cheer
 Made her to change her hue, and hidden
 love t' appear.

XLVII.

They lightly her requite (for small delight
 They had as then her long to entertain,)
 And eft them turnèd both again to fight :
 Which when she saw, down on the bloody
 plain
 Herself she threw, and tears gan shed
 amain ;
 Amongst her tears immixing prayers meek,
 And with her prayers reasons, to restrain
 From bloody strife ; and, blessed peace to
 seek,

* Ariosto.

By all that unto them was dear did them
beseek.

XLVIII.

But whenas all might nought with them
prevail,
She smote them lightly with her powerful
wand :

Then suddenly, as if their hearts did fail,
Their wrathful blades down fell out of their
hand,

And they, like men astonish'd, still did
stand.

Thus whilst their minds were doubtfully
distracted, [band,

And mighty spirits bound with mightier
Her golden cup to them for drink she
raught,

Whereof, full glad for thirst, each drunk an
hearty draught :

XLIX.

Of which so soon as they once tasted had,
Wonder it is that sudden change to see :
Instead of strokes, each other kissèd glad,
And lovely haulst, * from fear of treason
free,

And plighted hands, for ever friends to be.
When all men saw this sudden change of
things,

So mortal foes so friendly to agree,
For passing joy, which so great marvel
brings, [rings,

They all gan shout aloud, that all the heaven

L.

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
In haste she from her lofty chair descended,
To weet what sudden tidings was befell'd :

Where when she saw that cruel war so
ended,

And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
In lovely wise she gan that lady greet,
Which had so great dismay so well amend-
ed ;

And, entertaining her with court'sies meet,
Profess'd to her true friendship and affec-
tion sweet.

LI.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets sounded, and they all arose,
Thence to depart with glee and gladson :
cheer.

Those warlike champions both together
chose

Homeward to march, themselves there to
repose :

And wise Cambina, taking by her side
Fair Canacee as fresh as morning rose,
Unto her coach remounting, home did ride,
Admired of all the people and much glori-
fied.

LII.

Where making joyous feast their days they
spent

In perfect love, devoid of hateful strife,
Allied with bands of mutual complement ;

For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
With whom he led a long and happy life ;
And Cambell took Cambina to his fere,
The which as life were each to other lief.

So all alike did love, and lovèd were,
That since their days such lovers were not
found elsewhere.

CANTO IV.

Satyrene makes a tournament
For love of Florime!! :
Britomart wins the prize from all,
And Artgall doth quell.

I.

It often falls, (as here it erst befell,)
That mortal foes do turn to faithful friends,
And friends profess are changed to foemen
fell :

* Embraced each other.

The cause of both, of both their minds de-
pends ;
And th' end of both, likewise of both their
ends :

For enmity, that of no ill proceeds
But of occasion, with th' occasion ends ;

And friendship, which a faint affection
breeds
Without regard of good, dies like ill-ground-
ed seeds.

II.

That well (me seems) appears by that of
late
Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell;
As als by this; that now a new debate
Stirr'd up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
The which by course befalls me here to
tell:

Who, having those two other knights espied
Marching afore, as ye remember well.
Sent forth their squire to have them both
descried,
And eke those maskèd ladies riding them
beside.

III.

Who back returning told, as he had seen,
That they were doughty knights of dreaded
name;
And those two ladies their two loves un-
seen: *
And therefore wish'd them without blot or
blame
To let them pass at will, for dread of shame,
But Blandamour full of vain-glorious
spright,
And rather stirr'd by his discordful dame,
Upon them gladly would have proved his
night,
But that he yet was sore of his late luckless
fight.

IV.

Yet nigh approaching he them foul bespake,
Disgracing them, himself thereby to grace
As was his wont; so weening way to make
To ladies' love, whereso he came in place,
And with lewd terms their lovers to deface.
Whose sharp provokement them incensed so
sore,
That both were bent t' avenge his usage
base,
And gan their shields address themselves
afore:
For evil deeds may better than bad words
be bore.

V.

But fair Cambina with persuasions mild
Did mitigate the fierceness of their mode,

* Masked—see previous verse.

That for the present they were reconciled,
And gan to treat of deeds of arms abroad,
And strange adventures, all the way they
rode:

Amongst the which they told, as then be-
fell,
Of that great tourney which was blazed
broad,
For that rich girdle of fair Florimell,
The prize of her which did in beauty most
excel.

VI.

To which folk-mote* they all with one con-
sent,
Sittn each of them his lady had him by,
Whose beauty each of them thought excel-
lent.
Agreed to travel, and their fortunes try.
So as they pass'd forth, they did espy
One in bright arms with ready spear in rest.
That toward them his course seem'd to ap-
ply;
Gainst whom Sir Paridell himself address'd,
Him weening, ere he nigh approach'd, to
have repress'd.

VII.

Which th' other seeing gan his course re-
lent,
And vaunted spear eftsoones to disadvantage,
As if he naught but peace and pleasure
meant,
Now fall'n into their fellowship by chance;
Wherent they showèd courteous counte-
nance.
So as he rode with them accompanied,
His roving eye did on the lady glance
Which Blandamour had riding by his side:
Whom sure he ween'd that he somewhere
before had eyed.

VIII.

It was to weet that snowy Florimell,
Which Ferragha late from Braggadochio
won;
Whom he now seeing, her rememb'rd well,
How having reft her from the witch's son,
He soon her lost: wherefore he now begun
To challenge her anew, as his own prize,
Whom formerly he had in battle won,
And proffer made by force her to reprize:
Which scornful offer Blandamour gan soon
despise;

* Gathering of people.

IX.

And said; "Sir Knight, sith ye this lady
claim,
Whom he that hath were loth to lose so
light,
(For so to lose a lady were great shame,
Ye shall her win, as I have done, in fight:
And lo! she shall be placèd here in sight
Together with this hag beside her set,
That whoso wins her may her have by
right;
But he shall have the hag, that is ybet,
And with her always ride, till he another
get."

X.

That offer pleasèd all the company:
So Florimell with Atè forth was brought,
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But Braggadochio said, he never thought
For such an hag, that seemèd worst than
nought,
His person to emperil so in fight:
But if to match that lady they had sought
Another like, that were like fair and bright,
His life he then would spend to justify his
right.

XI.

At which his vain excuse they all gan
smile,
As scorning his unmanly cowardize:
And Florimell him foully gan revile,
That for her sake refusèd to enterprize
The battle, off' red in so knightly wise;
And Ate eke provoked him privily
With love of her, and shame of much mes-
prise.
But naught he cared for friend or enemy.
For in base mind nor friendship dwells nor
enmity.

XII.

But Cambell thus did shut up all in jest;
"Brave knights and ladies, certes ye do
wrong
To stir up strife, when most us needeth rest,
That we may us reserve both fresh and
strong
Against the tournament which is not long,
When whoso list to fight may fight his fill:
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it shall be trièd, if ye will.
Whether shall have the hag, or hold the lady
still."

XIII.

They all agreed; so turning all to game
And pleasant bord,* they past forth on their
way;
And all that while, whereso they rode or
came;
That maskèd mock-knight was their sport
and play.
Till that at length upon th' appointed day
Unto the place of tournament they came;
Where they before them found in fresh
array
Many a brave knight and many a dainty
dame
Assembled for to get the honour of that
game.

XIV.

There this fair crew arriving did divide
Themselves asunder: Blandamour with
those
Of his on th' one, the rest on th' other side.
But boastful Braggadochio rather chose,
For glory vain, their fellowship to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze
alone.
The rest themselves in troops did else dis-
pose,
Like as it seemèd best to every one;
The knights in couples march'd with ladies
link'd attone.

XV.

Then first of all forth came Sir Satyrane,
Bearing that precious relic in an ark
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not pro-
fane; †
Which drawing softly forth out of the dark,
He open show'd that all men it mote mark;
A gorgeous girdle, curiously emboss'd
With pearl and precious stone, worth many
a mark;
Yet did the workmanship far pass the cost:
It was the same which lately Florimell had
lost.

XVI.

The same aloft he hung in open view,
To be the prize of beauty and of might;
The which, eftsoones discover'd, to it drew
The eyes of all, allured with close delight,
And hearts quite robbèd with so glorious
sight,
That all men threw out vows and wishes
vain.
Thrice happy lady, and thrice happy knight,

* Chat or jest.

And hearts quite robbèd with so glorious
sight,
That all men threw out vows and wishes,
vain.
Thrice happy lady, and thrice happy knight,
Them seem'd that could so goodly riches
gain,
So worthy of the peril, worthy of the pain.

XVII.

Then took the bold Sir Satyrane in hand
An huge great spear, such as he wont to
wield,
And 'vancing forth from all the other band
Of knights, address his maiden-headed
shield,
Showing himself all ready for the field :
Gainst whom there singled from the other
side
A Paynim knight that well in arms was
skill'd,
And had in many a battle oft been tried,
Hight Bruncheval the bold, who fiercely
forth did ride.

XVIII.

So furiously they both together met,
That neither could the other's force sus-
tain ;
As two fierce bulls, that strive the rule to
get
Of all the herd, meet with so hideous main,
That both rebutted tumble on the plain ;
So these two champions to the ground were
fell'd ;
Where in a maze they both did long remain,
And in their hands their idle truncheons
held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to
wield.

XIX.

Which when the noble Ferramont espied,
He prickèd forth in aid of Satyran ;
And him against Sir Blandamour did ride
With all the strength and stiffness that he
can :
But the more strong and stiffly that he ran,
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
That on a heap were tumbled horse and
man :
Unto whose rescue forth rode Paridell ;
But him likewise with that same spear he
eke did quell.

XX.

Which Braggadochio seeing had no will
To hasten greatly to his party's aid,

Albe his turn were next ; but stood there
still,
As one that seemèd doubtful or dismay'd :
But Triamond, half wroth to see him
stay'd,
Sternly stept forth and raught away his
spear,
With which so sore he Ferramont assay'd,
That horse and man to ground he quite did
bear,
That neither could in haste themselves again
uprear.

XXI.

Which to avenge, Sir Devon him did dight
But with no better fortune than the rest ;
For him likewise he quickly down did
smite ;
And after him Sir Douglas him address'd ;
And after him Sir Palimord forth press'd ;
But none of them against his strokes could
stand ;
But, all the more, the more his praise in-
creased :
For either they were left upon the land,
Or went away sore wounded of his hapless
hand.

XXII.

And now by this Sir Satyran abraid
Out of the swoon, in which too long he lay ;
And looking round about, like one dis-
may'd,
Whenas he saw the merciless affray
Which doughty Triamond had wrought that
day
Unto the noble knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almost rend in tway
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himself he wish'd have been than in so bad
a stead.

XXIII.

Eftsoones he gan to gather up around
His weapons which lay scatter'd all abroad,
And, as it fell, his steed he ready found :
On whom remounting fiercely forth he rode,
Like spark of fire that from the anvil glode,
There where he saw the valiant Triamond
Chasing, and laying on them heavy load,
That none his force were able to withstand ;
So dreadful were his strokes, so deadly was
his hand.

XXIV.

With that, at him his beamlike spear he
aim'd,

And thereto all his power and might applied :

The wicked steel for mischief first ordain'd
And having now misfortune got for guide,
Stay'd not it till arriv'd in his side,
And therein made a very griesly wound,
That streams of blood his armour all be-
dyed.

Much was he daunted with that direful
stownd,
That scarce he him upheld from falling in a
swound.

XXV.

Yet, as he might, himself he soft withdrew
Out of the field, that none perceived it
plain :

Then gan the Part of Challengers * anew
To range the field, and victorlike to reign,
That none against them battle durst main-
tain.

By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forc'd them from fighting to refrain,
And trumpets' sound to cease did them
compel :

So Satyrane that day was judged to bear the
bell.

XXVI.

The morrow next the tourney gan anew ;
And with the first the hardy Satyrane
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew :
On th' other side full many a warlike swain
Assembled were, that glorious prize to
gain.

But mongst them all was not Sir Triamond ;

Unable he new battle to darrayne,
Through grievance of his late receiv'd
wound,

That doubly did him grieve when so himself
he found.

XXVII.

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not
salve,

Ne done undo, yet, for to salve his name
And purchase honour in his friend's be-
halve,

This goodly counterfesance he did frame :
The shield and arms, well known to be the
same

Which Triamond had worn, unawares to
wight

And to his friend unwist, for doubt of blame
If he misdid, he on himself did light,

* The Party of the Challengers.

That none could him discern ; and so went
forth to fight.

XXVIII.

There Satyrane lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great joy and jollity ;
Gainst whom none able was to stand on
ground ;

That much he gan his glory to envy,
And cast t'avenge his friend's indignity :
A mighty spear eftswoones at him he bent ;
Who, seeing him come on so furiously,
Met him mid-way with equal hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together
went.

XXIX.

They up again themselves can lightly rear,
And to their tri'd swords themselves be-
take ;

With which they wrought such wondrous
marvels there,

That all the rest it did amaz'd make,
Ne any dared their peril to partake ;
Now cuffing close, now chasing to and fro,
Now hurtling round advantage for to take :
As two wild boars together grappling go,
Chafing and foaming choler each against his
foe.

XXX.

So as they coursed, and tourney'd here and
there,

It chanced Sir Satyrane his steed at last,
Whether through found'ring or through
sudden fear

To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast ;
Which vantage Cambell did pursue so fast,
That, ere himself he had recover'd well,
So sore he soused him on the compass'd
crest,

That forc'd him to leave his lofty sell,
And rudely tumbling down under his horse-
feet fell.

XXXI.

Lightly Cambello leapt down from his
steed

For to have rent his shield and arms away,
That whylome wont to be the victor's meed ;
When all unwares 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 prey ;
All which at once huge strokes on him did
pound,

In hope to take him prisoner, where he stood
on ground.

XXXII.

He with their multitude was nought dismay'd
 But with stout courage turn'd upon them all,
 And with his brand-iron round about him laid ;
 Of which he dealt large alms, as did befall :
 Like as a lion, that by chance doth fall
 Into the hunters' toil, doth rage and roar,
 In royal heart disdain'd to be thrall :
 But all in vain : for what might one do more ?
 They have him taken captive, though it grieve him sore.

XXXIII.

Whereof when news to Triamond was brought
 There as he lay, his wound he soon forgot,
 And starting up straight for his armour sought :
 In vain he sought ; for there he found it not ;
 Cambello it away before had got :
 Cambello's arms therefore he on him threw,
 And lightly issued forth to take his lot.
 There he in troop found all that warlike crew
 Leading his friend away full sorry to his view.

XXXIV.

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
 He thrust, and smothe down all that was between
 Carried with fervent zeal ; ne did he cease,
 Till that he came where he had Cambell seen
 Like captive thrall two other knights atween :
 There he amongst them cruel havoc makes,
 That they, which lead him, soon enforced been
 To let him loose to save their proper stakes ;
 Who, being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

XXXV.

With that he drives at them with dreadful might,
 Both in remembrance of his friend's late harm,
 And in revengement of his own despite :
 So both together give a new alarm,
 As if but now the battle wax'd warm.
 As when two greedy wolves do break by force
 Into an herd, far from the husband farm,

They spoil and ravine without all remorse :
 So did these two through all the field their
 foes enforce.

XXXVI.

Fiercely they follow'd on their bold emprise,
 Till trumpets sound did warn them all to rest :
 Then all with one consent did yield the prize
 To Triamond and Cambell as the best :
 But Triamond to Cambell it releast,
 And Cambell it to Triamond transferr'd ;
 Each labouring t' advance the other's gest,
 And make his praise before his own prefer'd :
 So that the doom was to another day deferr'd.

XXXVII.

The last day came ; when all those knights again
 Assembled were their deeds of arms to show.
 Full many deeds that day were show'd plain :
 But Satyrane, bove all the other crew,
 His wondrous worth declared in all men's view ;
 For from the first he to the last endured :
 And though some while Fortune from him withdrew,
 Yet evermore his honour he recured,
 And with unwearied pow'r his party still assured.

XXXVIII.

Ne was there knight that ever thought of arms,
 But that his utmost prowess there made known :
 That, by their many wounds and careless harms,
 By shiver'd spears and swords all under strown,
 By scatter'd shields, was easy to be shown.
 There might ye see loose steeds at random run,
 Whose luckless riders late were overthrow'n ;
 And squares make haste to help their lords foredone :
 But still the knights of Maidenhead the better won.

XXXIX.

Till that there ent'rd on the other side
 A stranger knight, from whence no man could read,
 In quaint disguise, full hard to be descried :
 For all his armour was like savage weed

With woody moss bedight, and all his steed
 With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemèd fit
 For savage wight, and thereto well agræd
 His word, which on his ragged shield was
 writ,

Salvagesse sans finesse, showing secret wit.

XL.

He, at the first incoming, charged his spear
 At him that first appearèd in his sight;
 That was to weet the stout Sir Sangliere,
 Who well was known to be a valiant knight,
 Approvèd oft in many a perlous fight:
 Him at the first encounter down he smote,
 And overbore beyond his crupper quite;
 And after him another knight, that hote
 Sir Brianor, so sore, that none him life
 behote.

XLI.

Then, ere his hand he rear'd, he overthrew
 Seven knights one after other as they came:
 And, when his spear was burst, his sword
 he drew
 The instrument of wrath, and with the same
 Fared like a lion in his bloody game,
 Hewing and slashing shields and helmets
 bright,
 And beating down whatever nigh him came,
 That every one gan shun his dreadful sight
 No less than death itself, in dangerous
 affright.

XLII.

Much wond' red all men what or whence he
 came,
 That did amongst the troops so tyrannise;
 And each of other gan inquire his name:
 But, when they could not learn it by no wise,
 Most answerable to his wild disguise
 It seemèd, him to term the Savage Knight:
 But certes his right name was otherwise,
 Though known to few that Artegall he
 hight,
 The doughtiest knight that lived that day,
 and most of might.

XLIII.

Thus was Sir Satyrane with all his band
 By his sole manhood and achievement stout
 Dismay'd, that none of them in field durst
 stand,
 But beaten were and chasèd all about.
 So he continued all that day throughout,
 Till evening that the sun gan downward
 bend:
 Then rushèd forth out of the thickest rout

A stranger knight that did his glory shend:
 So nought may be esteenèd happy till the
 end!

XLIV.

He at his entrance charged his pow'rful
 spear
 At Artegall, in midst of his pride,
 And therewith smote him on his umbriere
 So sore, that tumbling back he down did
 slide
 Over his horse's tail above a stride;
 Whence little lust he had to rise again.
 Which Cambell seeing, much the same
 envied,
 And ran at him with all his might and main;
 But shortly was likewise seen lying on the
 plain,

XLV.

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
 And cast t'avenge the shame done to his
 friend:
 But by his friend himself eke soon he fond,
 In no less need of help than him he ween'd.
 All which when Blandamour from end to
 end
 Beheld, he woxe therewith displeasèd sore,
 And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
 His spear he feut' red, and at him it bore;
 But with no better fortune than the rest
 afore.

XLVI.

Full many others at him likewise ran;
 But all of them likewise dismounted were:
 Ne certes wonder; for no pow'r of man
 Could bide the force of that enchanted spear,
 The which this famous Britomart did bear;
 With which she wondrous deeds of arms
 achieved
 And overthrew whatever came her near,
 That all those stranger knights full sore
 agrieved,
 And that late weaker band of challengers
 relievèd.

XLVII.

Like as in summer's day when raging heat
 Doth burn the earth and boileð rivers dry,
 That all brute beasts forced to refrain fro
 meat
 Do hunt for shade where shrouded they
 may lie,
 And, missing it, fain from themselves to fly;
 All travellers tormented are with pain:
 A wat'ry cloud doth overcast the sky,

And poureth forth a sudden show'r of rain,
That all the wretched world recomforteth
again :

XLVIII.

So did the warlike Britomart restore
The prize to knights of Maidenhead that day,
Which else was like to have been lost ; and
bore

The praise of prowess from them all away.
Then shrilling trumpets loudly gan to bray,
And bade them leave their labours and long
toil

To joyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauty's prize should win that pre-
cious spoil :
Where I with sound of trump will also rest
awhile.

CANTO V.

The ladies for the girdle strive
Of famous Florimell :
Scudamore, coming to Care's house
Doth sleep from him expel.

I.

It hath been through all ages ever seen,
That with the praise of arms and chivalry
The prize of beauty still hath joined been ;
And that for reasons special privy ;
For either doth on other much rely :
For he meseems most fit the fair to serve,
That can her best defend from villainy ;
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never
swerve.

II.

So fitly now here cometh next in place,
After the proof of prowess ended well,
The controverse of beauty's sovereign grace ;
In which, to hea. that doth the most excel,
Shall fall the girdle of fair Florimell :
That many wish to win for glory vain,
And not for virtuous use, which some do tell
That glorious belt did in itself contain,
Which ladies ought to love, and seek for to
obtain.

III.

That girdle gave the virtue of chaste love
And wifehood true to all that did it bear ;
But whosoever contrary doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle wear
But it would loose, or else asunder tear.
Whylome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame Venus' girdle, by her 'steemèd dear
What time she used to live in wifely sort,
But laid aside whenso she used her looser
sport.

IV.

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
When first he lovèd her with heart entire.
This precious ornament, they say, did
make,
And wrought in Lemnos with unquenchèd
fire :
And afterwards did for her love's first hire
Give it to her, for ever to remain,
Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
And loose affections straitly to restrain ;
Which virtue it for ever after did retain.

V.

The same one day, when she herself dis-
posed
To visit her beloved paramour,
The good of war, she from her middle
loosed,
And left behind her in her secret bow'r
On Acidalian mount, where many an hour
She with the pleasant Graces wont to play.
There Florimell in her first age's flow'r
Was foster'd by those Graces, (as they
say,)
And brought with her from thence that
goodly belt away.

VI.

That goodly belt was Cestus hight by
name,
And as her life by her esteemèd dear :
No wonder then, if that to win the same
So many ladies sought, as shall appear ;

For peerless she was thought that it did
bear.

And now by this their feast all being ended,
The judges, which thereto selected were,
Into the Martian field adown descended
To deem this doubtful case, for which they
all contended.

VII.

But first was question made, which of those
knights

That lately touney'd had the wager won :
There was it judgèd, by those worthy
wights,

That Satyrane the first day best had done :
For he last ended, having first begun.

The second was to Triamond belight,
For that he saved the victor from for-
donne :

For Cambell victor was, in all men's sight,
Till by mishap he in his foeman's hand did
light.

VIII.

The third day's prize unto that stranger
knight,

Whom all men term'd knight of the ebon
spear,

To Britomart was given by good right ;
For that with puissant stroke she down did
bear

The savage knight that victor was whileare,
And all the rest which had the best afore,
And, to the last, unconquer'd did appear ;
For last is deemèd best : to her therefore
The fairest lady was adjudgèd for par-
amour.

IX.

But thereat greatly grudget Artegal
And much repined, that both of victor's
meed

And eke of honor she did him forestall :
Yet mote he not withstand what was de-
creed ;

But inly thought of that despiteful deed
Fit time t'await avengèd for to be.
This being ended thus, and all agreed
The next ensued the paragon to see
Of beauty's praise, and yield the fairest her
due fee.

X.

Then first Cambello brought into their view
His fair Cambina cover'd with a veil ;
Which being once withdrawn, most perfect
hue

And passing beauty did eftsoones reveal,
That able was weak hearts away to steal.
Next did Sir Triamond unto their sight
The face of his dear Canacee unheale ;
Whose beauty's beam eftsoones did shine so
bright,
That dazed the eyes of all, as with exceed-
ing light.

XI.

And after her did Paridell produce
His false Duessa, that she might be seen ;
Who with her forgèd beauty did seduce
The hearts of some that fairest did her
ween ;

As diverse wits affected divers been.
Then did Sir Ferramont unto them show
His Lucida, that was full fair and sheen ;
And after these an hundred ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did
outgo.

XII.

All which whoso dare think for to enchase,
Him needeth sure a golden pen I ween
To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For, since the day that they created been,
So many heavenly faces were not seen
Assembled in one place : ne he that thought
For Chian folk to pourtray beauty's queen,
By view of all the fairest to him brought,
So many fair did see, as here he might have
sought.

XIII.

Atlant, the most redoubted Britoness
Her lovely Amoret did open show ;
Whose face, discover'd, plainly did express
The heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue.
Well weened all, which her that time did
view,

That she should surely bear the bell away ;
Till Blandamour, who thought he had the
true

And very Florimell, did her display :
The sight of whom once seen did all the rest
dismay.

XIV.

For all afore that seemèd fair and bright,
Now base and contemptible did appear,
Compared to her that shone as Phebe's
light
Amongst the lesser stars in evening clear.
All that her saw with wonder ravish'd
were,

And ween'd no mortal creature she should
be,
But some celestial shape that flesh did
bear:
Yet all were glad there Florimell to see;
Yet thought that Florimell was not so fair
as she.

xv.

As guileful goldsmith that by secret skill
With golden foil doth finely over-spread
Some baser metal, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold instead.
He much more goodly gloss thereon doth
shed
To hide his falsehood, than if it were true:
So hard this idol was to be aread,
That Florimell herself in all men's view
She seem'd to pass. So forgèd things do
fairest shew.

xvi.

Then was that golden belt by doom 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 be-
came;
But by no means they could it thereto
frame:
For, ever as they fast'ned it, it loosed;
And fell away, as feeling secret blame,
Full oft about her waist she it enclosed;
And it as oft was from about her waist dis-
closed:

xvii.

That all men wond'red at the uncouth
sight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies
came:
But she herself did thinke it done for spite,
And touchèd was with secret wrath and
shame
Therewith, as thing devised her to defame.
Then many other ladies likewise tried
About their tender loins to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it
was untied.

xviii.

Which when that scornful Squire of Dames
did view,
He loudly gan to laugh, and thus to jest;
"Alas for pity that so fair a crew,
As like cannot be seen from east to west,

Cannot find one this girdle to invest!
Fie on the man that did it first invent,
To shame us all with this, *ungirt unblest!*
Let never lady to his love assent,
That hath this day so many so unmanly
shent."

xix.

Thereat all knights gan laugh, and ladies
lour:
Till that at last the gentle Amoret
Likewise assay'd to prove that girdle's
pow'r;
And, having it about her middle set,
Did find it fit withouten breach or let;
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envy:
But Florimell exceedingly did fret,
And, snatching from her hand half angrily
The belt again, about her body gan it tie:

xx.

Yet nathemore would it her body fit;
Yet nathless to her, as her due right,
It yielded was by them that judgèd it;
And she herself adjudgèd to the knight
That bore the ebon spear, as won in fight.
But Britomart would not thereto assent,
Ne her own Amoret forego so light
For that strange dame, whose beauty's won-
derment
She less esteem'd than th' other's virtuous
government.

xxi.

Whom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselves to
get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse,
But, after that, the judges did arret her
Unto the second best that loved her better;
That was the savage knight; but he was
gone
In great displeasure, that he could not get
her.
Then was she judgèd Triamond his one;
But Triamond loved Canacee and other
none.

xxii.

Tho unto Satyrane she was adjudged,
Who was right glad to gain so goodly
meed:
But Blandamour thereat full greatly grud-
ged,
And little praised his labour's evil speed,
That for to win the saddle lost the steed.
Ne less thereat did Paridell complain,

And thought t' appeal, from that which was
decreed,

To single combat with Sir Satyrane :
Thereto him Atè stirr'd, new discord to
maintain.

XXIII.

And eke, with these, full many other
knights

She through her wicked working did in-
cense

Her to demand and challenge as their
rights,

Deservéd for their perils' recompense,
Amongst the rest, with boastful vain pre-
tence

Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thrall
Her claim'd by him in battle won long
since :

Whereto herself he did to witness call ;
Who, being ask'd, accordingly confessed all.

XXIV.

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyrane ;
And wroth with Satyrane was Blandamour ;

And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan ;
And at them both Sir Paridell did lour,

So altogether stirr'd up strifeful stoure,
And ready were new battle to darrayne :

Each one profess'd to be her paramour,
And vow'd with spear and shield it to main-
tain ;

Ne judge's pow'r, ne reason's rule, mote
them restrain.

XXV.

Which troublous stir when Satyrane avised
He gan to cast how to appease the same,

And, to accord them all, this means de-
vised :

First in the midst to set that fairest dame,
To whom each one his challenge should dis-
claim,

And he himself his right would eke release ;
Then, look to whom she voluntary came,

He sought without disturbance her possess :
*Sweet is the love that comes alone with wil-
lingness.*

XXVI.

They all agreed ; and then that snowy
maid

Was in the midst placed among them all :
All on her gazing wish'd, and vow'd, and
pray'd,

And to the queen of beauty close did call,
That she unto their portion might befall.

Then when] she long had look'd upon each
one,

As though she wishèd to have pleased them
all,

At last to Braggadochio' self alone
She came of her accord, in spite of all his
fone.

XXVII.

Which when they all beheld, they chafed
and raged,

And woxe nigh mad for very heart's de-
spite,

That from revenge their wills they scarce
assuaged.

Some thought from him her to have reft by
might ;

Some proffer made with him for her to
fight :

But he nought cared for all that they could
say ;

For he their words as wind esteemèd light :
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,

But secretly from thence that night her bore
away.

XXVIII.

They which remain'd, so soon as they per-
ceived

That she was gone, departed thence with
speed,

And follow'd them, in mind her to have
reaved

From wight unworthy 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 need

The hard adventures and strange haps to
tell ;

Since with the rest she went not after Flo-
rimell.

XXIX.

For soon as she them saw to discord set,
Her list no longer in that place abide ;

But, taking with her lovely Amoret,
Upon her first adventure forth did ride,

To seek her loved, making blind love her
guide.

Unlucky maid, to seek her enemy !
Unlucky maid, to seek him far and wide,

Whom, when he was unto herself most
nigh,

She through his late disguisement could
him not descry !

XXX.

So much the more her grief, the more her
toil :

Yet neither toil nor grief she once did spare,
In seeking him that should her pain assoil ;
Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
Was Amoret, companion of her care :

Who likewise sought her lover long mis-
went,

The gentle Scudamore, whose heart while-
are

That strifeful hag with jealous discontent
Had fill'd, that he to fell revenge was fully
bent ;

XXXI.

Bent to revenge on blameless Britomart
The crime which curs'd Atè kindled erst,
The which like thorns did prick his jealous
heart,

And through his soul like poison'd arrow
pierced,

That by no reason it might be reversed,
For ought that Glauçè could or do or say :
For, aye the more that she the same re-
hears'd,

The more it gall'd and grieved him night
and day,

That nought but dire revenge his anger
mote defray.

XXXII.

So as they travellèd, the drooping night,
Cover'd with cloudy storm and bitter
shower,

That dreadful seem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely hour ;
That forcèd them to seek some covert
bower,

Where they might hide their heads in quiet
rest,

And shroud their persons from that stormy
stowre.

Not far away, not meet for any guest,
They spied a little cottage, like some poor
man's nest ;

XXXIII.

Under a steep hill's side it placèd was,
There where the mould'ed earth had caved
the bank ;

And fast beside a little brook did pass
Of muddy water, that like puddle stank,
By which few crooked shallows grew in rank :
Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the
sound

Of many iron hammers beating rank,
And answering their weary turns around,
That seemèd some blacksmith dwelt in that
desert ground.

XXXIV.

There ent'ring in, they found the goodman'
self

Full busily unto his work ybent,
Who was to weet a wretched weirish elf,
With hollow eyes and rawbone cheeks fore-
spent,

As if he had in prison long been pent :
Full black and grisly did his face appear,
Besmear'd with smoke that nigh his eye-
sight blent ;

With rugged beard, and hoary shaggèd hair,
The which he never wont to comb, or
comely shear.

XXXV.

Rude was his garment, and to rage all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared :

With blist'ed hands amongst the cinders
brent,

And fingers filthy, with long nails unpared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared,
His name was Care ; a blacksmith by his
trade,

That neither day nor night from working
spared,

But to small purpose iron wedges made ;
Those be unquiet thoughts that careful
minds invade.

XXXVI.

In which his work he had six servants
press'd

About the anvil standing evermore
With huge great hammers, that did never
rest

From heaping strokes which thereon souse'd
sore :

All six strong grooms, but one than other
more ;

For by degrees they all were disagreed ;
So likewise did the hammers which they
bore

Like bells in greatness orderly succeed,
That he, which was the last, the first did far
exceed.

XXXVII.

He like a monstrous giant seem'd in sight,
Far passing Bronteus or Pyracmon great,
The which in Lipari do day and night

Frame thunderbolts for Jove's avengeful
threat :

So dreadfully he did the anvil beat,
That seem'd to dust he shortly would it
drive :

So huge his hammer, and so fierce his heat,
That seem'd a rock of diamond it could
rive

And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list
strive.

XXXVIII.

Sir Scudamore there ent'ring much admired
The manner of their work and weary pain :
And, having long beheld, at last enquired
The cause and end thereof ; but all in vain ;
For they for nought would from their work
refrain,

Ne let his speeches come unto their ear.

And eke the breathful bellows blew amain,
Like to the northern wind, that none could
hear ;

Those Pensiveness did move ; and Sighs the
bellows were.

XXXIX.

Which when that warrior saw, he said no
more,

But in his armour laid him down to rest :
To rest he laid him down upon the floor
(Whylome for vent'rous knights the bedding
best,)

And thought his weary limbs to have re-
drest,

And that old agèd dame, his faithful squire
Her feeble joints laid eke adown to rest ;
That needed much her weak age to desire,
After so long a travel which them both did
tire.

XL.

There lay Sir Scudamore long while ex-
pecting

When gentle sleep his heavy eyes would
close ;

Oft changing sidcs, and oft new place elect-
ing,

Where better seem'd he mote himself re-
pose ;

And oft in wrath he thence again uprose ;
And oft in wrath he laid him down again.
But, wheresoe'er he did himself dispose,
He by no means could wish'd ease obtain ;
So every place seem'd painful, and each
changing vain.

XLI.

And evermore, when he to sleep did think,
The hammers' sound his senses did molest ;
And evermore, when he began to wink,
The bellows' noise disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suff' red sleep to settle in his breast.

And all the night the dogs did bark and
howl

About the house, at scent of stranger guest :
And now the crowing cock, and now the
owl

Loud shrieking, him afflicted to the very
soul.

XLII.

And, if by fortune any litle nap
Upon his heavy eye-lids chanced to fall,
Eitsoones one of those villains him did rap
Upon his head-piece with his iron mall ;
That he was soon awakèd therewithal,
And lightly started up as one afraid,
Or as if one him suddenly did call :
So oftentimes he out of sleep abray'd,
And then lay musing long on that him ill
appay'd.

XLIII.

So long he musèd, and so long he lay,
That at the last his weary spright oppress'd
With fleshly weakness, which no creature
may

Long time resist, gave place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soon arrest :
Yet, in his soundest sleep, his daily fear
His idle brain gan busily molest,
And made him dream those two disloyal
were :

The things, that day most minds, at night
do most appear.

XLIV.

With that the wicked carle, the master
smith

A pair of red-hot iron tongs did take
Cut of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his side him nipp'd ; that, forced to
wake,

He felt his heart for very pain to quake,
And started up avenged for to be
On him the which his quiet slumber brake :
Yet, looking round about him, none could
see ;

Yet did the smart remain, though he himself
did flee.

XLV.

In such disquiet and heart-fretting pain
He all that night, that too long night, did
pass.

And now the day out of the ocean main,
Began to peep above this earthly mass,
With pearly dew sprinkling the morning
grass :

Then up he rose like heavy lump of lead,
That in his face, as in a looking glass,
The signs of anguish one mote plainly read,
And guess the man to be dismay'd with
jealous dread.

XLVI.

Unto his lofty steed he clomb anon,
And forth upon his former voyage fared,
And with him eke that agèd squire attone ;
Who, whatsoever peril was prepared,
Both equal pains and equal peril shared :
The end whereof and dangerous event
Shall for another canticle be spared :
But here my weary team, nigh over-spent,
Shall breath itself awhile after so long a
went.*

* Going a journey.

CANTO VI.

Both Scudamore and Artegal
Do fight with Britomart :
He sees her face ; doth fall in love,
And soon from her depart.

I.

WHAT equal torment to the grief of mind,
And pining anguish hid in gentle heart,
That my feeds itself with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her own consuming smart !
What medicine can any leech's art,
Yield such a sore, that doth her grievance
hide,
And will to none her malady impart !
Such was the wound that Scudamore did
gryde ;
For which Dan Phœbus' self cannot a salve
provide.

II.

Who having left that restless house of Care,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholy and sad misfere
Through misconceit, all unawares espied
An armèd knight under a forest side
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steed ;
Who, soon as them approaching he de-
scried,
Gan towards them to prick with eager speed,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mis-
chievous deed.

III.

Which Scudamore perceiving forth issued,
To have rencount'ed him in equal race ;

But, soon as th' other nigh approaching
view'd
The arms he bore, his spear he gan abase
And void his course ; at which so sudden
case
He wond' red much : but th' other thus can
say ;
" Ah ! gentle Scudamore, unto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespass'd this
day."

IV.

Whereto thus Scudamore ; " Small harm it
were
For any knight upon a vent'rous knight
Without displeasance for to prove his spear.
But read you, sir, sith ye my name have
highlight,
What is your own, that I mote you requite."
" Certes," said he, " ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you by name aright :
For time yet serves that I the same refuse ;
But call ye me the Savage Knight, as others
use."

V.

" Then this, sir Savage Knight," quoth he,
" aread,
Or do you here within this forest wonne,

That seemeth well to answer to your weed *
Or have ye it for some occasion done ?
That rather seems, sith knowne arms ye
shone."

"This other day," said he, "a stranger
knight

Shame and dishonour hath unto me done ;
On whom I wait to wreak that foul despite,
Whenever he this way shall pass by day or
night."

VI.

"Shame be is meed," gooth he, "that
meaneth shame !

But what is he by whom ye shamèd were ?"
"A stranger knight," said he, "unknown
by name,

But known by fame, and by an ebon spear
With which he all that met him down did
bear.

He, in an open tourney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did rear ;
And having me, all weary erst, down fell'd,
The fairest lady reft, and ever since with-
held "

VII.

When Scudamore heard mention of that
spear,

He wist right well that it was Britomart,
The which from him his fairest love did
bear.

Tho gan he swell in every inner part
For fell despite, and gnaw his jealous heart,
That thus he sharply said ; " Now by my
head,

Yet is not this the first unknighthly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his lance
I read,

Hath done to noble knights, that many
makes him dread :

VIII.

" For lately he my love hath fro me reft,
And eke defilèd with foul villainy
The sacred pledge which in his faith was
left,

In shame of knighthood and fidelity ;
The which ere long full dear he shall aby ;
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may help or succour ought sup-
ply,

It shall not fail whenso ye shall it need."
So both to wreak their wraths on Britomart
agreed.

* Your attire—or have you assumed it for
some purpose.

IX.

Whiles thus they communèd, lo ! far away
A knight soft riding towards them they
spied,

Attired in foreign arms and strange array :
Whom when they nigh approach'd they
plain descried

To be the same for whom they did abide.
Said then Sir Scudamore, " Sir Savage
Knight,

Let me this crave, sith first I was defied,
That first I may that wrong to him requite :
And, if I hap to fail, you shall recure my
right."

X.

Which being yielded, he his threatful spear
Gan feuter, and against her fiercely ran,
Who soon as she him saw approaching near
With so fell rage, herself she lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him well as she can ;
But entertain'd him in so rude a wise,
That to the ground she smote both horse
and man ;

Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
But on their common harms together did
devise.

XI.

But Artegal, beholding his mischance,
New matter added to his former fire ;
And, eft avent'ring * his steel-headed lance,
Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
That nought but spoil and vengeance did
require :

But to himself his felonous intent
Returning, disappointed his desire,
Whiles unawares his saddle he forewent,
And found himself on ground in great
amazement.

XII.

Lightly he started up out of that stound,
And snatching forth his direful deadly
blade

Did leap to her, as doth an eager hound
Thrust to an hind within some covert glade,
Whom without peril he cannot invade :
With such fell greediness he her assail'd,
That though she mounted were, yet he her
made [prevail'd,]
To give him ground, (so much his force

XIII.

So, as they coursèd here and there, it
chanced

* Pushing forward.

That, in her wheeling round, behind her
crest
So sorely he her struck, that thence it
glanced
Adown her back, the which it fairly blest
From foul mischance; ne did it ever rest,
Till on her horse's hinder parts it fell;
Where biting deep so deadly it impress'd
That quite it chined his back behind the
sell,
And to alight on foot, her algates did com-
pel:

XIV.

Like as the lightning-brand from riven sky,
Thrown out by angry Jove in his vengeance,
With dreadful force falls on some steeple
high,
Which batt'ring down, it on the church doth
glance,
And tears it all with terrible mischance.
Yet she no wit dismay'd her steed forsook;
And, casting from her that enchanted lance,
Unto her sword and shield her soon betook;
And therewithal at him right furiously she
strook.

XV.

So furiously she struck in her first heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathless
was,
That she him forcèd backward to retreat,
And yield unto her weapon way to pass:
Whose raging rigour neither steel nor brass
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple blood forth on the
grass;
That all his mail yriued, and plates yrent,
Show'd all his body bare unto the cruel
dent.

XVI.

At length, whenas he saw her hasty heat
Abate, and panting breath began to fail,
He through long suff'rance growing now
more great
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh
assail,
Heaping huge strokes as thick as show'r of
hail,
And lashing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her soul to disentrayle.
Ah! cruel hand, and thrice more cruel
heart,
That workst such wreck on her to whom
thou dearest art!

XVII.

What iron courage ever could endure
To work such outrage on so fair a creature;
And in his madness think with hands im-
pure
To spoil so goodly workmanship of nature,
The Maker' self resembling in her feature!
Certes some hellish fury or some fiend,
This mischief framed, for their first love's
defeature,
To bathe their hands in blood of dearest
friend,
Therewith to make their love's beginning their
life's end.

XVIII.

Thus long they traced and traversed to and
fro,
Sometimes pursuing, and sometimes pur-
sued,
Still as advantage they espied thereto:
But toward th' end Sir Artegall renew'd
His strength still more, but she still more
decrew'd.
At last his luckless hand he heaved on high,
Having his forces all in one accrued,
And therewith struck at her so hideously,
That seemèd nought but death mote be her
destiny.

XIX.

The wicked stroke upon her helmet chanced,
And with the force, which in itself it bore,
Her ventail shear'd away, and thence forth
glanced
Adown in vain, ne harm'd her any more.
With that, her angel's face, unseen afore,
Like to the ruddy morn appear'd in sight,
Dewèd with silver drops through sweating
sore;
But somewhat redder than beseem'd aright,
Through toilsome heat and labour of her
weary fight:

XX.

And round about the same her yellow hair,
Having through stirring loosed their wonted
band,
Like to a golden border did appear,
Framèd in goldsmith's forge with cunning
hand:
Yet goldsmith's cunning could not under-
stand
To frame such subtle wire, so shiny clear
For it did glisten like the golden sand,
The which Pactolus with his waters sheer,
Throws forth upon the rivage round about
him near.



And he himself, long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly down upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddess he did see.

Book IV., Canto VI., Stanza XXII., p. 317.

The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that every entry should be clearly documented and supported by appropriate evidence. This ensures transparency and accountability in the financial process.

Furthermore, it is noted that regular audits are essential to identify any discrepancies or errors. By conducting these audits frequently, potential issues can be addressed promptly, preventing them from escalating into larger problems. This proactive approach is crucial for maintaining the integrity of the financial system.

In addition, the document highlights the need for clear communication between all parties involved. Regular meetings and reports should be used to keep everyone informed of the current status and any changes that may occur. This collaborative effort is key to achieving the organization's financial goals.

Finally, it is stressed that adherence to established financial policies and procedures is non-negotiable. Consistent application of these rules helps to create a stable and predictable financial environment, which is necessary for long-term success.

XXI.

And as his hand he up again did rear,
Thinking to work on her his utmost wrack,
His pow'rless arm, benumb'd with secret
fear,
From his revengeful purpose shrank aback,
And cruel sword out of his fingers slack
Fell down to ground, as if the steel had
sense
And felt some ruth, or sense his hand did
lack,
Or both of them did think obedience
To do to so divine a beauty's excellence.

XXII.

And he himself, long gazing thereupon,
At last fell humbly down upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heavenly goddess he did see,
Or else unweeting what it else might be ;
And pardon her besought his error frail,
That had done outrage in so high degree :
Whilst trembling horror did his sense assail
And made each member quake, and manly
heart to quail.

XXIII.

Nathless she, full of wrath for that late
stroke,
All that long while upheld her wrathful
hand,
With full intent on him to been ywroke ;
And, looking stern, still over him did stand,
Threat'ning to strike unless he would with-
stand ;
And bade him rise, or surely he should die.
But, die or live, for nought he would up-
stand ;
But her of pardon pray'd more earnestly,
Or wreak on him her will for so great in-
jury.

XXIV.

Which whenas Scudamore, who now abray'd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not far aside,
He was there with right wondrously dis-
may'd ;
And drawing nigh, whenas he plain de-
scribed
That peerless pattern of Dame Nature's
pride
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himself as one sore terrified ;
And, turning fear to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestial vision.

XXV.

But Glauçè, seeing all that chanced there,
Well weetung how their error to assoil,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew
near,
And her salued * with seemly bel-accoyle,
Joyous to see her safe after long toil :
Then her besought, as she to her was dear,
To grant unto those warriors truce awhile ;
Which yielded, they their beavers up did
rear,
And show'd themselves to her such as in-
deed they were.

XXVI.

When Britomart with sharp aviseful eye
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall
Temp'red with sternness and stout majesty,
She gan eftsoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which, in her father's hall,
Long since in that enchanted glass she saw :
Therewith her wrathful courage gan appal,
And haughty spirits meekly to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand she down can soft
withdraw.

XXVII.

Yet she it forced to have again upheld,
As feignung choler which was turn'd to
cold :
But ever, when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell down, and would no longer
hold
The wrathful weapon gainst his count'nance
boid :
But, when in vain to fight she oft assay'd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him
to scold :
Nathless her tongue not to her will obey'd,
But brought forth speeches mild when she
would have missaid.

XXVIII.

But Scudamore, now woxen inly glad
That all his jealous fear he false had found,
And how that hag his love abused had
With breach of faith and loyalty unsound,
The which long time his grievèd heart did
wound,
He thus bespake : " Certes, Sir Artegall,
I joy to see you lout so low on ground,
And now become to live a lady's thrall.
That whylone in your mind wont to despise
them all."

* Saluted.

XXXIX.

Soon as she heard the name of Artegall,
Her heart did leap, and all her heart-strings
tremble,
For sudden joy and secret fear withal;
And all her vital pow'rs, with motion nimble
To succour it, themselves gan there assemble;
That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
Right plain appear'd, though she it would
dissemble,
And feign'd still her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of
the flood.

XXX.

When Glaucus thùs gan wisely all upknit:
"Ye gentle knights, whom fortune here hath
brought
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this lady wrought
Against the course of kind, ne marvel
nought;
Ne thenceforth fear the thing that hitherto
Hath troubled both your minds with idle
thought,
Fearing lest she your loves away should
woo;
Fearèd in vain, sith means ye see there
wants thereto.

XXXI.

"And you, Sir Artegall, the Savage Knight,
Henceforth may not disdain that woman's
hand
Hath conquer'd you anew in second fight:
For whylome they have conquer'd sea and
land,
And heaven itself, that nought may them
withstand:
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
That is the crown of knightihood and the
band
Of noble minds derivèd from above,
Which, being knit with virtue, never will re-
move.

XXXII.

"And you, fair lady knight, my dearest
dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathful will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other
flame;
And, wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Grant him your grace; but so that he fulfil

The penance which ye shall to him empart:
For lovers' heaven must pass by sorrow's
hell."

Thereat full inly blushèd Britomart;
But Artegall, close-smiling, joy'd in secret
heart.

XXXIII.

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne think th' affection of her heart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides, her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave, and full of princely awe,
That it his ranging fancy did refrain,
And looser thoughts to lawful bounds with-
draw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and
fain,
Like to a stubborn steed whom strong hand
wou'd restrain.

XXXIV.

But Scudamore, whose heart twixt doubtful
fear
And feeble hope hung all this while sus-
pense,
Desiring of his Amoret to hear
Some gladful news and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake: "But, sir, without
offence,
Mote I request you tidings of my love,
My Amoret, sith you her freed fro thence
Where she, captived long, great woes did
prove;
That where ye left I may her seek, as doth
behave."

XXXV.

To whom thus Britomart; "Certes, sir
knight,
What is of her become, or whither reft,
I cannot unto you aread aright.
For from that time I from enchanter's theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopeless left,
I her preserved from peril and from fear,
And evermore from villainy her kept:
Ne ever was there wight to me more dear
Than she, ne unto whom I more true love
did bear:

XXXVI.

"Till on a day, as through a desert wild
We travelled, both weary of the way,
We did alight, and sate in shadow mild;
Where fearless I to sleep me down did lay.
But, whenas I did out of sleep abray,
I found her not where I her left whyleare,

But thought she wand'ring was or gone
 astray :
 I call'd her loud, I sought her far and near ;
 But nowhere could her find, nor tidings of
 her hear."

XXXVII.

When Scudamore those heavy tidings
 heard
 His heart was thrill'd with point of deadly
 fear,
 Ne in his face or blood or life appear'd ;
 But senseless stood, like to a mazed steer,
 That yet of mortal stroke the stound doth
 bear,
 Till Glaucè thus ; " Fair sir, be nought dis-
 may'd
 With needless dread, till certainty ye hear ;
 For yet she may be safe though somewhat
 stray'd ;
 It's best to hope the best, though of the
 worst afraid."

XXXVIII.

Nathless he hardly of her cheerful speech
 Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
 Show'd change of better cheer : so sore a
 breach
 That sudden news had made into his
 spright ;
 Till Britomart him fairly thus behight ;
 " Great cause of sorrow certes, sir, ye have ;
 But comfort take ; for, by this heaven's
 light,
 I vow you dead or living not to leave,
 Till I her find and wreak on him that did
 her reave."

XXXIX.

Therewith he rested, and well pleasèd was,
 So, peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
 They took their steeds, and forward thence
 did pass
 Unto some resting place, which mote befall :
 All being guided by Sir Artegall :
 Where goodly solace was unto them made,
 And daily feasting both in bow'r and hall,
 Until that they their wounds well healèd
 had,
 And weary limbs recured after late usage
 had.

XL.

In all which time Sir Artegall made way
 Unto the love of noble Britomart,
 And with meek service and much suit did
 lay

Continual siege unto her gentle heart ;
 Which, being whylome lancèd with lovely
 dart,
 More eath was new impression to receive :
 However she her pain'd with womanish art
 To hide her wound, that none might it per-
 ceive :
 Vain is the art that seeks itself for to de-
 ceive.

XLI.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he
 wrought her,
 With fair entreaty and sweet blandishment,
 That at the length unto a bay he brought
 her,
 So as she to his speeches was content
 To lend an ear, and softly to relent.
 At last, through many vows which forth he
 pour'd,
 And many oaths, she yielded her consent
 To be his love and take him for her lord.
 Till they with marriage meet might finish
 that accord.

XLII.

Tho, when they had long time there taken
 rest,
 Sir Artegall, who all this while was bound
 Upon an hard adventure yet in quest,
 Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
 To follow that which he did long pro-
 pound ;
 And unto her his congé came to take :
 But her therewith full sore displeasèd he
 found,
 And loth to leave her late betrothèd make ;
 Her dearest love full loth so shortly to for-
 sake.

XLIII.

Yet he with strong persuasions her assuagèd
 And won her will to suffer him depart ;
 For which his faith with her he fast en-
 gagèd,
 And thousand vows from bottom of his
 heart,
 That, all so soon as he by wit or art
 Could that achieve whereto he did aspire,
 He unto her would speedily revert :
 No longer space thereto he did desire,
 But till the hornèd moon three courses did
 expire.

XLIV.

With which she for the present was ap-
 peasèd,
 And yielded leave, however malcontent

She inly were and in her mind displeas'd.
So, early on the morrow next, he went
Forth on his way to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the custom ancient
Mongst knights when on adventures they
did ride
Save that she algates him awhile accom-
panied.

XLV.

And by the way she sundry purpose found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils whereto he was bound,
The fear whereof seem'd much her to
affray:
But all she did was but to wear out day.
Full oftentimes she leave of him did take;
And oft again devised somewhat to say,
Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make:
So loth she was his company for to forsake.

XLVI.

At last when all her speechcs she had
spent,

And new occasion fail'd her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes' government,
And back return'd with right heavy
mind;
To Scudamore, whom she had left be-
hind;
With whom she went to seek fair Amoret,
Her second care, though in another kind:
For virtue's only sake, which doth beget
True love and faithful friendship, she by
her did set.

XLVII.

Back to that desert forest they retired,
Where sorry Britomart had lost her late:
There they her sought, and everywhere in-
quired
Where they might tidings get of her estate;
Yet found they none. But, by what hap-
less fate
Or hard misfortune she was thence convey'd,
And stol'n away from her beloved mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I here will stay
Until another tide, that I it finish may.

CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedy lust
Belphebe saves from dread:
The squire her loves; and, being blamed,
His days in dole doth lead.

I.

GREAT god of love, that with thy cruel
darts
Dost conquer greatest conquerors on
ground,
And setst thy kingdom in the captive hearts
Of kings and kaisars to thy service bound;
What glory or what guerdon hast thou
found
In feeble ladies' tyranning so sore,
And adding anguish to the bitter wound
With which their lives thou lancedst long
afore,
By heaping storms of trouble on them daily
more!

II.

So whylome didst thou to fair Florimell;
And so and so to noble Britomart:
So dost thou now to her of whom I tell,

The lovely Amoret, whose gentle heart
Thou martyrest with sorrow and with
smart,
In savage forests and in deserts wide
With bears and tigers taking heavy part.
Withouten comfort and withouten guide;
That pity is to hear the perils which she
tried.

III.

So soon as she with that brave Britoness
Had left that tournament for beauty's prize,
They travell'd long; that now for weariness,
Both of the way and warlike exercise,
Both through a forest riding did devise
T' alight, and rest their weary limbs awhile.
There heavy sleep the eye-lids did surprise
Of Britomart after long tedious toil,
That did her pass'd pains in quiet rest
assoil.

IV.

That whiles fair Amoret, of nought afeard,
Walk'd through the wood, for pleasure or
for need,

When suddenly behind her back she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
That, ere she back could turn to taken heed,
Had unawares her snatch'd up from
ground;

Feebly she shriek'd, but so feebly indeed
That Britomart heard not the shrilling
sound,

There where through weary travel she lay
sleeping sound.

V.

It was to weet a wild and savage man;
Yet was no man, but only like in shape,
And eke in stature higher by a span;
All overgrown with hair, that could awhape
An hardy heart; and his wide mouth did
gape.

With huge great teeth, like to a tusk'd
boar;

For he liv'd all on ravine and on rape
Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
The sign whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips
afore.

VI.

His nether lip was not like man nor beast,
But like a wide deep poke down-hanging
low,

In which he wont the relics of his feast
And cruel spoil, which he had spared, to
stow:

And over it his huge great nose did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood;
And down both sides two wide long ears did
glow,

And raught down to his waist when up he
stood,

More great than th' ears of elephants by
Indus' flood.

VII.

His waist was with a wreath of ivy green
Engirt about, ne other garment wore;
For all his hair was like a garment seen,
And in his hand a tall young oak he bore,
Whose knotty snags were sharp'ned all
afore,

And bath'd in fire for steel to be in stead.
But whence he was, or of what womb ybore,
Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not read;

But certes was with milk of wolves and
tigers fed.

VIII.

This ugly creature in his arms her snatch'd
And through the forest bore her quite away
With briers and bushes all to-rent and
scratch'd;

Ne care he had, ne pity of the prey,
Which many a knight had sought so many a
day;

He stay'd not, but in his arms her bearing
Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
Unto his cave far from all people's hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling,
ne nought fearing.

IX.

For she (dear lady) all the way was dead,
Whilst he in arms her bore; but, when she
felt

Herself down soused, she wak'd out of
dread

Straight into grief; that her dear heart nigh
swelt,

And oft gan into tender tears to melt.
Then when she look'd about, and nothing
found

But darkness and dread horror where she
dwelt,

She almost fell again into a swoond;
Ne wist whether above she were or under
ground.

X.

With that she heard some one close by her
side

Sighing and sobbing sore, as if the pain
Her tender heart in pieces would divide.

Which she long list'ning, softly ask'd again
What mister wight it was that so did plain?
To whom thus answer'd was "Ah! wretched
wight,

That seeks to know another's grief in vain,
Unweeting of thine own like hapless plight;
Self to forget to mind another is o'er-
sight!"

XI.

"Aye me!" said she, "where am I, or with
whom?

Among the living, or among the dead?
What shall of me unhappy maid become?
Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse,
aread?"

"Unhappy maid," then answer'd she,
"whose dread

Untried is less than when thou shalt it try:
 Death is to him, that wretched lie doth
 lead,
 Both grace and gain; but he in hell doth
 live,
 That lies a loathèd life, and wishing cannot
 die.

XII.

"This dismal day hath thee a captiv' made,
 And vassal to the vilest wretch alive;
 Whose cursèd usage and ungodly trade
 The heavens abhor, and into darkness drive:
 For on the spoil of women he doth live,
 Whose bodies chaste, whenever in his power
 He may them catch unable to gamstrive,
 He with his shameful lust doth first de-
 flow'r,
 And afterwards themselves doth cruelly de-
 devour.

XIII.

"Now twenty days, by which the sons of
 men
 Divide their works, have pass'd through
 heaven sheen,
 Since I was brought into his doleful den;
 During which space these sorry eyes have
 seen
 Seven women by him slain and eaten clean,
 And now no more for him but I alone,
 And this old woman, here remaining been,
 Till thou cam'st hither to augment our
 moan;
 And of us three tomorrow he will sure eat
 one."

XIV.

"Ah dreadful tidings which thou dost de-
 clare,"
 Quoth she, "of all that ever hath been
 known!
 Full many great calamities and rare
 This feeble breast endurèd hath, but none
 Equal to this, wherever I have gone.
 But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
 Hath link'd with me in the same chain
 atone?"
 "To tell," quoth she, "that which ye see,
 needs not:
 A woful wretched maid, of God and man
 forgot

XV.

"But what I was, it irks me to rehearse;
 Daughter unto a lord of high degree;

That joy'd in happy peace, till fates per-
 verse
 With guileful love did secretly agree
 To overthrow my state and dignity.
 It was my lot to love a gentle swain,
 Yet was he but a squire of low degree;
 Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did feign,
 By any lady's side for leman to have lain.

XVI.

"But, for his meanness and disparagement,
 My sire, who me too dearly well did love,
 Unto my choice by no means would assent,
 But often did my folly foul reprove:
 Yet nothing could my fixèd mind remove,
 But, whether will'd or mill'd friend or foe,
 I me resolved the utmost end to prove;
 And, rather than my love abandon so,
 Both sire and friends and all for ever to
 forego.

XVII.

"Thenceforth I sought by secret means to
 work
 Time to my will, and from his wrathful
 sight
 To hide th' intent which in my heart did
 lurk,
 Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
 So on a day, unweeting unto wight,
 I with that squire agreed away to fleet,
 And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
 Within a grove appointed him to meet;
 To which I boldly came upon my feeble
 feet.

XVIII.

"But ah! unhappy hour me thither
 brought:
 For in that place where I him thought to
 find,
 There was I found, contrary to my thought,
 Of this accurèd carle of hellish kind,
 The shame of men, and plague of woman-
 kind;
 Who trussing me, as eagle doth his prey,
 Me hither brought with him as swift as
 wind,
 Where yet untouched till this present day,
 I rest his wretched thrall the sad Æmylia."

XIX.

"Ah! sad Æmylia," then said Amoret,
 "Thy rueful plight I pity as mine own I
 But read to me, by what device or wit
 Hast thou in all this time from him un-
 known

Thine honour saved, though into thraldom
thrown?"

"Through help," quoth she, "of this old
woman here

I have so done, as she to me hath shown :
For, ever when he burnt in lustful fire,
She in my stead supplied his bestial desire."

XX.

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
And each did other much bewail and moan :
Lo! where the villain' self, their sorrows'
source,

Came to the cave, and rolling thence the
stone,

Which wont to stop the mouth thereof that
none

Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
And, spreading over all the floor alone,
Gan dight himself unto his wonted sin ;
Which ended, then his bloody banquet
should begin.

XXI.

Which whenas fearful Amoret perceived,
She stay'd not th' utmost end thereof to try,
But, like a ghastly gelt* whose wits are
reaved,

Ran forth in haste with hideous outcry,
For horror of his shameful villainy :
But after her full lightly he uprose,
And her pursued as fast as she did fly :
Full fast she flies, and far afore him goes,
Ne feels the thorns and thickets prick her
tender toes.

XXII.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she
stays,

But over-leaps them all, like roebuck light,
And through the thickest makes her highest
ways :

And evermore, when with regardful sight
She locking back espies the grisly wight
Approaching nigh, she gins to mend her
pace,

And makes her fear a spur to haste her
flight ;

More swift than Myrrh' or Daphne in her
race,

Or any of the Thracian Nymphs in savage
chase.

* Professor Child thinks, with great plausibility, that gelt should be Celt—a wild Irishman. Spenser had seen the Irish under circumstances of horror which might well have suggested such a similitude.

XXIII.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long ;
Ne living aid for her on earth appears,
But if* the heavens-help to redress her
wrong,

Movèd with pity and her plenteous tears.
It fortunèd Belphebe with her peers
The woody Nymphs, and with that lovely
boy

Was hunting then the libbards and the
bears

In these wild woods, as was her wonted joy,
To banish sloth that oft doth noble minds
annoy.

XXIV.

It so befell, as oft it falls in chase,
That each of them from other sund'red
were ;

And that same gentle squire arrivèd in place
Where this same cursèd caitiff did appear
Pursuing that fair lady full of fear :

And now he her quite overtaken had ;
And now he her away with him did bear
Under his arm, as seeming wondrous glad,
That by his grinning laughter mote far off
be rad.

XXV.

Which dreary sight the gentle squire es-
pying

Doth haste to cross him by the nearest way,
Led with that woful lady's piteous crying,
And him assails with all the might he may ;
Yet will not he the lovely spoil down lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand
Defends himself, and saves his gotten prey :
Yet had it been right hard him to withstand,
But that he was full light and nimble on the
land.

XXVI.

Thereto the villain usèd craft in fight :
For, ever when the squire his javelin shook,
He held the lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puissance of his intended stroke :
And if it chanced (as needs it must in fight,)
Whilst he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather
great delight.

XXVII.

Which subtle sleight did him encumber
much,

* "But if," that is, "unless."

And made him oft, when he would strike,
forbear:
For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her must hurt, or hazard near:
Yet he his hand so carefully did bear,
That at the last he did himself attain,
And therein left the pike-head of his spear,
A stream of coalblack blood thence gush'd
amain,
That all her silken garments did with blood
bestain,

XXVIII.

With that he threw her rudely on the floor,
And, laying both his hands upon his glaive,
With dreadful strokes let drive at him so
sore,
That forced him fly aback, himself to save:
Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
That scarce the squire his hand could once
uprear,
But, for advantage, ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traversing, now here, now
there;
For bootless thing it was to think such
blows to bear.

XXIX.

Whilst thus in battle they embused were,
Belphebe, ranging in her forest wide,
The hideous noise of their huge strokes did
hear,
And drew thereto, making her ear her
guide:
Whom when that thief approaching nigh
espied
With bow in hand and arrows ready bent,
He by his former combat would not bide,
But fled away with ghastly dremment,
Well knowing her to be his death's sole in-
strument.

XXX.

Whom seeing fly, she speedily pursued
With winged feet, as nimble as the wind,
And ever in her bow she ready shewed
The arrow to his deadly mark design'd:
As when Latona's daughter, cruel, kind,
In vengeance of her mother's great dis-
grace,
With feil despite her cruel arrows tynde
Gainst woful Niobe's unhappy race,
That all the gods did moan her miserable
case.

XXXI.

So well she sped her and so far she vent' red
That, ers unto his hellsh den he raught,

Even as he ready was there to have ent' red,
She sent an arrow forth with mighty
draught,
That in the very door him overcaught,
And, in his nape arriving, through it thrill'd,
His greedy throat therewith in two dis-
traught,
That all his vital spirits thereby spill'd,
And all his hairy breast with gory blood was
fill'd.

XXXII.

Whom when on ground she grovelling saw
to roll,
She ran in haste his life to have bereft;
But, ere she could him reach, the sinful
soul
Having his carcion corse quite senseless left
Was fled to hell, surcharged with spoil and
theft:
Yet over him she there long gazing stood,
And oft admired his monstrous shape, and
oft
His mighty limbs, whilst all with filthy
blood
The place there over-flown seem'd like a
sudden flood.

XXXIII.

Thenceforth she pass'd into his dreadful
den,
Where nought but darksome dreariness she
found,
Ne creature saw, but heark'ned now and
then
Some little whispering, and soft-groaning
sound,
With that she ask'd, what ghosts there
under ground
Lay hid in horror of eternal night;
And bade them, if so be they were not
bound,
To come and show themselves before the
light,
Now freed from fear and danger of that
dismal night.

XXXIV.

Then forth the sad Æmylia issued,
Yet trembling every joint through former
fear;
And after her the hag, there with her mew'd,
A foul and loathsome creature, did appear,
A leman fit for such a lover dear:
That moved Belphebe her no less to hate,
Than for to rue the other's heavy cheer;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate;

Who all to her at large, as happ'ned, did relate.

XXXV.

Thence she them brought toward the place where late

She left the gentle squire with Amoret :

There she him found by that new lovely mate,

Who lay the whiles in swoon, full sadly set,
From her fair eyes w'ping the dewy wet

Which sottly still'd, and kissing them atween,

And handling soft the hurts which she had get ;

For of that carle she sorely bruised had been,

Als of his own rash hand one wound was to be seen.

XXXVI.

Which when she saw with sudden glancing eye,

Her noble heart, with sight thereof, was fill'd

With deep disdain and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both

With that self arrow which the carle had kill'd :

Yet held her wrathful hand from vengeance sore .

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 ever more.*

XXXVII

He, seeing her depart, arose up light,

Right sore aggrieved at her sharp reproof

And follow'd fast . but, when he came in sight,

He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloof,
For dread of her displeasure's utmost proof :

And evermore, when he did grace entreat,

And fram'd speeches fit for his behoof,

Her mortal arrows she at him did threat,

And forced him back with foul dishonour to retreat.

* Belphebe was the representative of Elizabeth; the squire of Sir Walter Raleigh, as we have said; there is something very characteristic of the great queen in this sudden jealousy. The whole story may possibly picture forth the queen's anger at Raleigh's marriage and his pretended sorrow.

XXXVIII.

At last, when long he follow'd had in vair,
Yet found no ease of grief nor hope of grace,

Unto those woods he turn'd back again,

Full of sad anguish and in heavy case :

And, finding there fit solitary place

For woful wight, chose out a gloomy glade,

Where hardly eye mote see bright heaven's face

For mossy trees, which cover'd all with shade

And sad melancholy, there he his cabin made.

XXXIX

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke

And threw away, with vow to use no more,

Ne thenceforth ever strike in battle stroke,

Ne ever word to speak to woman more ;

But in that wilderness, of men forlore

And of the wicked world forgotten quite,

His hard mishap in dolour to deplore,

And waste his wretched days in woful plight :

So on himself to wreak his folly's own de-

• spite.

XL.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,

He wilfully did cut and shape anew ;

And his fair locks, that wont with ointment sweet

To be embalm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,

He let to grow and grisly to concrew,

Uncomb'd, uncurl'd and carelessly unshd ;

That in short time his face they overgrew,

And over all his shoulders did dispread,

That who he whylome was unneath was to be read.

XLI.

There he continued in this careful plight,

Wretchedly wearing out his youthful years,

Through wilful penury consum'd quite,

That like a pin'd ghost he soon appears :

For other food than that wild forest bears,

Ne other drink there did he ever taste

Than running water temp'rd with his tears,

The more his weaken'd body so to waste,

That out of all men's knowledge he was worn at last.

XLII.

For on a day, by fortune as it fell,

His own dear Lord Prince Arthur came that way,

Seeking adventures where he mote hear tell :

And, as he through the wand'ring wood did
stray,
Having espied this cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne;
Weening therein some holy hermit lay,
That did resort of sinful people shun;
Or else some woodman shrouded there from
scorching sun.

XLIII.

Arriving there he found this wretched man
Spending his days in dolour and despair,
And, through long fasting, woxen pale and
wan,

All over-grown with rude and rugged hair;
That albeit his own dear squire be were,
Yet he him knew not, ne avised at all;
But like strange wight, whom he had seen
no where,

Saluting him, gan into speech to fall,
And pity much his plight, that lived like
outcast thrall.

XLIV.

But to his speech he answerèd no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had been
dumb,

Ne sign of sense did show, ne common wit,
As one with grief and anguish overcome,
And unto everything did answer mum:

And ever, when the prince unto him spake,
He looted lowly, as did him become,
And humble homage did unto him make;
Midst sorrow showing joyous semblance for
his sake.

XLV.

At which his uncouth guise and usage
çuint

The prince did wonder much, yet could not
guess

The cause of that his sorrowful constraint;
Yet ween'd, by secret signs of manliness,
Which close appear'd in that rude brutish-
ness,

That he whylome some gentle swain had
been,

Train'd up in feats of arms and knight-
liness;

Which he observed, by that he him had seen
To wield his naked sword and try the edges
keen;

XLVI.

And eke by that he saw on every tree
How he the name of One engraven had
Which likely was his liefest love to be,
From whom he now so sorely was bestad;
Which was by him "Belphebe" rightly rad:
Yet who was that Belphebe he ne wist;
Yet saw he often how he waxed glad
When he it heard, and how the ground he
kiss'd

Wherein it written was, and how himself he
blist.

XLVII.

Tho, when he long had mark'd his de-
meanour,

And saw that all he said and did was vain,
Ne ought mote make him change his
wonted tenor,

Ne ought mote ease or mitigate his pain;
He lief him there in languor to remain,

Till time for him should remedy provide,
And him restore to former grace again:

Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will defer the end until another tie.

CANTO VIII.

The gentle squire recovers grace:
Sclaunder her guests doth stain:
Corflambo chaseth Placidus,
And is by Arthur slain.

I.

WELL said the wise man, now proved true
by this

Which to this gentle squire did happen late,
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Than death itself more dread and desperate;
For naught the same may calm, ne mitigate,

Till time the tempest do thereof delay
With suff'rance soft, which rigour can
abate,

And have the stern remembrance wiped
away

Of bitter thoughts, which deep therein in-
fixed lay.

II.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the fair Belphebe had
With one stern look so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he had,
He ever tasted; but with penance sad
And pensive sorrow pined and wore away.
Ne ever laugh'd, ne once show'd countenance
 griad;
But always wept and wail'd night and day,
As blasted bloom through heat doth languish
 and decay:

III.

Till on a day, as in his wonted wise
His dole he made, there chanced a turtle
 dove
To come where he his dolours did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
Which loss her made like passion also
 prove:
Who, seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With dear compassion deeply did emmove,
That she gan moan his undeserv'd smart,
And with her doleful accent bear with him
 a part

IV.

She sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournful notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compiled that in the same
Him seem'd oft he heard his own right
 name.
With that he forth would pour so plenteous
 tears,
And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
And knock his head, and rend his rugged
 hairs,
That could have pierced the hearts of tigers
 and of bears.

V.

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did use
Withouten dread of peril to repair
Unto his wonne, and with her mournful
 muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and mis-
 fare:
And every day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would
 share;
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong,
Companion she became, and so continued
 long.

VI.

Upon a day, as she him sate beside,
By chance he certain miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relics did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphebe threw
On him, whilst goodly grace she did him
 shew:
Amongst the rest a jewel rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hue
Shaped like a heart yet bleeding of the
 wound,
And with a little golden chain about it
 bound.

VII.

The same he took, and with a ribbon new,
In which his lady's colours were, did bind
About the turtle's neck, that with the view
Did greatly solace his engriev'd mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herself so deck'd, her nimble wings dis-
 play'd,
And flew away as lightly as the wind:
Which sudden accident him much dis-
 may'd;
And, looking after long did mark which way
 she stray'd.

VIII.

But whenas long he look'd had in vain,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eye return'd to him again,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his jewel he had lost so light,
And eke his dear companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing flew forth
 right,
Through the wild region of the wastful air,
Until she came where wonn'd his Belphebe
 fair.

IX.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbour's sweet,
After late weary toil which she had tried
In savage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet,
There she, alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournful plaint to make,
As was her wont, thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting grief that for her sake
Her gentle squire through her displeasure
 did partake.

X.

She, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did mark about her purple breast
That precious jewel, which she formerly

Had known right well with colour'd ribbons
dress'd.

Therewith she rose in haste, and her ad-
dress'd,

With ready hand it to have reft away :
But the swift bird obey'd not her behest,
But swerved aside, and there again did stay ;
She follow'd her, and thought again it to
assay.

XI.

And ever, when she nigh approach'd the
dove

Would flit a little forward, and then stay
Till she drew near, and then again remove :
So tempting her still to pursue the prey,
And still from her escaping soft away ;
Till that at length into that forest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay :
In th' end she her unto that place did
guide,

Whereas that woful man in languor did
abide.

XII.

Eftsoones she flew unto his fearless hand,
And there a piteous ditty new devised,
As if she would have made him understand
His sorrow's cause, to be of her despised :
Whom when she saw in wretched weeds
disguised

With hairy glib deform'd, and meagre face,
Like ghost late risen from his grave agrised,
She knew him not, but pitied much his
case,

And wish'd it were in her to do him any
grace.

XIII.

He, her beholding, at her feet down fell
And kiss'd the ground on which her sole did
tread,
And wash'd the same with water which did
well

From his moist eyes, and like two streams
proceed.

Yet spake no word, whereby she might
aread

What mister wight he was, or what he
meant ;

But, as one daunted with her presence
dread,

Only few rueful looks unto her sent,
As messages of his true meaning and intent.

XIV.

Yet nathemore his meaning she aread,
But wond' red much at his so selcouth case ;

And by his person's secret seemlyhed,
Well ween'd that he had been some man of
place,

Before misfortune did his hue deface ;
That, being moved with ruth, she thus bes-
spake :

" Ah ; woful man, what Heaven's hard dis-
grace,

Or wrath of cruel wight on thee ywrake,
Or self-dislikèd life, doth thee thus wretched
make ?

XV.

" If Heaven ; then none may it redress or
blame,

Sith to His pow'r we all are subject born !
If wrathful wight ; then foul rebuke and
shame

Be theirs that have so cruel thee forlorn !
But if, through inward grief or wilful scorn
Of life, it be ; then better do advise :
For he, whose days in wilful wo are worn,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thankless
niggardise."

XVI.

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he
brake,

His sudden silence which he had long pent,
And, sighing inly deep, her thus bespake ;

" Then have they all themselves against me
bent !

For Heaven, first author of my languish-
ment,

Envyng my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruel one consent
To cloud my days in doleful misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing
for to die.

XVII.

" Ne any but yourself, O dearest Dread,
Hath done this wrong, to wreak on worth-
less wight

Your high displeasure, through misdeem-
ing bred :

That, when your pleasure is to deem aright,
Ye may redress, and me restore to light !"

Which sorry words her mighty heart did
mate

With mild regard to see his rueful plight,
That her inburning wrath she gan abate.

And him received again to former favours'
staite.

XVIII.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
 An happy life with grace and good accord,
 Fearless of fortune's change or envy's dread,
 And eke all mindless of his own dear lord
 The noble prince, who never heard one
 word
 Of tidings, what did unto him betide,
 Or what good fortune did to him afford;
 But through the endless world did wander
 wide,
 Him seeking evermore, yet nowhere him
 descried:

XIX.

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
 He chanced to come where those two ladies
 late,
 Æmylia and Amoret, abode,
 Both in full sad and sorrowful estate;
 The one right feeble through the evil rate
 Of food, which in her duresse she had
 found;
 The other almost dead and desperate
 Through her late hurts, and through that
 hapless wound
 With which the squire, in her defence, her
 sore astound.

XX.

Whom when the prince beheld, he gan to
 rue
 The evil case in which those ladies lay;
 But most was movèd at the piteous view
 Of Amoret, so near unto decay,
 That her great danger did him much dis-
 may.
 Eftsoones that precious liquor forth he
 drew,
 Which he in store about him kept alway,
 And with few drops thereof did softly dew
 Her wounds, that unto strength restored her
 soon anew.

XXI.

Tho, when they both recover'd were right
 well,
 He gan of them inquire, what evil guide
 Them thither brought, and how their harms
 befell:
 To whom they told all that did them be-
 tide,
 And how from thralldom vile they were un-
 tied;
 Of that same wicked carle, by virgin's hond;
 Whose bloody corse they show'd him there
 beside,

And eke his cave in which they both were
 bond:
 At which he wond'red much when all those
 signs he fond

XXII.

And evermore he greatly did desire
 To know, what virgin did them thence un-
 bind;
 And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
 Where was her wonne, and how he mote
 her find.
 But, wheras nought accord'ng to his mind
 He could out-learn, he them from ground
 did rear,
 (No service loathsome to a gentle kind,)
 And on his warlike beast them both did
 bear,
 Himself by them on foot to succour them
 from fear.

XXIII.

So when that forest they had passèd well,
 A little cottage far away they spied,
 To which they drew ere night upon them
 fell;
 And, ent'ring in, found none therein abide,
 But one old woman sitting there beside
 Upon the ground in ragged rude attire,
 With filthy locks about her scatter'd wide,
 Gnawing her nails for fellness and for ire,
 And there out sucking venom to her parts
 entire.

XXIV.

A foul and loathly creature sure in sight,
 And in conditions to be loth'd no less:
 For she was stuff'd with rancour and despite
 Up to the throat that oft with bitterness
 It forth would break aud gush in great
 excess,
 Pouring out streams of poison and of gall
 Gainst all that truth or virtue do profess;
 Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall
 And wickedly backbite; her name did
 Sclaunder * call.

XXV.

Her nature is, all goodness to abuse,
 And causeless crimes continually to frame,
 With which she guiltless persons may ac-
 cuse,
 And steal away the crown of their good
 name:
 Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame

* Slander.

So chaste and loyal lived, but she would strive
 With forged cause them falsely to defame;
 Ne ever thing so well was done alive,
 But she with blame would blot, and of due
 praise deprive.

XXVI.

Her words were not, as common words are
 meant,
 T'express the meaning of the inward mind,
 But noisome breath, and pois' nous spirit
 sent
 From inward parts, with cank' red malice
 lined,
 And breathèd forth with blast of bitter
 wind;
 Which passing through the ears would
 pierce the heart,
 And wound the soul itself with grief un-
 kind:
 For, like the stings of asps that kill with
 smart,
 Her spiteful words did prick, and wound the
 inner part.

XXVII.

Such was that hag, unmeet to host such
 guests,
 Whom greatest prince's court would welcome
 fain:
 But Need, that answers not to all requests,
 Bade them not look for better entertain;
 And eke that age despisèd niceness vain,
 Enured to hardness and to homely fare,
 Which them to warlike discipline did train,
 And manly limbs endured with little care
 Against all hard mishaps and fortuneless
 misfare.

XXVIII.

Then all that evening, welcomèd with cold
 And cheerless hunger, they together spent;
 Yet found no fault, but that the hag did
 scold
 And rail at them with grudgeful discontent,
 For lodging there without her own consent:
 Yet they endurèd all with patience mild,
 And unto rest themselves all only lent,
 Regardless of that quean so base and vilde
 To be unjustly blamed and bitterly reviled.

XXIX.

Here well I ween, whenas these rhymes be
 read
 With misregard, that some rash-witted
 wight,

Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
 These gentle ladies will misdeem too light;
 For thus conversing with this noble knight;
 Sith now of days such temperance is rare
 And hard to find, that heat of youthful
 spright
 For ought will from his greedy pleasure
 spare:
 More hard for hungry steed t'abstain from
 pleasant lair.

XXX.

But antique age, yet in the infancy
 Of time, did live then, like an innocent,
 In simple truth and blameless chastity,
 Ne then of guile had made experiment;
 But, void of vile and treacherous intent,
 Held virtue, for itself, in sovereign awe:
 Then loyal love had royal regiment,
 And each unto his lust did make a law,
 From all forbidden things his liking to
 withdraw.

XXXI.

The lion there did with the lamb consort,
 And eke the dove sat by the falcon's side;
 Ne each of other fearèd fraud or tort,
 But did in safe security abide,
 Withouten peril of the stronger pride:
 But when the world woxe old, it woxe
 warre * old,
 (Whereof it hight,) and, having shortly
 tried
 The traynes of wit, in wickedness woxe
 bold,
 And darèd of all sins the secrets to unfold.

XXXII.

Then beauty, which was made to represent
 The great Creator's own resemblance bright,
 Unto abuse of lawless lust was lent,
 And made the bait of bestial delight:
 Then fair grew foul, and foul grew fair in
 sight;
 And that, which wont to vanquish God and
 man,
 Was made the vassal of the victor's might;
 Then did her glorious flow'r wax dead and
 wan,
 Despised and troddon down of all that over-
 ran:

XXXIII.

And now it is so utterly decay'd,
 That any bud thereof doth scarce remain,

* As the world grew old, it grew more evil or worse—"warre is worse."—*Vide* CHURCH.

But if few plants, preserved through heavenly aid,
 In prince's court do hap to sprout again,
 Dew'd with her drops of bounty sovereign,
 Which from that goodly glorious flow'r
 proceed,
 Sprung of the ancient stock of princes'
 strain.
 Now th' only remnant of that royal breed,
 Whose noble kind at first was sure of
 heavenly seed.

XXXIV.

This, soon as day discover'd heaven's face
 To sinful men with darkness overdight,
 This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids
 chase
 The drowsy humour of the dampish night,
 And did themselves unto their journey
 dight.
 So forth they yode, and forward softly
 paced,
 That them to view had been an uncouth
 sight;
 How all the way the prince on foot pace
 traced,
 The ladies both on horse together fast em-
 braced.

XXXV.

Soon as they thence departed were afore,
 That shameful hag, the slander of her sex,
 Them follow'd fast, and them reviled sore,
 Him calling thief, them w—s; that much
 did vex
 His noble heart; thereto she did annex
 False crimes and facts, such as they never
 meant,
 That those two ladies much ashamed did
 wax:
 The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
 And rail'd and raged, till she had all her
 poison spent.

XXXVI.

At last, when they were passèd out of sight,
 Yet she did not her spiteful speech forbear,
 But after them did bark, and still backbite,
 Though there were none her hateful words
 to hear:
 Like as a cur doth felly bite and tear
 The stone, which passèd stranger at him
 threw;
 So she, them seeing past the reach of ear,
 Against the stones and trees did anew,
 Till she had dull'd the sting, which in her
 tongue's end grew.

XXXVII.

They passing forth kept on their ready way,
 With easy steps so soft as foot could stride
 Both for great feeblesse which did oft assay
 Fair Amoret, that scarcely she could ride,
 And eke through heavy arms which sore
 annoy'd
 The prince on foot, not wonted so to fare,
 Whose steady hand was fain his steed to
 guide,
 And all the way from trotting hard to spare;
 So was his toil the more, the more that was
 his care.

XXXVIII.

At length they spied where towards them
 with speed
 A squire came galloping, as he would fly,
 Bearing a little dwarf before his steed,
 That all the way full loud for aid did cry,
 That seem'd his shrieks would rend the
 brazen sky:
 Whom after did a mighty man pursue,
 Riding upon a dromedar' on high
 Of stature huge, and horrible of hue,
 That would have mazed a man his dreadful
 face to view:

XXXIX.

For from his fearful eyes two fiery beams,
 More sharp than points of needles, did
 proceed,
 Shooting forth far away two flaming streams,
 Full of sad power, that pois'nous bale did
 breed
 To all that on him look'd without good heed,
 And secretly his enemies did slay:
 Like as the basilisk, of serpent's seed,
 From pow'rful eyes close venom doth convey
 Into the looker's heart, and killeth far away.

XL.

He all the way did rage at that same squire,
 And after him full many threat'nings threw,
 With curses vain in his avengeful ire:
 But none of them (so fast away he flew)
 Him overtook before he came in view:
 Where when he saw the prince in armour
 bright,
 He call'd to him aloud his case to rue,
 And rescue him, through succour of his might
 From that his cruel foe that him pursued in
 sight.

XLI.

Eftsoones the prince took down those ladies
 twain [stead
 From lofty steed, and mounting in their

Came to that squire yet trembling every
vein ;

Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread :
Who as he gan the same to him aread,
Lo! hard behind his back his foe was prest,
With dreadful weapon aimed at his head,
That unto death had done him unredrest,
Had not the noble prince his ready stroke
represt :

XLII.

Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the
blow,

The burden of the deadly brunt did bear
Upon his shield, which lightly he did throw
Over his head, before the harm came near :
Nathless it fell with so despitous drear
And heavy sway, that hard unto his crown
The shield it drove, and did the covering
near :

Therewith both squire and dwarf did tumble
Unto the earth, and lay long while in
senseless swoon.

XLIII.

Whereat the prince, full wrath, his strong
right hand

In full avengement heaved up on high,
And struck the pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
He bowèd low, and so awhile did lie :
And sure, had not his massy iron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt been happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place ;
Yet, as it was, it did astonish him long space.

XLIV.

But, when he to himself return'd again,
All full of rage he gan to curse and swear,
And vow by Mahoune that he should be
slain.

With that his murderous mace he up did
That seem'd nought the souse thereof could
bear,

And therewith smote at him with all his
But, ere that it to him approached near,
The royal Child with ready quick foresight
Did shun the proof thereof and it avoided
light.

XLV.

But, ere his hand he could recure again
To ward his body from the baleful stound,
He smote at him with all his might and main
So furiously that, ere he wist, he found
His head before him tumbling on the ground ;

The whiles his babbling tongue did yet
blaspheme
And curse his god that did him so con-
The whiles his life ran forth in bloody
stream,
His soul descended down into the Stygian

XLVI.

Which when that squire beheld, he woxe
full glad

To see his foe breathe out his pright in
But that same dwarf right sorry seem'd and
sad,

And howl'd aloud to see his lord there slain,
And rent his hair and scratch'd his face for
pain.

Then gan the prince at leisure to inquire
Of all the accident there happ'ned plain,
And what he was whose eyes did flame with
fire :

All which was thus to him declarèd by that

XLVII.

" This mighty man," quoth he, " whom you
have slain,

Of an hugh giantess whylome was bred ;
And by his strength rule to him-self did gain
Of many nations into thraldom led,
And mighty kingdoms of his force adread ;
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloody fight,
Ne hosts of men with banners broad dis-
pread,

But by the pow'r of his infectious sight,
With which he killèd all that came within
his sight.

XLVIII.

" Ne was he ever vanquishèd afore,
But ever vanquish'd all with whom he
fought ;

Ne was there man so strong, but he down
Ne woman yet so fair, but he her brought
Unto his bay, and captivèd her thought :
For most of strength and beauty his desire
Was spoil to make, and waste them unto
nought,

By casting secret flakes of lustful fire
From his false eyes into their hearts and
parts entire.

XLIX.

" Therefore Corflambo was he call'd aright,
Though nameless there his body now doth
lie ;

Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
The fair Pæana : who seems outwardly
So fair as ever yet saw living eye ;

And, were her virtue like her beauty bright,
She were as fair as any under sky:
But ah! she given is to vain delight, [light,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too

L.

"So, as it fell, there was a gentle squire
That loved a lady of high parentage;
But, for his mean degree might not aspire
To match so high, her friends with counsel

sage

Dissuaded her from such a disparage:
But she, whose heart to love was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeem her gage,
But, firmly following her first intent,
Resolved with him to wend, 'gainst all her
friends' consent.

LI.

"So twixt themselves they pointed time and
place;

To which when he according did repair,
An hard mishap and disaventrous case
Him chanced; instead of his Æmylia fair,
This giant's son, that lies there on the lair
An headless heap, him unawares there
caught,
And all dismay'd through merciless despair
Him wretched thrall unto his dungeon
brought, [unsought.

Where he remains of all unsuccoured and

LII.

"This giant's daughter came upon a day
Unto the prison, in her joyous glee, [lay:
To view the thralls which there in bondage
Amongst the rest she chanced there to see
This lovely swain, the squire of low degree;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And woo'd him her paramour to be: [fast,
From day to day she woo'd and pray'd him
And for his love him promised liberty at last.

LIII.

"He, though affied unto a former love,
To whom his faith he firmly meant to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
But by that means which fortune did unfold,
Her granted love, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his liberty to get;
Yet she him still detains in captive hold,
Fearing, lest if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leave, and former love
forget.

LIV.

"Yet so much favour she to him hath hight
Above the rest, that he sometimes may space

And walk about her gardens of delight,
Having a keeper still with him in place;
Which keeper is this dwarf, her darling base,
To whom the keys of every prison door
By her committed be, of special grace,
And at his will may whom he list restore,
And, whom he list, reserve to be afflicted
more.

LV.

"Whereof when tidings came unto mine ear,
Full inly sorry, for the fervent zeal
Which I to him as to my soul did bear,
I thither went; where I did long conceal
Myself, till that the dwarf did me reveal,
And told his dame her squire of low degree
Did secretly out of her prison steal;
For me he did not ke that squire to be;
For never two so like did living creature see.

LVI.

"Then was I taken and before her brought;
Who, through the likeness of my outward
hue,
Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for being so untrue
To seek by flight her fellowship t'eschew,
That loved me dear, as dearest thing alive.
Thence she commanded me to prison new;
Whereof I glad did not gain-say nor strive,
But suff' red that same dwarf me to her dun-
geon drive.

LVII.

"There did I find mine only faithful friend
In heavy plight and sad perplexity;
Whereof I sorry, yet myself did bend
Him to comfort with my company;
But him the more aggrieved I found thereby:
For all his joy, he said, in that distress
Was mine and his Æmylia's liberty,
Æmylia well he loved, as I mote guess;
Yet greater love to me than her he did pro-
fess.

LVIII.

"But I with better reason him advised
And show'd him how, through error and
misthought
Of our like persons eath to be disguised,
Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought.
Whereto full loth was he, he would for ought
Consent that I, who stood all fearless free,
Should wilfully be into thraldom brought,
Till fortune did perforce it so decree:
Yet, over-ruled at last, he did to me agree.

LIX.

"The morrow next, about the wonted hour,
The dwarf call'd at the door of Amyas,
To come forthwith unto his lady's bow'r:
Instead of whom forth came I, Placidus,
And undiscernèd forth with him did pass.
There with great joyance and with gladsome
glee

Of fair Pæana I receivèd was,
And oft embraced, as if that I were he,
And with kind words accoy'd, vowing great
love to me.

LX.

"Which I, that was not bent to former love,
As was my friend that had her long refused,
Did well accept, as well it did behove,
And to the present need it wisely used.
My former hardness first I fair excused;
And, after, promised large amends to make.
With such smooth terms her error I abusèd
To my friend's good more than for mine own
sake, [stake.
For whose sole liberty I love and life did

LXI.

"Thenceforth I found more favor at her
hand; [charge,
That to her dwarf, which had me in his
She bade to lighten my too heavy band,
And grant more scope to me to walk at large.
So on a day, as by the flow'ry marge
Of a fresh stream I with that elf did play,
Finding no means how I might us enlarge,
But if that dwarf I could with me convey,
I lightly snatch'd him up and with me bore
away.

LXII.

"Thereat he shriek'd aloud, that with his cry
The tyrant' self came forth with yelling bray,
And me pursued; but nathèmore would I
Forego the purchase of my gotten prey,
But have perforce him hither brought away."
Thus as they talkèd, lo! where nigh at hand
Those ladies two, yet doubtful through dis-
may,

In presence came, desirous t' understand
Tidings of all which there had happ'nèd on
the land.

LXIII.

Where soon as sad Æmylia did espy
Her captive lover's friend, young Placidus;
All mindless of her wonted modesty
She to him ran, and, him with strait embrace
Enfolding, said; "And lives yet Amyas?"
"He lives," quoth he, "and his Æmylia
loves." [pass,
"Then less," said she, "by all the woe I
With which my weaker patience fortune
proves; [removes?"
But what mishap thus long him fro myself

LXIV.

Then gan he all this story to renew,
And tell the course of his captivity;
That her dear heart full deeply made to rue
And sigh full sore, to hear the misery
In which so long he merciless did lie.
Then, after many tears and sorrows spent,
She dear besought the prince of remedy:
Who thereto did with ready will consent,
And well perform'd; as shall appear by his
event.

CANTO IX.

The Squire of low degree, released,
Pæana takes to wife;
Britomart fights with many knights;
Prince Arthur stints their strife.

HARD is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of love together meet
And do dispart the heart with pow'r ex-
treme,
Whether shall weigh the balance down; to
weet,

The dear affection unto kindred sweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeal of friends combined with virtues
meet.
But of them all the band of virtuous mind,
Me seems, the gentle heart should most as-
sured bind.

II.

For natural affection soon doth cease,
 And quenchèd is with Cupid's greater flame;
 But faithful friendship doth them both sup-
 press, [tame,
 And them with mast'ring discipline doth
 Through thoughts aspiring to eternal fame.
 For as the soul doth rule the earthly mass,
 And all the surface of the body frame;
 So love of soul doth love of body pass,
 No less than perfect gold surmounts the
 meanest brass.

III.

All which who list by trial to assay,
 Shall in this story find approvèd plain;
 In which these squires' true friendship more
 did sway
 Than either care of parents could refrain,
 Or love of fairest lady could constrain.
 For though Pæana were as fair as morn,
 Yet did this trusty squire with proud disdain
 For his friend's sake her off' red favours scorn
 And he herself her sire of whom she was
 yborn.

IV.

Now, after that Prince Arthur granted had
 To yield strong succour to that gentle swain,
 Who now long time had lain in prison sad;
 He gan advise how best he mote darraigne
 That enterprize, for greatest glory's gain.
 That headless tyrant's trunk he rear'd from
 ground,
 And, having ympt the head to it again,
 Upon his usual beast it firmly bound,
 And made it so to ride as it alive was found.

V.

Then did he take that chasèd squire, and laid
 Before the rider, as he captive were;
 And made his dwarf, though with unwilling
 aid,
 To guide the beast that did his master bear,
 Till to his Castle they approachèd near:
 Whom when the watch, that kept continual
 ward,
 Saw coming home, all void of doubtful fear
 He, running down the gate to him unbarr'd;
 Whom straight the Prince ensuing in to-
 gether fared.

VI.

There did he find in her delicious bow'r
 The fair Pæana playing on a rote,
 Complaining of her cruel paramour,
 And singing all her sorrow to the note,

As she had learnèd readily by rote;
 That with the sweetness of her rare delight
 The Prince half rapt began on her to dote;
 Till, better him bethinking of the right,
 He her unawares attach'd, and captive held
 by might.

VII.

Whence being forth produced, when she
 perceived
 Her own dear sire, she call'd to him for aid:
 But when of him no answer she received,
 But saw him senseless by the squire up-
 stay'd,
 She weenèd well that then she was betray'd.
 Then gan she loudly cry, and weep, and wail,
 And that same squire of treason to upbraid:
 But all in vain; her complaints might not pre-
 vail;
 Ne none there was to rescue her, ne none to
 bail.

VIII.

Then took he that same dwarf and him
 compell'd
 To open unto him the prison door,
 And forth to bring those thralls which there
 he held. [score
 Thenceforth were brought to him above a
 Of knights and squires to him unknown
 afore;
 All which he did from bitter bondage free,
 And unto former liberty restore.
 Amongst the rest that squire of low degree
 Came forth full weak and wan, not like him-
 self to be.

IX.

Whom soon as fair Æmylia beheld
 And Placidias, they both unto him ran,
 And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
 Striving to comfort him all that they can,
 And kissing off his visage pale and wan:
 That fair Pæana, them beholding both,
 Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban;
 Through jealous passion weeping inly wroth,
 To see the sight perforce that both her eyes
 were loth.

X.

But when awhile they had together been,
 And diversely conferrèd of their case, [seen
 She, though full oft she both of them had
 Asunder, yet not ever in one place,
 Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
 Which was the captive squire she loved so
 dear, [face.
 Deceivèd through great likeness of their

For they so like in person did appear,
That she uneach discernèd whether whether
were.

XI.

And eke the prince whenas he them avised,
Their like resemblance much admirèd there,
And mazed how nature had so well disguised
Her work, and counterfet herself so near,
As if that by one pattern seen somewhere
She had them made a paragon to be;
Or whether it through skill or error were.
Thus gazing long at them much wond'ed he;
So did the other knights and squires which
him did see.

XII.

Then gan they ransack that same castle
strong, [treasure,
In which he found great store of hoarded
The which that tyrant gather'd had by wrong
And tortious pow'r, without respect or
measure. [seisure,
Upon all which the Briton prince made
And afterwards continued there a while
To rest himself, and solace in soft pleasure
Those weaker ladies after weary toil;
To whom he did divide part of his pur-
chased spoil.

XIII.

And, for more joy, that captive lady fair,
The fair Pæana he enlargèd free,
And by the rest did set in sumptuous chair
To feast and frolic; nathemore would she
Show gladsome countenance nor pleasant
glee;
But grievèd was for loss both of her sire,
And eke of lordship with both land and fee;
But most she touched was with grief entire
For loss of her new love, the hope of her
desire.

XIV.

But her the prince, through his well-wonted
grace,
To better terms of mildness did entreat
From that foul rudeness which did her
deface;
And that same bitter cor'sive, which did eat
Her tender heart and made refrain from
meat,
He with good thewes and speeches well
applied
Did mollify and calm her raging heat:
For though she were most fair, and goodly
dyled, [pride.
Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and

XV.

And, for to shut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was first the ground of all her grief,
That trusty squire he wisely well did move
Not to despise that dame which loved him
lief,
Till he had made of her some better priefe;
But to accept her to his wedded wife:
Thereto he off'red for to make him chief
Of all her land and lordship during life:
He yielded, and her took; so stunted al
their strife.

XVI.

From that day forth in peace and joyous
bliss
They lived together long without debate;
Ne private jar, ne spite of enemies,
Could shake the safe assurance of their state:
And she whom nature did so fair create
That she mote match the fairest of her days,
Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
Had it defaced, thenceforth reform'd, her
ways,
That all men much admirèd her change,
and spake her praise.

XVII.

Thus when the prince had perfectly compiled
These pairs of friends in peace and settled
rest;
Himself, whose mind did travail as with
child
Of his old love conceal'd in secret breast,
Resolvèd to pursue his former quest;*
And, taking leave of all, with him did bear
Fair Amoret, whom fortune by bequest
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchangèd out of one into another fear.

XVIII.

Fear of her safety did her not constrain;
For well she wist now in a mighty hand
Her person, late in peril, did remain,
Who able was all dangers to withstand:
But now in fear of shame she more did
stand,
Seeing herself all solely succourless,
Left in the victor's pow'r, like vassal bond;
Whose will her weakness could no way
repress,
In case his burning lust should break into
excess.

* All the early editions have the evident
misprint of *quest* for *quest*.

XIX.

But cause of fear sure had she none at all
Of him, who goodly learnèd had of yore
The course of loose affection to forestall,
And lawless lust to rule with reason's iore;
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 seek their loves dispersèd diversely;
Yet neither show'd to other their heart's
privy.

XX.

At length they came whereas a troop of
knights
They saw together skirmishing, as seem'd;
Six they were all, all full of despite,
But four of them the battle best besee'm'd,
That which of them was best mote noc be
deem'd. [Florimell
These four were they from whom false
By Braggadochio lately was redeem'd;
To weet, stern Druon, and lewd Claribell,
Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustful Pari-
dell

XXI.

Druon's delight was all in single life,
And unto ladies' love would lend no leisure;
The more was Claribell enragèd rife [sure
With fervent flames and lovèd out of mea-
So eke loved Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
Would change his liking, and new lemans
prove:
But Paridell of love did make no treasure,
But lusted after all that him did move:
So diversely these four disposèd were to
love.

XXII.

But those two other, which beside them
stood,
Were Britomart and gentle Scudamore;
Who all the while beheld their wrathful
mood,
And wond'ring at their implacable stoure,
Whose like they never saw till that same
hour:
So dreadful strokes each did at other drive,
And laid on load with all their might and
power,
As if that every dint the ghost would rive
Out of their wretched corscs, and their lives
deprive.

XXIII.

As when Dan Eolus, in great displeasure
For loss of his dear love by Neptune hent,

Sends forth the winds out of his hidden
treasure
Upon the sea to wreak his full intent;
They, breaking forth with rude unruliment
From all four parts of heaven, do rage full
sore,
And toss the deeps, and tear the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide up-
poar;
As if instead thereof they Chaos would re-
store.

XXIV.

Cause of their discord and so fell debate
Was for the love of that same snowy maid,
Whom they had lost in tournament of late;
And, seeking long to weet which way she
stray'd, [upbraid
Met here together; where, through lewd
Of Atè and Duessa, they fell out;
And each one taking part in other's aid
This cruel conflict raised thereabout,
Whose dangerous success depended yet in
doubt:

XXV.

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
The better had, and beat the others back;
Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did work full cruel wrack:
Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slack,
But evermore their malice did augment;
Till that unneath they forcèd were, for lack
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And rest themselves for to recover spirits
spent.

XXVI.

Then gan they change their sides, and new
parts take;
For Paridell did take to Druon's side,
For old despite which now forth newly brake
Gainst Blandamour whom always he envied:
And Blandamour to Claribell relied:
So all afresh gan former fight renew.
As when two barks, this carried with the
tide,
That with the wind, contràry courses 'sue,
If wind and tide do change, their courses
change anew.

XXVII.

Thence forth they nuch more furiously gan
fare,
As if but then the battle had begun;
Ne helmets bright ne hauberts strong did
spare,

That through the clefts the vermeil blood
 out spun,
 And all adown their riven sides did run.
 Such mortal malice wonder was to see
 In friends profess'd and so great outrage
 done :

But sooth is said, and tried in each degree,
*Faint friends who they fall out most cruel
 foemen be.*

XXVIII.

Thus they long while continued in fight ;
 Till Scudamore and that same Briton maid
 By fortune in that place did chance to light :
 Whom soon as they with wrathful eye be-
 wray'd,

They gan remember of the foul upbraid,
 The which that Britoness had to them done
 In that late tourney for the snowy maid ;
 Where she had them both shamefully for-
 donne, [them won.
 And eke the famous prize of beauty from

XXIX

Eftsoones all burning with a fresh desire
 Of fell revenge, in their malicious mood
 They from themselves gan turn their fur-
 ious ire,
 And cruel blades yet steaming with hot blood
 Against those two let drive, as they were
 wood :

Who wond'ring much at that so sudden fit,
 Yet nought dismay'd, them stoutly well
 withstood

Ne yielded foot, ne once aback did flit,
 But, being doubly smitten, likewise doubly
 smit.

XXX.

The warlike dame was on her part assay'd
 Of Claribell and Blandamour at one ;
 And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
 At Scudamore, both his profess'd fone :
 Four charg'd two, and two surcharg'd one ;
 Yet did those two themselves so bravely bear,
 That th' other little gain'd by the loan,
 But with their own repay'd duly were,
 And usury withal : such gain was gotten
 dear.

XXXI.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
 To speak to them, and some emparlance
 move ; [stay,
 But they for nought their cruel hands would
 Ne lend an ear to ought that might behove.
 As when an eager mastiff once doth prove

The taste of blood of some cngor'd beast,
 No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
 From greedy hold of that his bloody feast ;
 So, little did they hearken to her sweet be-
 hest.

XXXII.

Whom when the Briton prince afar beheld
 With odds of so unequal match oppress,
 His mighty heart with indignation swell'd,
 And inward grudge fill'd his heroic breast ;
 Eftsoones himself he to their aid address'd,
 And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace
 Divided them, however loth to rest ;
 And would them fain from battle to surcease,
 With gentle words persuading them to
 friendly peace.

XXXIII.

But they so far from peace or patience were,
 That all at once at him gan fiercely fly
 And lay on load, as they him down would
 bear :

Like to a storm which hovers under sky,
 Long here and there and round about doth
 sty, [and sleet,
 At length breaks down in rain, and hail,
 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.

XXXIV.

But now their forces greatly were decay'd,
 The prince yet being fresh untouch'd afore ;
 Who them with speeches mild gan first dis-
 suade [bore :
 From such foul outrage, and them long for-
 Till, seeing them through suff'rance heart-
 ned more,
 Himself he bent their furies to abate,
 And lay'd at them so sharply and so sore,
 That shortly them compelled to retrace,
 And being brought in danger to relent too
 late.

XXXV.

But now his courage being throughly fired,
 He meant to make them know their folly's
 price,
 Had not those two him instantly desired
 T' assuage his wrath, and pardon their mes-
 prise :
 At whose request he gan himself advise
 To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
 In milder terms, as list them to devise ;

Mongst which the cause of their so cruel
heat [repeat ;
He did them ask ; who all that passèd gan

XXXVI.

And told at large how that same errant
knight,

To weet, fair Eritomart, them late had foil'd
In open tourney, and by wrongful fight
Both of their public praise had them de-
spoil'd,

And also of their private loves beguiled ;
Of two full hard to read the harder theft.
But she that wrongful challenge soon assoi'd,
And shew'd that she had not that lady left,
(As they supposed,) but her had to her lik-
ing left.

XXXVII.

To whom the prince thus goodly well re-
plied ; [blame

" Certes, sir knight, ye seemen much to
To rip up wrong that battle once hath tried ;
Wherein the honor both of arms ye shame,
And eke the love of ladies foul defame ;
To whom the world this franchise ever
yielded, [claim.

That of their love's choice they might freedom
And in that right should by all knights be
shielded : [fully have wielded "

Gainst which, me seems, this war ye wrong-

XXXVIII.

" And yet," quoth she, " a greater wrong
remains :

For I thereby my former love have lost ;
Whom seeking ever since with endless pains
Hath me much sorrow and much travel cost :
Aye me, to see that gentle maid so toss'd !"
But Scudamore then sighing deep thus said ;

" Certes, her loss ought me to sorrow most.
Whose right she is, wherever she be stray'd ;
Through many perils won, and many for-
tunes waide :

XXXIX.

" For from the first that I her love profess'd,
Unto this hour, this present luckless hour,
I never joyèd happiness nor rest ;
But thus turmoil'd from one to other stowre
I waste my life, and do my days devour
In wretched anguish and incessant we
Passing the measure of my feeble power ;
That, living thus a wretch and loving so,
I neither can my love ne yet my life forego."

XL.

Then good Sir Claribell him thus bespake ;
" Now were it not, Sir Scudamore, to you
Dislikeful pain so sad a task to take,
Mote me entreat you, sith this gentle crew
Is now so well accorded all anew,
That, as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order due
All that adventure which ye did assay
For that fair lady's love : past perils well
appay."

XLI.

So gan the rest him likewise to require :
But Britomart did him impòrtune hard
To take on him that pain ; whose great de-
sire
He glad to satisfy, himself prepared
To tell through what misfortune he had faced
In that achievement, as to him befell,
And all those dangers unto him declared ;
Which sith they cannot in this canto well
Comprised be, I will them in another tell.

CANTO X.

Scudamore doth his conquest tell
Of virtuous Amoret :
Great Venus' temple is described :
And lovers' life forth set.

I.

" TRUE he it said, whatever man it said,
That love with gall and honey doth abound :
But if the one be with the other weigh'd,
For every dram of honey, therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound :

That I too true by trial have approved ;
For since the day that first with deadly
wound [loved,
My heart was lanced, and learnèd to have
I never joyèd hour, but still with care was
moved,

II.

"And yet such grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evil which they meet
May nought at all their settled minds remove,
But seem gainst common sense to them most
As boasting in their martyrdom unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endured
I count as naught, and tread down under feet,
Since of my love at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

III.

"Long were to tell the travel and long toil,
Through which this shield of Love I late have won,
And purchas'd this peerless beauty's spoil,
That harder may be ended, than begun :
But since ye so desire, your will be done.
Then hark ye gentle knights and ladies free,
My hard mishaps that ye may learn to shun ;
For though sweet love to conquer glorious be,
Yet is the pain thereof much greater than

IV.

"What time the fame of this renown'd prize
Flew first abroad, and all men's ears possess'd ;
I, having arms then taken, gan advise
To win me honour by some noble gest,
And purchase me some place amongst the best.
I boldly thought, (so young men's thoughts
That this same brave emprise for me did rest,
And that both shield and she whom I behold
Might be my lucky lot ; sith all by lot we

V.

"So on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of peril shortly came :
That was a temple fair and ancient,
Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
And far renown'd through exceeding fame ;
Much more than that which was in Paphos built,
Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
Though all the pillars of the one were gilt,
And all the other's pavement were with ivory spilt.

VI.

"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 have access, nor inward fare,
But by one way that passage did prepare :
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wise
With curious corbs and pendants graven fair,
And arch'd all with porches did arise
On stately pillars framed after the Doric guise :

VII.

"And for defence thereof on th' other end
There reard was a castle fair and strong,
That ward'd all which in or out did wend,
And flank'd both the bridge's sides along,
Gainst all that would it fain to force or wrong :
And therein wonn'd twenty valiant knights ;
All twenty tried in war's experience long ;
Whose office was against all manner wights
By all means to maintain that castle's ancient rights.

VIII.

"Before that castle was an open plain,
And in the midst thereof a pillar placed ;
On which this shield, of many sought in vain,
THE SHIELD OF LOVE, whose guerdon he hath graced,
Was hang'd on high with golden ribbons laced ;
And in the marble stone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchased ;
*Bless'd the man that well can use this bliss,
Whose ever be the shield, fair Amoret be his.*

IX.

"Which when I read my heart did inly yearn,
And pant with hope of that adventure's hap ;
Ne stay'd further news thereof to learn,
But with my spear upon the shield did rap
That all the castle ring'd with the clap,
Straight forth issued a knight all arm'd to proof,
And bravely mounted to his most mishap,
Who staying nought to question from aloof,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glanced from his horse's hoof.

X.

"Whom boldly I encount'rd (as I could)
And by good fortune shortly him unscated.

Eftsoones outsprung two more of equal
mould ;
But I them both with equal hap defeated :
So all they twenty I likewise entreated,
And left them groaning there upon the
plain.
Then, pressing to the pillar, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my pain,
And, taking down the shield, with me did it
retain.

XI

" So forth without impediment I pass'd,
Till to the bridge's outer gate I came ;
The which I found sure lock'd and chainèd
fast.
I knock'd, but no man answ' red me by
name ;
I call'd, but no man answ' red to my claim :
Yet I perséver'd still to knock and call ;
Till at the last I spied within the same
Where one stood peeping through a crevice
small,
To whom I call'd aloud, half angry there-
withal.

XII.

" That was to weet the porter of the place,
Unto 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 Janus ancient
Which hath in charge the ingate of the
year :
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if some provèd peril he did fear,
Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did
not appear.

XIII.

" On th' one side he, on th' other sate Delay,
Behind the gate, that none her might espy ;
Whose manner was, all passengers to stay
And entertain with her occasions sly ;
Through which some lost great hope un-
hèdily,
Which never they recover might again ;
And others, quite excluded forth, did lie
Long languishing there in unpitied pain,
And seeking often entrance afterwards in
vain.

XIV.

" Me whenas he had privily espied [late,
Bearing the shield which I had conquer'd

He kenn'd it straight, and to me open'd
wide :
So in I past, and straight he closed the gate.
But being in, Delay in close await,
Caught hold on me, and thought my steps
to stay,
Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
And time to steal, the treasure of man's day,
Whose smallest minute lost, no riches
render may.

XV.

" But by no means my way I would forslow
For ought that ever she could do or say ;
But from my lofty steed dismounting low
Pass'd forth on foot, beholding all the way
The goodly works, and stones of rich assay,
Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
That like on earth no where I reckon may ;
And underneath, the river rolling still
With murmur soft, that seem'd to serve the
workman's will.

XVI.

" Thence forth I passèd to the second gate,
The Gate of Good Desert, whose goodly
pride
And costly frame were long here to relate :
The same to all stood always open wide ;
But in the porch did evermore abide
An hideous giant, dreadful to behold,
That stopp'd the entrance with his spacious
stride,
And with the terror of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that else fain enter
would :

XVII.

" His name was Danger, dreaded over all ;
Who day and night did watch and duly
ward
From fearful cowards' entrance to forestall
And faint-heart-fools, whom show of peril
hard
For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espial
Of his grim face, were from approaching
scared :
Unworthy they of grace, whom one denial
Excludes from fairest hope withouten further
trial.

XVIII.

" Yet many doughty warriors often trîed
In greater perils to be stout and bold,
Durst not the sternness of his look abide ;
But, soon as they his countenance did be-
hold,

Began to faint, and feel their courage cold.
 Again, some other, that in hard assays
 Were cowards known, and little court did
 hold,
 Either through gifts, or guile, or such like
 ways,
 Crept in by stooping low, or stealing of the
 keys.

XIX.

' But I, though meanest man of many moe,
 Yet much disdainung unto him to lout,
 Or creep between his legs, so in to go,
 Resolved him to assault with manhood
 stout,
 And either beat him in or drive him out.
 Eftsoones, advancing that enchanted shield,
 With all my might I gan to lay about:
 Which when he saw, the glaive which he did
 wield
 He gan forthwith t' avail, and way unto me
 yield.

XX.

" So, as I ent'red, I did backward look,
 For fear of harm that might lie hidden
 there;
 And lo! his hindparts, whereof heed I took,
 Much more deformed, fearful ugly were,
 Than all his former parts did erst appear:
 For hatred, murder, treason, and despite,
 With many moe lay in ambushment there,
 Awaiting to entrap the wareless wight
 Which did not them prevent with vigilant
 foresight.

XXI.

" Thus having past all peril, I was come
 Within the compass of that island's space;
 The which did seem, unto my simple doon,
 The only pleasant and delightful place
 That ever trodden was of footings' trace:
 For all that Nature by her mother-wit
 Could framc in earth, and form of sub-
 stance base,
 Was there; and all that Nature did omit,
 Art, playing second nature's part, suppli'd
 it.

XXII.

" No tree, that is of count in greenwood
 grows,
 From lowest juniper to cedar tall;
 No flow'r in field that dainty odour throws,
 And decks his branch with blossoms over
 all,
 But there was planted, or grew natural;

No sense of man so coy and curious nice,
 But there might find to please itself withal;
 Nor heart could wish for any quaint device,
 But there it present was, and did frail sense
 entice.

XXIII.

" In such luxurious plenty of all pleasure,
 It seem'd a second paradise I guess,
 So lavishly enrich'd with nature's treasure,
 That if the happy souls, which do possess
 Th' Elysian fields, and live in lasting bless,
 Should happen this with living eye to see,
 They soon would loath their lessser hap-
 piness,
 And wish to life return'd again to be,
 That in this joyous place they mote have
 joyance free.

XXIV.

" Fresh shadows, fit to shroud from sunny
 ray;
 Fair lawns, to take the sun in season due;
 Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs
 did play
 Soft-rumbling brooks, that gentle slumber
 drew;
 High-rear'd mounts, the lands about to
 view;
 Low-looking dales, disloign'd from common
 gaze;
 Delightful bow'rs, to solace lovers true;
 False labyrinths, fond runner's eyes to daze;
 All which by Nature made did Nature' self
 amaze.

XXV.

" And all without were walks and alleys
 dight
 With divers trees enranged in even ranks;
 And here and there were pleasant harbours
 pight,
 And shady seats, and sundry flow'ring
 banks,
 To sit and rest the walkers' weary shanks:
 And therein thousand pairs of lovers walk'd
 Praising their god, and yielding him great
 thanks,
 Ne ever ought but of their true loves talk'd,
 Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balk'd.

XXVI.

" All these together by themselves did
 sport
 Their spotless pleasures and sweet loves'
 content.
 But, far away from these another scrt

Of lovers linked in true hearts consent ;
Which lovèd not as those for like intent,
But on chaste virtue grounded their desire,
Far from all fraud or feignèd blandishment ;
Which, in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deeds did ever-
more aspire.

XXVII.

* Such were great Hercules and Hyllus dear,*
True Jonathan and David trusty tried,
Stout Theseus and Pirithous his fere,
Pylades and Orestes by his side ;
Mild Titus and Gesippus without pride,
Damon and Pythias, whom death could not
sever ;
All these, and all that ever had been tied,
In bands of friendship, there did live forever,
Whose lives although decay'd, yet loves de-
cayèd never.

XXVIII.

" Which whenas I, that never tasted bl'ss,
Nor happy hour, beheld with gazeful eye,
I thought there was none other heaven than
this,
And gan their endless happiness envy,
That being free from fear and jealousy
Might frankly there their love's desire pos-
sess ; [ardy,
Whilst I, through pains and perlous jeop-
Was forced to seek my life's dear patroness ;
Much dearer be the things which come
through hard distress.

XXIX.

" Yet all those sights, and all that else saw,
Might not my steps withhold but that forth-
right
Unto that purposed place I did me draw,
Whereas my love was lodgèd day and night,
The temple of great Venus, that is hight
The queen of beauty, and of love the mother,
There worshippèd of every lying wight ;
Whose goodly workmanship far past all
other, [together.
That ever were on earth, all were they set

XXX.

" Not that same famous temple of Diâne,
Whose height all Ephesus did oversee,
And which all Asia sought with vows profane
One of the world's seven wonders said to be,
Might match with this by many a degree ;
Nor that, which that wise king of Jewry
framed

* Hyllus.

With endless cost to be th' Almighty's See ;
Nor all, that else through the world is
named [be claim'd.
To all the heathen gods, might like to this

XXXI.

" I, much admiring that so goodly frame,
Unto the porch approach'd, which open
But therein sate on amiable dame, [stood ;
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant show'd great woman-
hood : [crown
Strange was her tire ; for on her head a
She wore, much like unto a Danish hood,
Pow'd red with pearl and stone ; and all her
gown [adown.
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low

XXXII.

" On either side of her two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as feuing one another ;
Yet were they brethren both of half the
blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contráry natures each to other ;
The one of them hight Love, the other
Hate ; [brother ;
Hate was the elder, Love the younger
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Than th' elder, and him mast' red still in all
debate.

XXXIII.

" Nathless that dame so well them temp' red
both,
That she them forcèd hand to join in hand,
Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band :
Yet she was of such grace and virtuous
might, [stand,
That her commandment he could not with-
But bit his lip for felonous despite,
And knas'd his iron tusks at that displeas-
ing sight.

XXXIV.

" Concord she cleepèd was in common read
Mother of blessèd Peace and Friendship
true ; [seed,
They both her twins, both born of heavenly
And she herself likewise divinely grew ;
The which right well her works divine did
shew : [frends,
For strength and wealth and happiness she
And strife and war and anger does subdue ;
Of little much, of foes she maketh friends,

And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

XXXV.

“By her the heaven is in his course contain'd,
And all the world in state unmovèd stands,
As their Almighty Maker first ordain'd,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Else would the waters overflow the lands,
And fire devour the air, and hell them quite;
But that she holds them with her blessed hands.

She is the nurse of pleasure and delight.
And unto Venus' grace the gate doth open right.

XXXVI.

“By her I ent'ring half dismayèd was;
But she in gentle wise me entertain'd,
And twixt herself and love did let me pass;
But Hatred would my entrance have restrain'd,
And with his club me threat'ned to have
Had not the lady with her pow'ful speech
Him from his wicked will uneach refrain'd;
And th' other eke his malice did impeach,
Till I was throughly past the peril of his reach.

XXXVII.

“Into the inmost temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with frankincense I found
And odours rising from the altar's flame.
Upon an hundred marble pillars round
The roof up high was rearèd from the ground,
All deck'd with crowns and chains and garlands gay,
And thousand precious gifts worth many a pound,
The which sad lovers for their vows did pay;
And all the ground was strow'd with flow'rs
as fresh as May.

XXXVIII.

“An hundred altars round about were set
All flaming with their sacrifices' fire,
That with the steam thereof the temple sweat,
Which roll'd in clouds to heaven did aspire
And in them bore true lovers' vows entire:
And eke a thousand brazen caldrons bright,
To bathe in joy and amorous desire,
Every of which was to a damsel hight;
For all the priests were damsels in soft linen dight,

XXXIX.

“Right in the midst the goddess' self did stand
Upon an altar of some costly mass
Whose substance was meant to understand:
For neither precious stone, nor dureful brass,
Nor shining gold, nor mould'ring clay it was;
But much more rare and precious to esteem,
Pure in aspect, and like to crystal glass;
Yet glass was not, if one did rightly deem;
But, being fair and brittle, likest glass did seem,

XL.

“But it in shape and beauty did exceed
All other idols which the heath'n adore.
Far passing that, which by surpassing skill
Phidias did make in Paphos' isle of yore.
With which that wretched Greek that life forlore,
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer shined,
But cover'd with a slender veil afore:
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast combined.

XLI.

“The cause why she was cover'd with a veil
Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
From people's knowledge labour'd to conceal:
But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
Nor any blemish, which the work mote blame;
But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name;
She sire and mother is herself alone,
Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

XLII.

“And all about her neck and shoulders flew
A flock of little loves and sports, and joy:
With nimble wings of gold and purple hue;
Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestrial boys,
But like to angels playing heavenly toys;
The whilst their eldest brother was away,
Cupid their eldest brother: he enjoys
The wide kingdom of love with lordly sway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

XLIII.

“And all about her altar scatter'd lay
Great sorts of lovers piteously complaining,
Some of their loss, some of their love's delay,

Some of their pride, some paragon's dis-
daining, [ing ;
Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently feign-
As every one had cause of good or ill.
Amongst the rest some one, through Love's
constraining
Tormented sore, could not contain it still,
But thus brake forth, that all the temple it
did fill.

XLIV.

“ Great Venus ! queen of beauty and of
grace.

The joy of gods and men, that under sky
Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place ;
That with thy smiling look doth pacify
The raging seas, and makst the storms to fly ;
Thee, goddess, thee the winds, the clouds
do fear ; [high.

And when thou spreadst thy mantle forth on
The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
And heavens laugh, and all the world shows
joyous cheer.

XLV.

“ Then doth the dædale earth throw forth
to the
Out of her fruitful lap abundant flow'rs ;
And then all living wights, soon as they see
The spring break forth out of his lust
bow'rs,

They all do learn to play the paramours :
First do the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
Privily prickèd with thy lustful pow'rs,
Chirp loud to thee out of their leafy cages,
And thee their mother call to cool their
kindly rages.

XLVI.

“ Then do the savage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant frisks, and loath their
wonted food ;

The lions roar ; the tigers loudly bray ;
The raging bulls rebellow through the wood
And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest
flood [desire :

To come where thou dost draw them with
So all things else, that nourish vital blood,
Soon as with fury thou dost them inspire,
In generation seek to quench their inward
fire.

XLVII.

“ So all the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou dost the same repair ;
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fair,

But thou the same for pleasure didst pre-
pare.

Thou art the root of all that joyous is :
Great god of men and women, queen of th'
air,

Mother of laughter, and, well-spring of bliss,
O grant that of my love at last I may not
miss !”

XLVIII.

“ So did he say : but I with murmur soft,
That none might hear the sorrow of my
heart,

Yet inly groaning deep and sighing oft,
Besought her to grant ease unto my smart,
And to my wound her gracious help impart.
Whilst thus I spake, behold ! with happy
eye

I spied where at my idol's feet apart
A bevy of fair damselfs close did lie,
Waiting whenas the anthem should be sung
on high.

XLIX.

“ The first of them did seem of riper years
And graver countenance than all the rest :
Yet all the rest were eke her equal peers,
Yet unto her obeyed all the best :
Her name was Womanhood ; that she ex-
press'd

By her sad semblant, and demeanour wise ;
For steadfast still her eyes did fixèd rest
Ne roved at random after gazer's guise,
Whose luring baits oftentimes do heedless
hearts entice.

L.

“ And next to her sate goodly Shamefast
ness,*

Ne ever durst her eyes from ground uprear,
Ne ever once did look up from her dais,
As if some blame of evil she did fear,
That in her cheeks make roses oft appear :
And her against sweet Cheerfulness was
placed, [clear,

Whose eyes like trembling stars in evening
Were deck'd with smiles that all sad hu-
mours chased, [goodly graced.
And darted forth delights the which her

* We have not changed the spelling of
Shamefastness, or Shamefast, because we be-
lieve the beautiful old word contains a deeper
meaning than shamefacedness or shamefaced
now has. It is a pity it should remain obsolete.

LI.

" And next to her sate sober Modesty,
 Holding her hand upon her gentle heart,
 And her against sate comely Courtesy,
 That unto every person knew her part;
 And her before was seated overthwart
 Soft Silence, and submiss'd Obedience,
 Both link'd together never to dispart;
 Both giuts of God not gotten out from thence;
 Both garlands * of His Saints against their
 foes' offence.

LII.

" Thus sate they all around in seemly rate:
 And in the midst of them a goodly maid
 (Even in the lap of Womanhood) there sate,
 The which was all in lily white array'd,
 With silver streams amongst the linen stray'd
 Like to the Morn, when first her shining face
 Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd:
 That same was fairest Amoret in 'place,
 Shining with beauty's light and heavenly
 virtue's grace.

LIII.

" Whom soon 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 leave the thing undone,
 Which with so strong attempt I had begun.
 Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast fear,
 Which ladies' love I heard had never won
 Mongst men of worth, I to her stepp'd near,
 And by the lily hand her labor'd up to rear.

LIV.

" Thereat that foremost matron me did blame
 And sharp rebuke for being over-bold;
 Saying it was to knight unseemly shame,
 Upon a récluse virgin to lay hold,
 That unto Venus' services was sold.
 To whom I thus; Nay, but it fitteth best
 For Cupid's man with Venus' maid to hold;
 For ill your goddess' services are drest
 Cy virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

* Mr. Church suggested that garlands here should be *guardians* or *gardiens* as Spenser would have spelt it.

LV.

" With that my shield I forth to her did show,
 Which all that while I closely had conceal'd;
 On which when Cupid with his killing bow
 And cruel shafts emblazon'd she beheld.
 At sight thereof she was with terror quell'd.
 And said no more: but I, which all that
 while
 The pledge of faith her hand engag'd held
 (Like wary hind within the weedy soil,)
 For no intreaty would forgo so glorious spoil

LVI.

" And evermore upon the goddess' face
 Mine eye was fix'd, for fear of her offence
 Whom when I saw with amiable grace
 To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,
 I was embold'ned with more confidence;
 And, nought for niceness nor for envy
 sparing,
 In presence of them all forth led her thence,
 All looking on, and like astonish'd staring,
 Yet to lay hands on her not one of all them
 daring.

LVII.

" She often pray'd and often me besought,
 Sometimes with tender tears to let her go,
 Sometimes with witching smiles: but yet,
 for nought
 That ever she to me could say or do,
 Could she her wish'd freedom fro me woo;
 But forth I led her through the temple gate,
 By which I hardly past with much ado:
 But that same lady, which me friended late
 In entrance, did me also friend in my retreat.

LVIII.

" No less did Danger threaten me with
 dread,
 Whenas he saw me, maugre all his pow'r,
 That glorious spoil of Beauty with me lead,
 Than Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
 His leman from the Stygian prince's bow'r;
 But evermore my shield did me defend
 Against the storm of every dreadful stoure;
 Thus safely with my love I thence did wend?
 So ended he his tale; where I this canto end.

CANTO XI.

Marinell's former wound is heal'd ;
 He comes to Proteus' hall,
 Where Thamés doth the Medway wed,
 And feasts the sea-gods all.

I.

BUT ah ! for pity that I have thus long
 Left a fair lady languishing in pain !
 Now well away ! that I have done such
 wrong,

To let fair Florimel in bands remain,
 In bands of love, and in sad thraldom's chain ;
 From which unless some heavenly pow'r
 her free

By miracle, not yet appearing plain,
 She longer yet is like captived to be ;
 That even to think thereof it inly pities me.

II.

Here need you to remember, how erewhile
 Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
 That virgin's love to win by wit or wile,
 Her thrust into a dungeon deep and blind,
 And there, in chains her cruelly did bind,
 In hope thereby her to his bent to draw :
 For, whenas neither gifts nor graces kind
 Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
 He thought her to compel by cruelty and awe.

III.

Deep in the bottom of an huge great rock
 The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
 That neither iron bars, nor brazen lock,
 Did need to guard from force or secret theft
 Of all her lovers which would her have reft :
 For wall'd it was with waves, which ragèd
 and roar'd
 As they the cliff in pieces would have cleft ;
 Besides, ten thousand monsters foul ab-
 horr'd
 Did wait about it, gaping griesly, all begored.

IV.

And in the midst thereof did Horror dwell,
 And Darkness dread that never viewèd day,
 Like to the bar'ful house of lowest hell,
 In which old Styx her agèd bones alway
 (Old Styx the g. andame of the gods) doth
 lav.

There did this reckless maid seven monthis
 abide,

Ne ever evening saw, ne morning's ray,
 Ne ever from the day the night descried,
 But thought it all one night, that did no
 hours divide.

V.

And all this for the love of Marinell,
 Who her despised (oh ! who would her
 despise !)

And women's love did from his heart expel,
 And all those joys which weak mankind
 entice.

Nathless his pride, full dearly did he pryse,*
 For a woman's hand it was ywroke.
 That of the wound he yet in langour lies,
 Ne can be curèd of that cruel stroke
 Which Britomart him gave, when he her did
 provoke.

VI.

Yet far and near the nymph his mother
 sought,
 And many salves did to his sore apply,
 And many herbs did use : but whenas
 nought

She saw could ease his rankling malady ;
 At last to Tryphon she for help did hie,
 (This Tryphon is the sea-gods' surgeon
 light.)

Whom she besought to find some remedy :
 And for his pains a whistle him belight,
 That of a fish's shell was wrought with rare
 delight.

VII.

So well that leech did hark to her request,
 And did so well employ his careful pain,
 That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
 And him restored to healthful state again :
 In which he long time after did remain
 There with the nymph his mother, like her
 thrall ;
 Who sore against his will did him retain,

* Pay for. He paid dearly for it. Pryse
 instead of price for the rhyme's sake.—CHURCH.

For fear of peril which to him mote fall
Through his too vent'rous prowess provèd
over all.

VIII.

It fortunèd then, a solemn feast was there
To all the sea-gods and their fruitful seed,
In honour of the spousals which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames
agreed. [read]

Long had the Thames (as we in records
Before that day her wooèd to his bed;
But the proud nymph would for no worldly
meed,

Nor no entreaty, to his love be led;
Till now at last relenting she to him was wed.

IX.

So both agreed that this their bridal feast
Should for the gods in Proteus' house be
made; [least,

To which they all repair'd, both most and
As well which in the mighty ocean trade,
As that in rivers swim, or brooks do wade;
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouths, and voice of brass I
had,

And endless memory that mote excel, [well
In order as they came could I recount them

X.

Help therefore, O thou sacred imp of Jove,
The nursling of dame Memory his dear,
To whom those rolls, laid up in heaven
above,

And records of antiquity appear
To which no wit of man may comen near;
Help me to tell the names of all those floods
And all those nymphs, which then assembled
were

To that great banquet of the wat'ry gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid
abodes.

XI.

F'rst came great Neptune, with his three
fork'd mace. [fall.

That rules the seas and makes them rise or
His dewy locks did drop with brine apace;
Under his diadem imperial:

And by his side his queen with coronal,
Fair Amphitrite, most divinely fair,
Whose ivory shoulders weren cover'd all,
As with a robe, with her own silver hair,
And deck'd with pearls which th' Indian seas
for her prepare.

XII.

They marchèd far afore the other crew:
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trumpet shrill before them bl'w,
For goodly triumph and great jolliment,
That made the rocks to roar as they were
rent.

And after them the royal issue came.
Which of them sprung by lineal descent:
First the sea-gods, which to themselves do
claim [waves to tame:
The pow'r to rule the billows, and the

XIII.

Phorcys, the father of that fatal brood,
By whom those old heroës won such fame;
And Glaucus, that wise soothsays under-
stood;

And tragic Ino's son, the which became
A god of seas through his mad mother's
blame,

Now hight Palemon, and is sailor's friend;
Great Brontes; and Astræus that did shame
Himself with incest of his kin unkenn'd;
And huge Orion, that doth tempests still
portend;

XIV.

The rich Cteatus; and Eurytus long;
Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren loth;
Mighty Chrysaor; and Cæcus strong;
Euryulus, that calms the waters wroth:
And fair Euphœmus, that upon them go'th,
As on the ground, without dismay or dread;
Fierce Eryx; and Alebius, that know'th
The waters' depth, and doth their bottom
tread; [head.
And sad Asopus, comely with his hoary

XV.

There also some most famous founders were
Of puissant nations, which the world pos-
sess'd,

Yet sons of Neptune, now assembled here:
Ancient Ogyges, even the ancientest:
And Inachus renown'd above the rest;
Phœnix; and Aon; and Pelasgus old;
Great Belus; Phœax; and Agenor best,
And mighty Albion, father of the bold
And warlike people which the Britain Isl-
ands hold:

XVI.

For Albion the son of Neptune was;
Who, for the proof of his great puissance,
Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pass
Into old Gaul, that now is cleeped France.

To fight with Hercules, that did advance
 To vanquish all the world with matchless
^{his} might ;
 And there his mortal part by great mischance
 Was slain ; but that which is th' immortal
^{his} spright [seed was dight.
 Lives still, and to this feast with Neptune's

XVII.

But what do I their names seek to rehearse,
 Which all the world have with their issue
 fill'd ?
 How can they all in this so narrow verse
 Contained be, and in small compass hid ?
 Let them record them that are better skill'd,
 And know the monuments of passèd age :
 Only what needeth shall be here fulfill'd,
 T' express some part of that great equipage
 Which from great Neptune do derive their
 parentage.

XVIII.

Next came the aged Ocean and his dame
 Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest ;
 For all the rest of those two parents came,
 Which afterward both sea and land possess ;
 Of all which Nereus, th' eldest and the best,
 Did first proceed ; than which none more
 upright,
 Ne more sincere in word or deed profest ;
 Most void of guile, most free from foul de-
 spite, [right :
 Doing himself and teaching others to do

XIX.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
 And could the leddeⁿ * of the gods unfold ;
 Through which, when Paris brought his
 famous prize,
 The fair Tindarid lass, he him foretold
 That her all Greece with many a champion
 bold
 Should fetch again, and finally destroy
 Proud Priam's town : so wise is Nereus old,
 And so well skill'd ; nathless he takes great
 joy
 Oft times amongst the wanton nymphs to
 sport and toy.

XX.

And after him the famous rivers came,
 Which do the earth enrich and beautify :
 The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth
 frame ; [the sky ;
 Long Rhodanus, whose source springs from

* Could understand the *language* or *dialect*
 of the gods, and thus became a prophet.

Fair Ister, flowing from the mountains high ;
 Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
 Of Greeks and Trojans, whch therein did
 die ;
 Pactolus glist'ring with his golden flood :
 And Tigris fierce, whose streams of none
 may be withstood ;

XXI.

Great Ganges ; and immortal Euphrates ;
 Deep Indus ; and Mæander intricate ;
 Slow Pencus : and tempestuous Phasides ;
 Swift Rhine ; and Alpheus still immaculate ;
 Oraxès feared for great Cyrus' fate :
 Tybris, renowned for the Romans' fame ;
 Rich Oranochy,* though but known late ;
 And that huge river, which doth bear his
 name [same,
 Of warlike Amazons which do possess the

XXII.

Joy on those warlike women, which so long
 Can from all men so rich a kingdom hold !
 And shame on you, O men, which boast
 your strong [and bold,
 And valiant hearts, in thoughts less hard
 Yet quail in conquest of that land of gold !
 But this to you, O Britons most pertains,
 To whom the right hereof itself hath sold ;
 The which, for sparing little cost or pains,
 Lose so immortal glory, and so endless gains.

XXIII.

Then was there heard a most celestial sound
 Of dainty music, which did next ensue
 Before the spouse : that was Arion crown'd ;
 Who, playing on his harp, unto him drew
 The ears and hearts of ail that goodly crew ;
 That even yet the dolphin which him bore
 Through the Ægean seas from pirates' view,
 Stood still by him astonish'd at his lore,
 And all the raging seas for joy forgot to roar.

XXIV.

So went he playing on the watery plain :
 Soon after whom the lovely bridegroom
 came,
 The noble Thames with all his goodly train.
 But him before there went, as best became,
 His ancient parents, namely, th' ancient
 Thame ;
 But much more aged was his wife than he,
 The Ouze, whom men do Isis rightly name ;
 Full weak and crooked creature seemèd she,
 And almost blind through eld, that scarce
 her way could see.

* O-inoco.

XXV.

Therefore on either side she was sustain'd
Of two small grooms, which by their names
were hight [which pain'd
The Churne and Cherwell, two small streams,
Themselves her footing to direct aright,
Which failèd oft through faint and feeble
plight:
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay;
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Dewèd with silver drops that trickled down
always:

XXVI.

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoop afore
With bowèd back, by reason of the load
And ancient heavy burden which he bore
Of that fair city, wherein make abode
So many learnèd imps, that shoot abroad,
And with their branches spread all Britany,
No less than do her elder sister's brood.
Joy to you both, ye double nursery [glorify.
Of arts! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most

XXVII.

But he their son full fresh and jolly was,
All deckèd in a robe of watchet * hue,
On which the waves, glittering like crystal
glass,
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen whether they were false or
true:
And on his head like to a coronet [view,
He wore, that seemèd strange to common
In which were many towers and castles set,
That it encompass'd round as with a golden
fret.

XXVIII.

Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
In her great iron charet wents to ride,
When to Jove's palace she doth take her way,
Old Cybelè, arrayed with pompous pride,
Wearing a diadem embattled wide
With hundred turrets, like a turribant.
With such an one was Thamis beautified;
That was to weet the famous Troynovant,
In which her kingdom's throne is chiefly
resiant.

XXIX.

And round about him many a pretty page
Attended duly, ready to obey;
All little rivers which owe vassalage

* Matchet was a pale blue colour.

To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay;
The chalky Kennet; and the Thetis gray;
The moorish * Colne; and the soft-sliding
Breane;
The wanton Lea, that oft doth lose his way;
And the still Darent, in whose waters clean
Ten thousand fishes play and deck his plea-
sant stream.

XXX.

Then came his neighbor floods which nigh
him dwell,
And water all the English soil throughout;
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet service waited him about;
Ne none disdainèd low to him to lout:
No not the stately Severn grudged at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he lookèd
stout;
But both him honour'd as their principal,
And let their swelling waters low before him
fall.

XXXI.

There was the speedy Tamar, which divides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines;
Through both whose borders swiftly down
it glides, [clines;
And, meeting Plim, to Plymouth then de-
And Dart, nigh choked with sands of tinny
mines:
But Avon marchèd in more stately path,
Proud of his adamant† with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
And Bristow fair, which on his waves he
buildèd hath.

XXXI.

And there came Stour with terrible aspect,
Bearing his six deformèd heads on high,
That doth his course through Blandford
plains direct, [dry.
And washeth Winborne meads in season
Next him went Wiley Bourne with passage
sly,
That of his wiliness his name doth take,
And of himself doth name the shire therebv:†
And Mole, that like a nousling mole doth
make [overtake.
His way still underground till Thames he

XXXIII.

Then came the Rother, deckèd all with woods
Like a wood-god, and flowing fast to Rhy;

* Marshy. † Stones like diamonds.
‡ Wiltshire.

And Stour, that parteth with his pleasant
floods

The eastern Saxons from the southern nigh,
And Clare and Harwich both doth beautify:
Him follow'd Yare, soft washing Norwich
wall,

And with him brought a present joyfully
Of his own fish unto their festival,
Whose like none else could show, the which
they ruffins call.

XXXIV.

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far
from land,

By many a city and by many a town,
And many rivers taking under-hand
Into his waters as he passeth down,
(The Cle, the Wear, the Grant, the Stour,
the Rowne,)

Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge
lit, [crown
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a
He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it [wit.
With many a gentle muse and many a learnèd

XXXV.

And after him the fatal Welland went,
That if old saws prove true (which God
forbid!)

Shall drown all Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely
hid,

Then shine in learning more than ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly
beams.

And next to him the Nen down softly slid;
And bounteous Trent, that in himself en-
seams [streams.

Both thirty sorts of fish and thirty sundry

XXXVI.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony
bank

That Roman monarch built a brazen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly
flank

Against the Picts that swarmèd over all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever they do call:
And Tweed the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany; and Eden though but small,
Yet often stain'd with blood of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tinèd on
his strand.*

* That fell there—were killed—lost.

XXXVII.

Then came those six sad brethren, like for-
lorn,

That whylome were, as antique fathers tell,
Six valiant knights of one fair nymph yborn,
Which did in noble deeds of arms excel,
And wonnèd there where now York people
dwell; [of might,

Still Ure, swift Wharfe, and Ouse the most
High Swale, unquiet Nidd, and troublous
Skell; [hight

All whom a Scythian king, that Humber
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite

XXXVIII.

But past not long, ere Brutus, warlike son
Locrinus them avenged, and the same date,
Which the proud Humber unto them had
done.

By equal doom repaid on his own pate:
For in the self same river, where he late
Had drenchèd them, he drowned him again
And namèd the river of his wretched fate;
Whose bad condition yet it doth retain,
Oft tossed with his storms which therein
still remain.

XXXIX.

These after came the stony shallow Lune,
That to old Lancaster his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long gone
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway, which out of his stream doth
send

Plenty of pearls to deck his dames withal;
And Lindus, that his pikes doth most
commend,

Of which the ancient Lincoln men do call:
All these together marchèd through Proteus'
hall.

XL.

Ne thence the Irish rivers absent were:
Sith no less famous than the rest they be,
And join in neighbourhood of kingdom near,
Why should they not likewise in day agree.
And joy likewise this seldom love to see?
They saw it all, and present were in place:
Though I them all, according their degree,
Cannot recount nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the savage countries thorough
which they pace.

XLI.

There was the Liffy rolling down the lea,
The Sandy Slane; the Stony Aubrion;
The spacious Shannon spreading like a sea;

The pleasant Boyne; the fishy fruitful Bann;
Swift Awniduff, which of the Englishman
Is call'd Blackwater; and the Liffey deep:
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran;
Strong Allo tumbling from Slewlogher steep;
And Mulla mine,* whose waves I whylome
taught to weep.

XLII.

And there the three renownèd brethren were,
Which that great giant Blomius begot
Of the fairy nymph Rheüsa wand'rin; there:
One day, as she to shun the season hot
Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,
This giant found her and by force deflow' red;
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth
brought
These three fair sons, which being thence-
forth pour'd
In three great rivers ran, and many countries
scour'd,

XLIII.

The first the gentle Suir that, making way
By sweet Clonmel, adorns rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborn Nore whose waters
gray
By fair Kilkenny and Rossepointe board;
The third, the goodly Barrow which doth
hoard
Great heaps of salmons in his deep bosöm;
A l which, long sund'red do at last accord
To join in one, ere to the sea they come;
So, flowing all from one, all one at last
become.

XLIV.

There also was the wic'e embavèd Mayre;
The pleasant Brandon crown'd with many a
wood
The spreading Lee that, like an island fair,
Encloseth Cork with his divided flood;
And bafeul Oure late stan'd with English
blood: [can tell
With many more whose names no tongue
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thames attend, and waited well
To do their dueful service, as to them befell,

XLV.

Then came the bride, the lovely Medua †
came,
Clad in a vesture of unknown gear

* The Mulla flowed near Spenser's Irish
nome Kicolman; it is now called the Awbeg.
† Medway.

And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver sprinkled here and
there [appear,
With glittering spangs that did like stars
And waved upon, like water chamelot,
To hide the metal which yet every where
Bewray'd itself, to let men plainly wot
It was no mortal work, that seem'd and yet
was not.

XLVI.

Her goodly locks adown her back did flow
Unto her waist, with flow'rs besscatterèd,
The which ambrosial odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spread
As a new spring; and likewise on her head
A chapèlet of sundry flow'rs she wore,
From under which the dewy humour shed
Did trickle down her hair, like to the hoar
Congealèd little drops which do the morn
adore.

XLVII.

On her two pretty handmaids did attend,
One call'd the Theise, the other call'd the
Crane;
Which on her waited things amiss to mend,
And both behind upheld her spreading
train;
Under the which her feet appearèd plain,
Her silver feet, fair wash'd against this day;
And her before there pacèd pages twain,
Both clad in colours like and like array,
The Doune and eke the Frith, both which
prepared her way.

XLVIII.

And after these the sea-nymphs marchèd all,
All goodly damsels, deck'd with long green
hair,
Whom of their sire Nereïdes men call,
All which the Ocean's daughter to him bare,
The gray-eyed Doris; all which fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had.
Swift Proto; mild Eucratè; Thetis fair;
Soft Spio; sweet Endorè; Sao sad; [glad
Light Doto; wanton Glaucè; and Galen

XLIX.

White-hand Eunica; proud Dynamenè;
Joyous Thralia; goodly Amphitrite;
Lovely Pasithee; kind Eulimenè;
Light-foot Cymothoè; and sweet Melite;
Fairest Pherusa; Phao lily white;
Wond' red Agavè; Poris; and Nesæa;
With Erato that doth in love delight;
And Panopæ; and wise Protomedæa;

And snowy-neck'd Doris; and milk-white
Galatæa.

L.

Speedy Hippothoë; and chaste Actea;
Large Lisianassa; and Pronæa sage;
Euagorè; and light Pontoporea; [suage
And, she that with her least word can as-
The surging seas when they do sorest rage,
Cymodocè; and stout Autonoe;
And Neso; and Eionè well in age;
And seeming still to smile Glauconomè;
And, she that hight of many hests, Poly-
nomè;

LI.

Fresh Alimeda deck'd with garland green;
Hyponoe with salt bedewèd wrists;
Laomedea like the crystal sheen;
Liagorè much praised for wise behests;
And Psmathè for her broad snowy breasts;
Cymo; Eupompè; and Themistè just;
And, she that virtue loves and vice detests,
Euarna; and Menippè true in trust;
And Nemeatea learnèd well to rule her lust.

LII.

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
Which have the sea in charge to them
assign'd,
To rule his tides, and surges to uprear,
To bring forth storms, or fast them to
upbind, [wind.
And sailors saves from wreck of wrathful
And yet besides, three thousand more there
were [kind;
Of th' Ocean's seed, but Jove's and Phœbus
The which in floods and fountains do appear,
And all mankind do nourish with their
waters clear.

LIII.

To which more eath it were for mortall
wight
To tell the sands, or count the stars on high,
Or ought more hard, than think to reckon
right.
But well I wot that these, which I descrie,
Were present at this great solemnity:
And there, amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckless Marinell, Cymodocè;
Which, for my muse herself now tired has,
Unto an other canto I will overpass.

CANTO XII.

Marin, for love of Florimell,
In languor wastes his life,
The nymphe, his mother, getteth her
And gives to him for wife.

I.

O WHAT an endless work have I in hand,
To count the sea's abundant progeny,
Whose fruitful seed far passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in th' azure
sky!
For much more eath to tell the stars on high
Albe they endless seem in estimation,
Than to recount the sea's posterity:
So fertile be the floods in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberless
their nation.

II.

Therefore the antique wizards well invented
That Venus of the foamy sea was bred;
For thia the seas by her are most augmented.

Witness the exceeding fry which there are
fed, [be read.
And wondrous shoals which may of none
Then blame me not if I have err'd in count
Of gods, of nymphs, of rivers, yet unread:
For though their numbers do much more
surmount,
Yet all those same were there which erst I
did recount.

III.

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to
tell, [door;
That Proteus' house they find even to the
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposèd well.
Amongst the rest was fair Cymodocè.

The mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came to learn and see
The manner of the gods when they at
banquet be.

IV.

But for he was half mortal being bred
Of mortal sire, though of immortal womb,
He might not with immortal food be fed,
Ne with th' eternal gods to banquet come ;
But walk'd abroad, and round about did
roam

To view the building of that uncouth place,
That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home :
Where, as he to and fro by chance did trace,
There unto him betid a disadvent'rous case.

V.

Under the hanging of an hideous cliff
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That piteously complain'd her careful grief,
Which never she before disclosed to none,
But to herself her sorrow did bemoan :
So feelingly her case she did complain,
That ruth is movèd in the rocky stone,
And made it seem to feel her grievous pain,
And oft to groan with billows beating from
the main :

VI.

" Though vain I see my sorrows to unfold
And count my cares when none is nigh to
hear ;
Yet, hoping grief may lessen being told,
I will them tell though unto no man near :
For heaven, that unto all lends equal ear,
Is far from hearing of my heavy plight ;
And lowest hell, to which I lie most near,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight :
And greedy seas do in the spoil of life
delight.

VII.

" Yet lo ! the seas I see by often beating
Do pierce the rocks ; and hardest marble
wears ;
But his hard rocky heart for no entreating
Will yield, but, when my piteous plaint he
hears,
Is hard'ned more with my abundant tears :
Yet though he never list to me relent,
But let me waste in woe my wretched years,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But joy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

VIII.

" And when my weary ghost, with grief
outworn,

By timely death shall win her wishèd rest,
Let then this plaint unto his ears be borne,
That blame it is, to him that arms profest,
To let her die whom he might have re-
drest ! "

There did she pause, inforcèd to give place
Unto the passion that her heart opprest :
And, after she had wept and wailed a space,
She gan fresh thus to renew her wretched
case :

IX.

" Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
Have care of right or ruth of wretches'
wrong,

By one or other way me, woful thrall,
Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long :
And if ye deem me death for loving one
That loves not me, then do it not prolong,
But let me die and end my day at one,
And let him live unloved, or love himself
alone.

X.

" But if that life ye unto me decree,
Then let me live, as lovers ought to do,
And of my life's dear love beloved be :
And, if he should through pride your doom
undo,

Do you by duresse him compel thereto,
And in this prison put him here with me ;
One prison fittest is to hold us two :
So had I rather to be thrall than free ; [be.
Such thraldom or such freedom let it surely

XI.

" But O vain judgment, and conditions vain,
The which the prisoner points unto the free !
The whiles I him condemn, and deem his
pain,* [me
He where he lists goes loose, and laughs at
So ever loose, so ever happy be !
But whereso loose 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 have burst through great abun-
dance of her smart.

XII.

All which complaint when Marinell had
heard,
And understood the cause of all her care
To come of him for using her so hard ;

* *Deem his pain*, that is, adjudge his punish-
ment.—TODD.

His stubborn heart that never felt misfare,
Was touch'd with soft remorse and pity rare;
That even for grief of mind he oft did groan,
And inly wish that in his pow'r it were
Her to redress: but since he means found
none, [bemoan,
He could no more but her great misery

XIII.

Thus, whilst his stony heart with tender ruth,
Was touch'd, and mighty courage mollified,
Dame Venus' son that taineth stubborn
youth

With iron bit, and maketh him abide
Till like a victor on his back he ride,
Into his mouth his mast'ring bridle threw,
That made him stoop, till he did him be-
stride:

Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learn to love by learning lovers' pains
to rue.

XIV.

Now gan he in his grievèd mind devise,
How from that dungeon he might her en-
large: [wise

Some while he thought, by fair and humble
To Proteus' self to sue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mother's former charge
Gainst women's love, long given him in
vain: [targe

Then gan he think, perforce with sword and
Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constrain:
But soon he gâtt such folly to forthink again.

XV.

Then did he cast to steal her thence away,
And with him bear where none of her might
know.

But all in vain; for why? he found no way
To enter in, or issue forth below;
For all about that rock the sea did flow.

And though unto his will she given were,
Yet, without ship or boat her thence to row,
He wist not how her thence away to bear;
And danger well he wist long to continue
there.

XVI.

At last, when as no means he could invent,
Back to himself he gan return the blame,
That was the author of her punishment;
And with vile curses and reproachful shame
To damn himself by every evil name,
And deem unworthy or of love or life,
That had despised so chaste and fair a dame,
Which him had sought through trouble and
long strife; [to wife,
Yet had refused a god that her had sought

XVII.

In this sad plight he walkèd here and there,
And roamèd round about the rock in vain,
As he had lost himself he wist not where;
Of listening if he mote her hear again;
And still bemoaning her unworthy pain
Like as an hind whose calf is fall'n unwares
Into some pit, where she him hears com-
plain,

An hundred times about the pit side fares.
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereavèd
cares.

XVIII.

And now by this the feast was throughly
ended,

And every one gan homeward to resort.
Which seeing, Marinell was sore offendèd
That his departure thence should be so short,
And leave his love in that sea-wallèd tort
Yet durst he not his mother disobey;
But, her attending in full seemly sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way;
And all the way did inly mourn, like one
astray.

XIX.

Being returnèd to his mother's bow'r,
In solitary silence far from wight
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched love lay day and
night, [plight:

For his dear sake, that ill deserved that
The thought whereof impierced his heart so
deep,

That of no worldly thing he took delight;
Ne daily food did take, ne nightly sleep.
But pined, and mourn'd, and languish'd,
and alone did weep;

XX.

That in short space his wonted cheerful hue
Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quite:
His cheek-bones raw, and eye-pits hollow
grew. [might,

And brawny arms had lost their knowen
That nothing like himself he seem'd in
sight.

Ere long so weak of limb, and sick of love,
He woxe, that longer he note stand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and laid above,
Like rueful ghost, unable once to stir or
move.

XXI.

Which when his mother saw, she in her
mind [ween;
Was troubledd sore, ne wist well what to

Ne could by search nor any means 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 loss before her eyne
Which grieved her more that she it could
not mend: [lend.
To see an helpless evil double grief doth

XXII

Nought could she read the root of his dis-
ease,
Ne ween what mister malady it is,
Whereby to seek some means it to appease.
Most did she think, but most she thought
amiss,
That that same former fatal wound of his
Wyleare by Tryphon was not throughly
heal'd,
But closely rankled under th' orifice:
Least did she think, that which he most
conceal'd, [unreveal'd.
That love it was, which in his heart lay

XXIII.

Therefore to Tryphon she again doth haste,
And him doth chide as false and fraudulent,
That fail'd the trust, which she in him had
placed,
To cure her son, as he his faith had lent;
Who now was fall'n into new languishment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly
cured.
So back he came unto her patient;
Where searching every part, her well assured
That it was no old sore which his new pain
procured;

XXIV.

But that it was some other malady, [cern:
Or grief unknown, which he could not dis-
so left he her withouten remedy. [yearn,
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and
And inly troubled was, the truth to learn.
Unto himself she came, and him besought,
Now with fair speeches, now with threat'n-
ings stern,
If ought lay hidden in his grievèd thought,
It to reveal: who still her answer'd, there
was nought.

XXV.

Nathless she rested not so satisfied;
But leaving wat'ry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the shiay heaven in haste she hied,
And thence Apollo king of leeches brought.
Apollo came; who, soon 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 engrieved mind,
Which love he read to be, that leads each
living kind.

XXVI.

Which when he had unto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve:
And, coming to her son, gan first to scold
And chide at him that made her misbelieve:
But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve.
And woo with fair intreaty, to disclose
Which of the nymphs his heart so sore did
nieve.
For sure she ween'd it was some one of those,
Which he had lately seen, that for his love
he chose.

XXVII.

Now less she fearèd that same fatal read,
That warnèd him of women's love beware:
Which being meant of mortal creatures' seed,
For love of nymphs she thought she need
not care
But promised him, whatever wight she were,
That she her love to him would shortly gain:
So he her told: but soon as she did hear
That Florimell it was which wrought his
pain, [vein.
She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every

XXVIII.

Yet since she saw the strait extremity
In which his life unluckily was laid,
It was no time to scan the prophecy,
Whether old Proteus true or false had said,
That his decay should happen by a ma'd;
(It's late, in death, of danger to advise;
Or love forbid him, that his life deny'd;)
But rather gan in troubled mind devise
How she that lady's liberty might enterprize.

XXIX.

To Proteus' self to sue she thought it vain,
Who was the root and worker of her woe;
Nor unto any meaner to complain;
But unto great King Neptune' self did go,
And, on her knee before him falling low,
Made humble suit unto his majesty
To grant to her her son's life, which his foe,
A cruel tyrant, had presumptuously
By wicked doom condemn'd a wretched
death to die.

XXX.

To whom god Neptune, softly smiling, thus:
"Daughter, me seems of double wrong ye
plain, [us;
Gainst one that hath both wrongèd you and

For death t'award I ween'd did appertain
 To none but to the seas' sole sovereign
 Read therefore who it is which this hath
 wrought,
 And for what cause, the truth discover plain
 For never wight so evil did or thought,
 But would some rightful cause pretend,
 though rightly nought."

XXXI.

To whom she answer'd, "Then it is by name
 Proteus, that hath ordain'd my son to die,
 For that a waif, the which by fortune came
 Upon your seas he claim'd as property:
 And yet nor his, nor his in equity,
 But yours the waif by high prerogative:
 Therefore I humbly crave your majesty
 It to replevy,* and my son reprieve:
 So shall you by one gift save all us three
 alive."

XXXII.

He granted it: and straight his warrant
 made,
 Under the sea-god's seal authentical,
 Commanding Proteus straight t' enlarge the
 maid
 Which wand'ring on his seas imperial
 He lately took, and sithence kept as thrall.
 Which she receiving with meet thankfulness,
 Departed straight to Proteus therewithal:
 Who, reading it with inward lothfulness,
 Was grievèd to restore the pledge he did
 possess.

* To take back a distress by writ: to bail.—
 NUTTAL.

XXXIII.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
 But unto her deliver'd Florimell:
 Whom she receiving by the lily hand,
 Admired her beauty much, as she mote well,
 For she all living creatures did excel.
 And was right joyous that she gotten had
 So fair a wife for her son Marinell.
 So home with her she straight the virgin
 lad,
 And showèd her to him then being sore
 bestad.

XXXIV.

Who soon as he beheld that angel's face
 Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
 His cheer'd heart eftswoones away gan chase
 Sad death, revivèd with her sweet inspec-
 tion,
 And feeble spirit inly felt reflection;
 As withered weed through cruel winter's
 time,
 That feels the warmth of sunny beams'
 reflection,
 Lifts up his head that did before decline,
 And gins to spread his leaf before the fair
 sunshine.

XXXV.

Right so himself did Marinell uprear,
 When he in place his dearest love did spy;
 And though his limbs could not his body
 bear,
 Ne former strength return so suddenly,
 Yet cheerful signs he showèd outwardly.
 Ne less was she in secret heart affected,
 But that she maskèd it with modesty,
 For fear she should of lightness be detected:
 Which to another place I leave to be per-
 fected.

BOOK V.

The Legend of Artegall, or of Justice.

I.

So oft as I with state of present time
The image of the antique world compare,
Whenas man's age was in his freshest prime,
And, the first blossom of fair virtue bare;
Such odds I find twixt those, and these
which are, [course,
As that, through long continuance of his
Me seems the world is run quite out of square
From the first point of his appointed source;
And being once amiss grows daily worse
and worse :

II.

For from the golden age, that first was named,
It's now at erst become a stony one;
And men themselves, the which at first were
framed [bone.
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and
Are now transform'd into hardest stone;
Such as behind their backs (so backward
bred)
Were thrown by Pyrrha and Deucalion:
And if then those may any worse be read,
They into that ere long will be degendered.

III.

Let none then blame me, if, in discipline
Of virtue and of civil uses' lore,
I do not form them to the common line
Of present days which are corrupted sore;
But to the antique use which was of yore,
When good was only for itself desired,
And all men sought their own, and none no
more; [hired,
When justice was not for most meed out-
But simple truth did reign, and was of all
admired.

IV.

For that which all men then did virtue call,
Is now call'd vice; and that which vice was
hight,
Is now hight virtue, and so used of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is
right; [quite:
As all things else in time are chang'd

Ne wonder; for the heavens' revolution
Is wand'red far from where it first was pight,
And so do make contrary constitution
Of all this lower world toward his dissolution.

V.

For whoso list into the heavens' look,
And search the courses of the rolling spheres,
Shall find that from the point where they
first took [years
Their setting forth in these few thousand
They all are wand'red much; that plain
appears: [bore,
For that same golden fleecy ram, which
Phryxus and Helle from their stepdame's
fears, [yore,
Hath now forgot where he was plac'd of
And. should'red hath the bull which fair
Europa bore :

VI.

And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horn
So hardly butted those two twins of Jove,
That they have crush'd the crab, and quite
him borne
Into the great Nemæan lion's grove.
As now all range, and do at random rove
Out of their proper places far away,
And all this world with them amiss do move,
And all his creatures from their course astray;
Till they arrive at their last ruinous decay.

VII.

Ne is that same great glorious lamp of light,
That doth illumine all these lesser fires,
In better ease, ne keeps his course more right,
But is miscarried with the other spheres:
For since the term of fourteen hundred years,
That learn'd Ptolomy his height did take,
He is declin'd from that mark of theirs
Nigh thirty minutes to the southern lake;
That makes me fear in time he will us quiet
forsake).

VIII.

And if to those Egyptian wizards old
(Which in star-read were wont have best
insight)

Faith may be given, it is by them told
That since the time they first took the sun's
height,
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 amiss of all the rest ;
And next to him old Saturn, that was wont
be best.

IX.

For during Saturn's ancient reign it's said
That all the world with goodness did
abound ;
All lovèd virtue, no man was afraid
Of force ; ne fraud in wight was to be
found ;
No war was known, no dreadful trumpet's
sound ;
Peace universal reign'd mongst men and
beasts :
And all things freely grew out of the ground :
Justice sate high adored with solemn feasts.
And to all people did divide her dread
behests :

X.
Most sacred Virtue she of all the rest,
Resembling God in His imperial might ;
Whose sovereign pow'r is herein most ex-
prest, [right,
That both to good and bad He dealeth
And all His works with justice had bedight.
That pow'r He also doth to princes lend,
And makes them like Himself in glorious
sight
To sit in His own seat, His cause to end,
And rule His people right, as He doth
recommend.

XI.

Dread sovereign goddess, that dost highest
sit
In seat of judgment in th' Almighty's stead,
And with magnific might and wondrous wit
Dost to thy people righteous doom aread,
That furthest nations fills with awful dread,
Pardon the boldness of thy basest thrall,
That dare discourse of so divine a read,
As thy great justice praised over all ;
The instrument whereof lo here — thy
Artegall.

CANTO I.

Artegall trained in justice' lore
Irena's quest pursued ;
He doth avenge on Sanglier
His lady's blood imbrued

I.

THOUGH virtue then were held in highest
price,
In those old times of which I do intreat,
Yet then likewise the wicked seed of vice,
Began to spring ; which shortly grew full
great, [beat ;
And with their boughs the gentle plants did
But evermore some of the virtuous race
Rose up, inspirèd with heroic heat,
That crott the branches of the sient * base,
And with strong hand their fruitful rank-
ness did deface.

II.

Such first was Bacchus, that with furious
might
All th' east before untamed did overrun,

* Scion.

And wrong repressèd and establish'd right,
Which lawless men had formerly fordone :
There Justice first her princely rule begun.
Next Hercules his like ensample show'd,
Who all the west with equal conquest won,
And monstrous tyrants with his club sub-
dued ; [endued.
The club of Justice dread with kingly pow'r

III.

And such was he of whom I have to tell,
The champion of true Justice, Artegall :
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure, which did then befall,
Into redoubted peril forth did call ;
That was, to succour a distressèd dame
Whom a strong tyrant did unjustly thrall,
And from the heritage, which she did
claim, [was his name.
Did with strong hand withhold ; Grantorto

IV.

Wherefore the lady, which Irena * hight
Did to the Faery Queen her way address,
To whom complaining her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gracious redress:
That sovereign queen, that mighty empress,
Whose glory is to aid all suppliants poor,
And of weak princes to be patroness,
Chose Artegall to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best skilled in
righteous lore.

V.

For Artegall in justice was upbrought
Even from the cradle of his infancy,
And all the depth of rightful doom was
taught
By fair Astræa, with great industry,
Whilst here on earth she lived mortally:
For, till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foul iniquity,
Astræa here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of justice them instructed
well.

VI.

Whiles through the world she walkèd in
this sort,
Upon a day she found this gentle child
Amongst his peers playing his childish
sport,
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defiled,
She did allure with gifts and speeches mild
To wend with her: so thence him far she
brought
Into a cave from company exiled,
In which she nursed him, till years he
raught;
And all the discipline of justice there him
[taught.]

VII.

There she him taught to weigh both right
and wrong
In equal balance with due recompence,
And equity to measure out along
According to the line of conscience,

* Irena is, or course, Erin or Ireland, at that time torn by rebellion and oppression. Artegall represents Spenser's friend and patron, Lord Grey of Wilton, then nominated Lord Deputy of Ireland, to whom the poet was secretary during the four years of Lord Grey's administration. Lord Grey was recalled (being out of favor with the Government for his severity to the Irish), and Spencer showed courageous gratitude in defending his benefactor in his disgrace.

Whenso it needs with rigor to dispense:
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She caused him to make experience
Upon wild beasts, which she in woods did
find, [their kind
With wrongful pow'r oppressing others of

VIII.

Thus she him trainèd, and thus she him
taught
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Until the ripeness of man's years he raught;
That even wild beasts did fear his awful
sight,
And men admired his over-ruling might;
Ne any lived on ground that durst withstand
His dreadful hest, much less him match in
fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakful hand,
Whenso he list in wrath lift up his steely
brand:

IX.

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded
more
She gave unto him, gotten by her sleight
And earnest search, where it was kept in
store -
In Jove's eternal house, unwist of wight,
Since he himself it used in that great fight
Against the Titans, that whylome rebell'd
Gainst highest heaven; Chrysaor it was
hight:
Chrysaor, that all other swords excell'd,
Well proved in that same day when Jove
those giants quell'd:

X.

For of most perfect metal it was made,
Temp'red with adamant amongst the same,
And garnish'd all with gold upon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof it took its name,
And was of no less virtue than of fame:
For there no substance was so firm and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave wherso it
came;
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward;
But wheresoev' it did light, it throughly
shared.

XI.

Now when the world with sin gan to abound,
Astræa loathing longer here to space
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she
found, [face;
Return'd to heaven, whence she deriv'd her
Where she hath now an everlasting place

Mongst thos twelve signs, which nightly
we do see [enchase;
The heavens' bright-shining baldrick to
And is the Virgin, sixth in her degree,
And next herself her righteous Balance
harging be.

XII.

But when she parted hence she left her
groom,

An iron man, which did on her attend
Always to execute her steadfast doom,
And willèd him with Artegal to wend,
And do whatever thing he did intend:
His name was Talus, made of iron mould,
Immoveable, resistless, without end;
Who in his hand an iron fiale did hold,
With which he thresh'd out falsehood, and
did truth unfold.

XIII.

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to aid, if aid he chanced to need,
Against that cruel tyrant, which opprest
The fair Irena with his foul misdeed,
And kept the crown in which she should
succeed:

And now together on their way they bin,
Whenas they saw a squire-in squalid weed
Lamenting sore his sorrowful sad tyne
With many bitter tears shed from his
blubb' red eyne.

XIV.

To whom as they approachèd, they espied
A sorry sight as ever seen with eye,
An headless lady lying him beside
In her own blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour dye.
Much was he movèd at that rueful sight:
And flamed with zeal of vengeance inwardly
He ask'd who had that dame so foully dight,
Or whether his own hand or whether other
wight?

XV.

“Ah! woe is me, and well away,” quoth he
Bursting forth tears like sprigs out of a
bank,

“That ever I this dismal day did see!
Full far was I from thinking such a prank;
Yet little loss it were, and mickle thank,
If I should grant that I have done the same,
That I mote drink the cup whereof she
drank;

But that I should die guilty of the blame,
The which another did who now is fled with
shame.”

XVI.

“Who was it then,” said Artegal, “that
wrought:

And why? do it declare unto me true.”

“A knight,” said he, “if knight he may be
thought

That did his hand in lady's blood imbrue,
And for no cause, but as I shall you shew.
This day as I in solace sate hereby
With a fair love whose loss I now do rue,
There came this knight, having in company
This luckless lady which now here doth
headless lie.

XVII.

“He, whether mine seem'd fairer in his eye,
Or that he wexèd weary of his own,
Would change with me; but I did it deny,
So did the ladies both, as may be known;
But he, whose spirit was with pride upblown,
Would not so rest contented with his right;
But, having from his courser her down
thrown,

Fro me reft mine away by lawless might,
And on his steed her set to bear her out of
sight.

XVIII.

“Which when his lady saw, she follow'd fast,
And on him catching hold gan loud to cry
Not so to leave her nor away to cast,
But rather of his hand besought to die:
With that his sword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one stroke cropt off her head with
scorn,

In that same place whereas it now doth lie.
So he my love away with him hath borne,
And left me here both his and mine own
love to mourn.”

XIX.

“Aread,” said he; “which way then did he
make? [agam?”

And by what marks may he be known
“To hope,” quoth he, “him soon to over-
take,

That hence so long departèd, is but vain:
But yet he prickèd over yonder plain,
And as I markèd bore upon his shield,
By which it's easy him to know again,
A broken sword within a bloody field;
Expressing well his nature which the same
did wield.”

XX.

No sooner said, but straight he after sent
His iron page, who him pursued so light,

As that it seem'd above the ground he went :
 For he was swift as swallow in her flight,
 And strong as lion in his lordly might.
 It was not long before he overtook
 Sir Sanglier, (so clepèd was that knight),
 Whom at first he guessèd by his look,
 And by the other marks which of his shield
 he took.

XXI.

He bade him stay and back with him retire ;
 Who, full of scorn to be commanded so,
 The lady to alight did eft require,
 Whilst he reformèd that uncivil foe ;
 And straight at him with all his force did
 go : [a rock
 Who moved no more therewith, than when
 Is lightly stricken with some stonès throw ;
 But to him leaping lent him such a knock,
 That on the ground he laid him like a
 senseless block.

XXII.

But, ere he could himself recure again,
 Him in his iron paw he seizèd had ; [pain,
 That when he waked out of his wareless
 He found himself unwist so ill bestad, [lad,
 That limb he could not wag : thence he him
 Bound like a beast appointed to the stall.
 The sight whereof the lady sore adrad,
 And fain'd to fly for fear of being thrall :
 But he her quickly stay'd, and forced to
 wend withal.

XXIII.

When to the place they came where Artegal
 By that same careful squire did then abide,
 He gently gan him to demand of all
 That did betwixt him and that squire betide :
 Who with stern countenance and indignant
 pride
 Did answer, that of all he guiltless stood,
 And his accuser threupon defied ;
 For neither he did shed that lady's blood,
 Nor took away his love, but his own proper
 good.

XXIV.

Well did the squire perceive himself too
 weak
 To answer his defiance in the field,
 And rather chose his challenge off to break
 Than to approve his right with spear and
 shield,
 And rather guilty chose himself to yield.
 But Artegal by signs perceiving plain
 That he it was not which that lady kill'd.

But that strange knight, the fairer love to
 gain, [to strain ;
 Did cast about by sleight the truth thereout

XXV.

And said : " Now sure this doubtful cause's
 right
 Can hardly but by sacrament be trièd,
 Or else by ordeal, 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 quarrel end,
 So ye will swear my judgement to abide."
 Thereto they both did frankly condescend,
 And to his doom with listful ears did both
 attend.

XXVI.

" Sith then," said he, " ye both the dead
 deny,
 And both the living lady claim your right,
 Let both the dead and living equally
 Divided be betwixt you here in sight,
 And each of either take his share aright.
 But look, who does dissent from this my
 read,
 He for a twelvemonth's day shall in despite
 Bear for penance that same lady's-head ;
 To witness to the world that she by him is
 dead."

XXVII.

Well pleasèd with that doom was Sanglier,
 And off' red straight the lady to be slain :
 But that same squire to whom she was more
 dear,
 Whenas he saw she should be cut in twain,
 Did yield she rather should with him remain
 Alive than to himself be sharèd dead ;
 And rather than his love should suffer pain,
 He chose with shame to bear that lady's
 head :
 True love despiseth shame when life is call'd
 in dread.

XXVIII.

Whom when so willing Artegal perceived ;
 " Not so, thou squire," he said, " but thine
 I deem
 The living lady, which from thee he reaved :
 For worthy thou of her dost rightly seem.
 And you, sir knight, that love so light
 esteem,
 As that ye would for little leave the same,
 Take here your own that doth you best
 beseen,
 And with it bear the burden of defame ;
 Your own dead lady's head, to tell abroad
 your shame."

XXIX.

But Sanglier disdainèd much his doom,
 And sternly gan repine at his behest ;
 Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
 To bear that lady's head before his breast :
 Until that Talus had his pride repress'd,
 And forcèd him, maugre, it up to rear.
 Who when he saw it bootless to resist,
 He took it up, and thence with him did bear ;
 As rated spaniel takes his burden up for fear.

XXX.

Much did that squire Sir Artegall adore
 For his great justice held in high regard :
 And as his squire him off'red evermore
 To serve, for want of other meet reward,
 And wend with him on his adventure hard
 But he thereto would by no means consent
 But leaving him forth on his journey fared
 Ne wight with him but only Talus went ;
 They two enough t'encounter au whole reg-
 ment.

CANTO II.

Artegall hears of Florimell :
 Does with the pagan fight :
 Him slays ; drowns Lady Munera ;
 Does raze her castle quite.

I.

NOUGHT is more honorable to a knight,
 Ne better doth besem brave chivalry,
 Than to defend the feeble in their right,
 And wrong redress in such as wend awry :
 Whylome those great herôes got thereby
 Their greatest glory for their rightful deeds,
 And place deservèd with the gods on high :
 Herein the noblesse of this knight exceeds,
 Who now to perils great for justice' sake
 proceeds :

II.

To which as he now was upon the way,
 He chanced to meet a dwarf in hasty course ;
 Whom he required his forward haste to stay,
 Till he of tidings note with him discourse.
 Loth was the dwarf, yet did he stay perforce,
 And gan of sundry news his store to tell,
 As to his memory they had recourse ;
 But chiefly of the fairest Florimell,
 How she was found again, and spoused to
 Marinell.

III.

For this was Dony, Florimell's own dwarf,
 Whom having lost (as ye have heard why-
 leare)
 And finding in the way the scatt'rd scarf,
 The fortune of her life long time did fear :
 But of her health when Artegall did hear,
 And safe return, he was full inly glad,
 And ask'd him where and when her bridal
 cheer

Should be solemnized ; for, if time he had,
 He would be there, and honor to her
 spousal add.

IV.

"Within three days," quoth he, "as I do
 hear,
 It will be at the castle of the strond ;
 What time, if naught me let, I will be there
 To do her service so as I am bond.
 But in my way a litle here beyond
 A cursèd cruel Saracen doth wonne,
 That keeps a bridge's passage by strong
 hond, [donne ;
 And many errant knights hath there for-
 That makes all men for fear that passage
 for to shun."

V.

"What mister wight," quoth he, "and how
 far hence
 Is he, that doth to travellers such harms ?"
 "He is," said he, "a man of great de-
 fence ;
 Expert in battle and in deeds of arms ;
 And more embold'ned by the wicked charms,
 With which his daughter doth him still
 support ;
 Having great lordships got and goodly farms
 Through strong oppression of his pow'r
 extort ;
 By which he still them holds, and keeps
 with strong effort.

VI.

"And daily he his wrongs encreaseth more ;
 For never wight he lets to pass that way,
 Over his bridge, albe he rich or poor,
 But he him makes his passage-penny pay :
 Else he doth loid him back or beat away.
 Thereto he hath a groom of evil guise,
 Whose scalp is bare* that bondage doth
 bewray,
 Which polls and pills the poor in piteous
 wise ; †
 But he himself upon the rich doth tyrannize.

VII.

"His name is hight Pollentè, rightly so,
 For that he is so puissant and strong,
 That with his pow'r he all doth over go,
 And makes them subject to his mighty
 wrong ; [fong ?
 And some by sleight he eke doth under-
 For on a bridge he custometh to fight,
 Which is but narrow, but exceeding long ;
 And in the same are many trap-falls pight,
 Through which the rider down doth fall
 through oversight.

VIII.

"And underneath the same a river flows,
 That is both swift and dangerous deep
 withal ;
 Into the which whomso he overthrowes,
 All destitute of help doth headlong fall ;
 But he himself through practise usual
 Leaps forth into the flood, and there assays
 His foe confused through his sudden fall,
 That horse and man he equally dismays,
 And either both them drowns, or traitor-
 ously slays.

IX.

"Then doth he take the spoil of them at
 will,
 And to his daughter brings, that dwells
 thereby : [fill
 Who all that comes doth take, and therewith
 The coffers of her wicked treasury ; [high
 Which she with wrongs hath heaped up so
 That many princes she in wealth exceeds,
 And purchased all the country lying nigh
 With the reuenuc of her plenteous meeds :
 Her name is Munera, agreeing with her
 deeds.

* Long hair was a sign of freedom amongst
 the Franks and Germans ; a shaven head
 would be a sign of slavery.

† To pull and pill was to extort.

X.

"Thereto she is full fair, and rich attired,
 With golden hands and silver feet beside,
 That many lords have 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 whereas he doth abide ;
 Therefore me thither lead." No more he
 spake, [did make.
 But thitherward forthright his ready way

XI.

Unto the place he came within a while,
 Where on the bridge he ready armèd saw
 The Saracen, awaiting for some spoil :
 Who as they to the passage gan to draw,
 A villain to them came with skull all raw,
 That passage-money did of them require,
 According to the custom of their law :
 To whom he answer'd wroth, "Lo there thy
 hire ;" [he did expret
 And with that word him struck, that straight

XII.

Which when the pagan saw he waxèd wroth,
 And straight himself unto the fight ad-
 dress'd ;
 Ne was Sir Artegal behind : so both
 Together ran with ready spears in rest.
 Right in the midst, whereas they breast to
 breast
 Should meet, a trap was letten town to fall
 Into the flood ; straight leapt the carle un-
 blest,
 Well weening that his foe was fall'n withal :
 But he was well aware, and leapt before his
 fall.

XIII.

There being both together in the flood,
 They each at other tyrannously flew ;
 Ne ought the water coolèd their hot blood,
 But rather in them kindled choler new :
 But there the Paynim, who that use well
 knew
 To fight in water, great advantage had,
 That oftentimes him nigh he overthrowed :
 And eke the courser whereupon he rad
 Could swim like to a fish whiles he his back
 bestrad.

XIV.

Which odds whenas Sir Artegal espied,
 He saw no way but close with him in haste ;
 And to him driving strongly down the tide

Upon his iron collar griped fast, [brast.
That with the strain his wesand nigh he
There they together strove and struggled
long,

Either the other from his steed to cast ;
Ne ever Artegall his gripple strong
For anything would slack, but still upon
him hong.

XV.

As when a dolphin and a seal are met
In the wide champaign of the ocean plain,
With cruel chafe their courages they wet,
The masterdom of each by force to gain,
And dreadful battle twixt them do dar-
rayne;

[rage, they roar,
They snuff, they snort, they bounce, they
That all the sea, disturbèd with their trayne,
Doth fry with foam above the surges hoar ;
Such was betwixt these two the trouble-
some uproar.

XVI.

So Artegall at length him forced forsake
His horse's back for dread of being drown'd,
And to his handy swimming him betake.
Eitsoones himself as from his hold unbound,
And then no odds at all in him he found ;
For Artegall in swimming skilful was,
And durst the depth of any water sound.
So ought each knight, that use of peril has,
In swimming be expert, through waters'
force to pass.

XVII.

Then very doubtfnl was the war's event,
Uncertain whether had the better side :
For both were skill'd in that experiment,
And both in arms well train'd and throughly
tried.

But Artegall 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 bear himself upright :
But from the water to the land betook his
flight.

XVIII.

But Artegall pursued him still so near
With bright Chrysaor in his cruel hand,
That, as his head he gan a little rear
Above the brink to tread upon the land,
He smote it off, that tumbling on the strand
It bit the earth for very fell despite,
And gnashèd with his teeth, as if he bann'd
High God, whose goodness he despairèd
quite, [on him dight.
Or cursèd the hand which did that vengeance

XIX.

His corpse was carried down along the Lee,
Whose waters with his filthy blood it
stained:

[see,
But his blasphemous head, that all might
He pitch'd upon a pole on high ordain'd :
Where many years it afterwards remain'd,
To le a mirror to all mighty men,
In whose right hands great power is con-
tain'd,

That none of them the feeble over-ren,
But always do their power within just
compass pen.

XX.

That done, unto the castle he did wend.
In which the Paynim's daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend ;
Of whom he entrance sought, but was denied,
And with reproachful blasphemy defied,
Beaten with stones down from the battle-
ment,

That he was forcèd to withdraw aside ;
And bade his servant Talus to invent
Which way he enter might without endan-
germent.

XXI.

Eftsoones his page drew to the castle gate,
And with his iron flail at it let fly,
That all the warders it did sore amate,
The which ere-while spake so reproachfully,
And made them stoop, that lookèd erst so
high.

Yet still he beat and bounced upon the door,
And thund' red strokes thereon so hideously,
That all the piece he shakèd from the floor,
And fillèd all the house with fear and great
uproar.

XXII.

With noise whereof the lady forth appear'd
Upon the castle wall ; and, when she saw
The dangerous state in which she stood, she
fear'd

The sad effect of her near overthrow ;
And gan intreat that iron man below
To cease his outrage, and him fair besought ;
Sith neither force of stones which they did
throw, [wrought
Nor pow'r of charm which she against him
Might otherwise prevail, or make him cease
for ought.

XXIII.

But whenas yet she saw him to proceed
Unmoved with prayers or with piteous
thought,

She meant him to corrupt with goodly
meed;
And caused great sacks with endless riches
fraught
Unto the battlement to be upbrought,
And poured forth over the castle wall,
That she might win some time, though dearly
bought,
Whilst he to gathering of the gold did fall;
But he was nothing moved nor tempted
therewithal:

XXIV.

But still continued his assault the more,
And laid on oad with his huge iron flail,
That at the length he has yrent the door
And made way for his master to assail:
Who being enter'd nought did them avail
For wight against his pow'r themselves to
rear;
Each one did fly; their hearts began to fail;
And hid themselves in corners here and there;
And eke their dame half dead did hide
herself for fear.

XXV.

Long they her sought, yet no where could
they find her,
That sure they ween'd she was escaped away-
But Talus, that could like a lime-hound*
win her,
And all things secret wisely could bewrav,
At length found out whereas she hidden
lay
Under an heap of gold: thence he her drew
By the fair locks, and foully did array
Withouten pity of her goodly hue,
That Artegall himself her seamless plight
did rue.

XXVI.

Yet for no pity would he change the course
Of justice, which in Talus' hand did lie;
Whorudely haled her forth without remorse,
Still holding up her suppliant hands on high,
And kneeling at his feet submissively:
But he her suppliant hands, those hands of
gold,
And eke her feet, those feet of silver trye,†
Which sought unrighteousness, and justice
sold, [might them behold.
Chopped off, and nail'd on high, that all

* A large boar-hound.

† Trye is *tried*, the *d* dropped for the sake of the rhyme.

XXVII.

Herself then took he by the slender waist
In vain loud crying, and into the flood
Over the castle wall adown her cast,
And there her drown'd in the dirty mud:
But the stream wash'd away her guilty blood
Thereafter all that mucky pelf he took,
The spoil of people's evil gotten good,
The which her sire had scrap'd by hook
and crook, [the brook
And burning all to ashes pour'd it down

XXVIII.

And lastly all that castle quite he razed,
Even from the sole of his foundation,
And all the hewn stones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when Talus thoroughly had per-
form'd,
Sir Artegall undid the evil fashion, [form'd:
And wicked customs of that bridge re-
Which done, unto his former journey he re-
turn'd.

XXIX.

In which they measured mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
By which as they did travel on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could view,
Full many people gather'd in a crew;
Whose great assembly they did much admire;
For never there the iike resort they knew.
So towards them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met did there
desire.

XXX.

There they beheld a mighty giant stand
Upon a rock, and holding forth on high
An huge great pair of balance in his hand,
With which he boasted in his surquedry
That all the world he would weigh equally
If ought he had the same to counterpoise,
For want whereof he weigh'd vanity
And fill'd his balance full of idle toys:
Yet was admir'd much of fools, women,
and boys.

XXXI.

He said that he would all the earth uptake
And all the sea, divided each from either:
So would he of the fire one balance make,
And one of th' air, without or wind or weather;
Then would he balance heaven and hell to-
gether,
And all that did within them all contain;

Of all whose weight he would not miss a feather :
And look what surplus did of each remain,
He would to his own part restore the same again.

XXXII.

For why, he said, they all unequal were,
And had encroachèd upon others' share ;
Like as the sea (which plain he showed there)
Had worn the earth ; so did the fire the air ;
So all the rest did others' parts impair :
And so were realms and nations run awry.
All which he undertook for to repair,
In sort as they were formèd anciently ;
And all things would reduce unto equality,

XXXIII.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flock,
And cluster thick unto his leasings vain ;
Like foolish flies about an honey-crock ;
In hope by him great benefit to gain,
And uncontrolled freedom to obtain.
All which when Artegall did see and hear,
How he misled the simple people's train,
In 'sdainful wise he drew unto him near,
And thus unto him spake, without regard or fear,

XXXIV.

"Thou, that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equal to restore,
Instead of right meseems great wrongs dost show,
And far above thy forces' pitch to soar ;
For, ere thou limit what is less or more
In every thing, thou oughtest first to know
What was the poise of every part of yore :
And look then how much it doth overflow
Or fail thereof, so much is more than just to trow.

XXXV.

"For at the first they all created were
In goodly measure by their Maker's might ;
And weighèd out in balances so near,
That not a dram was missing of their right:
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoveable abide,
Hemm'd in with waters like a wall in sight,
And they with air that not a drop can slide:
All which the heavens contain, and in their courses guide.

XXXVI.

"Such heavenly justice doth among them reign
That every one do know their certain

In which they do these many years remain,
And mongst them all no change hath yet been found :

But if thou now shouldest weigh them new in pound,

We are not sure they would so long remain :
All change is perilous, and all chance unsound.

Therefore leave off to weigh them all again.
Till we may be assured they shall their course retain."

XXXVII.

"Thou foolish elf," said then the giant wroth,

"Seest not how badly all things present be,
And each estate quite out of order go'th ?
The sea itself dost thou not plainly see
Encroach upon the land there under thee ?
And th' earth itself how daily it's increased
By all that dying to it turnèd be ?

Were it not good that wrong were then surceased,
And from the most that some were given [to the least ?

XXXVIII.

"Therefore I will throw down these mountains high,

And make them level with the lowly plain,
These tow'ring rocks which reach unto the sky,

I will thrust down into the deepest main,
And, as they were, them equalize again.
Tyrants, that make men subject to their law,
I will suppress, that they no more may reign ;

And lordings curb that commons over-awe ;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poor will draw."

XXXIX.

"Of things unseen how canst thou deem aright."

Then answerèd the righteous Artegall,
"Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight ?

What though the sea with waves continual
Do eat the earth, it is no more at all ;
Ne is the earth the less, or loseth ought :
For whatsoever from one place doth fall
Is with the tide unto another brought :
For there is nothing lost, that may be found if sought.

XL.

"Likewise the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it do fade :

For of the earth they formèd were of yore :
 However gay their blossom or their blade
 Do flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
 What wrong then is it if that when they die
 They turn to that whereof their first were
 made?

All in the pow'r of their great Maker lie :
 All creatures must obey the voice of the
 ost High.

XLI.

' They live, they die, like as He doth ordain,
 Ne ever any asketh reason why.
 The hills do not the lowly dales disdain ;
 The dales do not the lofty hills envy.
 He maketh kings to sit in sovereignty ;
 He maketh subjects to their pow'r obey ;
 He pulleth down, He setteth up on high ;
 He gives to this, from that He takes away ;
 For all we have is His : what he list do, He
 may.

XLII.

" Whatever thing is done, by Him is done,
 Ne any may His mighty will withstand
 Ne any may His sovereign power shun,
 Ne loose that He hath bound with steadfast
 band :

In vain therefore dost thou now take in hand
 To call to count, or weigh His works anew,
 Whose counsels' depth thou canst not un-
 derstand ;

Sith of things subject to thy daily vie
 Thou dost not know the causes nor their
 courses due.

XLIII.

" For take thy balance, if thou be so wise.
 And weigh the wind that under heaven doth
 blow :

Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise ;
 Or weigh the thought that from man's mind
 doth flow : [show,

But if the weight of these thou canst not
 Weigh but one word which from thy lips
 doth fall ; [know,

For how canst thou those greater secrets
 That dost not know the least thing of them all?
 Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach
 the small."

XLIV.

Therewith the giant much abashèd said
 That he of little things made reckoning
 light ;

Yet the least word that ever could be laid
 Within his balance he could weigh aright.
 " Which is," said he, " more heavy than
 in weight,

The right or wrong, the false or else the
 true?"

He answerèd that he would try it straight :
 So he the words into his balance threw ;
 But straight the wingèd words out of his
 balance flew.

XLV.

Wroth wax'd he then, and said that words
 were light,

Ne would within his balance well abide :
 But he could justly weigh the wrong or
 right.

" Well then," said Artegal, " let it be tried:
 First in one balance set the true aside."

He did so first, and then the false he laid
 In th' other scale ; but still it down did slide,
 And by no mean could in the weight be
 stay'd : [truth be weigh'd.

For by no mean the false will with the

XLVI.

" Now take the right likewise," said Artegal
 " And counterpoise the same with so much
 wrong."

So first the right he put in one scale :
 And then the giant strove 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 chafed, and provèd every
 way : [downweigh.

Yet all the wrongs could not a little right

XLVII.

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
 And almost would his balances have broken:
 But Artegal him fairly gan assuage,

And said, " Be not upon thy balance wroken ;
 For they do nought but right or wrong
 betoken ;

But in the mind the doom of right must be :
 And so likewise of words, the which be
 spoken,

The ear must be the balance, to decree
 And judge, whether with truth or falsehood
 they agree.

LVIII.

" But set the truth and set the right aside,
 For they with wrong or falsehood will not
 fare,

And put two wrongs together to be tried,
 Or else two falses, of each equal share,
 And then together do them both compare ;
 For truth is one, and right is ever one."

So did he ; and then plain it did appear,

Whether of them the greater were atone :
But right sat in the midst of the beam
alone.

XLIX

But he the right from thence did thrust away ;
For it was not the right which he hid seek ;
But rather strove extremities to weigh,
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eke :
For the mean he greatly did misleek.
Whom when so lewdly minded Talus found,
Approaching nigh unto him cheek by cheek,
He shoulde'd him from off the higher
ground, [him drown'd.
And down the rocks him throwing in the sea

L.

Like as a ship, whom cruel tempests drives
Upon a rock with horrible dismay,
Her shatter'd ribs in thousand pieces rives
And spoiling all her gears and goodly 'ray
Does make herself misfortune's piteous prey ;
So down the cliff the wretched giant tumbled ;
His batt'rd balances in pieces lay,
His timb'rd bones all broken rudely rum-
bled ; [humbled.
So was the high-aspiring with huge ruin

LI.

That when the people, wh. had there
about
Long waited, saw his sudden desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining to stir up evil faction
For certain loss of so great expectation :
For well they hop'd to have got great good,
And wond'rous riches by his innovation :
Therefore resolving to avenge his blood,
They rose in arms, and all in battle order
stood.

LII.

Which lawless multitude him coming to
In warlike wise when Artegall did view,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do :
For loth he was his noble hands t'embrue
In the base blood of such a rascal crew ;
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd lest they with shame would him
pursue :
Therefore he Talus to them sent t'inquire
Their cause of their array, and truce for to
desire.

LIII.

But soon as they him nigh approaching
spied,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely struck at him on every side ;
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought
dismay :
But when at them he with his flail gan lay,
He like a swarm of flies them overthrew :
Ne any of them durst come in his way.
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselves in holes and bushes
from his view :

LIV.

As when a falcon hath with nimble flight
Flown at a flush of ducks foreby the brook,
The trembling fowl dismay'd with dreadful
sight
Of death, the which them almost overtook,
Do hid themselves from her astonying look
Amongst the flags and covert round about.
When Talus saw they all the field forsook,
And none appear'd of all that rascal rout,
To Artegall he turn'd and went with him
throughout.

CANTO III.

The spousals of fair Florimell,
Where tourney many knights :
There Braggadocio is uncased
In all the ladies' sights.

I.

AFTER long storms and tempests over-
blown,
The sun at length his joyous face doth clear ;
So whenas fortune all her spite hath shown,
Some blissful hours at last must needs
appear ;

Else should afflicted wights oft-times de-
spair.
So comes it now to Florimell by turn,
After long sorrows suffer'd whyleare.
In which captived she many months did
mourn, [return :
To taste of joy, and to wont pleasures to

II.

Who being freed from Proteus' cruel band
By Marinell, was unto him affianced,
And by him brought again to Faery Land;
Where he her spoused, and made his joyous
bride.

The time and piace was blazèd far and wide,
And solemn feasts and jousts ordain'd there
fore :

To which there did resort from every side
Of lords and ladies infinite great store;
Ne any knight was absent that brave cour-
age bore.

III.

To tell the glory of the feast that day,
The goodly service, the deviceful sights,*
The bridegroom's state, the bride's most
rich array, [knights,
The pride of ladies, and the worth of
The royal banquets, and the rare delights,
Were work fit for an herald, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True virtue to advance, shall here recounted
be.

IV.

When all the men had with full satiety
Of meats and drinks their appetites sufficed,
To deeds of arms and proof of chivalry,
They gan themselves address, full rich
aguised,

As each one had his furnitures devised.
And first of all issued Sir Marinell,
And with him six knights more, which
enterprized,

To challenge all in right of Florimell,
And to maintain that she all others did excel.

V.

The first of them was hight Sir Orimont,
A noble knight, and tried in hard assays:
The second had to name Sir Bellisont,
But second unto none in prowess' praise:
The third was Brunell, famous in his days:
The fourth Ecastor, of exceeding might:
The fifth Armeddan, skill'd in lovely lays:
The sixth was Lansack, a redoubted knight:
All six well seen in arms, and proved in
many a fight.

* The masques and spectacles which were then usual at royal nuptials & those of the nobility.—See Ben Jonson's Masques.

VI.

And them against came all that list to joust,
From every coast and country under sun:
None was debarr'd, but all had leave that
lust. [run.

The trumpets sound; then all altogether
Full many deeds of arms that day were
done; [wounded,

And many knights unhorsed, and many
As fortune fell; yet little lost or won:

But all that day the greatest praise re-
dounded [resounded.

To Marinell whose name the heralds loud

VII.

The second day, so soon as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field the came,
And there all day continued cruel fight,
With divers fortune fit for such a game,
In which all strove with peril to win fame;
Yet whether side was victor note be guess'd:
But at the last the trumpets did proclaim
That Marinell that day deserved best.
So they departed were, and all men went
to rest.

VIII.

The third day came, that should due trial
lend

Of all the rest; and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There Marinell great deeds of arms did
shew;

And through the thickest like a lion flew,
Rashing of helms, and riving plates
asunder;

That every one his danger did eschew:
So terribly his dreadful strokes did thunder,
That all men stood amazed, and at his might
did wonder.

IX.

but what on earth can always happy stand?
The greater prowess greater perils find.

So far he past amongst his enemies' band,
That they have him enclosed so behind,
As by no means he can himself outwind:
And now perforce they have him prisoner
taken; [bind;

And now they do with captive bands him
And now they lead him hence, of all for-
saken, [taken

Unless some succour had in time him over.

X.

It fortun'd whilst they were thus ill beset,
Sir Artgall into the tilt-yard came,

With Braggadochio, whom he lately met
 Upon the way with that his snowy dame :
 Where when he understood by common
 fame,
 What evil hap to Marinell betid,
 He much was moved at so unworthy shame,
 And straight that boaster pray'd, with
 whom he rid, [better hid.
 To change his shield with him, to be the

X

So forth he went, and soon them overhent,
 Where they were leading Marinell away ;
 Whom he assail'd with dreadless hardiment,
 And forced the burden of their prize to stay.
 They were an hundred knights of that
 array ;
 Of which th' one half upon himself did set,
 The other stay'd behind to guard the prey :
 But he ere long the former fifty bet ;
 And from the other fifty soon the prisoner
 fet.

XII.

So back he brought Sir Marinell again ;
 Whom having quickly arm'd again anew,
 They both together joined might and main,
 To set afresh on all the other crew ;
 Whom with sore havoc soon they overthrew,
 And chased quite out of the field, that none
 Against them durst his head to peril shew.
 So were they left lords of the field alone :
 So Marinell by him was rescued from his
 fone.

XIII.

Which when he had perform'd, then back
 again
 To Braggadochio did his shield restore :
 Who all this while behind him did remain,
 Keeping there close with him in preci
 store
 That his false lady, as ye heard afore.
 Then did the trumpets sound, and judges
 rose, [armour bore,
 And all these knights, which that day
 Came to the open hall to listen whose
 The honour of the prize should be adjudged
 by those.

XIV.

And thither also came in open sight
 Fair Florimell into the common hall,
 To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
 And best to him to whom the best should
 fall, [call.
 Then for that stranger knight they loud did

To whom that day they should the garland
 yield
 Who came not forth : but for Sir Artegal
 Came Braggadochio, and did show his
 shield, [golden field.
 Which bore the sun broad blazèd in a

XV.

The sight where did all with gladness fill :
 So unto him they did addeem the prize
 Of all that triumph. Then the trumpets
 shrill
 Don Braggadochio's name resounded thrice :
 So courage lent a cloak to cowardice :
 And then to him came fairest Florimell,
 And goodly gan to greet his brave emprise,
 And thousand thanks him yield, that had
 so well [excel.
 Approved that day that she all others did

XVI.

To whom the boaster, that all knights did
 blot, [make,
 With proud disdain did scornful answer
 That what he did that day, he did it not
 For her, but for his own dear lady's sake,
 Whom on his peril he did undertake
 Both her and eke all others to excel :
 And further did uncomely speeches crake,
 Much did his words the gentle lady quell,
 And turn'd aside for shame to hear what he
 did tell.

XVII.

Then forth he brought his snowy Florimell,
 Whom Trompart had in keeping there
 beside, [veil :
 Cover'd from people's gazement with a
 Whom when discover'd they had throughly
 eyed,
 With great amazement they were stupefied,
 And said, that surely Florimell it was,
 Or if it were not Florimell so tried,
 That Florimell herself she then did pass,
 So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar
 has.

XVIII.

Which whenas Marinell beheld likewise,
 He was therewith exceedingly dismay'd ;
 Ne wist he what to think, or to devise :
 But, like as one whom fiends had made
 afraid,
 He long astonish'd stood, ne ought he said,
 Ne ought he did, but with fast fix'd eyes
 He gazèd still upon that snowy maid,
 Whom ever as he did the more advise.
 The more to be true Florimell he did
 surmise

XIX.

As when two suns appear in th' azure sky,
 Mounted in Phœbus' charet fiery bright,
 Both darting forth fair beams to each man's
 eye, [light;
 And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming
 All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
 Not knowing nature's work, nor what to
 ween,
 Are rapt with wonder and with rare affright.
 So stood Sir Marinell when he had seen
 The semblant of this false by his fair
 beauty's queen.

XX.

As which when Artegall, who all this while
 Stood in the press close cover'd, well ad-
 vew'd,* [guile,
 And saw that boaster's pride and graceless
 He could no longer bear, but forth issued,
 And unto all himself there open shew'd,
 And to the boaster said; "Thou losel base,
 That hast with borrow'd plumes thyself
 endued,
 And other's worth with leasings dost deface,
 When they are all restored thou shalt rest
 in disgrace.

XXI.

"That shield, which thou dost bear, was it
 indeed
 Which this day's honour saved to Marinell;
 But not that arm, nor thou the man I read,
 Which didst that service unto Florimell:
 For proof show forth thy sword, and let it
 tell [stirr'd this day:
 What strokes, what dreadful stoure, it
 Or show the wounds which unto thee befell;
 Or show the sweat with which thou diddest
 sway
 So sharp a battle, that so many did dismay.

XXII.

"But this th' sword which wrought those
 cruel stounds, [bear.
 And this the arm the which that shield did
 And these th' signs, (so showed forth his
 wounds,)
 "By which that glory gotten doth appear.
 As for this lady, which he showeth here,
 Is not (I wæger) Florimell at all;
 But som fair franion, fit for such a fere,
 That by misfortune in his hand did fall.
 For proof whereof he hade them Florimell
 forth call.

* All the editions have "adwew'd:" Unton suggests that this should be "had view'd," but it may mean, as *adwew'd* does, "considered."

XXIII.

So forth the noble lady was ybrought,
 Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:
 Whereto her bashful shamefastness
 ywrought
 A great increase in her fair blushing face;
 As roses did with lilies interlace:
 For of those words, the which that boaster
 threw,
 She inly yet conceiv'd great disgrace:
 Whom whenas all the people such did view
 They shouted loud, and signs of gladness
 all did shew.

XXIV.

"Then did he set her by that snowy one,
 Like the true saint beside the image set;
 Of both their beauties to make paragon
 And trial, whether should the honour get.
 Straightway, so soon as both together met,
 Th' enchanted damsel vanish'd into nought:
 Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
 Ne of that goodly hue remain'd ought,
 But th' empty girdle which about her waist
 was wrought.

XXV.

As when the daughter of Thaumantes fair
 Hath in a wat'ry cloud displayed wide
 Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid
 air;
 That all men wonder at her colours' pride;
 All suddenly, ere one can look aside,
 The glorious picture vanisheth away,
 Ne any token doth thereof abide:
 So did this lady's goodly form decay,
 And into nothing go, are one could it be-
 wray.

XXVI.

Which whenas all that present were beheld,
 They stricken were with great astonishment,
 And their faint hearts with senseless horror
 quell'd,
 To see the thing, that seem'd so excellent,
 So stolen from their fancies' wonderment;
 That what of it became none understood:
 And Braggadochio's self with dreriment
 So daunted was in his despairing mood,
 That like a lifeless corse immoveable he
 stood.

XXVII.

But Artegall that golden belt uptook,
 The which of all her spoil was only left;
 Which was not hers, as many it mistook,
 But Florimell's own girdle, from her reft

While she was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foul monster which did her
compel

To perils great; which he unbuckling eft
Presented to the fairest Florimell;
Who round about her tender waist it fitted
well.

XXVIII

Full many ladies often had assay'd
About their middles that fair belt to knit;
And many a one supposed to be a maid:
Yet it to none of all their loins would fit,
Till Florimell about her fast'ned it.
Such power it had, that to no woman's waist
By any skill or labour it would fit,
Unless that she were continent and chaste;
But it would loose or break, that many had
disgraced.

XXIX.

Whilst thus they busied were 'bout Flori-
mell,

And boastful Braggadochio to defame,
Sir Guyon, as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickest press of people
came,

His own good steed, which he had stol'n, to
claim,

And, th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his sword; for with the
same [smit;

He meant the thief there deadly to have
And, had he not been held, he nought had
fail'd of it.

XXX.

Thereof great hurly burly movèd was
Throughout the hall for that same warlike
horse:

For Braggadochio would not let him pass;
And Guyon would him algates have per-
force,

Or it approve upon his carrion corse.
Which troublous stir when Artegal per-
ceived,

He nigh them drew to stay th' avenger's
force;

And gan inquire how was that steed be-
reaved,

Whether by might extort, or else by slight
deceived.

XXXI.

Who all that piteous story, which befell
About that woful couple which were slain,
And their young bloody babe to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood
remain,

His horse purloined was by subtle trayne;
For which he challengèd the thief to fight:
But he for nought could him thereto con-
strain;
For as the death he hated such despite,
And rather had to lose than try in arms his
right.

XXXII.

Which Artegal well hearing, (though no
more

By law of arms there need one's right to try,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Than that his foe should him the field deny,)
Yet further right by tokens to descry,

He ask'd, what privy tokens he did bear.
"If that," said Guyon, "may you satisfy,
Within his mouth a black spot doth appear,
Shaped like a horse's shoe, who list to seek
it there."

XXXIII.

Whereof to make due trial one did take
The horse in hand within his mouth to
look:

But with his heels so sorely he him strake,
That all his ribs he quite in pieces broke,
That never word from that day forth he
spoke.

Another, that would seem to have more wit,
Him by the bright embroidered headstall
took;

But by the shoulder him so sore he bit,
That he him maimèd quite, and all his
shoulder split.

XXXIV.

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Until that Guyon' self unto him spake,
And callèd Brigadore,* (so was he hight,)
Whose voice so soon as he did undertake,
Eftsoones he stood as still as any stake,
And suff'red all his secret mark to see;
And, whenas he him named, for joy he
brake

His bands, and follow'd him with gladfu'
glee,
And frisk'd, and flung aloft, and louted low
on knee,

XXXV.

Thereby Sir Artegal did plain aread,
That unto him the horse belon'd; and said,

* From Brigha d'Oro, golden mare. Brig-
hadoro is the name of Orlando's horse, in
Ariosto.—WARTON.

"Lo there, Sir Guyon, take to you the steed,
As he with golden saddle is array'd,
And let that losel, plainly now display'd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horse have
gain'd."

But the proud boaster gan his doom up-
braid,
And him reviled, and rated, and disdain'd,
That judgment so unjust against him had
ordain'd.

XXXVI.

Much was the knight incensed with his lewd
word,

To have revenged that his villainy ;
And thrice did lay his hand upon his sword,
To have him slain, or dearly done aby :
But Guyon did his cho'er pacify,
Saying, " Sir knight, it would dishonour be
To you that are our judge of equity,
To wreak your wrath on such a carle as he :
It's punishment enough that all his shame
do see."

XXXVII.

So did he mitigate Sir Artegall ;
But Talus by the back the boaster hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall
Upon him did inflict this punishment ;
First he his beard did shave, and foully
shent ;
Then from him reft his shield, and it ren-
versed,
And blotted out his arms with falsehood
blent ;
And himself baffuld, and his arms unherst ;*
And broke his sword in twain, and all his
armour 'sperst.

* Dispersed or scattered about the armour,
which, according to custom, was hung on a *herse*
or temporary monument, after the tournament.
Baffuld means "disgraced" as a recreant.

XXXVIII.

The whiles his guileful groom was fled
away ;

But vain it was to think from him to fly :
Who overtaking him did disarray,
And all his face deform'd with infamy,
And out of court him scourgèd openly.
So ought all faitours, that true knighthood
shame.

And arms dishonour with base villainy,
From all brave knights be banish'd with
defame :
For oft their lewdness blotteth good deserts
with blame.

XXXIX.

Now when these counterfeits were thus
uncased

Out of the foreside of their forgery,
And in the sight of all men clean disgraced,
All gan to jest and gibe full merrily
At the remembrance of their knavery ;
Ladies can laugh at ladies, knights at
knights,

To think with how great vaunt of bravery
He them abused through his subtle sleights,
And what a glorious show he made in all
their sights.

XL.

There leave we them in pleasure and repast
Spending their joyous days and gladful
nights,

And taking usury of time forepast,
With all dear delices and rare delights,
Fit for such ladies and such lovely knights :
And turn we here to this fair furrow's end
Our weary yokes, to gather fresher sprights,
That, whenas time to Artegall shall tend,
We on his first adventure may him forward
send.

CANTO IV.

Artegal] dealeth right betwixt
Two brethren that do strive :
Saves Turpine from the gallow tree,
And doth from death reprove.

I.

WHOSO upon himself will take the skill
True justice unto people to divide,
Had need have mighty hands for to fulfil
That which he doth with righteous doom
decide,
And for to master wrong and puissant pride :
For vain it is to deem of things aright,
Aud makes wrong-doers justice to deride,
Unless it be perform'd with dreadless might :
For Pow'r is the right hand of Justice truly
hight.*

II.

Therefore whylome to knights of great em-
prise
The charge of justice given was in trust,
That they might execute her judgments wise,
And with their might beat down licentious
lust,
Which proudly did impugn her sentence
just ;
Whereof no braver president this day
Remains on earth. preserved from iron rust
Of rude oblivion and long time's decay,
Than this of Artegal, which here we have
to say.

III.

Who having lately left that lovely pair,
Enlinkèd fast in wedlock's loyal bond,
Bold Marinell with Florimell the fair,
With whom great feast and goodly glee he
found,
Departed from the castle of the strond
To follow his adventure's first intent,
Which long ago he taken had in hond :
Ne wight with him for his assistance went,
But that great iron groom, his guard and
government :

IV.

With whom, as he did pass by the sea-shore,
He chanced to come whereas two comely
squires, [bore,
Both brethren whom one womb together

* As Artegal represents Justice, so Talus
represents Power.

But stirrèd up with different desires,
Together strove, and kindled wrathful fires
And then beside two seemly damsels stood,
By all means seeking to assuage their ired,
Now with fair words ; but words did little
good ; [more increased their mood.
Now with sharp threats ; but threats the

V.

And there before them stood a coffer strong
Fast bound on every side with iron bands,
But seeming to have suff' red nickle wrong,
Either by being wreck'd upon the sands,
Or being carried far from foreign lands :
Seem'd that for it these squires at odds did
fall, [hands ;
And bent against themselves their cruel
But evermore those damsels did forestall
Their furious encounter, and their fierce-
ness pall.

VI.

But firmly fix'd they were with dint of
sword [try ;
And battle's doubtful proof their rights to
Ne'other end their fury would afford,
But what to them fortune would justify :
So stood they both in readiness thereby
To join the combat with cruel intent :
When Artegal arriving happily
Did stay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had questioned the cause of their
dissent.

VII.

To whom the elder did this answer frame,
" Then weet ye, sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our sire, Milesio by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two islands, which ye there before you see
Not far in sea ; of which the one appears
But like a little mount of small degree ;
Yet was as great and wide ere many years,
As that same other isle, that greater breadth
now bears.

VIII.

"But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
 And this devouring sea, that nought doth ^{[spare,}
 The most part of my land hath wash'd away.
 And thrown it up unto my brother's share:
 So his encreasèd, but mine did empair.
 Before which time I loved, as was my lot,
 That further maid, hight Philtera the fair,
 With whom a goodly dower I should have
 got, ^{[lock's knot,}
 And should have joinèd been to her in wed

IX.

"Then did my younger brother Amidas
 Love that same other damsel, Lucy bright,
 To whom but little dow'r allotted was:
 Her virtue was the dow'r that did delight:
 What better dow'r can to a dame be hight?
 But now, when Philt'ra saw my lands decay
 And former livel'od fail, she left me quite,
 And to my brother did elope straightway:
 Who, taking her from me, his own love left
 astray.

X.

"She, seeing then herself forsaken so,
 Through dolorous despair which she conceivèd,
 Into the sea herself did headlong throw,
 Thinking to have her grief by death be-
 reavèd; ^[ceivèd]
 But see how much her purpose was de-
 Whilst thus, amidst the billows beating of
 her, ^{[weavèd,}
 Twixt life and death long to and fro she
 She chanced unwares to light upon this
 coffer,
 Which to her in that danger hope of life
 did offer.

XI.

"The wretched maid, that erst desired to
 die,
 Whenas the pain of death she tasted had,
 And but half seen his ugly visnomy,
 Gan to repent that she had been so mad
 For any death to change life, though most
 bad:
 And catching hold of this sea-beaten chest,
 (The lucky pilot of her passage sad,)
 After long tossing in the seas distrest,
 Her weary bark at last upon mine isle did
 rest.

XII.

"Where I by chance then wand'ring or the
 shore

Did her espy, and through my good en-
 deavor
 From dreadful mouth of death, which
 threat'nèd sore ^{[her,}
 Her to have swallow'd up, did help to save
 She then, in recompense of that great favor,
 Which I on her bestow'd, bestow'd on me
 The portion of that good which fortune
 gave her,
 Together with herself in dowry free;
 Both goodly portions, but of both the better
 she.

XIII.

"Yet in this coffer which she with her
 brought ^{[tain'd;}
 Great treasure sithence we did find con-
 Which as our own we took, and so it
 thought; ^[feign'd]
 But this same other damsel since hath
 That to herself that treasure appertain'd;
 And that she did transport the same by sea,
 To bring it to her husband new ordain'd,
 But suff'ered cruel shipwreck by the way:
 But, whether it be so or no, I cannot say.

XIV.

"But whether it indeed be so or no,
 This do I say, that whatso good or ill
 Or God, or fortune, unto me did throw,
 (Not wronging any other by my will)
 I hold my own, and so will hold it still,
 And though my land he first did win away.
 And then my love (though now it little skill,)
 Yet my good luck he shall not likewise
 prey;
 But I will it defend whilst ever that I may."

XV.

So having said, the younger did ensue;
 "Full true it is whatso about our land
 My brother here declared hath to you:
 But not for it this odds twixt us doth stand,
 But for this treasure thrown upon his
 strand;
 Which well I prove, as shall appear by trial
 To be this maid's with whom I fast'nèd
 hand,
 Known by good marks and perfect good
 espial: ^[denial]
 Therefore it ought be rend'ered her without

XVI.

When they thus ended had, the knight
 began;
 "Certes your strife were easy to accord,
 Would ye remit it to some righteous man."

"Unto yourself," said they, "we give our word,
To bide that judgment ye shall us afford."
"Then for assurance to my doom to stand,
Under my foot let each lay down his sword:
And then you shall my sentence understand."
[his hand.]
So each of them laid down his sword out of

XVII.

Then Artégall unto the younger said;
"Now tell me, Amidas, if that ye may,
Your brother's land the which the sea hath laid
Unto your part and pluck'd from his away,
By what good right do you withhold this day?"
[you esteem.]
"What other right," quoth he, "should
But that the sea it to my share did lay?"
"Your right is good," said he, "and so I deem,
[should seem.]"
That what the sea unto you sent your own

XVIII.

Then turning to the elder thus he said;
"Now, Bracidas, let this likewise be shown;
Your brother's treasure, which from him is stray'd,
Being the dowry of his wife well known,
By what right do you claim to be your own?"
[esteem.]
"What other right," quoth he, "should you
But that the sea hath it unto me thrown?"
"Your right is good," said he, "and so I deem,
[should seem.]"
That what the sea unto you sent your own

XIX.

"For equal right in equal things doth stand:
For what the mighty sea had once possess'd
And pluckèd quite from all possessors' hand,
Whether by rage of waves that never rest,
Or else by wreck that wretches hath distress'd,
He may dispose by his imperial might,
As thing at random left, to whom he list.
So, Amidas, the land was yours first hight;
And so the treasure yours is, Bracidas, by right."

XX.

When he this sentence thus pronouncèd had,
Both Amidas and Philtra were displeas'd;
But Bracidas and Lucy were right glad,
And on the treasure by that judgment seiz'd,
So was their discord by this doom appeas'd,
And each one had his right. Then Artégall,

Whenas their sharp contention he had ceased,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old quest, the which him forth did call.

XXI.

So, as he travellèd upon the way,
He chanced to come, where happily he spied
A rout of many people far away;
To whom his course he hastily applied,
To weet the cause of their assemblance wide.
To whom when he approachèd near in sight,
(An uncouth sight), he plainly then descried
To be a troop of women, warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for a fight:

XXII.

And in the midst of them he saw a knight,
With both his hands behind him pinnoed hard,
And round about his neck an halter tight,
And ready for the gallow tree prepared:
His face was cover'd, and his head was bare'd.
That who he was uneth was to descry:
And with full heavy heart with them he fared,
Grieved to the soul, and groaning inwardly,
That he of women's hands so base a death should die.

XXIII.

But they, like tyrants merciless, the more
Rejoicèd at his miserable case,
And him reviled and reproachèd sore
With bitter taunts and terms of vile disgrace.
Now whenas Artégall, arrivèd in place,
Did ask what cause brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to swarm apace,
Meaning on him their cruel hands to lay,
And to have wrought unawares some villainous assay.

XXIV.

But he was soon aware of their ill mind,
And drawing back deceivèd their intent:
Yet, though himself did shame on woman-kind
His mighty hand to shend, he Talus sent
To wreak on them their folly's hardiment:
Who with few souses of his iron flail,
Dispersèd all their troop incontinent,
And sent them home to tell a piteous tale
Of their vain prowess turnèd to their proper bale.

XXV.

But that same wretched man, ordain'd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be so quit.
Him Talus took out of perplexity,
And horror of foul death for knight unfit,
Who more than loss of life ydreaded it ;
And, him restoring unto living light,
So brought unto his lord, where he did sit
Beholding all that womanish weak fight :
Whom soon as he beheld he knew, and
thus belight ;

XXVI.

" Sir Turpine ! hapless man, what make
you here ?
Or have you lost yourself and your discretion,
That ever in this wretched case ye were ?
Or have ye yielded you to proud oppression
Of woman's pow'r, that boast of nien's sub-
jection ?
Or else what other deadly dismal day
Is fall'n on you by heaven's hard direction,
That ye were run so fondly far astray
As for to lead yourself unto your own decay ?"

XXVII.

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismay,
That all astonish'd he himself did find,
And little had for his excuse to say,
But only thus ; " Most hapless well ye may
Me justly term, that to this shame am brought,
And made the scorn of knighthood this
same day : [wrought ?
But who can scape what his own fate hath
The work of Heaven's will surpasseth hu-
man thought."

XXVIII.

" Right true : but faulty men use oftentimes
To attribute their folly unto fate, [crimes.
And lay on heaven the guilt of their own
But tell, Sir Turpine, ne let you amate
Your misery, how fell ye in this state ?"
" Then sith ye needs," quoth he, " will know
my shame,
And all the ill which chanced to me of late,
I shortly will to you rehearse the same,
In hope you will not turn misfortune to my
blame.

XXIX.

" Being desirous (as all knights are wont)
Through hard adventures deeds of arms to
try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that far abroad did fly,

That a proud amazon did late defy
All the brave knights that hold of Maiden-
head,
And unto them wrought all the villany
That she could forge in her malicious head,
Which some hath put to shame, and many
done be dead.

XXX.

" The cause, they say, of this her cruel hate
Is for the sake of Bellodant the bold,
To whom she bore most fervent love of late
And woo'd him by all the ways she could :
But, when she saw at last that he ne would
For ought or nought be won unto her will,
She turn'd her love to hated manifold,
And for his sake vow'd to do all the ill
Which she could do to knights ; which now
she doth fulfil.

XXXI.

" For all those knights, the which by force
or guile
She doth subdue, she foully doth entreat :
First, she doth them of warlike arms despoil,
And clothe in women's weeds ; and then
with threat [meat,
Doth them compel to work, to earn their
To spin, to card, to sew, to wash, to wring ;
Ne doth she give them other thing to eat
But bread and water or like feeble thing :
Them to disable from revenge adventuring.

XXXII.

" But if through stout disdain of manly mind
Any her proud observance will withstand,
Upon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She causeth them be hang'd up out of hand ;
In which condition I right now did stand ;
For, being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that base service of her band,
I rather chose to die in life's despite,
Than lead that shameful life, unworthy of a
knight."

XXXIII.

" How hight that amazon," said Artegal,
" And where and how far hence doth she
abide ?" [call,
" Her name," quoth he, " they Radigund do
A princess of great power and greater pride,
And queen of amazons, in arms well tried
And sundry battles, which she hath achieved
With great success, that her hath glorified,
And made her famous more than is believed ;
Ne would I it have ween'd had I not late it
prieved."

XXXIV.

"Now sure," said he, and by the faith that I
To Maidenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not rest till I her might do try,
And venge the shame that she to knights
doth show.

Therefore, Sir Turpine, from you lightly throw
This squalid weed, the pattern of despair,
And wend with me that ye may see and know
How fortune will your ruin'd name repair,
And knights of Maidenhead, whose praise
she would impair."

XXXV.

With that, like one that hopeless was re-
prieved
From death's door at which he lately lay,
Those iron fetters with which he was gyved,
The badges of reproach he threw away,
And nimble did him dight to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that amazon: [tway;
Which was from thence not past a mile or
A goodly city and a mighty one, [Radegone.
The which, or her own name, she callèd

XXXVI.

Where they arriving by the watchmen were
Descrièd straight; who all the city warn'd
How that three warlike persons did appear,
Of which the one him seem'd a knight all
arm'd,
And th' other two well likely to have harm'd.
Eftsoones the people all to harness ran,
And like a sort of bees in clusters swarm'd;
Ere long their queen herself, half like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t' array
began.

XXXVII.

And now the knights, being arrivèd near,*
Did beat upon the gates to enter in;
And at the porter, scorning them so few,
Threw many threats if they the town did win,
To tear his flesh in pieces for his sin:
Which whenas Radigund there coming
heard, [grin;
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did
She bade that straight the gate should be
unbarred, [prepared.
And to them way to make with weapons well

* All the editions read *near*, which does not rhyme with *few*. Mr. Church suggests that probably Spenser wrote *new* instead of *near*, i.e., "newly arrived."

XXXVIII.

Soon as the gates were open to them set,
They pressed forward entrance to have made:
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a sharp shower of arrows, which them
stay'd

And better bade advise, ere they assay'd
Unknowen peril of bold women's pride.
Then all that rout upon them rudely laid,
And heaped strokes so fast on every side,
And arrows hail'd so thick, that they coul
not abide.

XXXIX.

But Radigund herself, when she espied
Sir Turpine from her direful doom acquit
So cruel dole amongst her maids divide,
T'avenge that shame they did on him coun-
mit,
All suddenly enflamed with furious fit
Like a fell lioness at him she flew,
And on his head-piece him so fiercely smit,
That to the ground him quite she overthrew,
Dismay'd so with the stroke that he no
colours knew.

XL.

Soon as she saw him on the ground to grovel,
She lightly to him leapt; and, in his neck
Her proud foot setting, at his head did level,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreak,
And his contempt, that did her judgment
break
As when a bear hath seized her cruel claws
Upon the carcass of some beast too weak,
Proudly stands over, and awhile doth pause
To hear the piteous beast pleading her
plaintive cause.

XLI.

Whom whenas Artegall in that distress
By chance beheld, he left the bloody slaugh-
ter,
In which he swam, and ran to his redress:
There her assailing fiercely fresh he rought
her [traught her;
Such an huge stroke, that it of sense dis-
And, had she not it warded warily,
It had deprived her mother of a daughter:
Nathless for all the pow'r she did apply
It made her stagger oft, and stare with
ghastly eye;

XLII.

Like to an eagle, in his kingly pride
Soaring through his wide empire of the air,
To weather his broad sails, by chance hath
spied

A goshawk, which hath seizèd for her share
 Upon some fowl, that should her feast pre-
 pare,
 With dreadful force he flies at her bilive,
 That with his souse; which none enduren
 dare,
 Her from the quarry he away doth drive,
 And from her griping pounce the greedy
 prey doth rive.

XLIII.

But, soon as she her sense recover'd had,
 She fiercely towards him herself gan dight,
 Through vengeful wrath and 'sdainful pride
 half mad;
 For never had she suff' red such despite:
 But, ere she could join hand with him to
 fight,
 Her warlike maids about her flock so fast,
 That they disparted them, maugre their
 night,
 And with their troops did far asunder cast:
 But mongst the rest the fight did until
 evening last.

XLIV.

And every while that mighty iron man,
 With his strange weapon, never wont in war,
 Them sorely vex'd, and coursed, and over-
 ran, [ing mar,
 And broke their bows, and did their shoot-
 That none of all the many once did dare
 Him to assault, nor once approach him nigh;
 But like a sort of sheep dispersèd far,
 For dread of their devouring enemy,
 Through all the fields and valleys did before
 him fly.

XLV.

But whenas day's fair shiny beam, yclouded
 With fearful shadows of deformèd night,
 Warn'd man and beast in quiet rest be
 shrouded, [height,
 Bold Radigund with sound of trump on
 Caused all her people to surcease from
 fight;
 And, gathering them unto her city's gate,
 Made them all enter in before her sight;
 And all the wounded, and the weak in state,
 To be conveyèd in, ere she would once re-
 trate.

XLVI.

When thus the field was voided all away,
 And all things quieted; the elfin knight,
 Weary of toil and travel of that day,
 Caused his pavilion to be richly pight,

Before the citygate, in open sight;
 Where he himself did rest in safety
 Together with Sir Turpine all that night:
 But Talus used, in times of jeopardy,
 To keep a nightly watch for dread of
 treachery.

XLVII.

But Radigund, full of heart-knawing grief
 For the rebuke which she sustained that day,
 Could take no rest, ne would receive relief;
 But tossèd in her troublous mind, what way
 She mote revenge that blot which on her lay.
 There she resolvèd herself in single fight
 To try her fortune, and his force assay,
 Rather than see her people spoilèd quite,
 As she had seen that day, a disadvantageous
 sight.

XLVIII.

She callèd forth to her a trusty maid,
 Whom she thought fittest for that business:
 Her name was Clarin, and thus to her said;
 "Go, damsel, quickly, do thyself address:
 To do the message which I shall express:
 Go thou unto that stranger faery knight,
 Who yesterday drove us to such distress;
 Tell, that to-morrow I with him will fight,
 And try in equal field whether hath greater
 might.

XLIX.

"But these conditions do to him propound;
 That, if I vanquish him, he shall obey
 My law, and ever to my law be bound:
 And so will I, if me he vanquish may;
 Whatever he shall like to do or say:
 Go straight, and take with thee to witness it
 Six of thy fellows of the best array,
 And bear with you both wine and junkets fit,
 And bid him eat; henceforth he oft shall
 hungry sit."

L.

The damsel straight obey'd; and putting all
 In readiness, forth to the town-gate went;
 Where, sounding loud a trumpet from the
 wall, [sent.
 Unto those warlike knights she warning
 Then Talus forth issuing from the tent
 Unto the wall his way did fearless take,
 To weeten what that trumpet's sounding
 meant:
 Where that same damsel loudly him be-
 spake,
 And show'd that with his lord she would
 emparlance make.

LI.

So he them straight conducted to his lord ;
 Who, as he could, them goodly well did
 greet [word ;
 Till they had told their message word by
 Which he accepting, well as he could weet,
 Them fairly entertain'd with curt'sies meet,

And gave them gifts and things of dear de-
 light ;
 So back again they homeward turned their
 feet ;
 But Artegall himself to rest did dight,
 That he mote fresher be against the next
 day's fight.

CANTO V.

Artegal fights with Radigund,
 And is subdued by guile :
 He is by her emprisonèd,
 But wrought by Clarin's wile.

I.

So soon as day forth dawning from the east
 Might's humid curtain from the heavens
 withdrew,
 And early calling forth both man and beast
 Commanded them their daily works renew,
 These noble warriors, mindful to pursue
 The last day's purpose of their vowèd fight,
 Themselves thereto præpared in order due ;
 The knight, as best was seeming for a knight,
 And th' amazon, as best it liked herself to
 dight.

II.

All in a Camis light of purple silk
 Woven upon with silver, subtly wrought,
 And quilted upon satin white as milk ;
 Trailèd with ribbons diversely distraught,
 Like as the workman had their courses
 taught ;
 Which was short tuckèd for light motion
 Up to her ham ; but, when she list, it raught
 Down to her lowest heel, and thereupon
 She wore for her defence a mailèd habergeon.

III.

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
 Basted with bands of gold on every side,
 And mails between, and lacèd close afore ;
 Upon her thigh her scynitar was tied
 With an embroider'd belt of mickle pride ;
 And on her shoulder hung her shield, be-
 deck'd
 Upon the boss with stones that shinèd wide,
 As the fair moon in her most full aspect ;
 That to the moon it mote be like in each
 respect.

IV.

So forth she came out of the city-gate
 With stately port and proud magnificence,
 Guarded with many damsels that did wait
 Upon her person for her sure defence,
 Playing on shawms and trumpets, that from
 hence [height :
 Their sound did reach unto the heaven's
 So forth into the field she marchèd thence,
 Where was a rich pavilion ready pight
 Her to receive, till time they should begin
 the fight.

V.

Then forth came Artegall out of his tent,
 All arm'd to point, and first the lists did
 enter ;
 Soon after eke came she with full intent
 And countenance fierce, as having fully bent
 her
 That battle's utmost trial to adventure.
 The lists were closèd fast, to bar the rout
 From rudely pressing on the middle centre ;
 Which in great heaps them circled all about,
 Waiting how fortune would resolve that
 dangerous doubt.

VI.

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 intendèd
 Out of his breast the very heart have rønded :
 But he, that had like tempests often tried,
 From that first flaw himeelf right well de-
 fenced.
 The more she ragèd, the more he did abide ;
 She hew'd, she fonn'd, she lash'd, she laid
 on every side.

VII.

Yet still her blows he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at last to win advantage new;
Yet still her cruelty increased more,
And though pow'r fail'd, her courage did
acrew;

Which failing, he gan fiercely her pursue:
Like as a smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborn metal seeketh to subdue,
Soon as he feels it mollified with heat,
With his great iron sledge doth strongly on
it beat.

VIII.

So did Sir Artgeall upon her lay,
As if she had an iron anvil been.
That flakes of fire, bright as the sunny ray,
Out of her steely arms were flashing seen,
That all on fire ye would her surely ween:
But with her shield so well herself she
warded

From the dread danger of his weapon keen,
That all that while her life she safely
guarded;

But he that help from her against her will
discarded:

IX.

For with his trenchant blade at the next
blow

Half of her shield he shear'd quite away,
That half her side itself did naked show,
And thenceforth unto danger open'd way
Much was she mov'd with the mighty sway
Of that sad stroke, that half enraged she
grew;

And like a greedy bear unto her prey
With her sharp scymitar at him she flew,
That glancing down his thigh the purple
blood forth drew.

X.

Thereat she gan to triumph with great
boast,

And to upbraid that chance which him
misfell,

As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spiteful speeches, fitting with her
well;

That his great heart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation at her vaunting vain,
And at her struck with puissance fearful fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it again,
That shatter'd all to pieces round about the
plain.

XI.

Having her thus disarm'd of her shield,
Upon her helmet he again her strook,

That down she fell upon the grassy field
In senseless swoon, as if her life forsook,
And pangs of death her spirit overtook:
Whom when he saw before his foot prostrated,
He to her leapt with deadly dreadful look,
And her sun-shiny helmet soon unlac'd,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to
have raz'd.

XII.

But, whenas he discover'd had her face,
He saw, his senses' strange astonishment,
A miracle of nature's goodly grace
In her fair visage void of ornament,
But bath'd in blood and sweat together
ment;*

Which, in the rudeness of that evil plight,
Bewray'd the signs of feature excellent:
Like as the moon in foggy winter's night
Doth seem to be herself, though dark'n'd
be her light.

XIII.

At sight thereof his cruel minded heart
Empierc'd was with pitiful regard,
That his sharp sword he threw from him
apart,

Cursing his hand that had that visage
marr'd:

No hand so cruel, nor no heart so hard,
But ruth of beauty will it mollify.
By this, upstarting from her swoon she
stared

Awhile about her with confus'd eye;
Like one that from his dream is wak'd
suddenly.

XIV.

Soon as the knight she there by her did spy
Standing with empty hands all weaponless
With fresh assault upon him she did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelty:
And though he still retired, yet nath'less
With huge redoubled strokes she on him
laid;

And more increased her outrage merciless,
The more that he with meek entreaty pray'd
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance
to have stay'd.

XV.

Like as a puttock having spied in sight
A gentle falcon sitting on an hill, [flight,
Whose other wing, now made unmeet for

* Mingled.

Was lately broken by some fortune ill ;
The foolish kite, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vain,
With many idle stoops her troubling still :
Even so did Radigund with bootless pain
Annoy this noble knight, and sorely him
constrain.

XVI.

Nought could he do but shun the dread de-
spite
Of her fierce wrath, and backward still retire;
And with his single shield, well as he might,
Bear off the burden of her raging ire ;
And evermore he gently did desire [yield ;
To stay her strokes, and he himself would
Yet nould she heark, ne let him once respire,
Till he to her deliver'd had his shield,
And to her mercy him submitted in plain
field.

XVII.

So was he overcome, not overcome ;
But to her yielded of his own accord ;
Yet was he justly damn'd by the doom
Of his own mouth, that spake so wareless
word,
To be her thrall and service her afford ;
For though that he first victory obtain'd,
Yet after, by abandoning his sword.
He wilful lost that he before attain'd :
No fairer conquest than that with good will
is gain'd.

XVIII.

Tho with her sword on him she flatling
strook,
In sign of true subjection to her pow'r,
And as her vassal him to thralldom took :
But Turpire, born t' a more unhappy hour,
As he on whom the luckless star did low'r,
She caused to be attach'd and forthwith led
Unto the crook, t' abide the baleful stowre,
From which he lately had through rescue fled :
Where he full shamefully was hang'd by
the head.

XIX.

But, when they thought on Talus hands to
lay, [d'red,
He with his iron flail amongst them thun-
dred
That they were fain to let him scape away,
Glad from his company to be so sund'red ;
Whose presence all their troops so much
encumb'red, [and slay.
That th' heaps of those which he did wound
Besides the rest dismay'd, might not be
numb'red :

Yet all that while he would not once essay
To rescue his own lord, but thought it just
t' obey.

XX.

Then took the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his own wilful blame,
And caus'd him to be disarm'd quite
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great
fame :
Instead whereof she made him to be dight
In woman's weeds, that is to manhood
shame,
An put before his lap an apron white,
Instead of curiets and bases fit for fight.

XXI.

So being clad she brought him from the field,
In which he had been trained many a day.
Into a long large chamber, which was ciel'd
With monuments of many knights' decay
By her subdued in victorious fray : [arms
Amongst the which she caused his warlike
Be hang'd on high, that mote his shame
bewray : [harms,
And broke his sword for fear of further
With which he wont to stir up battailous
alarms.

XXII.

There ent'red in he round about him saw
Many brave knights whose names right well
he knew,
There bound t' obey that Amazon's proud
law,
Spinning and carding all in comely row,
That his big heart loath'd so uncomely view ;
But they were forced through penury and
pine,
To do those works to them appointed due
For nought was given them to sup or dine,
But what their hands could earn by twisting
linen twine

XXIII.

Amongst them all she plac'd him most low,
And in his hand a distaff to him gave [tow ;
That he thereon should spin both flax and
A sordid office for a mind so brave :
So hard it is to be a woman's slave !
Yet he it took in his own self despite,
And thereto did himself right well behave
Her to obey, sith he his faith had plight
Her vassal to become, if she him won in
fight.

XXIV.

Who had him seen, imagine mote thereby
That whylome hath of Hercules been told,
How for Iolas' sake he did apply
His mighty hands the distaff vile to hold
For his huge club, which had subdued of old
So many monsters which the world annoy'd;
His lion's skin changed to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting wars, he only joy'd
In combats of sweet love, and with his
mistress toy'd.

XXV.

Such is the cruelty of womenkind, [band,
When they have shaken off the shamesfast
With which wise nature did them strongly
bind
T' obey the hests of man's well-ruling hand,
That then all rule and reason they withstand
To purchase a licentious liberty:
But virtuous women wisely understand,
That they were born to base humility,
Unless the heavens them lift to lawful sov-
ereignty.

XXVL

Thus there long, while continued Artegal,
Serving proud Radigund with true subjec-
tion:
However it his noble heart did gall
T' obey a woman's tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election:
But, having chosen, now he might not
change.
During which, time the warlike Amazon,
Whose wand'ring fancy after lust did range,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captive
strange.

XXVII.

Which long concealing in her covert breast,
She chew'd the cud of lover's careful plight;
Yet could it not so thoroughly digest,
Being fast fix'd in her wounded spright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would she not thereto yield free accord
To serve the lowly vassal of her might,
And of her servant make her sovereign
lord:
So great her pride that she such baseness
much abhorr'd.

XXVIII.

So much the greater still her anguish grew,
Through stubborn handling of her love-sick
heart;
And still the more she strove it to subdue,

The more she still augmented her own
smart, [dart,
And wider made the wound of th' hidden
At last, when long she struggled had in vain,
She gan to stoop, and her proud mind con-
vert
To meek obeisance of love's mighty reign,
And him entreat for grace that had pro-
cured her pain.

XXIX.

Unto herself in secrets she did call [trust,
Her nearest handmaid, whom she most did
And to her said; "Clarinda, whom of all
I trust alive, said I thee fost' red first;
Now is the time that I untimely must
Therefore make trial in my greatest need!
It is so happ'ned that the heavens unjust,
Spiting my happy freedom, have agreed
To thrall my looser life, or my last bale to
breed."

XXX

With that she turn'd her head as half
abash'd,
To hide the blush which in her visage rose
And through her eyes like sudden lightning
flash'd,
Decking her cheek with a vermilion rose
But soon she did her countenance compose,
And, to her turning, thus began again:
"This grief's deep wound I would to thee
disclose, [pain;
Thereto compelled through heart-murd'ring
But dread of shame my doubtful lips doth
still restrain."

XXXI.

"Ah! my dear dread," said then the faith-
ful maid, [withhold,
"Can dread of ought your dreadful heart
That many hath with dread of death dis-
may'd, [behold?
And dare even death's most dreadful face
Say on, my sovereign lady, and be bold:
Doth not your handmaid's life at your foot
lie?"
Therewith much comforted shegan unfold
The cause of her conceived malady, [deny
As one that would confess, yet fain would it

XXXII.

"Clarinda," said she, "thou seest yon faery
knight,
Whom not my valor, but his own brave
mind
Subjected hath to my unequal might.
What right is it, that he should thralldom find

For lending life to me a wretch unkind,
That for such good him recompense with
ill!

Therefore I cast how I may him unbind,
And by his freedom get his free goodwill,
Yet so, as bound to me he may continue
still.

XXXIII.

"Bound unto me, but not with such hard
bands,

Of strong compulsion and strait violence,
As now in miserable state he stands .
But with sweet love and sure benevolence,
Void of malicious mind or foul offence:
To which if thou canst win him any way
Without discovery of my thoughts' pretence,
Both goodly meed of him it purchase may,
And eke with grateful service me right well
appay.

XXXIV.

"Which that thou mayst the better bring to
pass, [rant be
Lo! here this ring, which shall thy war-
And token true to old Eumenias, [see,
From time to time, when thou it best shalt
That in and out thou mayst have passage
free.

Go now, Clarinda, well thy wits advise,
And all thy forces gather unto thee,
Armies of lovely looks and speeches wise,
With which thou canst even Jove himself to
love entice."

XXXV.

The trusty maid, conceiving her intent,
Did with sure promise of her good endeavor
Give her great comfort and some heart's
content: [labor,

So from her parting she thenceforth did
By all the means she might to curry favor
With th' elfin knight, her lady's best beloved:
With daily show of courteous kind be-
havior, [roved,
Even at the mark-white of his heart* she
And with wide glancing words one day she
thus him proved:

XXXVI.

"Unhappy knight, upon whose hopeless
state

* An allusion to archery.—"That is, she shot
with a roving arrow at the white mark (a ba
meta) of his heart. Rovers are a species of
arrow mentioned by Ascham in his *Toxophilus*."—*UPTON*.

Fortune, envying good, hath felly frown'd,
And cruel heavens have heap'd an heavy
fate;

I rue that thus thy better days are drown'd
In sad despair, and all thy senses swoon'd
In stupid sorrow, sith thy juster merit
Might else have with felicity been crown'd:
Look up at last, and wake thy dull'd spirit
To think how this long death thou mightest
disinherit!"

XXXVII.

Much did he marvel at her uncouth speech,
Whose hidden drift he could not well per-
ceive, [peach

And gan to doubt lest she him sought t'ap-
Of treason, or some guileful trayne did
weave [bereave,

Through which she might his wretched life
Both which to bar, he with this answer met
her;

"Fair damsel, that with ruth, as I perceive,
Of my mishaps art moved to wish me better,
For such your kind regard I can but rest
your debtor.

XXXVIII.

"Yet weet ye well that to a courage great
It is no less beseeching well to bear [threat,
The storm of fortune's frown or heaven's
Than in the sunshine of her countenance
clear

Timely to joy and carry comely cheer:
For though this cloud hath now me overcast,
Yet do I not of better times despair;
And though (unlike) they should for ever
last,

Yet in my truth's assurance I rest fix'd
fast."

XXXIX.

"But what so stony mind," she then re-
plied,

"But if in his own pow'r occasion lay,
Would to his hope a window open wide,
And to his fortune's help make ready way?"
"Unworthy sure," quoth he, "of better
day,

That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke pursue if he attain it may."
Which speeches she applying to the scope
Of her intent, this further purpose to him
shope:*

XL.

"Then why dost not, thou ill-advis'd man,
Make means to win thy liberty forlorn,

* Shaped or directed.

And try if thou by fair entreaty can
Move Radigund? who though she still have
worn [born
Her days in war, yet (weet thou) was not
Of bears and tigers, nor so savage minded
As that, albe all love of men she scorn,
She yet forgets that she of men was kinded;
And sooth oft seen that proudest hearts
base love hath blinded."

XLI.

" Certes, Clarinda, not of canker'd will,"
Said he, " nor obstinate disdainful mind.
I have forebore this duty to fulfil;
For well I may this ween, by that I find,
That she a queen, and come of princely
kind,
Both worthy is for to be sued unto,
Chiefly by him whose life her law doth bind,
And eke of pow'r her own doom to undo,
And als' of princely grace to be inclined
thereto.

XLII.

" But want of means had been mine only
let
From seeking favor where it doth abound;
Which if it might by your good office get,
I to yourself should rest for ever bound,
And ready to deserve what grace I found."
She feeling him thus bite upon the bait,
Yet doubting lest his hold was but unsound
And not well fasten'd would not strike him
straight, [await.
But drew him on with hope, fit leisure to

XLIII.

But, foolish maid! whiies heedless of the
hook
She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
Through slippery footing fell into the brook
And there was caught to her confusion:
For seeking thus to save the amazon,
She wounded was with her deceit's own
dart,
And gan thenceforth to cast affection,
Conceivèd close in her beguillèd heart,
To Artesall, through pity of his causeless
smart.

XLIV.

Yet durst she not disclose her fancy's
wound,
Ne to himself, for doubt of being 'sdain'd,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For fear her mistress should have knowl-
edge gain'd;

But to herself it secretly retain'd,
Within the closet of her cover breast:
The more thereby her tender heart was
pain'd;
Yet to await fit time she weened best,
And fairly did dissemble her sad thoughts'
unrest.

XLV.

One day her lady, calling her apart,
Gan to demand of her some tidings good,
Touching her love's success, her ling'ring
smart. [mood,
Therewith she gan at first to change her
As one adaw'd, and half confusèd stood;
But quickly she it overpass'd, so soon
As she her face had wiped to fresh her
blood;
Tho gan she tell her all that she had done,
And all the ways she sought his love for to
have won.

XLVI.

But said that he was obstinate and stern,
Scorning her offers and conditions vain;
Ne would be taught with any terms to learn
So fond a lesson as to love again:
Die rather would he in penurious pain,
And his abridgèd days in dolour entertain;
His resolution was both first and last,
*His body was her thrall, his heart was
freely placed.*

XLVII.

Which when the cruel amazon perceived,
She gan to storm and rage and rend her gall,
For verv fell despite, which she conceived,
To be so scornèd of a base-born thrall,
Whose life did lie in her least eyelid's fall;
Of which she vow'd, with many a cursèd
threat, [stall,
That she therefore would him ere long fore-
Nathless, when calmèd was her furious heat,
She changed that threatful mood, and mildly
gan entreat:

XLVIII.

" What now is left, Clarinda? what remains,
That we may compass this our enterprize?
Great shame to lose so long employèd pains,
And greater shame t' abide so great misprize,
With which he dares our offers thus despise:
Yet that his guilt the greater may appear,
And more my gracious mercv by this wise,
I will awhile with his first folly bear,
Till thou have tried again, and tempted him
more near.

XLIX.

" Say and do all that may thereto prævail ;
 Leave nought unpromised that may him
 persuade, [availl,
 Life, freedom, grace, and gifts of great
 With which the gods themselves are milder
 made :

Thereto add art, even women's witty trade,
 The art of mighty words that men can charm;
 With which in case thou canst him not in-
 vade,

Let him feel hardness of thy heavy arm :
 Who will not stoop with good shall be made
 stoop with harm.

L.

" Some of his diet do from him withdraw ;
 For I him find to be too proudly fed :
 Give him more labour and with straiter law,
 That he with work may be forewarn'd :
 Let him lodge hard and lie in strawen bed,
 That may pull down the courage of his
 pride ;

And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
 Cold iron chains with which let him be tied ;
 And let, whatever he desires, be him denied.

LI

" When thou hast all this done, then bring
 me news
 Of his demean ; thenceforth not like a lover,
 But like a rebel stout, I will him use :
 For I resolve this siege not to give over,
 Till I the conquest of my will recover."
 So she departed full of grief and 'sdain,
 Which inly did to great impatience move her :
 But the false maiden shortly turn'd again
 Unto the prison, where her heart did thrall
 remain.

LII.

There all her subtle nets she did unfold,
 And all the engines of her wit display ;
 In which she meant him wareless to unfold,
 And of his innocence to make her prey.
 So cunningly she wrought her craft's assay,
 That both her lady, and herself withal,
 And eke the knight at once she did betray,
 But most the knight, whom she with guileful
 call
 Did cast for to allure, into her trap to fall.

LIII.

As a bad nurse, which, feigning to receive
 In her own mouth the food meant for her
 child,
 Withholds it to herself, and doth deceive
 The infant, so for want of nurture spoil'd :
 Even so Clarinda her own dame beguiled,

And turn'd the trust, which was in her
 affied,
 To feeding of her private fire, which boil'd
 Her inward breast, and in her entrails fried,
 The more that she it sought to cover and to
 hide.

LIV.

For, coming to this knight, she purpose
 feigned,
 How earnest suit she erst for him had made
 Unto her queen, his freedom to have gain'd ;
 But by no means could her thereto persuade,
 But that instead thereof she sternly bade
 His misery to be augmented more,
 And many iron bands on him to laid,
 All which nathless she for his love forbore
 So praying him t'accept her service ever-
 more.

LV.

And, more than that, she promised that she
 would,
 In case she might find favour in his eye,
 Devise how to enlarge him out of hold.
 The faery, glad to gain his liberty,
 Can yield great thanks for such her courtesy ;
 And with fair words, fit for the time and
 place,
 To feed the humour of her malady,
 Promised, if she would free him from that
 case, [deserve such grace.
 He would, by all good means he might,

LVI.

So daily he fair semblant did her shew,
 Yet never meant he in his noble mind
 To his own absent love to be untrue :
 Ne ever did deceitful Clarin find
 In her false heart his bondage to unbind ;
 But rather how she mote him faster tie.
 Therefore unto her mistress most unkind
 She daily told her love he did defy ; [deny.
 And him she told her dame his freedom did

LVII.

Yet thus much friendship she to him did
 show,
 That his scarce diet somewhat was amended,
 And his work lessen'd, that his work mote
 grow :
 Yet to her dame him still she discommended,
 That she had with him mote be the more of-
 tended. [mained,
 Thus he long while in thralldom there re-
 Of both beloved well, but little friended ;
 Until his own true love his freedom gain'd :
 Which in another canto will be best con-
 tain'd.

CANTO VI.

Talus brings news to Britomart
Of Artezall's mishap:
She goes to seek him; Dolon meets,
Who seeks her to entrap.

I.

SOME men, I wote, will deem in Artezall
Great weakness, and report of him much ill,
For yielding so himself a wretched thrall
To th' insolent command of women's will:
That all his former praise doth foully spill:
But he the man, that say or do so dare,
Be well advised that he stand steadfast still;
For never yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapp'd in women's
snare.

II.

Yet in the straitness of that captive state,
This gentle knight himself so well behaved,
That notwithstanding all the subtle-bait,
With which those Amazons his love still
craved,
To his own love his loyalty he saved:
Whose character in th' adamantine mould
Of his true heart so firmly was engraved,
That no new love's impression ever could
Bereave it thence: such blot his honour
blemish should.

III.

Yet his own love, the noble Britomart,
Scarce so conceivèd in her jealous thought,
What time sad tidings of his baleful smart
In woman's bondage Talus to her brought;
Brought in untimely hour, ere it was sought:
For, after that the utmost date assign'd
For his return she waited had for nought,
She gan to cast in her misdoubtful mind
A thousand fears, that love-sick fancies fain
to find.

IV.

Sometime she fearèd lest some hard mishap
Had him misfal'n in his adventurous quest;
Sometime lest his false foe did him entrap
In traitrous travne, or had unawares opprest;
But most she did her troubled mind molest,
And secretly afflict with jealous fear,
Lest some new love had him from her pos-
sess'd.
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did hear,

To think of him so ill: yet could she not
forbear.

V.

One while she blamed herself; another while
She him condemn'd as trustless and untrue;
And then, her grief with error to beguile,
She fain'd to count the time again anew,
As if before she had not counted true:
For hours, but days; for weeks that passèd
were, [more few;
She told but months to make them seem
Yet, when she reck'ned them still drawing
near, [month a year.
Each hour did seem a month, and every

VI.

But, whenas yet she saw him not return,
She thought to send some one to seek him
out;
But none she found so fit to serve that turn
As her own self, to ease herself of doubt.
Now she devisèd, amongst the warlike rout
Of errant knights, to seek her errant knight;
And then again resolvèd to hunt him out
Amongst loose ladies lappèd in delight;
And then both knights envied, and ladies
eke did spite.

VII.

One day whenas she long had sought for ease
In every place, and every place thought best,
Yet found no place that could her liking
please,
She to a window came, that open'd west,
Towards which coast her love his way ad-
dress'd;
There looking forth she in her heart did find
Many vain fancies working her unrest;
And sent her wingèd thoughts more swift
than wind [mind.
To bear unto her love the message of her

VIII.

There as she lookèd long, at last she spied
One coming towards her with hasty speed;

Well ween'd she then, ere him she plain
descried,
That it was one sent from her love indeed
Who when he nigh approachèd, she mote
aread
That it was Talus, Artegal's groom :
Whereat her heart was fill'd with hope and
dread ;
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,
But ran to meet him forth to know his
tidings' sum.

IX.

Even in the door him meeting, she begun :
"And where is he thy lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once : and hath he lost or won?"
The iron man, albe he wanted sense
And sorrow's feeling, yet, with conscience
Of his ill news, did inly chill and quake,
And stood still mute, as one in great suspense;
As if that by his silence he would make
Her rather read his meaning than himself it
spake.

X.

Till she again thus said : "Talus, be bold,
And tell whatever it be, good or bad, [hold."
That from thy tongue thy heart's intent doth
To whom he thus at length : "The tidings
sad,
That I would hide, will needs I see be rad.
My lord (your love) by hard mishap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully bestad."
"Ay me," quoth she, "what wicked destiny!
And is he vanquish'd by his tyrant enemy?"

XI.

"Not by that tyrant,* his intended foe ;
But by a tyranness," he then replied,
"That him captivèd hath in hapless woe."
"Cease thou, bad news-man ; badly dost
thou hide
Thy master's shame, in harlot's bondage tied,
The rest myself too readily can spell."
With that in rage she turn'd from him aside,
Forcing in vain the rest to her to tell ;
And to her chamber went like solitary cell.

XII.

There she began to make her moanful plaint
Against her knight for being so untrue
And him to touch with falsehood's foul at-
taint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Of' did she blame herself, and often rue,

* Grantorto, whom he went to meet.

For yielding to a stranger's love so light,
Whose life and manners strange she never
knew ;
And evermore she did him sharply twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had
firmly plight.

XIII.

And then she in her wrathful will did cast
How to revenge that blot of honour blent,
To fight with him, and goodly die her last :
And then again she did herself torment,
Inflicting on herself his punishment. [threw
Awhile she walk'd and chafed ; awhile she
Herself upon her bed and did lament :
Yet did she not lament with loud hallo,
As women wont, but with deep sighs and
singulfs few.

XIV.

Like as a wayward child, whose sounder
sleep
Is broken with some fearful dream's affright,
With froward will doth set himself to weep,
Ne can be still'd for all his nurse's might,
But kicks, and squalls, and shrieks for fell
despite ; [misusing,
Now scra:ching her, and her loose locks
Now seeking darkness, and now seeking
light,
Then craving suck, and then the suck refus-
sing : [accusing.
Such was this lady's fit in her love's fond

XV.

But when she had with such unquiet fits
Herself there close afflicted long in vain,
Yet found no easement in her troubled wits,
She unto Talus forth return'd again,
By change of place seeking to ease her pain ;
And can enquire of him with milder mood
The certain cause of Artegal's detain,
And what he did, and in what state he stood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he
were woo'd.

XVI.

"Ah wellaway !" said then the iron man,
"That he is not the while in state to woo ;
But lies in wretched thraldom, weak and wan,
Not by strong hand compellèd thereunto,
But his own doom that none can now undo."
"Said I not then," quoth she, "ere-while
aright,
That this is thing compact betwixt you two
Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
Since that he was not forced, nor overcome
in fight?"

XVII.

With that he gan at large to her dilate
 The whole discourse of his captivance sad,
 In sort as ye have heard the same of late :
 All which when she with hard endurance had
 Heard to the end, she was right sore bestad,
 With sudden stounds of wrath and grief
 atone ;
 Ne would abide, till she had answer made ;
 But straight herself did dight, and armour
 don, [her on.
 And mounting to her steed bade Talus guide

XVIII.

So forth she rode upon her ready way,
 To seek her knight, as Talus her did guide:
 Sadly she rode and never word did say
 Nor good nor bad, ne ever look'd aside,
 But still right down; and in her thought did
 hide
 The fellness of her heart right fully bent
 To fierce avengement of that woman's pride,
 Which had her lord in her base prison pent.
 And so great honour with so foul reproach
 had blent.

XIX.

So as she thus melancholic did ride,
 Chewing the cud of grief and inward pain,
 She chanced to meet toward the eventide
 A knight that softly paced on the plain,
 As if himself to solace, he were fain ;
 Well shot in years he seem'd, and rather bent
 To peace than needless trouble to constrain ;
 As well by view of that his vestiment,
 As by his modest semblant, that no evil
 meant.

XX.

He coming near gan gently her salute [wise;
 With courteous words, in the most comely
 Who though desirous rather to rest mute,
 Than terms to entertain of common guise,
 Yet rather than she kindness would despise,
 She would herself dispense, so him requite.
 Then gan the other further to devise
 Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
 And many things demand, to which she answer'd
 light: *

XXI.

For little lust had she to talk of ought,
 Or ought to hear that mote delightful be ;
 Her mind was whole possessed of one
 thought, [as he
 That gave none other place. Which when

* Made brief replies.

By outward signs (as well he might) did see;
 He list no longer to use loathful speech,
 But her besought to take it well in gree,*
 Sith shady damp had dimm'd the heaven's
 reach, [cause empeach.
 To lodge with him that night, unless good

XXII.

The Championess, now seeing night at door,
 Was glad to yield unto his good request ;
 And with him went without gainsaying more
 Not far away, but little wide by west,
 His dwelling was, to which he him address ;
 Where soon arriving they received were
 In seemly wise, as them beseem'd best ;
 For he their host them goodly well did cheer,
 And talk'd of pleasant things the night away
 to wear.

XXIII.

Thus passing th' evening well, till time of rest,
 Then Britomart unto a bow'r was brought ;
 Where grooms awaited her to have undress'd :
 But she ne would undress'd be for ought,
 Ne doff her arms, though he her much besought ;
 For she had vow'd, she said, not to forego
 Those warlike weeds, till she revenge had
 wrought
 Of a late wrong upon a mortal foe ;
 Which she would sure perform betide her
 weal or woe.

XXIV.

Which when their host perceived, right discontent
 In mind he grew, for fear lest by that art
 He should his purpose miss, which close he
 meant ;
 Yet taking leave of her he did depart :
 There all that night remained Britomart,
 Restless, reconfortless, with heart deep-
 grieved, [start
 Not suffering the least twinkling sleep to
 Into her eye, which th' heart mote have re-
 lieved ; [reprieved.
 But if the least appear'd, her eyes she straight

XXV.

"Ye guilty eyes," said she, "the which with
 guile
 My heart at first betray'd, will ye betray
 My life now too, for which a little while
 Ye will not watch? false watches, wellaway !

* That it might be agreeable to her.

I wot when ye did watch both night and day
Unto your loss; and now needs will ye
sleep?

Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye sleep? ah! wake, and rather
weep

To think of your knight's want, that should
ye waking keep."

XXVI.

Thus did she watch and wear the weary
night

In wailful plaints, that none was to appease;
Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
As sundry change her seemèd best to ease.

Ne less did Talus suffer sleep to seize
His eyelids sad, but watch'd continually,
Lying without her door in great dis-ease;
Like to a spaniel waiting carefully
Lest any should betray his lady treacherously.

XXVII.

What time the native bellman of the night,
The bird that warnèd Peter of his fall,
First rings his silver bell t' each sleepy wight,
That should their minds up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noise below the hall:
All suddenly the bed, where she should lie,
By a false trap was let adown to fall
Into a lower room, and by and by [it spy.
The loft was raised again, that no man could

XXVIII.

With a sight whereof she was dismay'd right
sore, [meant:
Perceiving well the treason which was
Yet stirrèd not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Waiting what would ensue of that event.
It was not long before she heard the sound
Or armèd men coming with close intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadful
stound [about her bound
She quickly caught her sword, and shield

XXIX.

With that there came unto her chamber
door

Two knights all armèd ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A rascal rout, with weapons rudely dight:
Whom soon as Talus spied by gleams of
night,

He started up, there where on ground he
lay,

And in his hand his thresher ready keight : *

* Keight is caught, altered for the rhyme.

They, seeing that, let drive at him straight-
way,
And round about him press in riotous array.

XXX.

But, soon as he began to lay about
With his rude iron flail, they gan to fly,
Both armèd knights and eke unarmèd rout:
Yet Talus after them apace did ply,
Wherever in the dark he could them spy;
That here and there like scatt' red sheep
they lay

Then back-returning where his dame did lie,
He to her told the story of that fray, [wray.
And all that treason there intended did be

XXXI.

Wherewith though wondrous wrath, and
inly burning

To be avengèd for so foul a deed,
Yet being forced t' abide the day's returning,
She there remained; but with right wary
heed,

Lest any more such practise should proceed:
Now mote ye know (that which to Britomart
Unknown was) whence all this did proceed;
And for what cause so great mischievous
smart [heart.

Was meant to her that never evil meant in

XXXII.

The goodman of this house was Dolan
height;

A man of subtle wit and wicked mind,
That whylome in his youth had been a
knight, [find

And arms had borne, but little good could
And much less honor by that warlike kind
Of life: for he was nothing valorous,
But with sly shifts and wiles did undermind
All noble knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to shame by treason
treacherous.

XXXIII.

He had three sons, all three like father's
sons,

Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compass wonnes:
The eldest of the which was slain erewhile
By Artegall, through his own guilty wile;
His name was Guizor; whose untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treasons vile
His father Dolan had devised of late
With these his wicked sons, and showed his
cank' red hate.

XXXIV.

For sure he ween'd that this his present
guest

Was Artegall, by many tokens plain ;
But chiefly by that iron page he guess'd
Which still was wont with Artegall remain ,
And therefore meant him surely to have
slain :

But by God's grace, and her good heediness,
She was preserv'd from their traitrous
trayne.

Thus she all night wore out in watchfulness,
Ne suff'red slothful sleep her eyelids to op-
press.

XXXV.

The morrow next, so soon as dawning hour
Discover'd had the light to living eye,
She forth issued out of her loathed bow'r
With full intent t' avenge that villainy
On that vile man and all his family :
And, coming down to seek them where
they worned,

Nor sire, nor sons, nor any could she spy ;
Each room she sought, but them all empty
fond : [neither konn'd.*
They all were fled for fear ; but whither,

XXXVI.

She saw it vain to make there longer stay,
But took her steed : and thereon mounting
light

Gan her address unto her former way,
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that she saw there present in her sight
Those two false brethren on that perilous
bridge,

On which Pollente with Artegall did fight.
Strait was the passage, like a plough'd
ridge.

That, if two met, the one mote needs fall
o'er the lidge.

XXXVII.

There they did think themselves on her to
wreak :

Who as she nigh unto them drew, the one
These vile reproaches gan unto her speak ;
"Thou recreant false traitor, that with loan

* *Kenned*, altered for the rhyme.

Of arms hast knighthood stol'n yet knight
art none,

No more shall now the darkness of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone ;
But with thy blood thou shalt appease the
spright [sleight."

Of Guizor by thee slain and murder'd by thy

XXXVIII.

Strange were the words in Britomartis' ear ;
Yet stay'd she not for them, but forward
fared,

Till to the perilous bridge she came ; and
there

Talus desired that he might have prepared
The way to her, and those two losels scared :
But she thereat was wroth, that for despite
The glancing sparkles through her beaver
glared,

And from her eyes did flash out fiery light,
Like coals that through a silver censer
sparkle bright.

XXXIX.

She stay'd not to advise which way to take ;
But, putting spurs unto her fiery beast,
Through the midst of them she way did
make, [creased,

The one of them, which most her wrath in-
Upon her spear she bore before her breast,
Till to the bridge's further end she past :
Where falling down his challenge he re-
leased :

The other over side the bridge she cast
Into the river, where he drunk his deadly
last.

XL.

As when the flashing levin haps to light
Upon two stubborn oaks, which stand so
near

That way betwixt them none appears in
sight ;

The engine fiercely flying forth, doth tear
Th' one from the earth, and through the air
doth bear ;

The other it with force doth overthrow
Upon one side, and from his roots doth
rear : [strow,

So did the Championess these two there
And to their sire their carcasses left to
bestow.

CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis' church,
Where she strange visions sees :
She fights with Radigund, her slays,
And Artegal thence frees.

I.

NOUGHT is on earth more sacred or divine,
That gods and men do equally adore,
Than this same virtue that doth right define;
For th' heavens themselves, whence mortal
men implore [lore
Right in their wrongs, are ruled by righteous
Of highest Jove, who doth true justice deal
To his inferior gods, and evermore
Therewith contains his heavenly common-
weal : [reveal.
The skill whereof to princes' hearts he doth

II.

Well therefore did the antique world invent
That justice was a god of sovereign grace,
And altars unto him and temples lent,
And heavenly honors in the highest place ;
Calling him great Osyris, of the race
Of th' old Egyptian kings that whylome
were ;
With feign'd colors shading a true case ;
For that Osyris, whilst he liv'd here,
The justest man alive and truest did appear.

III.

His wife was Isis : whom they likewise
made
A goddess of great pow'r and sovereignty,
And in her person cunningly did shade *
That part of justice which is equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently :
Unto whose temple whenas Britomart
Arrived, she with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart ;
But Talus mote not be admitted to her part.

IV.

There she received was in goodly wise
Of many priests, which duly did attend
Upon the rites and daily sacrifice,
All clad in linen robes with silver hemm'd ;
And on their heads with long locks comely
kemm'd †

* Did shadow forth.

† Kemm'd, combed : altered for rhyme.

They wore rich mitres shap'd like the
moon,
To show that Isis doth the moon portend :
Like as Osyris signifies the sun : [run
For that they both like race in equal justice

V.

The Championess them greeting, as she
could,
Was thence by them into the temple led ;
Whose goodly building when she did behold
Borne upon stately pillars, all dispread
With shining gold, and arch'd over head,
She wond'ring at the workman's passing
skill
Whose like before she never saw nor read :
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could never
gaze her fill.

VI.

Thenceforth unto the idol they her brought ;
The which was fram'd all of silver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be
wrought
And cloth'd all in garments made of line,
Hemm'd all about with fringe of silver twine :
Upon her head she wore a crown of gold ;
To show that she had pow'r in things divine :
And at her feet a crocodile was roll'd,
That with her wreath'd tail her middle did
enfold.

VII.

One foot was set upon the crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand ;
So meaning to suppress both forg'd guile
And open force : and in her other hand
She stretch'd forth a long white slender
wand. [wand
Such was the goddess : whom when Brito-
Had long beheld, herself upon the lance
She did prostrate, and with right humble
heart
Unto herself her silent prayers did impart.

VIII.

To which the idol, as it were inclining,
Her wand did move with amiable look,

By outward show her inward sense design-
ing :

Who well perceiving how her wand she
It as a token of good fortune took,
By this the day with damp was overcast,
And joyous light the house of Jove forsook ;
Which when she saw, her helmet she unlaced
And by the altar's side herself to slumber
placed,

IX.

For other beds the priests there used none,
But on their mother earth's dear lap did lie,
And bake their sides up on the cold hard
stone,

T' enure themselves to sufferance thereby,
And proud rebellious flesh to mortify :
For, by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to steadfast chastity
And continence of life ; that, all foregone,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

X.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth blood
contain,

Ne drink of wine ; for wine they say is
Even the blood of giants, which were slain
By thund'ring Jove in the Phlegrean plain :
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the gods, which to perpetual pain
Had damn'd her sons which gainst them did
rebel,

With inward grief and malice did against

XI.

And of their vital blood, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosom, forth she brought
The fruitful vine ; whose liquor bloody red,
Having the minds of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stir up old rebellious thought
To make new war against the gods again :
Such is the pow'r of that same fruit, that
nought

The fell contagion may thereof restrain,
Ne within reason's rule her madding mood
contain.

XII.

There did the warlike maid herself repose,
Under the wings of Isis all that night ;
And with sweet rest her heavy eyes did
close,

After that long day's toil and weary plight :
Where whilst her earthly parts with soft de-
light

Of senseless sleep did deeply drownèd lie,
There did appear unto her heavenly spright

A wondrous vision, which did close imply
The course of all her fortune and posterity,

XIII.

Her seem'd as she was doing sacrifice
To Isis, deck'd with mitre on her head
And linen stole after those priestes guise,
All suddenly she saw transfigured
Her linen stole to robe of scarlet red,
And moon-like mitre to a crown of gold ;
That even she herself much wonderèd
At such a change, and joyèd to behold
Herself adorn'd with gems and jewels mani-
fold.

XIV.

And, in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemèd from below
To rise through all the temple suddenly,
That from the altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers strow
Upon the ground ; which, kindled privily,
Into outrageous flames unware did grow,
That all the temple put in jeopardy
Of flaming, and herself in great perplexity.

XV.

With that the crocodile, which sleeping lay
Under the idol's feet in fearless bow'r,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stow'r ;
And gaping greedy wide did straight devour
Both flames and tempest ; with which grown
great,
And swoll'n with pride of his own peerless
He gan to threaten her likewise to eat :
But that the goddess with her rod him back
did beat.

XVI.

Tho, turning all his pride to humblesse meek,
Himself before her feet he lowly threw
And gan for grace and love of her to seek :
Which she accepting, he so near her drew
That of his game she soon enwombèd grew,
And forth did bring a lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beasts subdue :
With that she waked full of fearful fright,
And doubtfully dismay'd through that so
uncouth sight.

XVII.

So thereupon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasy,
Until she spied the lamp of lightsome day
Up-lifted in the porch of heaven high :
Then up she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pass,
Whereas, the priests she found full busily

About their holy things for morrow mass ;
Whom she saluting fair, fair resaluted was :

XVIII.

But, by the change of her uncheerful look,
They might perceive she was not well in
plight,

Or that some pensiveness to heart she took:
Therefore thus one of them, who reem'd in
sight

To be the greatest and the gravest wight,
To her bespake ; " Sir knight, it seems to me
That, thorough evil rest of this last night,
Or ill appay'd or much dismay'd ye be ;
That by your change of cheer is easy for to
see."

XIX.

" Certes," said she, " sith ye so well have
spied

The troublous passion of my pensive mind,
I will not seek the same from you to hide :
But will my cares unfold in hope to find
Your aid to guide me out of error blind."

" Say on," quoth he, " the secret of your
heart :

For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
I am adjured best counsel to impart
To all that shall require my comfort in their
smart."

XX.

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision which to her appear'd,
As well as to her mind it had recourse.

All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weak faint-hearted man he fared
Through great astonishment of that strange
sight, [stared

And, with long locks up-standing stiffly,
Like one adawed with some dreadful spright:
So fill'd with heavenly fury thus he her be-
hight ;

XXI.

" Magnifick virgin, that in quaint disguise
Of British arms dost mask thy royal blood,
So to pursue a perilous emprise ;
How couldst thou ween, through that dis-
guisèd hood,

To hide thy state from being understood ?
Can from th' immortal gods ought hidden be ?
They do thy lineage, and thy lordly brood,
They do thy sire lamenting sore for thee,
They do thy love forlorn in woman's thral-
dom see.

XXII.

" The end whereof, and all the long event,
They do to thee in this same dream dis-
cover :

For that same crocodile doth represent
The righteous knight that is thy faithful
lover,

Like to Osyris in all just endeavour :
For that same crocodile Osyris is,
That under Isis' feet doth sleep for ever ;
To show that clemence oft, in things amiss,
Restrains those stern behests and cruel
dooms of his.

XXIII.

" That knight shall all the troublous storms
assuage

And raging flames, that many foes shall rear
To hinder thee from the just heritage
Of thy sire's crown, and from thy country
dear :

Then shalt thou take him to thy lovèd fere,
And join in equal portion of thy realm :
And afterwards a son to him shalt bear,
That lion-like shall show his pow'r extreme.
So bless thee God, and give thee joyance of
thy dream !"

XXIV.

All which when she unto the end had heard,
She much was easèd in her troublous thought,
And on those priests bestowed rich reward ;
And royal gifts, of gold and silver wrought,
She for a present to their goddess brought.
Then taking leave of them she forward went
To seek her love, where he was to be sought,
Ne rested till she came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as she was bent.

XXV.

Whereof when news to Radigund was
brought,

Not with amaze, as women wonted be,
She was confusèd in her troublous thought ;
But fill'd with courage and with joyous glee,
As glad to hear of arms, the which now she
Had long surceasèd, 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 folk had slain, she bade
them forth to hold.

XXVI.

So there without the gate, as seemèd best,
She causèd her pavilion be pight ;
In which stout Brit-mart herself did rest,
Whiles Talus watchèd at the door all night.
All night likewise they of the town in fright

Upon their wall good watch and ward did
keep.

The morrow next, so soon as dawning light
Bade do away the damp of drowsy sleep,
The warlike Amazon out of her bow'r did
peep;

XXVII.

And causèd straight a trumpet loud to
shrill,
To warn her foe to battle soon be prest : *
Who, long before awoke, (for she full ill
Could sleep all night, that in unquiet breast
Did closely harbour such a jealous guest,)
Was to the battle whylome ready dight.
Eftsoones that warriouress with haughty
crest
Did forth issue all ready for the fight ;
Onth' other side the foe appearèd soon in
sight.

XXVIII.

But, ere they rearèd hand, the Amazon
Began the strait conditions to propound,
With which she usèd still to tie her fone,
To serve her so, as she the rest had bound :
Which when the other heard, she sternly
frown'd
For high disdain of such indignity,
And would no longer treat, but bade them
sound :
For her no other terms should ever tie
Than what prescribèd were by laws of
chivalry.

XXIX.

The trumpets sound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their falchions
smote ;
Ne either sought the other's strokes to shun,
But through great fury both their skill for-
got,
And practice use in arms ; ne sparèd not
Their dainty parts, which nature had
created
So fair and tender without stain or spot
For other uses than they them translated ;
Which they now hack'd and hew'd as if
such use they hated.

XXX.

As when a tiger and a lioness
Are met at spoiling of some hungry prey,
Both challenge it with equal greediness :
But first the tiger claws thereon did lay ;

* To be ready for battle ; *prest* is from the
French *prêt*.

And therefore loth to loose her right away
Doth in defence thereof full stoutly stond :
To which the lion strongly doth gainsay,
That she to hunt the beast first took in
hond ;
And therefore ought it have wherever she it
fond.

XXXI.

Full fiercely laid the Amazon about,
And dealt her blows unmercifully sore ;
Which Britomart withstood with courage
stout,
And then repaid again with double more.
So long they fought, that all the grassy floor
Was 'fil'd with blood which from their sides
did flow, [gore
And gushèd through their arms, that all in
They trod, and on the ground their lives did
strow, [should grow.
Like fruitless seed, of which untimely death

XXXII.

At last proud Radigund with fell despite,
Having by chance espied advantage near,
Let drive at her with all her dreadful might,
And thus upbraiding said ; " This token
bear [dear ;
Unto the man whom thou dost love so
And tell him for his sake thy life thou
gavest."
Which spiteful words she sore engrieved to
bear [depravest,
Thus answer'd ; " Lewdly thou my love
Who shortly must repent that now so vainly
bravest."

XXXIII.

Nathless that stroke so cruel passage found,
That glancing on her shoulder-plate it bit
Unto the bone, and made a griesly wound,
That she her shield through raging smart
of it
Could scarce uphold ; yet soon she it requit ;
For, having force increased through furious
pain,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit
That it empiercèd to the very brain,
And her proud person low prostrated on the
plain.

XXXIV.

Where being laid, the wrothful Britoness
Stay'd not till she came to herself again ;
But in revenge both of her love's distress
And her late vile reproach though vaunted
vain,

And also of her wound which sore did pain,
She with one stroke both head and helmet
cleft :

Which dreadful sight when all her warlike
train

There present saw, each one of sense bereft
Fled fast into the town, and her sole victor
left.

XXXV.

But yet so fast they could not home retrace,
But that swift Talus did the foremost win ;
And, pressing through the press unto the
gate,

Pellmell with them at once did enter in :
There then a piteous slaughter did begin ;
For all that ever came within his reach
He with his iron flail did thresh so thin,
That he no work at all left for the leech :
Like to an hideous storm which nothing
may empeach.

XXXVI.

And now by this the noble conqueress
Herself came in, her glory to partake ;
Where though revengful vows she did pro-
fess,

Yet, when she saw the heaps which he did
make

Of slaughter'd red carcasses, her heart did quake
For every ruth, which did it almost rive,
That she his fury willed him to slake :
For else he sure had left not one alive :

But all, in his revenge, of spirit would
deprive.

XXXVII.

Tho, when she had his execution stay'd,
She for that iron prison did inquire,
In which her wretched love was captive
laid :

Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She ent'red into all the parts entire :
Where when she saw that loathly uncouth
sight

Of men disguised in womanish attire,
Her heart gan grudge for very deep despite
Of so unmanly mask in misery misdight.

XXXVIII.

At last whenas to her own love she came,
Whom like disguise no less deformed had,
At sight thereof abash'd with secret shame
She turn'd her head aside, as nothing glad
To have beheld a spectacle so bad ;
And then too well believed that which tofore
Jealous suspect as true untruly drad :

Which vain conceit now nourishing no
more,
She sought with ruth to salve his sad mis-
fortunes' sore.

XXXIX.

Not so great wonder and astonishment
Did the most chaste Penelope possess,
To see her lord, that was reported drest
And dead long since in dolorous distress,
Come home to her in piteous wretchedness,
After long travel of full twenty years ;
That she knew not his favors likeness,
For many scars and many hoary hairs ;
But stood long staring on him mongst un-
certain fears.

XL.

" Ah! my dear lord, what sight is this,
quothe she, [of you ?
" What May-game hath misfortune made
Where is that dreadful manly look ? where
be [t' embue
Those mighty palms, the which ye wont
In blood of kings, and great hosts to subdue ?
Could ought on earth so wordrous change
have wrought
As to have robb'd you of that manly hue ?
Could so great courage stooped have to
ought ?
Then farewell, fleshy force ; I see thy pride
is nought!"

XLI.

Thenceforth she straight into a bow'r him
brought [undight ;
And caused him those uncomely weeds
And in their stead for other fainter sought,
Whereof there was great store, and armors
bright,
Which had been reft from many a noble
knight :
Whom the proud Amazon subduèd had ;
Whilst fortune favored her success in fight :
In which whenas she him anew had clad,
She was revived, and joy'd much in his
semblance glad.

XLII.

So there awhile they afterwards remain'd,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to
heal : [reign'd ;
During which space she there as princess
And changing all that form of common
weal
The liberty of women did repeal,
Which they had long usurp'd ; and, them
restoring

To men's subjection, did true justice deal :
That all they, as a goddess, her adoring,
Her wisdom did admire, and heark'ned to
her loring.

XLIII.

For all those knights, which long in captive
shade [free ;
Had shrouded been, she did from thralldom
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large
fee :

And, that they should for ever faithful be,
Made them swear féalty to Artegal :
Who when himself now well recured did
see,
He purposed to proceed, whatso befall.
Upon his first adventure which him forth
did call.

XLIV.

Full sad and sorrowful was Britomart
For his departure, her new cause of grief ;

Yet wisely moderated her own smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tend'red chief,
Consisted much in that adventure's priefe :
The care whereof, and hope of his success,
Gave unto her great comfort and relief ;
That womanish complaints she did repress,
And wom'p'd for the time her present
heaviness.

XLV.

There she continued for a certain space,
Till through his want her woe did more in-
crease :
Then, hoping that the change of air and
place
Would change her pain and sorrow some-
what ease
She parted thence, her anguish to app ase.
Meanwhile her noble lord Sir Artegal
Went on his way ; ne ever hour did cease,
Till he redeemed had that lady thrall :
That for another canto will more fitly fall.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthur and Sir Artegal
Free Samient from fear :
They slay the soldan ; drive his wife,
Adicia to despair.

I.

NOUGHT under heaven so strongly doth
allure

The sense of man, and all his mind possess,
As beauty's lovely bait, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to repress,
And mighty hands forget their manliness ;
Drawn with the pow'r of an heart-robbing
eye,

And wrapt in fetters of a golden tress,
That can with melting pleasaunce mollify
Their hard'ned hearts enured to blood and
cruelty.

II.

So whylome learn'd that mighty Jewish
swain,* [might,
Each of whose locks did match a man in
To lay his spoils before his leman's trayne :
So also did that great Oecean† knight

* Samson.

† Hercules, so called from Oeta, a hill in
Thessaly, where he burned himself.—CHURCH.

For his love's sake his lion skin undight ;
And so did warlike Antony neglect
The world's whole rule for Cleopatra's sight.
Such wondrous pow'r hath women's fair
aspect [reject.
To captive men, and make them all the world

III.

Yet could it not stern Artegal retain,
Nor hold from suit of his avowed quest,
Which he had underta'en to Gloriane ;
But left his love (albe her strong request)
Fair Britomart in languor and unrest,
And rode himself upon his first intent :
Ne day nor night did ever idly rest ;
Ne night but only Talus with him went,
The true guide of his way and virtuous
government.

IV.

So travelling, he chanced far off to heed
A damsel flying on a palfrey fast
Before two knights that after her did speed

With all their pow'r, and her full fiercely
 chased
 In hope to have her overhent at last:
 Yet fled she fast, and both them far outwent,
 Carried with wings of fear, like fowl aghast,
 With locks all loose, and raiment all to-rent;
 And ever as she rode her eye was backward
 bent.

V.

Soon after these he saw another knight,
 That after those two former rode apace
 With spear in rest, and prick'd with all his
 might:
 So ran they all, as they had been at base,*
 They being chased that did others chase.
 At length he saw the hindmost overtake
 One of those two, and force him turn his face;
 However loth he were his way to slake,
 Yet mote he algates now abide, and answer
 make.

VI.

But th' other still pursued the fearful maid;
 Who still from him as fast away did fly,
 Ne once for ought her speedy passage stay'd,
 Till that at length she did before her spy
 Sir Artegall to whom she straight did hie
 With gladful haste, in hope of him to get
 Succour against her greedy enemy:
 Who seeing her approach gan forward set
 To save her from her fear, and him from
 force to let.

II.

But he, like hound full greedy of his prey,
 Being impatient of impediment,
 Continued still his course, and by the way
 Thought with his spear him quite have over-
 went.
 So both together, ylike felly bent,
 Like fiercely met: but Artegall was stronger,
 And better skill'd in tilt and tournament,
 And bore him quite out of his saddle, longer
 Than two spears' length: so mischief over-
 match'd the wronger:

VIII.

And in his fall misfortune him mistook;
 For on his head unhappily he pight,
 That his own weight his neck asunder broke,
 And left there dead. Meanwhile the other
 knight
 Defeated had the other faitour quite,
 And all his bowels in his body brast:

* Playing at Prisoners' Base, an old country
 game.

Whom leaving there in that dispiteous
 plight,
 He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
 His other fellow pagan which before him
 past.

IX.

Instead of whom finding there ready prest
 Sir Artegall, without discretion
 He at him ran with ready spear in rest:
 Who, seeing him come still so fiercely on,
 Against him made again: so both anon
 Together met, and strongly either strook
 And broke their spears; yet neither has fore-
 gone
 His horse's back, yet to and fro long shook
 And tott' red, like two tow'rs which through
 a tempest quoque.

X.

But, when again they had recovered sense,
 They drew their swords, in mind to make
 amends [tence:
 For what their spears had fail'd of their pre-
 Which when the damsel, who those deadly
 ends [friends
 Of both her foes had seen, and now her
 For her beginning a more fearful fray;
 She to them runs in haste, and her hair rends,
 Crying to them their cruel hands to stay,
 Until they both do hear what she to them
 will say.

XI.

They stay'd their hands; when she thus gan
 to speak; [unwise
 "Ah! gentle knights, what mean ye thus
 Upon yourselves another's wrong to wreak?
 I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterprize
 Both to redress, and both redrest likewise:
 Witness the paynims both, whom ye may
 see [vise
 There dead on ground: what do ye then de-
 Of more revenge? if more, then I am she
 Which was the root of all; end your revenge
 on me."

XII.

Whom when they heard so say, they look'd
 about
 To weet if it were true as she had told;
 Where when they saw their foes dead out of
 doubt, [hold,
 Eftsouones they gan their wrothful hands to
 And ventails rear each other to behold.
 Tho, whenas Artegall did Arthur view,
 So fair a creature and so wondrous bold,
 He much admirèd both his heart and hue,
 And touchèd with entire affection nigh him
 drew.

XIII.

Saying, "Sir knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus
sore,

Suff'ring my hand against my heart to stray:
Which if ye please forgive, I will therefore
Yield for amends myself yours evermore,
Or whatso penance shall by you be read."
To whom the prince; "Certes me needeth
more

To crave the same; whom error so misled,
As that I did mistake the living for the dead.

XIV.

"But, sith ye please that both our blames
shall die,

Amends may for the trespass soon be made,
Since neither is endamaged much thereby."
So can they both themselves full eath persuade

To fair accordance, and both faults to shade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And swearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nourish enmity,
But either other's cause to maintain mutu-
ally

XV.

Then Artegall gan of the prince enquire,
What were those knights which there on
ground were laid,

And had received their folly's worthy hire,
And for what cause they chased so that
maid. [said,

"Certes I wote not well," the prince then
"But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way unweetingly I stray'd,
And lo! the damsel' self, whence all did
grew, [know."
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion

XVI.

Then they that damsel callèd to them nigh,
And askèd her, what were those two her
fone,

From whom she erst so fast away did fly;
And what was she herself so woe-begone,
And for what cause pursued of them atone.
To whom she thus; "Then wote ye well,
that I [wonne,

Do serve a queen that not far hence doth
A princess of great pow'r and majesty,
Famous through all the world, and honour'd
far and nigh.

XVII.

"Her name Mercilla * most men use to call;
That is a maiden queen of high renown,

* Mercilla also personifies Elizabeth.

For her great bounty known over all
And sovereign grace, with which her royal
crown

She doth support, and strongly beateth down
The malice of her foes, which her envy
And at her happiness do fret and frown;
Yet she herself the more coth magnify,
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

XVIII.

"Mongst many which malign her happy
state, [by,

There is a mighty man, which wonnes her
That with most fell despite and deadly hate
Seeks to subvert her crown and dignity,
And all his pow'r doth thereunto apply:
And her good knights, of which so brave a
band

Serves her as any princess under sky,
He either spoils, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under
hand.

XIX.

"Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Which he unto her people does each day;
But that he seeks by traitorous traynes to
spill

Her person, and her sacred self to slay:
That, O ye heavens, defend! and turn away
From her unto the miscreant himself;
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his god of his ungodly pelf,
And idols serves: so let his idols serve the
elf!

XX.

"To all which cruel tyranny, they say,
He is provoked, and stirr'd up day and
night

By his bad wife that hight Adicia:
Who counsels him, through confidence of
might,

To break all bonds of law and rules of right:
For she herself professed mortal foe
To Justice, and against her still doth fight,
Working, to all that love her, deadly woe,
And making all her knights and people to
do so.

XXI.

"Which my liege lady seeing, thought it
best

For that his wife in friendly wise to deal
For stint of strife and stablishment of rest
Both to herself and to her commonweal,
And all forepast displeasures to repeal.
So me in message unto her she sent,

To treat with her, by way of enterdeal,
Of final peace and fair atonement.
Which might concluded be by mutual consent.

XXII.

* All times have wont safe passage to afford
To messengers that come for causes just :
But this proud dame, disdaining all accord,
Not only into bitter terms forth Brust,
Réviling me and railing as she lust,
But lastly, to make proof of utmost shame,
Me like a dog she out of doors did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deservèd
blame.

XXIII.

“ And lastly, that no shame might wanting
be,
When I was gone, soon after me she sent
These two false knights, whom there ye
lying see,
To be by them dishonourèd and shent :
But, thank'd be God, and your good hardi-
ment!
They have the price of their own folly paid.”
So said this damsel, that hight Samient ;
And to those knights for their so noble aid
Herself most grateful show'd, and heapèd
thanks repaid.

XXIV.

But they now having thoroughly heard and
seen [complain'd
All those great wrongs, the which that maid
To have been done against her lady queen
By that proud dame, which her so much
disdain'd,
Were movèd much thereat, and twixt them
fain'd
With all their force to work avengement
strong,
Upon the soldan 'self, which it maintain'd,
And on his lady, th' author of that wrong,
And upon all those knights that did to her
belong.

XXV.

But, thinking best by counterfeit disguise
To their design to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt themselves de-
vide :
First, that Sir Artegal should him array
Like one of those two knights which dead
there lay ;
And then that damsel, the sad Samient,

Should as his purchased prize with him
convey
Unto the soldan's court, her to present
Unto his scornful lady that for her had
sent.

XXVI.

So as they had devised, Sir Artegal
Him clad in th' arm ur of a pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquish'd
thrall,
That damsel, led her to the soldan's, right :
Where soon as his proud wife of her had
sight,
Forth of her window as she looking lay,
She weened straight it was her paynim
knight,
Which brought that damsel as his purchased
prey ; [way :
And sent to him a page that mote direct his

XXVII.

Who, bringing them to their appointed place
Off'red his service to disarm the knight ;
But he refusing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be discover'd by his sight,
Kept himself still in his strange armour
dight :
Soon after whom the prince arrivèd there,
And, sending to the soldan in despite
A bold defiance, did of him require [soner.
That damsel whom he held as wrongful pri-

XXVIII.

Wherewith the soldan all with fury fraught,
Swearing and banning most blasphemously,
Commanded straight his armor to be
brought ;
And, mounting straight upon a charet high,
(With iron wheels and hooks arm'd dread-
fully,
And drawn of cruel steeds which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell
tyranny
He slaught'rd had, and ere they were half
dead [spread ;
Their bodies to his beasts for provender did

XXIX.

So forth he came all in a coat of plate
Burnish'd with bloody rust ; whiles on the
green
The Briton prince him ready did await
In glistening arms right goodly well beseen,
That shone as bright as doth the heaven
sheen ;
And by his stirrup Talus did attend,
Playing his page's part, as he had been

Before directed by his lord ; to th' end
He should his flail to final execution bend.

XXX.

Thus go they both together to their gear
With like fierce minds, but meanings different :

For the proud soldan, with presumptuous
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought only slaughter and avengement ;
But the brave prince for honour and for
right,

Gairst tortuous pow'r and lawless regiment,
In the behalf of wronged weak did fight :
More in his cause's truth he trusted than in
might.

XXXI.

Like to the Thracian tyrant who they say
U^rto his horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himself was made their greedy prey,
And torn in pieces by Alcides great ;
So thought the soldan, in his folly's threat,
Either the prince in pieces to have torn
With his sharp wheels in his first rage's
heat,

Or under his fierce horses' feet have borne,
And trampled down in dust his thoughts'
disdain'd scorn.

XXXII.

But the bold Child that peril well espying,
If he too rashly to his charet drew,
Gave way unto his horses' speedy flying,
And their resistless rigour did eschew ;
Yet, as he pass'd by, the pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That, had he not it shunn'd, with heedful
view,

It had himself transfix'd or his horse,
Or made them both one mass withouten
more remore.

XXXIII.

Oft drew the prince unto his charet nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him near ;
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wing-footed coursers him did bear
So fast away, that, ere his ready spear
He could advance, he far was gone and past :
Yet still he him did follow evcrywhere,
And follow'd was of him likewise full fast,
So long as in his steeds the flaming breath
did last.

XXIV.

Again the pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store

On every side of his embattled cart,
And of all other weapons less or more,
Which warlike uses had devised of yore :
The wicked shaft, guided through th' airy
wide

By some bad spirit that it to mischief bore,
Stay'd not, till through his cur'et it did
glide,
And made a griesly wound in his enriven
side.

XXXV.

Much was he griev'd with that hapless
throe, [blood ;

That open'd had the well-spring of his
But much the more that to his hateful foe
He mote not come to wreak his wrathful
mood ;

That made him rave, like a lion wood,
Which being wounded of the huntsman's
hand

Cannot come near him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughs hath built his shady
stand,

And fenced himself about with many a
flaming brand.

XXXVI.

Still when he sought t'approach unto him
nigh

His charet wheels about him whirled round
And made him back again as fast to fly ;
And eke his steeds, like to an hungry hound
That hunting after game had carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursue and chase,
That his good steed, all were he much re-
nown'd

For noble courage and for hardy race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from
place to place.

XXXVII.

Thus long they traced and traversed to and
fro,

Seeking by every way to make some breach ;
Yet could the prince not nigh unto him go,
That one sure stroke he might unto him
reach,

Whereby his strength's assay he might him
teach :

At last, from his victorious shield he drew
The veil, which did his pow'ful light em-
peach ;

And coming full before his horse's view,
As they upon him press'd, it plain to them
did shew.

XXXVIII.

Like lightning flash that hath the gazer
burn'd,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That back again upon themselves they
turn'd,
And with their rider ran perforce away:
Ne could the soldan them from flying stay
With reins or wonted rule, as well he knew:
Nought fear'd they what he could do or say,
But th' only fear that was before their view;
From which like mazèd deer dismayfully
they flew.

XXXIX.

Fast did they fly as them their feet could
bear
High over hills, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former fear:
In vain the pagan bans, and swears, and rails,
And back with both his hands unto him hales
The resty reins, regarded now no more:
He to them calls and speaks, yet nought
avails;
They hear him not, they have forgot his lore;
But go which way they list; their guide they
have forlore.

XL.

As when the fiery-mouthèd steeds, which
drew
The sun's bright wain to Phaëton's decay,
Soon as they did the monstrous scorpion
view
With ugly crapples crawling in their way,
The dreadful sight did them so sore affray,
That their well-known courses they forwent;
And, leading th' ever burning lamp astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes Brent,
And left their scorchèd path yet in the firm-
ament.

XLI.

Such was the fury of these headstrong steeds,
Soon as the Infant's sunlike shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and scorn'd all former law
Through woods, and rocks, and mountains
they did draw
The iron charet, and the wheels did tear,
And toss'd the paynim without fear or awe;
From side to side they toss'd him here and
there, [ing hear.
Crying to them in vain that could his cry-

XLII.

Yet still the prince pursued him close behind,
Oft making offer him to smite, but found

No easy means according to his mind:

At last they have all overthrowen to ground
Quite topside turvey, and the pagan honnd
Amongst the iron hooks and grapples keen
Torn all to rags, and rent with many a wound
That no whole piece of him was to be seen,
But scatt' red all about, and strow'd upon
the green.

XLIII.

Like as the cursèd son of Thesëus,
That following his chase in dewy morn,
To fly his stepdame's love outrageous,
Of his own steeds was all to pieces torn,
And his fair limbs left in the woods foriorn;
That for his sake Diana did lament,
And all the woody nymphs did wail and
mourn:
So was this soldan rapt and all to rent,
That of his shape, appear'd no little mori-
ment.

XLIV.

Only his shield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to-bruised
and broken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remain for an eternal token
To all, mongst whom this story should be
spoken,
How worthily, by Heaven's high decree,
Justice that day of wrong herself had broken;
That all men, which that spectacie did see,
By like ensample mote for ever warnèd be.

XLV.

So on a tree, before the tyrant's door,
He causèd them be hung in all men's sight,
To be a monument for evermore.
Which when his lady from the castle's height
Beheld, it much appall'd her troubled spright:
Yet not, as women wont, in doleful fit
She was dismay'd, or fainted through
affright,
But gather'd unto her her troubled wit, [it.
And gan eftsoones devise to be avenged for

XLVI.

Straight down she ran, like an enragèd cow,
That is berobbèd of her youngling dear,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow
To wreak her on that maiden messenger,
Whom she had causèd be kept as prisoner
By Artegall, misween'd for her own knight,
That brought her ba k; and, coming present
there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furious de-
spite.

XLVII.

Like raging Ino, when with knife in hand
She threw her husband's murder'd infant
out;

Or fell Medea, when on Colchis' strand
Her brother's bones she scatter'd all about;
Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
Of Bacchus' priests, her own dear flesh did
tear,

Yet neither Ino, nor Medea stout,
Nor all the Mœnades so furious were,
As this bold woman when she saw that
damsel there

XLVIII.

But Artegal being thereof aware
Did stay her cruel hand ere she her raught;
And, as she did herself to strike prepare,
Out of her fist the wicked weapon caught:
With that, like one enfelon'd or distraught
She forth did roam, whither her rage her bore
With frantic passion and with fury fraught
And, breaking forth out at a postern door,
Unto the wild wood ran her dolours to de-
plore:

XLIX.

As a mad bitch, whenas the frantic fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamèd hath,
Doth run at random, and with furious bit
Snatching at every thing doth wreak her
wrath

On man and beast that cometh in her path.
There they do say that she transformèd was
Into a tiger, and that tiger's scath
In cruelty and outrage she did pass,
To prove her surname true, that she im-
posed has.

L.

Then Artegal, himself discovering plain,
Did issue forth 'gainst all that warlike rout
Of knights and armèd men, which did main-
tain

That lady's part and to the soldan lout:
All which he did assault with courage stout,
All were they nigh an hundred knights of
name,

And like wild goats them chasèd all about,
Flying from place to place with coward
shame;

So that with final force them all he overcame.

LI.

Then causèd he the gates be open'd wide;
And there the prince, as victor of that day,
With triumph entertain'd and glorified,
Presenting him with all the rich array [lay,
And royal pomp, which there long hidden
Purchased through lawless power, and tor-
tuous wrong,

Of that proud soldan, whom he erst did slay.
So both, for rest, there having stay'd not
long, [other song,
March'd with that maid: fit matter for an-

CANTO IX.

Arthur and Artegal catch Guyle

Whom Talus doth dismay:

They to Mercilla's palace come

And see her rich array.

I.

WHAT tiger, or what other savage wight,
Is so exceeding furious and fell [might?
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd itself with
Not fit mongst men that do with reason mell,
But mongst wild beasts, and savage woods,
to dwell; [vour,

Where still the stronger doth the weak de-
And they that most in boldness do excel,
Are dreaded most, and fearèd for their
pow'r, [bow'r.

Fit for Adicia there to build her wicked

II.

There let her wonne, far from resort of men,
Where righteous Artegal her late exiled;
There let her ever keep her damnèd den,
Where none may be with her lew'd parts de-
filed,

Nor none but beasts may be of her despoil'd:
And turn we to the noble prince, where
late

We did him leave, after that he had foil'd
The cruel soldan, and with dreadful fate
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state.

III.

Where having with Sir Artegal a space
Well solaced in that soldan's late delight,
They both, resolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein beight
Unto that damsel in her lady's right,
And so would have departed on their way :
But she them woo'd, by all the means she
might,

And earnestly besought to wend that day,
With her, to see her lady thence not far
away.

IV.

By whose entreaty both they overcommen
Agree to go with her ; and by the way,
As often falls, of sundry things did commen ;
Mongst which that damsel did to them be-
wray

A strange adventure which not far thence
To weet, a wicked villain, bold and stout,
Which wonnèd in a rock not far away,
That robbed all the country thereabout,
And brought the pillage home, whence none
could get it out.

V.

Thereto both his own wily wit, she said,
And eke the fastness of his dwelling place,
Both unassailable, gave him great aid ;
For he so crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nimble of his pace,
So smooth of tongue, and subtle in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face :
Therefore by name Malengin they him call,
Well known by his feats, and famous over
all.

VI.

Through these his sleights he many doth
confound :
And eke the rock, in which he wents to
Is wondrous strong and hewn far under
ground,
A dreadful depth, how deep no man can tell ;
But some do say it goeth down to hell :
And, all within, it full of windings is
And hidden ways that scarce an hound by
Can follow out those false footsteps of his,
Ne none can back return that once are gone
amiss,

VII.

Which when those knights had heard, their
hearts gan yearn
To understand that villain's dwelling place,
And greatly it desired of her to learn,
And by which way they towards it should
trace.

" Were not," said she, " that it should let
your pace

Towards my lady's presence by you meant,
I would you guide directly to the place."

" Then let not that," said they, " stay your
intent ; [have hent."

For neither will one foot, till we that carle

VIII.

So forth they pass'd, till they approached
nigh

Unto the rock where was the villain's
Which when the damsel near at hand did
spy,

She warned the knights thereof : who there-
Gan to advise what best were to be done.

So both agreed to send that maid afore,
Where she might sit nigh to the den alone,
Wailing, and raising pitiful uproar,
As if she did some great calamity deplore.

IX.

With noise whereof whenas the caytive
carle

Should issue forth, in hope to find some
spoil,

They in await would closely him ensnarl,
Ere to his den he backward could recoil ;
And so would hope him easily to foi,
The damsel straight went, as she was
directed,

Unto the rock : and there, upon the soil,
Having herself in wretched wise abjected,
Gan weep and wail as if great grief had her
affected.

X.

The cry whereof ent'ring the hollow cave
Eftsoones brought forth the villain, as they
meant,

With hope of her some wishful boot to have :
Full dreadful wight he was as ever went
Upon the earth ; with hollow eyes deep
pent,

And long curl'd locks that down his shoul-
ders shagged,

And on his back an uncouth vestiment
Made of strange stuff, but all to-worn and
ragged,

And underneath his breech was all to-torn

XI.

And in his hand an huge long staff he held,
Whose top was arm'd with many an iron
hook,

Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compass of his clutches took ;
And ever round about he cast his look :

Als at his back a great wide net he bore,
With which he seldom fished at the brook,
But used to fish for fools on the dry shore.
Of which he in fair weather wont to take
great store.

XII.

Him when the damsel saw fast by her side,
So ugly creature, she was nigh dismay'd :
And now for help aloud in earnest cried :
But, when the villain saw her so affray'd,
He gan with guileful words her to persuade
To banish fears : and with Sardonian smile
Laughing on her, his false intent to shade,
Gan forth to lay his bait her to beguile,
That from herself unawares he might her
steal the while.

XIII.

Like as the fowler on his guileful pipe
Charms to the birds full many a pleasant
lay, [keep,
That they the whiles may take less heedie
How he his nets doth for their ruin lay,
So did the villain to her prate and play,
And many pleasant tricks before her show,
To turn her eyes from his intent away :
For he in sleights and juggling feats did
flow, [know.
And of legiérdemain the mysteries did

XIV.

To which whilst she lent her intentive mind,
He suddenly his net upon her threw,
That overspread her like a puff of wind ;
And snatching her soon up, ere well she
knew,
Ran with her fast away unto his mew,
Crying for help aloud : but whenas nigh
He came unto his cave, and there did view
The armed knights stopping his passage by,
He threw his burden down and fast away
did fly.

XV.

But Artegall him after did pursue ;
The whiles the prince there kept the en-
trance still :
Up to the rock he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wild goat, leaping from hill to hill,
And dancing on the craggy cliffs at will ;
That deadly danger seem'd in all men's
sight
To tempt such steps, where footing was so
ill :
Ne ought avail'd for the armed knight
To think to follow him, that was so swift
and light.

XVI.

Which when he saw, his iron man he sent
To follow him ; for he was swift in chase :
He him pursued wherever that he went ;
Both over rock, and hills, and every place
Whereso he fled, he followed him apace :
So that he shortly forced him to forsake
The height, and down descend unto the base:
There he him coursed afresh, and soon did
make
To leave his proper form, and other shape
to take.

XVII.

Into a fox himself he first did turn ;
But he him hunted like a fox full fast :
Then to a bush himself he did transform ;
But he the bush did beat, till that at last
Into a bird it changed, and from low 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 upon the land ;
But he then took it up, and held fast in his
hand.

XVIII.

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his lord Sir Artegall it lent,
Warning him hold it fast for fear of
sleights :
Who whilst in hand it griping hard he hent,
Into a hedgehog all unawares it went,
And prick'd him so that he away it threw :
Then gan it run away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hue ; [drew.
But Talus soon him overtook, and backward

XIX.

But, whenas he would to a snake again
Have turn'd himself, he with his iron flail
Gan drive at him with so huge might and
main,
That all his bones as small as sandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels disentrail.
Crying in vain for help when help was past ;
So did deceit the self-deceiver fail :
There they him left a carrion outcast
For beasts and fowls to feed upon for their
repast

XX.

Thenceforth they pass'd with that gentle
maid
To see her lady, as they did agree :
To which, when she approached, thus she
said ;
" Lo, now, right noble knights, arrived
ye be

Nigh to the place which ye design'd to see:
There shall ye see my sovereign lady queen,
Most sacred wight, most debonair and free,
That ever yet upon this earth was seen,
Or that with diadem hath ever crown'd
been."

XXI.

The gentle knights rejoicèd much to hear
The praises of that prince so manifold;
And, passing little further, commen were
Where they a stately palace did behold
Of pompous show, much more than she had
told,
With many tow'rs and terrace mounted
high,
And all their tops bright glistening with
gold.
That seem'd to outshine the dimmèd sky,
And with their brightness dazed the strange
beholder's eye.

XXII.

There they alighting, by that damsel were
Directed in, and showèd all the sight;
Whose porch, that most magnific did ap-
pear,
Stood open wide to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might
That sate thereby, with giant-like resem-
blance,
To keep out guile, and malice, and despite,
That under show oft-times of feign'd sem-
blance [scath and hindrance:
Are wont in princes' courts to work great

XXIII.

His name was Awe; by whom they passing
in [room,
Went up the hall, that was a large wide
All full of people making troublous din
And wondrous noise, as if that there were
some [doom:
Which unto them was dealing righteous
By whom they passing through the thickest
preasse,
The marshal of the hall to them did come,
His name high Order; who, commanding
peace, [their clamours cease.
Them guided through the throng, that did

XXIV.

They ceased their clamours upon them to
gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Strange there to see, it did them much
amaze,

And with unwonted terror half affray:
For never saw they there the like array;
Ne ever was the name of war there spoken,
But joyous peace and quietness alway
Dealing just judgments, that mote not be
broken,
For any bribes, or threats of any to be
wroken.

XXV.

There, as they ent'red at the screen, they
saw [pass vile
Some one, whose tongue was for his tres-
Nail'd to a post, adjudgèd so by law;
For that therewith he falsely did revile
And foul blaspheme that queen for forgèd
guile, [had,
Both with bold speeches which he blazèd
And with lewd poems which he did compile;
For the bold title of a poet bad
He on himself had ta'en, and railing rhymes
had sprad.

XXVI.

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, [bin
Bon Font; but *Bon*, that ouce had written
Was razed out, and *Mal* was now put in:
So now *Malfont* was plainly to be read;
Either for th' evil which he did therein,
Or that he liken'd was to a wellhead
Of evil words, and wicked slanders by him
shled.

XXVII.

They, passing by, were guarded by degree,
Unto the presence of that gracious queen;*
Who sate on high, that she might all men see
And might of all men royally be seen,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and sheen,
Adornèd with all gems of endless price,
As e'ther might for wealth have gotten been.
Or could be framèd by workman's rare
device; [fleur-de-lice.
And all emboss'd with lions and with

XXVIII.

All over her a cloth of state was spread,
Not of rich tissue, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else that may be richest read
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,

* Elizabethh.

That her broad spreading wings did wide
 unfold ; [sunny beams,
 Whose skirts were bord'ed with bright
 Glist'ring like gold among the plaits en-
 roll'd. [streams,
 And here and there shooting forth silver
 Mongst which crept little angels through
 the glittering gleams.

XXXIX.

Seemèd those little angels did uphold
 The cloth of state, and on their purpled
 wings [blesse bold ;
 Did bear the pendants through their nim-
 Besides, a thousand more of such as sings
 Hymns to High God, and carols heavenly
 things,
 Encompassed the throne on which she sate ;
 She, angel-like, the heir of ancient kings
 And mighty conquerors, in royal state ;
 Whilst kings and kaisars at her teet did
 them prostrate.

XXX.

Thus she did sit in sovereign majesty,
 Holding a sceptre in her royal hand,
 The sacred pledge of peace and clemency,
 With which High God had blest her happy
 land,
 Maugre so many foes which did withstand ;
 But at her feet her sword was likewise laid,
 Whose long rest rusted the bright steely
 brand ; [aid,
 Yet whenas foes enforced, or friends sought
 She could it sternly draw, that all the world
 dismay'd.

XXXI.

And round about before her feet their sate
 A bevy of fair virgins clad in white,
 That goodly seem'd t'adorn her royal state ;
 All lovely daughters of high Jove, that high
 Litæ, by him begot in love's delight
 Upon the righteous Themis; those they say
 Upon Jove's judgment-seat wait day and
 night ;
 And, when in wrath he threatens the world's
 decay,
 They do his anger calm and cruel vengeance
 stay.

XXXII.

They also do, by his divine permission,
 Upon the thrones of mortal princes tend,
 And often treat for pardon and remission
 To suppliants, though frailty which offend ;
 Those did up Mercilla's throne attend,

Just Dice, wise Eunie, mild Eirene ;
 And then amongst, her glory to commend,
 Sate goodly Temperance in garments clean,
 And sacred Reverence yborne of heavenly
 strene.

XXXIII.

Thus did she sit in royal rich estate,
 Admired of many, honourèd of all ;
 Whilst underneath her feet there as she sate,
 An huge great lion lay, (that mote appal
 An hardy courage,) like captivèd thrall
 With a strong iron chain and collar bound,
 That once he could not move, nor quich*
 at all ;
 Yet did he murmur with rebellious sound,
 And softly royne,† when savage cholera gan
 rebound.

XXXIV.

So sitting high in dreaded sovereignty,
 Those two strange knights were to her
 presence brought ;
 Who, bowing low before her majesty,
 Did to her mild obeisance, as they ought,
 And meekest boon that they imagine mought:
 To whom she eke inclining her withal,
 As a fair stoop of her high-soaring thought,
 A cheerful countenance on them let fall,
 Yet temp'red with some majesty imperial.

XXXV.

As the bright sun, what time his fiery team
 Towards the western brim begins to draw,
 Gins to abate to brightness of his beam,
 And fervour of his flames somewhat adaw,
 So did this mighty lady, when she saw
 Those two strange knights such homage to
 her make,
 Bate somewhat of that majesty and awe
 That whylome wont to do so many quake,
 And with more mild aspect those two to
 entertake.

XXXVI.

Now, at that instant, as occasi'on fell,
 When these two stranger knights arrived in
 place,
 She was about affairs of commonweal,
 Dealing of justice with indifferent grace,‡
 And hearing pleas of people mean and base:
 Mongst which, as then, there was for to be
 heard

* Stir, from Anglo-Saxon *cucian*, to quicken.

—UPTON.

† Growl.

‡ *Indifferent grace* means with *impartial favour*.—CHURCH.

The trial of a great and weighty case,
Which on both sides was then debating
hard: [debarr'd.

But, at the sight of these, those were awhile

XXXVII.

But, after all her princely entertain,
To th' hearing of that former cause in hand
Herself eftsóones she gan convert again;
Which that those knights likewise mote
understand,

And witness forth aright in foreign land,
Taking them up unto her stately throne,
Where they mote hear the matter throughly
scann'd

On either part she placed th' one on th' one,
The other on the other side, and near them
none.

XXXVIII.

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the
bar,*

A lady of great countenance and place,
But that she it with foul abuse did mar;
Yet did appear rare beauty in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobility deface:
Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did sure
The people's great compassion unto her
allure.

XXXIX.

Then up arose a person of deep reach,
And rare in sight, hard matters to reveal;
That well could charm his tongue, and time
his speech

To all essays; his name was callèd Zeal:
He gan that lady strongly to appeal
Of many heinous crimes by her enured;
And with sharp reasons rang her such a peal,
That those, whom she to pity had allured,
He now t' abhor and loath her person had
procured.

XL.

First gan he tell how this, that seem'd so fair
And royally array'd, Duessa hight; [care
That false Duessa, which had wrought great
And mickle mischief unto many a knight
By her beguiled and confounded quite:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vile treasons and outrageous shame,
Which she against the dread Marcilla oft
did frame.

* Mary Queen of Scots.

XLI.

For she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspired
With faithlers Blandamour and Paridell,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hired,
And both with hope of shadows vain in-
spired,) [prive

And with them practised, how for to de-
Mercilla of her crown, by her aspired,
That she might it unto herself derive,
And triumph in their blood whom she to
death did drive.

XLII.

But through high heaven's grace, which
favours not

The wicked drifts of traitorous designs
Gainst loyal princes all this cursèd plot
Ere proof it took, discover'd was betimes,
And th' actors won the meed meet for their
crimes:

Such be the meed of all that by such mean
Unto the type of kingdoms' title climbs!
But false Duessa, now untitled queen,
Was brought to her sad doom, as here was
to be seen.

XLIII.

Strongly did Zeal her heinous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foul 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 grave persons that against her pled.
First was a sage old sire that had to name
The Kingdom's Care, with a white silver
head, [her read.
That many high regards and reasons gainst

XLIV.

Then gan Authority her to oppose
With peremptory pow'r, that made all mute;
And then the Law of Nations gainst her
rose, [refute:
And reasons brought that no man could
Next gan Religion gainst her to impute
High God's behest, and pow'r of holy laws;
Then gan the People's Cry and Commons'
Sniit
Importune care of their own public cause;
And lastly Justice chargèd her with breach
of laws.

XLV.

But then, for her, on the contráry part,
Rose many advocates for her to plead:

First there came Pity with full tender heart,
And with her join'd Regard of Womanhead;
And then came danger threat'ning hidden
dread

And high alliance unto foreign pow'r;
Then came Nobility of Birth, that bred
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragic
stowre; [forth pour.
And lastly Grief did plead, and many tears

XLVI.

With the near touch whereof in tender
heart

The Briton prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclinèd much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadful fate,
And wretched ruin of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan re-
lent :

Which whenas Zeal perceivèd to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearful objects to them to pre-
sent.

XLVII.

He gan t' efforce the evidence anew,
And new accusements to produce in place :
He brought forth that old hag of hellish
hue,

The cursed Atè, brought her face to face,
Who privy was and party in the case :
She, glad of spoil and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach; and, to her more dis-
grace,

The plot of all her practice did display,
And all her traynes and all her treasons
forth did lay.

XLVIII.

Then brought he forth with grisly grim
aspect,

Abhorrèd Murder, who with bloody knife
Yet dropping fresh in hand, did her detect,
And there with guilty bloodshed chargèd
rife : [strife

Then brought he forth Sedition, breeding
In troublous wits and mutinous uproar :
Then brought he forth Incontinence of life,
Even foul Adultery her face before,
And lewd Impiety, that her accusèd sore.

XLIX.

All which whenas the prince had heard and
seen,
His formsr fancies's ruth he gan repent,
And from her party eftsoones was drawn
clean :

But Arteggall with constant firm intent
For zeal of justice, was against her bent :
So was she guilty deemèd of them all.
Then Zeal began to urge her punishment,
And to their queen for judgment loudly
call, [thrall,
Unto Mercilla mild, for justice gainst the

L.

But she, whose princely breast was touchèd
near
With piteous ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plain she saw, by all that she did
hear,

That she of death was guilty found, by
right, [light;
Yet would not let just vengeance on her
But rather let, instead thereof, to fall
Few pearling drops from her fair lamps of
light,

The which she covering with her purple pall
Would have the passion hid, and up arose
withal.

CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
For Beige for to fight :
Gerioneo's seneschal
He slays in Belge's right.

I.

SOME clerks do doubt in their deviceful art
Whether this heavenly thing whereof I treat,
To weeten mercy, be of justice part,
Or drawn forth from her by divine extreat :
This well I wot, that sure she is as great,

And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th' Almighty's everlasting seat
She first was bred, and born of heavenly
race ;
From thence pour'd down on men by in-
fluence of grace.

II.

For if that virtue be of so great might
Which from just verdict will for nothing
start,

But, to preserve inviolated right,
Oft spills the principal to save the part;
So much more then is that of pow'r and art
That seeks to save the subject of her skill,
Yet never doth from doom of right depart:
As it is greater praise to save than spill,
And better to reform than to cut off the ill.

III.

Who then can thee, Mercilla, throughly
praise,

That herein dost all earthly princes pass?
What heavenly muse shall thy great honour
raise

Up to the skies, whence first derived it
And now on earth itself enlargèd has,
From th' utmost brink of the Americ
shore,

Unto the margent of the Molucas?
Those nations far thy justice do adore;
But thine own people do thy mercy praise
much more.

IV.

Much more it praised was of these two
knights

The noble prince and righteous Artegall,
When they had seen and heard her doom
arights

Against Duessa, damnèd by them all;
But by her temp'red without grief or gall,
Till strong constraint did her thereto en-
force:

And yet even then rueing her wilful fall
With more than needful natural remorse,
And yielding the last honor to her wretched
course.

V.

During all which, those knights continued
there

Both doing and receiving courtesies
Of that great lady, who with goodly cheer
Them entertain'd fit for their dignities,
Approving daily to their noble eyes
Royal examples of her mercies rare
And worthy patterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongst many living
are,

Who them to their posterities do still declare.

VI.

Amongst the rest which in that space befell,
There came two springals of full tender
years,

Far thence from foreign land where they
did dwell,

To seek for succour of her and her peers,
With humble prayers and intreatful tears;
Sent by their mother who, a widow, was
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly fears
By a strong tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and slain her children ruefully,
alas!

VII.

Her name was Belgè; * who, in former age
A lady of great worth and wealth had
been,

And mother of a fruitful heritage,
Even seventeen goodly sons; † which who
had seen

In their first flow'r, before this fatal teene
Them overtook and their fair blossoms
blasted,

More happy mother would her surely ween
Than famous Niobe, before she tasted
Latona's children's wrath that all her issue
wasted.

VIII.

But this fell tyrant, ‡ through his tortuous
pow'r,

Had left her now but five of all that brood:
For twelve of them he did by times devour
And to his idols sacrifice their blood,
Whilst he of none was stoppèd nor with-
stood.

For soothly he was one of matchless
might,

Of horrible aspect and dreadful mood,
And had three bodies in one waist em-
pight, § [him in fight.
And th' arms and legs of three to succour

IX.

And sooth they say that he was born and
bred

Of giants' race, the son of Geryon;
He that whylome in Spain so sore was dread
For his huge pow'r and great oppression,
Which brought that land to his subjection,

* Belgium.

† "Seventeen goodly sons," the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands. The war in the Low Countries is here immortalised. Lord Leicester had the chief command in it. Sir Philip Sidney died at Zutphen during its continuance. The one was the patron, the other the friend, of Spenser.

‡ Phi ip II. of Spain.

§ Waist empight—three realms, under one crown.

Through his three bodies pow'r in one
combined;
And eke all strangers, in that region
Arriving, to his kine for food assign'd;
The fairest kine alive, but of the fiercest
kind:

X.

For they were all, they say, of purple hue,
Kept by a cowherd, hight Eurytion,
A cruel carle, the which all strangers slew,
Ne day nor night did sleep t'attend them on,
But walk'd about them ever and anon
With his two-headed dog that Orthrus
hight:

Orthrus begotten by great Typhaon
And foul Echidna in the house of Night:
But Hercules them all had overcome in
fight.

XI.

His son was this Geryonco hight;
Who, after that his monstrous father fell
Under Alcides' club, straight took his flight
From that sad land, where he his sire did
quell,
And come to this, where Belgè then did
dwell

And flourish in all wealth and happiness,
Being then new made widow, as befell,
After her noble husband's late decease;
Which gave beginning to her woe and
wretchedness.

XII.

Then this bold tyrant, of her widowed
Taking advantage and her yet fresh woes,
Himself and service to her offerèd,
Her to defend against all foreign foes
That should their pow'r against her right
oppose:

Whereof she glad, now needing strong de-
[fence,
Hini entertain'd and did her champion
choose;

Which long he used with careful diligence,
The better to conform her fearless confidence

XIII.

By means whereof she did at last commit
All to his hands, and gave him sovereign
pow'r

To do whatever he thought good or fit:
Which having got, he gan forth from that
hour

To stir up strife and many a tragic stowre;
Giving her dearest children one by one
Unto a dreadful monster * to devour,

* The Inquisition, which the Duke of Alva
set up in the Netherlands.

And setting up an idol of his own,
The image of his monstrous parent Geryone.

XIV.

So tyrannizing and oppressing all,
The woful widow had no means now left,
But unto gracious great Mercilla call
For aid against that cruel tyrant's theft,
Ere all her children he from her had rett.
Therefore these two, her eldest sons, she
sent

To seek for succor of this lady's gift:
To whom their suit they humbly did present
In the hearing of full many knights and
ladies gent.

XV.

Amongst the which then fortunèd to be
The noble Briton prince with his brave peer;
Who when he none of all those knights did
see

Hastily bent that enterprise to hear,
Nor undertake the same for coward fear,
He stepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admired of all the rest in presence there,
And humbly gan that mighty queen entreat,
To grant him that adventure for his former
feat.

XVI.

She gladly granted it: then he straightway
Himself unto his journey gan prepare.
And all his armours ready dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote stay his
fare.

The morrow next appear'd with purple hair
Yet dropping fresh out of the Indian fount,
And bringing light into the heavens fair,
When he was ready to his steed to mount
Unto his way, which now was all his care
and count.

XVII.

Then taking humble leave of that great queen
Who gave him royal gifts and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankful mind beseen,
And leaving Artegal to his own care,
Upon 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 Artegal abide, [ride.
But on his first adventure forward forth did

XVIII.

It was not long till that the prince arrived
Within the land where dwelt that lady sad;
Whereof that tyrant had her now deprived,

And into moors and marshes banish'd had,
 Out of the pleasant soil and cities glad,
 In which she went to harbour happily;
 But now his cruelty so sore she drad,
 That to those fens for fastness she did fy,
 And there herself did hide from his hard
 tyranny.

XIX.

There he her found in sorrow and dismay,
 All solitary without living wight;
 For all her other children through affray,
 Had hid themselves, or taken further flight:
 And eke herself through sudden strange
 affright,
 When one in arms she saw, began to fly;
 But, when her own two sons she had in sight,
 She gan take heart and look up joyfully;
 For well she wist this knight came succour
 to supply.

XX.

And, running unto them with greedy joys,
 Fell straight about their necks as they did
 kneel, [boys,"
 And busting forth in tears; "Ah! my sweet
 Said she, "yet now I gin new life to feel;
 And feeble spirits, that gan faint and reel,
 Now rise again at this your joyous sight.
 Already seems that fortune's headlong wheel
 Begins to turn, and sun to shine more bright
 Than it was wont, through comfort of this
 noble knight."

XXI.

Then turning unto him; "And you, sir
 knight," [pain
 Said she, "that taken have this toilsome
 For wretched woman, miserable wight,
 May you in heaven immortal guerdon gain
 For so great travel as you do sustain!
 For other meed may hope for none of me,
 To whom nought else but bare life remain;
 And that so wretched one, as ye do see
 Is liker ling'ring death than loathed life
 to be."

XXII.

Much was he movèd with her piteous plight;
 And low dismounting from his lofty steed
 Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
 Seeking to drive away deep-rooted dread
 With hope of help in that her greatest need.
 So thence he wishèd her with him to wend
 Unto some place where they mote rest and
 feed, [send:
 And she take comfort which God now did
 Good heart in evils doth the evils much
 amend.

XXIII.

"Ay me!" said she, "and whither shall I
 go?"

Are not all places full of foreign pow'rs?
 My palaces possessed of my foe [tow'rs,
 My cities sack'd and their sky-threat'ning
 Razed and made smooth fields now full of
 flow'rs?

Only these marishes and miry bogs,
 In which the fearful efts do build their bow'rs,
 Yield me an hostry mongst the croaking
 frogs,
 And harbour here in safety from those
 ravenous dogs."

XXIV.

"Nathless," said he, "dear lady, with me go
 Some place shall us receive and harbour yield;
 If not, we will force it, maugre your foe,
 And purchase it to us with spear and shield:
 And if all fail, yet farewell open field!
 The earth to all her creatures lodging lends."
 With such his cheerful speeches he doth wield
 Her mind so well, that to his will she bends;
 And, binding up her locks and weeds, forth
 with him wends.

XXV.

They came unto a city far up land, [been;
 The which whylome that lady's own had
 But now by force extort out of her hand
 By her strong foe, who had defaced clean
 Her stately tow'rs and buildings' sunny
 sheen,
 Shut up her haven, marr'd her merchant's
 trade,
 Robbed her people that full rich had been,
 And in her neck a castle huge had made,
 The which did her command without need-
 ing persuade.

XXVI.

That castle was the strength of all that state,
 Until that state by strength was pulled down;
 And that same city, so now ruinate,
 Had been the key of all that kingdom's
 crown;
 Both goodly castle, and both goodly town,
 Till that th' offended heavens list to lour
 Upon their bliss, and baleful fortune frown.
 When those gainst states and kingdoms do
 conjure, [recur! I
 Who then can think their headlong ruin to

XXVII.

But he had brought it now in servile bond,
 And made it bear the yoke of inquisition,
 Striving long time in vain it to withstand;

Yet glad at last to make most base sub
mission,

And life enjoy for any composition:
So now he hath new laws and orders new
Imposed on it with many a hard condition,
And forcèd it, the honour that is due
To God, to do unto his idol most untrue.

XXXVIII.

To him he hath before this castle green
Built a fair chapel, and an altar framed
Of costly ivory full rich oeseen,
On which that cursèd idol, far proclaim'd
He hath set up, and him his god hath named;
Off'ring to him in sinful sacrifice
The flesh of men, to God's own likeness
framed,

And pouring forth their blood in brutish wise,
That any iron eyes, to see, it would agrise.

XXXIX.

And, for more horror and more cruelty,
Under that cursèd idol's altar-stone
An hideous monster doth in darkness lie,
Whose dreadful shape was never seen of none
That lives on earth; but unto those alone
The which unto him sacrificèd be: [bone;
Those he devours, they say, both flesh and
What else they have is all the tyrant's fee:
So that no whit of them remaining one may
see.

XXX.

There eke he placèd a strong garrison,
And set a seneschal of dreaded might,*
That by his pow'r oppressèd every one,
And vanquishèd all venturous knights in
fight; [might,
To whom he wont show all the shame he
After that them in battle he had won: [sight,
To which when now they gan approach in
The lady counsell'd him the place to shun,
Whereas so many knights had foully been
fordonne.

XXXI.

Her fearful speeches nought he did regard;
But, riding straight under the castle wall,
Callèd aloud unto the watchful ward [call
Which there did wait, willing them forth to
Into the field their tyrant's seneschal:
To whom when tidings thereof came, he
straight

Calls for his arms, and arming him withal
Eitsoones forth prickèd proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce address him to
the fight.

* The Duke of Alva.

XXXII.

They both encounter in the middle plain,
And their sharp spears do both together
smite

Amid their shields with so huge might and
main, [riven quite

That seem'd their souls they would have
Out of their breasts with furious despite,
Yet could the seneschal's no entrance find
Into the prince's shield where it empight,
(So pure the metal was and well refined,)
But shiver'd all about, and scatter'd in the
wind.

XXXIII.

Not so the prince's; but with restless force
Into his shield it ready passage found,
Both through his habergeon and eke his
corse:

Which tumbling down upon the senseless
ground [bound
Gave leave unto his ghost from thraldom
To wander in the griesly shades of night:
There did the prince him leave in deadly
swound,

And thence unto the castle marchèd right,
To see if entrance there as yet obtain he
might.

XXXIV.

But, as he nigher drew, three knights he
spied,
All arm'd to point issuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their pow'r did
ride,

And meeting him right in the middle race
Did all their spears at once on him enchase,
As three great culverins for battery bent,
And levell'd all against one certain place,
Do all at one their thunders rage forthrent,
That makes the walls to stagger with asto-
nishment:

XXXV.

So all at once they on the prince did thunder;
Who from his saddle swervèd nought aside,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great
wonder;

But like a bulwark firmly did abide,
Rebutting him, which in the midst did ride,
With so huge rigour, that his mortal spear
Pass'd through his shield and piercèd
through either side;

That down he fell upon his mother dear,
And pourèd forth his wretched life in deadly
decre.

XXXVI.

Whom when his other fellows saw, they fled
 As fast as feet could carry them away ;
 And after them the prince as swiftly sped,
 To be avenged of their unknighly play.
 There, whilst they ent'ring th' one did th'
 other stay,
 The hindmost in the gate he overhent,
 And, as he pressèd in, him there did slay :
 His carcass tumbling on the threshold sent
 His groaning soul unto her place of punish-
 ment.

XXXVII.

The other which was ent' red labour'd fast
 To sparre the gate ; but that same lump of
 clay, [past,
 Whose grudging ghost was thereout fled and
 Right in the midst of the threshold lay,
 That it the postern did from closing stay :
 The whiles the prince hard pressèd in be-
 tween,
 And entrance won : straight th' other fled
 away,
 And ran into the hall, where he did ween
 Himself to save ; but he there slew him at
 the screen.

XXXVIII.

Then all the rest which in that castle were,
 Seeing that sad ensample them before,
 Durst not abide, but fled away for fear,
 And them convey'd out at a postern door.
 Long sought the prince ; but, when he found
 no more
 T' oppose against his pow'r, he forth issued
 Unto that lady, where he her had lore,
 And her gan cheer with what she there had
 viewed, [her shewed :
 And, what she had not seen within, unto

XXXIX.

Who with right humble thanks him goodly
 greeting
 For so great prowess as he there had proved,
 Much greater than was ever in her weat-
 ing,
 With great admirance inwardly was moved,
 And honour'd him with all that her be-
 haved.
 Thenceforth into that castle he her led
 With her two sons right dear of her beloved ;
 Where all that night themselves they
 cherishèd,
 And from her baleful mind all care he
 banishèd.

CANTO XI.

Prince Arthur overcomes the great
 Gaiames in fight :
 Deth' slay the monster, and restore
 Belgè unto her right.

I.

IT often falls, in course of common life,
 That right long time is overborne of wrong
 Through avarice, or pow'r, or guile, or strife,
 That weakens her, and makes her party
 strong :
 But justice, though her doom she do
 prolong,
 Yet at the last she will her own cause right :
 As by sad Belgè seems ; whose wrongs
 though long
 She suff' red, yet at length she did requite,
 And sent redress thereof by this brave
 Briton knight.

II.

Whereof when news was to that tyrant
 brought,

How that the lady Belgè now had found
 A champion, that had with his champion
 fought,
 And laid his seneschal low on the ground,
 And eke himself did threaten to confound ;
 He gan to burn in rage, and freeze in fear,
 Doubting sad end of principle unsound :
 Yet, sith he heard but one that did appear,
 He did himself encourage and take better
 cheer.

III.

Nathless himself he armèd all in haste,
 And forth he fared with all his many bad,
 Ne stayèd step, till that he came at last
 Unto the castle which they conquer'd had :
 There, with huge terror, to be more ydrad,
 He sternly march'd before the castle gate,

And, with bold vaunts and idle threat'ning,
bade
Deliver him his own, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrong-
ful state.

IV.

The prince stay'd not his answer to devise,
But opening straight the sparre forth to him
came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wise ;
And asked him, if that he were the same,
Who all that wrong unto that woful dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world spake shame.
He boldly answer'd him, he there did stand
That would his doings justify with his own
hand.

V.

With that so furiously at him he flew
As if he would have over-run him straight ;
And with his huge great iron axe gan hew
So hideously upon his armour bright,
As he to pieces would have chopp'd it
quite ;
That the bold prince was forc'd foot to give
To his first rage, and yield to his despite ;
The whilst at him so dreadfully he drive,
That seem'd a marble rock asunder could
have rive.

VI.

Thereto a great advantage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrice multi-
plied, [was :
Besides the double strength which in them
For still, when fit occasion did betide,
He could his weapon shift from side to side,
From hand to hand ; and with such nim-
ble sly
Could wield about, that, ere it were espied,
The wicked stroke did wound his enemy
Behind, beside, before, as he it list apply.

VII.

Which uncouth use whenas the prince per-
ceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Lest by such sleight he were unwares de-
ceived ;
And ever, ere he saw the stroke to land,
He would it meet, and warily withstand.
One time when he his weapon feign'd to
shift,
As he was wont, and changed from hand to
hand,

He met him with a counter-stroke so swift,
That quite smit off his arm as he it up did
lift.

VIII.

Therewith all fraught with fury and disdain
He bray'd aloud for very fell despite ;
And suddenly, t' avenge himself again
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on height,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all :
But the sad steel seized not, where it was
light,
Upon the Child, but somewhat short did fall,
And lighting on his horse's head him quite
did maul.

IX.

Down straight to ground fell his astonish'd
steed, [bare ;
And eke to th' earth his burden with hum
But he himself full lightly from him freed ;
And gan himself to fight on foot prepare :
Whereof whenas the giant was aware,
He woxe right blythe, as he had got thereby,
And laugh'd so loud, that all his teeth wide
bare
One might have seen enranged disorderly,
Like to a rank of piles that pitch'd are awry.

X.

Eftsoones again his axe he raught on high,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his gear,
And can let drive at him so dreadfulty,
That had he chanced not his shield to rear
Ere that huge stroke arriv'd on him near,
He had him surely cloven quite in twain :
But th' adamantine shield which he did bear
So well was temp'rd, that for all his main
It would no passage yield unto his purpose
vain.

XI.

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applied,
That made him stagger with uncertain sway,
As if he would have totter'd to one side :
Wherewith full wroth he fiercely gan assay
That court'sy with like kindness to repay,
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his arms did fall away,
Like fruitless branches, which the hatchet's
sleight
Hath pruned from the native tree and
cropp'd quite.

XII.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiff through enraging heat,

And curs'd, and bann'd and blasphemies
 forth threw [threat,
 Against his gods, and fire to them did
 And heft unto himself with horror great:
 Thenceforth he cared no more which way he
 strook,
 Nor where it light; but gan to chafe and
 sweat,
 And gnash'd his teeth, and his head at him
 shook, [ghastly look.
 And sternly him beheld with grim and

XIII.

Nought fear'd the Child his looks, ne yet
 his threats;
 But only wax'd now the more aware
 To save himself from those his furious
 heats,
 And watch advantage how to work his care,
 The which good fortune to him off'red fair:
 For as he in his rage him overstrook,
 He, ere he could his weapon back repair,
 His side all bare and naked overtook,
 And with his mortal steel quite through the
 body strook.

XIV.

Through all three bodies he him struck at
 once,
 That all the three at once fell on the plain,
 Else should he thrice have needed for the
 nonce [slain.
 Them to have stricken, and thrice to have
 So now all three one senseless lump remain,
 Enwallow'd in his own black bloody gore,
 And biting th' earth for very death's dis-
 dain; [bore
 Who, with a cloud of night him covering,
 Down to the house of dole, his days there
 to deplore.

XV.

Which when the lady from the castle saw,
 Where she with her two sons did looking
 stand,
 She towards him in haste herself did draw
 To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
 And all the people both of town and land,
 Which there stood gazing from the city's
 wall
 Upon these warriors, greedy to understand
 To whether should the victory befall,
 Now when they saw it fall'n, they eke him
 greeted all.

XVI.

But Belgè with her sons prostrated low
 Before his feet in all that people's sight,

Mongst joys mixing some tears, mongst
 weal some woe;
 Him thus bespake; "O most redoubted
 knight, [wight,
 The which hast me, of all most wretched
 That erst was dead, restored to life again,
 And these weak imps replanted by thy
 might;
 What guerdon can I give thee for thy pain,
 But ev'n that which thou savedst thine
 still to remain.

XVII.

He took her up forey the lily hand,
 And her recomforted the best he might,
 Saying; "Dear lady, deeds ought not to be
 scann'd
 By th' author's manhood, nor the doer's
 might,
 But by their truth and by the cause's right:
 That same is it which fought for you this
 day.
 What other meed then need me to requite,
 But that which yieldeth virtue's meed
 alway? [doth pay."
 That is, the virtue' self, which her reward

XVIII.

She humbly thank'd him for that wondrous
 grace, [please,
 And farther said; "Ah! sir, but mote ye
 Sith ye thus far have tend'red my poor case,
 As from my chiefest foe me to release,
 That your victorious arm will not yet cease,
 Till ye have rooted all the relics out
 Of that vile race, and stablish'd my peace."
 "What is there else," said he, "left of
 their rout? [in doubt,"
 Declare it boldly, dame, and do not stand

XIX.

"Then wot you, sir, that in this church
 hereby
 There stands an idol of great note and
 name,
 The which this giant rear'd first on high,
 And of his own vain fancy's thought did
 frame:
 To whom, for endless horror of his shame,
 He off'red up for daily sacrifice
 My children and my people, burnt in flame
 With all the tortures that he could devise,
 The more t' aggrate his god with such his
 bloody guise.

XX.

"And underneath this ido' there doth lie
 An hideous monster, that doth it defend,

And feeds on all the carcasses that die
 In sacrifice unto that cursèd fiend :
 Whose ugly shape none ever saw, nor kenn'd
 That ever scaped : for of a man they say
 It has the voice, that speeches forth doth
 send,
 Even blasphemous words, which she doth
 bray [dire decay.*]
 Out of her pois'nous entrails fraught with

XXI.

Which when the prince heard tell, his heart
 gan yearn
 For great desire that monster to assay ;
 And pray'd the place of her abode to learn :
 Which being show'd, he gan himself
 straightway
 Thereto address, and his bright shield dis-
 play.*
 So to the church he came, where it was told
 The monster underneath the altar lay ;
 There he that idol saw of massy gold
 Most richly made, but there no monster
 did behold.

XXII.

Upon the image with his naked blade
 Three times, as in defiance there he stroke ;
 And, the third time, out of an hiddden shade
 There forth issued from under th' altar's
 smoke
 A dreadful fiend with foul deformèd look,
 That stretch'd itself as it had long lain still ;
 And her long tail and feathers strongly
 shook,
 That all the temple did with terror fill ;
 Yet him nought terrified that fearèd nothing
 ill.

XXIII.

An huge great beast it was, when it in
 length
 Was stretchèd forth that nigh fill'd all the
 place,
 And seem'd to be of infinite great strength ;
 Horrible, hideous, and of hellish race,
 Born of the brooding of Echidna base,
 Or other like infernal furies' kind :
 For of a maid she had the outward face,
 To hide the horror which did lurk behind,
 The better to beguile whom she so fond did
 find.

XXIV.

Thereto the body of a dog she had,
 Full of fell raven and fierce greediness :

* The shield was the image of Truth.

A lion's claws, with pow'r and rigour clad,
 To rend and tear whatso she can oppress ;
 A dragon's tail, whose sting without redress
 Full deadly wounds whereso it is empight ;
 And eagle's wings, for scope and speediness,
 That nothing may escape her reaching
 might, [flight.
 Whereto she ever list to make her harry

XXV.

Much like in foulness and deformity
 Unto that monster, whom the Theban
 knight,*
 The father of that fatal progeny,
 Made kill herself for every heart's despite
 That he had read her riddle, which no wight
 Could ever loose, but suff'red deadly dooie :
 So also did this monster use like slight
 To many a one which came unto her school,
 Whom she did put to death deceivèd like a
 fool.

XXVI.

She coming forth, whenas she first beheld
 The armèd prince with shield so blazing
 bright
 Her ready to assail, was greatly quell'd,
 And much dismayed with that dismayful
 sight, [affright :
 That back she would have turn'd for great
 But he gan her with courage fierce assay,
 That forced her turn again in her despite
 To save herself, lest that he did her slay :
 And sure he had her slain, had she not
 turn'd her way.

XXVII.

Tho, when she saw that she was forced to
 fight,
 She flew at him like to an hellish fiend,
 And on his shield took hold with all her
 might,
 As if that it she would in pieces rend,
 Or reave out of the hand that did it hend :
 Strongly he strove out of her greedy gripe
 To loose his shield, and long while did
 contend : [stripe
 But, when he could not quite it, with one
 Her lion's claws he from her feet away did
 wipe.

XXVIII.

With that aloud she gan to bray and yell,
 And foul blasphemous speeches forth did
 cast,
 And bitter curses, horrible to tell ;

* Œdipus ; the monster, was the sphinx.

That even the temple, wherein she was placed,
 Did quake to hear, and nigh asunder brast;
 Tho' with her huge long tail she at him strook,
 That made him stagger and stand half
 With trembling joints, as he for terror shook;
 Who nought was terrified, but greater courage took.

XXIX.

As when the mast of some well-timb'rd hulk
 Is with the blast of some outrageous storm
 Blown down, it shakes the bottom of the bulk
 And makes her ribs to crack as they were torn;
 Whilst still she stands as 'stonish'd and ferlorn;
 So was he stunn'd with stroke of her huge But, ere that it she back again had borne,
 He with his sword it struck, that without fail
 He joined it, and marr'd the swinging of

XXX.

Then gan she cry much louder than afore,
 That all the people, there without, it heard,
 And Belgè self was therewith stonied sore,
 As if the only sound thereof she fear'd.
 But then the fiend herself more fiercely rear'd
 Upon her wide great wings, and strongly
 Wit. all her body at his head and beard,
 That had he not foreseen with heedful view,
 And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rue:

XXXI.

But, as she press'd on him with hoavy sway,
 Under her womb his fatal sword he thrust,
 And for her entrails made an open way
 To issue forth; the which, once being brust
 Like to a great mill-dam forth fiercely gush'd.
 And pour'd out of her infernal sink
 Most ugly filth; and poison therewith rush'd,
 That him nigh choked with the deadly stink:
 Such loathly matter were small lust to speak
 or think.

XXXII.

Then down to ground fell that deform'd
 mass,

Breathing out clouds of sulphur foul and black,
 In which a puddle of contagion was,
 More loath'd than Lerna, or than Stygian lake,
 That any man would nigh awhapèd make:
 Whom when he saw ou ground, he was full glad,
 And straight went forth his gladness to partake
 With Belgè, who watch'd all this while full sad,
 Waiting what en would be of that same

XXXIII.

Whom when she saw so joyously come forth,
 She gan rejoice and show triumphant cheer,
 Lauding and praising his renowned worth
 By all the names that honourable were.
 Then in he brought her, and her showèd there
 The present of his pains, that monster's spoil,
 And eke that idol deem'd so costly dear;
 Whom he did all to pieces break, and loil
 In filthy dirt, and left so in the loathly soil.

XXXIV.

Than all the people which beheld that day
 Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it rung;
 And all the damsels of that town in ray
 Came dancing forth, and joyous carols sung:
 So him they led through all their streets along
 Crownèd with garlands of immortal bays;
 And all the vulgar did about them throng
 To see the man, whose everlasting praise
 They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

XXXV.

There he with Belgè did awhile remain
 Making great feast and joyous merriment,
 Until he had her settled in her rayne
 With safe assurance and establishment.
 Then to his first emprise his mind he lent,
 Full loth to Belgè and to all the rest;
 Of whom yet taking leave thenceforth he went,
 And to his former journey him address'd;
 On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest.

XXXVI.

But turn we now to noble Artegall;
 Who having left Mercella, straightway went
 On his first quest, the which him forth did call,

To weet, to work Irena's franchisement,
 And eke Grantorto's worthy punishment.
 So forth he farèd, as his manner was,
 With only Talus waiting diligent,
 Through many perils; and much way did
 pass,
 Till nigh unto the place at length ap-
 proach'd he has.

XXXVII.

There as he travell'd by the way, he met
 An agèd wight wayfaring all alone, [set
 Who through his years long since aside had
 The use of arms, and battle quite foregone :
 To whom as he approach'd, he knew anon
 That it was he which whylome did attend
 On fair Irene in her affliction,
 When first to faery court he saw her wend,
 Unto his sovereign queen her suit for to
 commend.

XXXVIII.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he gan ;
 " Hail, good Sir Sergis, truest knight alive,
 Well tried in all thy lady's troubles than
 When her that tyrant did of crown deprive ;
 What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
 Whiles she alone is left, and thou here
 found ?
 Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive ?"
 To whom he thus ; " She liveth sure and
 sound ; [bound :
 But by that tyrant is in wretched thraldom

XXXIX.

" For she presuming on th' appointed tide,
 In which ye promised, as ye were a knight,
 To meet her at the Salvage Island's side,
 And then and there for trial of her right
 With her unrighteous enemy to night,
 Did thither come ; where she, afraid of
 nought,
 By guileful treason and by subtle sleight
 Surpris'd was, and to Grantorto brought,
 Who her imprison'd hath, and her life often
 sought.

XL.

" And now he hath to her prefix'd a day,
 By which if that no champion do appear,
 Which will her cause in battailous array
 Against him justify, and prove her clear
 Of all those crimes that he gainst her doth
 rear, [sad
 She death shall sure aby." Those tidings
 Did much abash Sir Artegall to hear,

And grievèd sore, that through his faults
 she had
 Fallen into that tyrant's hand and usage
 bad.

XLI.

Then thus replied : " Now sure and by my
 life,
 Too much am I to blame for that fair maid,
 That have her drawn to all this troublous
 strife,
 Through promise to afford her timely aid,
 Which by default I have not yet defray'd ;
 But witness unto me, ye heavens ! that know
 How clear I am from blame of this upbraid :
 For ye into like thraldom me did throw,
 And kept from 'complishing the faith which
 I did owe.

XLII.

" But now aread, Sir Sergis, how long space
 Hath he her lent a champion to provide ?"
 " Ten days," quoth he, " he granted hath
 of grace,
 For that he weeneth well before that tide
 None can have tidings to assist her side :
 For all the shores, which to the sea accost,
 He day and night doth ward both far and
 wide,
 That none can there arrive without an host :
 her he deems already but a damned
 ghost."

XLIII.

" Now turn again," Sir Artegall then said ;
 " For, if I live till those ten days have end,
 Assure yourself, sir knight, she shall have
 aid,
 Though I this dearest life for her do spend."
 So backward he at once with him did wend.
 Tho, as they rode together on their way,
 A rout of people they before them kenn'd,
 Flocking together in confused array ;
 As if that there were some tumultuous
 affray.

XLIV.

To which as they approach'd the cause to
 know,
 They saw a knight in dangerous distress
 Of a rude rout him chasing to and fro,
 That sought with lawless pow'r him to
 oppress,
 And bring in bondage of their brutishness :
 And far away, amid their rakehell bands,
 They spied a lady left all succourless,
 Crying, and holding up her wretched hands

To him for aid, who long in vain their rage
withstands.

XLV.

Yet still he strives, ne any peril spares,
To rescue her from their rude violence ;
And like a lion wood amongst them fares,
Dealing his dreadful blows with large dis-
pence, [fence :
Gainst which the pallid death finds no de-
but all in vain : their numbers are so great,
That naught may boot to banish them from
thence ;
For, soon as he their outrage back doth beat,
They turn afresh, and oft renew their former
threat.

XLVI.

And now they do so sharply him assay,
That they his shield in pieces batt' red have,
And forcèd him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtful life to save ;
Albe that it most safety to him gave,
And much did magnify his noble name :
For, from the day that he thus did it leave,
Amongst all knights he blotted was with
blame. [endless shame.
And counted but a recreant knight with

XLVII.

Whom when they thus distressèd did behold
They drew unto his aid ; but that rude rout
Them also gan assail with outrage bold,
And forcèd them, however strong and stout
They were, as well approved in many a
doubt,
Back to recoil ; until that iron man
With his huge flail began to lay about ;
From whose stern presence they diffusèd ran
Life scatt' red chaff, the which the wind
away doth fan.

XLVIII.

So when that knight from peril clear was
freed,
He drawing near began to greet them fair,
And yield great thanks for their so goodly
deed,
In saving him from dangerous despair
Of those which sought his life for to impair :
Of whom Sir Artegall gan then inquire
The whole occasion of his late misfare,
And who he was, and what those villains
were, [so near.
The which with mortal malice him pursued

XLIX.

To whom he thus ; " My name is Burbon
hight,*
Well known, and far renownèd heretofore,
Until late mischief did upon me light,
That all my former praise hath bleas'd
sore :
And that fair lady, which in that uproar
Ye with those caitiffs saw, (Flourdelis hight,)
Is mine own love, though me she have for-
lore ; [might,
Whether withheld from me by wrongful
Or with her own good will, I cannot read
aright.

L.

" But sure to me her faith she first did plight
To be my love, and take me for her lord ;
Till that a tyrant, which Grandtorto hight,
With golden gifts and many a guileful word
Enticèd her to him for to accord.
O, who may not with gifts and words be
tempted !
Sith which she hath me ever since abhorr'd,
And to my foe hath guilefully consented :
Ay me, that ever guile in women was in-
vented !

LI.

" And now he hath this troop of villains sent
By open force to fetch her quite away ;
Gainst whom myself I long in vain have bent
To rescue her, and daily means assay ;
Yet rescue her thence by no means I may ;
For they do me with multitude oppress,
And with unequal might do overlay,
That oft I driven am to great distress,
And forcèd to forego th' attempt remédiless."

LII.

" But why have ye," said Artegall, " forborne
Your own good shield in dangerous dismay ?
That is the greatest shame and foulest scorn,
Which unto any knight behap' en may,
To lose the badge that should his deeds dis-
play." [shame ;
To whom sir Burbon, blushing half for
" That shall I unto you," quoth he, " be-
way ;
Lest ye therefore mote happily me blame,
And deem it done of will, that through en-
forcement came.

* A faint disguise for Bourbon ; " the knight is Henry IV. of France ; the rude rout, his rebellious subjects ; the lady, the genius of France named Fleurdelis."—UPTON.

LIII.

" True is that I at first was dubbèd knight
By a good knight, the knight of the Red-
cross; [fight,
Who, when he gave me arms in field to
Gave me a shield, in which he did endosse
His dear Redeemer's badge upon the boss;
The same long while I bore, and therewithal
Fought many battles without wound or loss;
Therewith Grandtorto' * self I did appal,
And made him oftentimes in field before
me fall.

LIV.

" But for that many did that shield † envy,
And cruel enemies increased more;
To stint all strife and troublous enmity,
That bloody scutcheon being batt' red sore
I laid aside, and have of late forbore;
Yet can I not my love have nathèmore;
For she by force from me is still detain'd,
And with corruptful bribes is to untruth
mistrained."

LV.

To whom thus Artegal; " Certes, sir
knight,
Hard is the case the which ye do complain;
Yet not so hard (for nought so hard may
light
That it to such a strait mote you constrain)
As to abandon that which doth contain
Your honour's style, that is, your warlike
shield.
All peril ought be less, and less all pain
Than loss of fame in disavent'rous field:
Die, rather than do ought that mote dis-
honour yield!"

LVI.

" Not so," quoth he; " for yet, when time
doth serve,
My former shield I may resume again:
To temporise is not from truth to swerve,
Ne for advantage term to entertain,
Whenas necessity doth it constrain."
" Fie on such forgery," said Artegal,
" Under one hood to shadow faces twain:
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in
all;
Of all things to dissemble, foully may be-
fall!"

* Grantorto is the king of Spain.

† The shield was the Protestant Faith, which
Henry renounced to win the kingdom of France,
represented by Fleurdelis.

LVII.

" Yet let me you of courtesy request,"
Said Burbon, " to assist me now at need
Against these peasants which have me op-
press'd,
And forcèd me to so infâmous deed, freed."
That yet my love may from their hands be
Sir Artegal, albe he erst did wite
His wavering mind, yet to his aid agreed,
And buckling him eftsoones unto the fight,
Did set upon those troops with all his
pow'r and might.

LVIII.

Who flocking round about them, as a swarm
Of flies upon a birchen bough doth cluster,
Did them assault with terrible alarm.
And over all the fields themselves did muster,
With bills and glaives making a dreadful
lustre; [retire;
That forced at first those knights back to
As when the wrathful Boreas doth bluster,
Nought may abide the tempest of his ire,
Both man and beast do fly, and succour do
inquire.

LIX.

But, whenas overblowen was that brunt,
Those knights began afresh them to assail,
And all about the fields like squirrels hunt;
But chiefly Talus with his iron flail,
Gainst which no fight nor rescue mote avail,
Made cruel havoc of the baser crew,
And chased them both over hill and dale:
The rascal man soon they overthrow:
But the two knights themselves their cap-
tains did subdue.

LX.

At last they came whereas that lady bode,
Whom now her keepers had forsaken quite
To save themselves, and scatter'd were
abroad; [plight,
Her half dismay'd they found in doubtful
As neither glad nor sorry for their sight;
Yet wondrous fair she was, and richly clad
In royal robes, and many jewels dight;
But that those villains through their usage
bad [had,
Them foully rent, and shamefully defacèd

LXI.

But Burbon, straight dismounting from his
steed,
Unto her ran with greedy great desire,
And catching her fast by her ragged weed
Would have embracèd her with heart entire.
But she, backstarting, with disdainful ire
Bade him avaunt, ne would unto his lore

Allured be for prayer nor for meed.
Whom when those knights so froward and
forlore [sore,
Beheld, they her rebukèd and upbraided

LXII.

Said Artega'll; "What foul disgrace is this
To so fair lady, as ye seem in sight,
To blot your beauty, that unblemish'd is,
With so foul blame as breach of faith once
plight,
Or change of love for any world's delight?
Is ought on earth so precious or dear
As praise and honour? or is ought so bright
And beautiful as glory's beams appear,
Whose goodly light than Pœbus' lamp
doth shine more clear?

LXIII.

"Why then will ye, fond dame, attempted
be
Unto a stranger's love, so lightly placed,
For gifts of gold or any worldly glee,
To leave the love that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falsehood be de-
faced?
Fie on the pelf for which good name is sold,
And honour with indignity debased!

Dearer is love than life, and fame than gold,
But dearer than them both your faith once
plighted hold."

LXIV.

Much was the lady in her gentle mind
Abash'd at his rebuke, that bit her near;
Ne ought to answer thereunto did find:
But, hanging down her head with heavy
cheer,
Stood long amazed as she amated were,
Which Burbon seeing, her again assay'd;
And, clasping twixt his arms, her up did
rear,
Upon his steed, whiles she no whit gainsaid;
So bore her quite away nor well nor ill
appay'd.

LXV.

Psthless the iron man did still pursue
That rascal many with unpitied spoil;
Ne ceased not, till all their scatt'ed crew
Into the sea he drove quite from that soil,
The which they troubled had with great
turmoil.
But Artega'll, seeing his cruel deed,
Commanded him from slaughter to recall,
And to his voyage gan again proceed;
For that the term, approaching fast re-
quired speed.

CANTO XII.

Artegal doth Sir Burbon aid,*
And blames for changing shield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And slayeth him in field.

I.

O SACRED hunger of ambitious minds,
And impotent desire of men to reign!
Whom neither dread of God, that devils
binds, [tain,
Nor laws of men, thet commonweals con-
Nor bands of nature, that wild beasts re-
strain, [wrong,
Can keep from outrage and from doing
Where they may hope a kmgdom to obtain:
No faith so firm, no trust can be so strong,
No love so lasting then, that may endure
long.

II.

Witness may Burbon be; whom all the
bands, [bound,
Which may a knight assure, had surely
Until the love of lordship and of lands
Made him become most faithless and un-
sound:
And witness be Gerioneo found,
Who for like cause fair Belgè did oppress,
And right and wrong most cruelly confound:
And so be now Grantorto, who no less
Than all the rest burst out to all out-
rageousness.

III.

Gainst whom Sir Artega'll long having since
Taken in hand th' exploit, (being thereto

* Elizabeth gave assistance to Héñry IV
both in arms and money

Appointed by that mighty faery prince,
Great Gloriane, that tyrant to foredo,)
Through other great adventures hitherto
Had it foreslack'd: but now time drawing
nigh,
To him assign'd her high behest to do,
To the sea-shore he gan his way apply
To weet if shipping ready he mote there
descry.

IV.

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 com-
pound
To pass them over where them list to tell:
The wind and weather servèd them so well,
That in one day they with the coast did fall;
Whereas they ready found, them to repel,
Great hosts of men in order martial,
Which them forbade to land, and footing
did forestall.

V.

But nathemore would they from land re-
frain:
But, whenas nigh unto the shore they drew
That foot of man might sound the bottom
plain,
Talus into the sea did forth issue
Though darts from the shore and stones
they at him threw;
And wading through the waves with stead-
fast sway,
Maugre the might of all those troops in view,
Did win the shore; whence he then chased
away [doth affray.
And made to fly like doves, whom th' eagle

VI.

The whiles Sir Artegal with that old knight
Did forth descend, there being none them
near,
And forward marchèd to a town in sight.
By this came tidings to the tyrant's ear,
By those which erst did fly away for fear
Of their arrival: wherewith troubled sore
He al his forces straight to him did rear,
And, forth issuing with his scouts afore,
Meant them to have encount'rd ere they
left the shore:

VII.

But ere he marchèd far he with them met,
And fiercely chargèd them with all his force;
But Talus sternly did upon them set,

And brush'd and batt'rd them without
remorse,
That on the ground he left full many a
corse;
Ne any able was him to withstand,
But he them overthrew both man and horse,
That they lay scatt'rd over all the land,
As thick as doth the seed after the sower's
hand.

VIII.

Till Artegal him seeing so to rage
Will'd him to stay, and sign of truce did
make:
To which all heark'ning did awhile assuage
Their forces' fury, and their terror slake;
Till he an herald call'd, and to him spake,
Willing him wend unto the tyrant straight,
And tell him that not for such slaughter's
sake
He thither came, but for to try the right
Of fair Irena's cause with him in single
fight:

IX.

And willèd him for to reclaim with speed
His scatt'rd people, ere they all were slain;
And time and place convenient to aread,
In which they two the combat might dar-
rayne.
Which message when Grantorto heard, full
fain
And glad he was the slaughter so to stay;
And pointed for the combat twixt them
twain
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day:
So soundèd the retreat, and drew his folk
away.

X.

That night Sir Artegal did cause his tent
Thero to be pitchèd on the open plain;
For he* had given straight commandemēt
That none should dare him once to enter-
tain:
Which none durst break, though many
would right fain
For fair Irena whom they lovèd dear;
But yet old Sergis did so well him pain,
That from close friends, that dared not to
appear, [needful were,
He all things did purvey which for them

XI.

The morrow next that was the dismal day
Appointed for Irena's death before,

* Grandtorto had given orders,

So soon as it did to the world display
 His cheerful face, and light to men restore,
 The heavy maid, to whom none tidings bore
 Of Artegall's arrival her to free,
 Look'd up with eyes full sad and heart full
 sore,
 Weening her life's last hour then near to be ;
 Sith no redemption nigh she did nor hear
 nor see.

XII.

Then up she rose, and on herself did dight
 Most squalid garments, fit for such a day ;
 And with dull countenance and with doleful
 spright
 She forth was brought in sorrowful dismay
 For to receive the doom of her decay :
 But coming to the place, and finding there
 Sir Artegall in battailous array
 Waiting his foe, it did her dead heart cheer,
 And new life to her lent in the midst of
 deadly fear.

XIII.

Like as a tender rose in open plain,
 That with untimely drought nigh wither'd
 was, [rain
 And hung the head, soon as few drops of
 Thereon distil and dew her dainty face,
 Gins to look up, and with fresh wanted
 grace
 Dispreads the glory of her leavës gay ;
 Such was Irena's countenance, such her case,
 When Artegall she saw in that array,
 There waiting for the tyrant till it was far
 day :

XIV.

Who came at length with proud presumptuous
 gait
 Into the field, as if he fearless were,
 All armèd in a coat of iron plate
 Of great defence to ward the deadly fear,
 And on his head a steel cap he did wear
 Of colour rusty-brown, but sure and strong ;
 And in his hand an huge poleaxe did bear,
 Whose steel was iron-studded, but not long,
 With which he wont to fight, to justify his
 wrong.

XV.

Of stature huge and hideous he was,
 Like to a giant for his monstrous height,
 And did in strength most sorts of men sur-
 pass,
 Ne ever any found his match in might ;
 Thereto he had great skill in single fight :

His face was ugly and his countenance stern.
 That could have fray'd one with the very
 sight,
 And gapèd like a gulf when he did gerne ; *
 That whether man or monster one could
 scarce discern.

XVI.

Soon as he did within the lists appear,
 With dreadful look he Artegall beheld,
 As if he would have daunted him with fear ;
 And, grinning griesly, did against him
 weld
 His deadly weapon which in hand he held :
 But th' elfin swain, that oft had seen like
 sight, [quell'd ;
 Was with his ghastly count'nance nothing ;
 But gan him straight to buckle to the fight,
 And cast his shield about to be in ready
 plight.

XVII.

The trumpets sound ; and they together go
 With dreadful terror and with fell intent ;
 And their huge strokes full dangerously
 bestow,
 To do most damage whereas most they
 meant :
 But with such force and fury violent
 The tyrant thund' red his thick blows so fast,
 That through the iron walls their way they
 rent,
 And even to the vital parts they past,
 Ne ought could them endure, but all they
 cleft or brast.

XVIII.

Which cruel outrage whenas Artegall
 Did well advise, thenceforth with wary heed
 He shunn'd his strokes, wherever they did
 fall,
 And way did give unto their graceless
 speed :
 As when a skilful mariner doth read
 A storm approaching that doth peril threat,
 He will not bide the danger of such dread,
 But strikes his sails, and veereth his main-
 sheet,
 And lends unto it leave the empty air to
 beat.

XIX.

So did the faery knight himself abear,
 And stoopèd oft his head from shame to
 shield : [rear,
 No shame to stoop, one's head more high to

* Yawn, Anglo-Saxon.

And, much to gain, a little for to yield :
So stoutest knights do oftentimes in field.
But still the tyrant sternly at him laid,
And did his iron axe so nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his flesh it made,
And with his burdenous blows him sore did
overlade.

XX.

Yet whenas fit advantage he did spy,
The whiles the cursèd felon high did rear
His cruel hand to smite him mortally,
Under his stroke he to him stepping near
Right in the flank him struck with deadly
drear, [ously
That the gore-blood thence gushing griev-
Did underneath him like a pond appear
And all his armour did with purple dye :
Thereat he brayèd loud, and yellèd dreadfully.

XXI.

Yet the huge stroke, which he before in-
tended,
Kept on his course, as he did it direct,
And with such monstrous poise adown de-
scended, [protect :
That seemèd nought could him from death
But he it well did ward with wise respect,
And twixt him and the blow his shield did
cast,
Which thereon seizing took no great effect ;
But, biting deep therein did stick so fast
That by no means it back again he forth
could wrast.

XXII.

Long while he tugg'd and strove to get it
out,
And all his pow'r applièd thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about:
Nathless, for all that ever he could do,
His axe he could not from his shield undo ;
Which Artegall perceiving, struck no more,
But losing soon his shield did it forego ;
And, whiles he cumb'rd was with it so sore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely than
afore.

XXIII.

So well he him pursued, that at the last
He struck him with Chrysaor on the head,
That with the souse thereof full sore aghast
He stagger'd to and fro in doubtful stead :
Again, whiles he him saw so ill bested,
He did him smite with all his might and
main,
That, falling, on his mother earth he fed,*

* Meaning, according to the ordinary saying
" he bit the ground."

Whom when he saw prostrated on the plain,
He lightly reft his head to ease him of his
pain.

XXIV.

Which when the people round about him
saw,
They shouted all for joy of his success,
Glad to be quit from that proud tyrant's
awe,
Which with strong pow'r did them long
time oppress ;
And running all with greedy joyfulness
To fair Irena, at her feet did fall,
And her adorèd with due humbleness
As their true liege and princess natural ;
And eke her champion's glory sounded
over all :

XXV.

Who, straight her leading with meet majesty
Unto the palace where their king did reign,
Did her therein establish peaceably,
And to her kingdom's seat restore again ;
And all such persons, as did late maintain
That tyrant's part with close or open aid
He sorely punishèd with heavy pain ;
That in short space, whiles there with her
he stay'd,
Not one was there that durst her once have
disobey'd.

XXVI.

During which time that he did there remain,
His study was true justice how to deal,
And day and night employ'd his busy pain
How to reform that ragged commonweal ;
And that same iron man, which could reveal
All hidden crimes, through all that realm
he sent
To search out those that used to rob and
steal,
Or did rebel gainst lawful government ;
On whom he did inflict most grievous
punishment.

XXVII.

But, ere he could reform it thoroughly,
He through occasion callèd was away*
To Faery Court, that of necessity
His course of justice he was forced to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way,
In which he was that realm for to redress :
But envy's cloud still dimmeth virtue's ray.

* Lord Grey was recalled by the English
government on account of his great severities
to the Irish.

So, having freed Irena from distress,
He took his leave of her there left in heaviness.

XXVIII.

Tho, as he back returned from that land,
And there arrived again whence forth he set,
He had not passèd far upon the strand,
Whenas two old ill-favour'd hags he met,
By the way-side being together set,
Two grisly creatures; and, to that their faces
Most foul and filthy were, their garments
yet,
Being all ragg'd and tatter'd, their disgraces
Did much the more augment, and made
most ugly cases.

XXIX.

The one of them, that elder did appear,
With her dull eyes did seem to look askew,
That her mis-shape much help'd; and her
foul hair
Hung loose and loathsomely; thereto her
hue
Was wan and lean, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones might through her cheeks
be read;
Her lips were, like raw leather, pale and
blue:
And as she spake, therewith she slaverèd;
Yet spake she seldom; but thought more,
the less she said:

XXX.

Her hands were foul and dirty, never wash'd
In all her life, with long nails over-raught
Like puttock's claws, with th' one of which
she scratch'd
Her cursèd head, although it itch'd naught;
The other held a snake with venom fraught,
On which she fed and gnawèd hungrily,
As if that long she had not eaten ought;
That round about her jaws one might descry
That bloody gore and poison dropping loath-
somely.

XXXI.

Her name was Envy, knowen well thereby;
Whose nature is to grieve and grudge at all
That ever she sees done praiseworthy;
Whose sight to her is greatest cross may fall
And vexeth so, that makes her eat her gall:
For, when she wanteth other things to eat,
She feeds on her own maw unnatural,
And of her own foul entrails makes her
meat:
Meat fit for such a monster's monstrous
diet,

XXXII.

And if she happ'd of any good to hear,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would she inly fret, and grieve, and
tear
Her flesh for fellness, which she inward hid;
But if she heard of ill that any did,
Or harm that any had, then would she make
Great cheer, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in another's loss great pleasure take,
As she had got thereby and gainèd a great
stake.

XXXIII.

The other nothing better was than she;
Agreeing in bad will and cank'rd kind,
But in bad manner they did disagree:
For whatso Envy good or bad did find
She did conceal, and murder her own mind;
But this, whatever evil she conceived,
Did spread abroad and throw in th' open
wind:
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
Th' all she sought was men's good name
to have bereaved.

XXXIV.

For whatsoever good by any said
Or done, she heard, she would straightway
invent
How to deprave or slanderously upbraid,
Or to misconstrue of a man's intent,
And turn to ill the thing that well was
meant:
Therefore she usèd often to resort
To common haunts, and companies fre-
quent,
To hark what any one did good report,
To blot the same with blame, or wrest in
wicked sort:

XXXV.

And if that any ill she heard of any,
She would it eke, and make much worse by
telling,
And take great joy to publish it to many:
That every matter worse was for her melling,
Her name was hight Detraction, and her
dwelling
Was near to Envy, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and Envy's self excelling
In mischief; for herself she only vex'd:
But this same, both herself and others eke
perplex'd.

XXXVI.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foaming with poison round about her gills,

In which her cursèd tongue, full sharp and short,
 Appear'd like aspis sting, that closely kills,
 Or cruelly does wound whomso she wills ;
 A distaff in her other hand she had,
 Upon the which she little spins but spills ;
 And fains to weave false tales and leasings
 bad,
 To throw amongst the good which others
 had disprad.

XXXVII.

These two now had themselves combined in one,
 And link'd together gainst Sir Artegal ;
 For whom they waitèd as his mortal fone,
 How they might make him into mischief fall,
 For freeing from their snares Irena thrall :
 Besides, unto themselves they gotten had
 A monster which the Blatant Beast men call,
 A dreadful fiend of gods and men ydrad,
 Whom they by sleights allured and to their
 purpose lad.

XXXVIII.

Such were these hags, and so unhandsome
 dress'd,
 Who when they nigh approaching had espied
 Sir Artegal return'd from his late quest,
 They both arose, and at him loudly cried,
 As it had been two shepherd's curs had
 'sried
 A ravenous wolf amongst the scatter'd
 flocks :
 And Envy first, as she that first him eyed,
 Towards him runs, and with rude flaring
 locks
 About her ears, does beat her breast and
 forehead knocks.

XXXIX.

Then from her mouth the goblet she does
 take,
 The which whyleare she was so greedily
 Devouring, even that half-gnawen snake,
 And at him throws it most despitefully :
 The cursèd serpent, though she hungrily
 Erst chaw'd thereon, yet was not all so dead,
 But that some life remainèd secretly ;
 And, as he pass'd afore withouten dread,
 Bit him behind, that long the mark was to
 be read.

XL.

Then th' other coming near gan him revile,
 And foully rail with all she could invent ;

Saying that he had, with unmanly guile
 And foul abusion, both his honour blent,
 And that bright sword, the sword of Justice
 lent,
 Had stainèd with reproachful cruelty
 In guiltless blood of many an innocent :
 As for Grantorto, him with treachery
 And traynes having surprisèd he foully did
 to die.

XLI.

Thereto the Blatant Beast, by them set on,
 At him began aloud to bark and bay
 With bitter rage and fell contention,
 That all the woods and rocks nigh to that
 way
 Began to quake and tremble with c'smay ;
 And all the air rebellowèd again ;
 So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray :
 And evermore those hags themselves did
 pain
 To sharpen him, and their own cursèd
 tongues did strain.

XLII.

And, still among most bitter words they
 spake,
 Most shameful, most unrighteous, most
 untrue,*
 That they the mildest man alive would make
 Forget his patience, and yield vengeance
 due
 To her, that so false slanders at him th' cw :
 And more, to make them pierce and wound
 more deep,
 She, with the sting which in her vile tongue
 grew
 Did sharpen them, and in fresh poison steep.
 Yet he pass'd on, and seem'd of them to
 take no keep.

XLIII.

But Talus, hearing her so lewdly rail,
 And speak so ill of him that well deserved,
 Would her have châtisèd with his iron flail,
 If her Sir Artegal had not preserved,
 And him forbidden, who his hest observed :
 So much the more at him still did she scold,
 And stones did cast ; yet he for nought
 would swerve
 From his right course, but still the way did
 hold
 To Faery Court ; where what him fell shall
 else be told.

* Spenser here warmly defends his friend,
 Lord Grey.

BOOK VI.

The Legend of Sir Calidore, or of Courtesy.

I.

THE ways, through which my weary steps I
 guide
 In this delightful land of Faëry,
 Are so exceeding spacious and wide,
 And sprinkled with such sweet variety
 Of all that pleasant is to ear or eye,
 That I, nigh ravish'd with rare thoughts'
 delight,
 My tedious travel do forget thereby;
 And, when I gin to feel decays of might,
 It strength to me supplies and cheers my
 dullèd spright.

II.

Such secret comfort and such heavenly
 pleasures,
 Ye sacred Imps, that on Parnasso dwell
 And there the keeping have of Learning's
 treasures
 Which do all worldly riches far excel
 Into the minds of mortal men do well,
 And goodly fury into them infuse;
 Guide ye my footing, and conduct me well
 In these strange ways where never foot did
 -use, [by the Muse:
 Ne none can find but who was taught them

III.

Reveal to me the sacred nursery
 Of Virtue, which with you doth there remain,
 Where it in silver bow'r does hidden lie,
 From view of men and wicked world's dis-
 dain:
 Since it at first was by the gods with pain,
 Planted in earth, being derived at first
 From heavenly seeds of bounty sovereign,
 And by them long with careful labour nursed
 Till it to ripeness grew, and forth to honour
 burst.

IV.

Amongst them all grows not a fairer flow'r
 Than is the bloom of comely courtesy;
 Which though it on a lowly stalk do bow'r,

Yet brancheth forth in brave nobility,
 And spreads itself through all civility:
 Of which though present age do plenteous
 seem,
 Yet, being match'd with plain antiquity;
 Ye will them all but feignèd shows esteem,
 Which carry colours fair that feeble eyes
 misdeem.

V.

But, in the trial of true courtesy,
 It's now so far from that which then it was,
 That it indeed is nought but forgery,
 Fashion'd to please the eyes of them that
 pass,
 Which see not perfect things but in a glass,
 Yet is that glass so gay that it can blend
 The wisest sight, to think gold that is brass;
 But Virtue's seat is deep within the mind,
 And not in outward shows but inward
 thoughts defined.

VI.

But where shall I in all antiquity
 So fair a pattern find, where may be seen
 The goodly praise of princely courtesy,
 As in yourself, O sovereign lady queen?
 In whose pure mind, as in a mirror sheen,
 It shows, and with her brightness doth in-
 flame
 The eyes of all which thereon fixèd be;
 But meriteth indeed an higher name:
 Yet so from low to high, uplifted is your
 name.

VII.

Then pardon me, most dreaded sovereign,
 That from yourself I do this virtue bring,
 And to yourself do it return again:
 So from the ocean all rivers spring,
 And tribute back repay as to their king:
 Right so from you all goodly virtues well
 Into the rest which round about you ring,
 Fair lords and ladies which about you dwell,
 And do adorn your court where courtesies
 excel.

CANTO I.

Calidore saves from Maleffort

A damsel used vild:

Doth vanquish Crudor; and doth make
Briana wax more mild.

I.

IF court, it seems, men Courtesy do call,
For that it there most useth to abound;
And weil beseemeth that in princes' hall
That virtue should be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And root of civil conversation:
Right so in faery court did redound,
Where courteous knights and ladies most
did wonne, [paragon.
Of all on earth, and made a matchless

II.

But mongst them all was none more cour-
teous
Than Calidore, belovèd over all? [knight
In whom it seems that gentleness of spright
And manners mild were planted natural;
To which he adding comely guise withal
And gracious speech, did steal men's hearts
away:
Nathless thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approved in battailous affray,
That him did much renown, and far his
fame display.

III.

Ne was there knight ne was there lady found
In faery court, but him did dear embrace
For his fair usage and conditions sound,
The which in all men's liking gainèd place,
And with the greatest purchased greatest
grace;
Which he could wisely use, and well apply,
To please the best, and th' evil to embase:
For he loath'd leasing and base flattery,
And lovèd simple truth and steadfast
honesty.*

IV.

And now he was in travel on his way,
Upon an hard adventure sore bestad,
Whenas by chance he met upon a day

* Methinks, by no far-fetched allusions, we might discover pictured out to us that truly courteous knight, Sir Philip Sidney, in the character of Sir Calidore.—UPRON.

With Arte gall, returning yet half sad
From his late conquest which he gotten had:
Who whenas each of other had a sight,
They knew themselves, and both their
persons rad: [knight
When Calidore thus first; "Hail, noblest
Of all this day on ground that breathe
living spright!

V.

"Now tell, if please you, of the good success
Which ye have had in your late enterprize."
To whom Sir Arte gall gan to express
His whole exploit and valorous emprise,
In order as it did to him arise.
"Now, happy man," said then Sir Calidore,
"Which have, so goodly as ye can devise,
Achieved so hard a quest, as few before;
That shall you most renownèd make for
evermore.

VI.

"But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endless trace; withouten guide
Or good direction how to enter in,
Or how to issue forth in ways untried,
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
Arte gall, [call?"
"That you into such perils presently doth

VII.

"The Blatant Beast," quoth he, "I do
pursue
And through the world incessantly do chase,
Till I him overtake, or else subdue:
Yet know I not or how or in what place
To find him out, yet still I forward trace."
"What is that Blatant Beast then?" he
replied,
"It is a monster bred of hellish race,"
Then answer'd he, "which often hath
annov'd [destroy'd.
Good knights and ladies true, and many else

VIII.

"Of Cerberus whylome he was begot
And fell Chimæra, in her darksome den,
Through foul commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was fost' red long in Stygian fen,
Till he to perfect ripeness 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 sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly
torment."

IX.

"Then, since the Savage Island I did leave."
Said Artegal, "I such a beast did see,
The which did seem a thousand tongues to
have,
That all in spite and malice did agree,
With which he bay'd and loudly bark'd at
me,
As if that he at once would me devour:
But I, that knew myself from peril free
Did nought regard his malice nor his pow'r;
But he the more his wicked poison forth did
pour."

X.

"That surely is that Beast," said Calidore,
"Which I pursue, of whom I am right glad
To hear those tidings, which of none afore
Through all my weary travel I have had:
Yet now some hope your words unto me
add."
"Now God you speed," quoth then Sir
Artegal,
"And keep your body from the danger drad;
For ye have much ado to deal withal!"
So both took goodly leave, and parted
several.

XI.

Sir Calidore thence travellèd not long,
Whenas by chance a comely squire he found,
That through some more mighty enemy's
wrong
Both hand and foot unto a tree was bound;
Who, seeing him from far, with piteous
sound
Of his shrill cries him callèd to his aid:
To whom approaching, in that painful
stound
When he him saw, for no demands he stay'd,
But first him loosed, and afterwards thus to
him said:

XII.

"Unhappy squire, what hard mishap thee
brought
Into this bay of peril and disgrace?

What cruel hand thy wretched thraldom
wrought,
And thee captivèd in this shameful place?"
To whom he answer'd thus; "My hapless
case
Is not occasion'd through my misdesert,
But through misfortune, which did me
abase
Unto this shame, and my young hope sub-
vert, [expert.
Ere that I in her guileful traynes was well

XIII.

"Not far from hence, upon yon rocky hill,
I hard by a strait there stands a castle strong,
Which doth observe a custom lewd and ill,
And it hath long maintain'd with mighty
wrong:
For may no knight nor lady pass along
That way, (and yet they needs must pass
that way,
By reason of the strait, and rocks among.)
But they that lady's locks do shave away,
And that knight's beard, for toll which they
for passage pay."

XIV.

"A shameful use as ever I did hear,"
Said Calidore, "and to be overthrow'n.
But by what means did they at first it rear,
And for what cause? tell if thou have it
known." [doth own
Said then that squire; "The lady which
This castle, is by name Briana hight;
Than which a prouder lady liveth none:
She long time hath dear loved a doughty
knight, [she might.
And sought to win his love by all the means

XV.

"His name is Crudor; who, through high
disdain
And proud despite of his self-pleasing mind,
Refusèd hath to yield her love again
Until a mantle she for him do find, [lined:
With beards of knights and locks of ladies
Which to provide, she hath this castle dight,
And therein hath a seneschal assign'd,
Call'd Malefort, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will with worse
despite.

XVI.

"He, this same day as I that way did come
With a fair damsel, my b-loved dear,
In execution of her lawless doom
Did set upon us flying both for fear;

For little boots against him hand to rear :
 Me first he took unable to withstond,
 And whiles he her pursued everywhere,
 Till his return unto this tree he bond ;
 Ne wot I surely whether he her yet have
 fond."

XVII.

Thus whiles they spake they heard a rueful
 shriek [guess'd
 Of one loud crying, which they straightway
 That it was she the which for help did seek.
 Tho, looking up unto the cry to lest,* [blest
 They saw that carle from far with hand un-
 Haling that maiden by the yellow hair,
 That all her garments from her snowy breast,
 And from her head her locks he nigh did
 tear,
 Ne would he spare for pity, nor refrain for
 fear.

XVIII.

Which heinous sight when Calidore beheld,
 Eftsoones he loosed that squire, and so him
 left [quell'd,
 With heart's dismay and inward dolour
 For to pursue that villain, which had reft
 That piteous spoil by so injurious theft :
 Whom overtaking, loud to him he cried,
 "Leave, fainor, quickly that misgotten woft
 To him that hath it better justified
 And turn thee soon to him of whom thou
 art defied."

XIX.

Who, heark'ning to that voice, himself up-
 rear'd,
 And, seeing him so fiercely towards make,
 Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeard,
 But rather more enraged for those words'
 sake ; [spake ;
 And with stern count'nance thus unto him
 "Art thou the catiff that defiest me, [take,
 And for this maid, whose party thou dost
 Wilt give thy beard, though it but little be ?
 Yet shall it not her locks for ransom fro me
 free."

XX.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and laid
 On hideous strokes with most importune
 might,
 That oft he made him stagger as unstay'd,
 And oft recoil to shun his sharp despite,
 But Calidore, that was well skill'd in fight,
 Him long forebore, and still his spirit spared,

* Last, written lest for the rhyme.

Lying in wait how him he damage might ;
 But when he felt him shrink and come to
 ward, [more hard.
 He greater grew, and gan to drive at him

XXI.

Like as a water-stream, whose swelling
 source [pent,
 Shall drive a mill, within strong banks is
 And long restrained of his ready course ;
 So soon as passage is unto him lent, [lent ;
 Breaks forth, and makes his way more vio-
 Such was the fury of Sir Calidore :
 When once he felt his foeman to relent,
 He fiercely him pursued, and pressèd sore ;
 Who as he still decay'd, so he increasèd
 more.

XXII.

The heavy burden of whose dreadful might
 Whenas the carle no longer could sustain,
 His heart gan faint, and straight he took his
 flight
 Toward the castle, where, if need constrain,
 His hope of refuge usèd to remain :
 Whom Calidore perceiving fast to fly,
 He him pursued and chasèd through the
 plain,
 That he for dread of death gan loud to cry
 Unto the ward to open to him hastily.

XXIII.

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
 The gate soon open'd to receive him in :
 But Calidore did follow him so fast,
 That even in the porch he him did win,
 And cleft his head asunder to the chin :
 The carcass tumbling down within the door
 Did choke the entrance with a lump of sin,
 That it could not be shut ; whilst Calidore
 Did enter in, and slew the porter on the
 floor.

XXIV.

With that the rest the which the castle kep
 About him flock'd, and hard at him did lay .
 But he them all from him full lightly swept,
 As doth a steer, in heat of summer's day,
 With his long tail the brizes * brush away.
 Thence passing forth into the hall he came,
 Where of the lady' self in sad dismay
 He was ymet, who with uncomely shame
 Gan him salute, and foul upbraid with
 faulty blame :

* The breeze or gad-flies. Anglo-Saxon
briosa.—UPTON.

XXV.

"False traitor knight," said she, "no knight
at all, [hand
But scorn of arms! that hast with guilty
Murder'd my men, and slain my seneschal;
Now comest thou to rob my house un-
mann'd,
And spoil myself, that cannot thee with-
stand? [knight
Yet doubt thou not, but that some better
Than thou that shall thy treason understand
Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right,
And if none do, yet shame shall thee with
shame requite."

XXVI.

Much was the knight abashèd at that word;
Yet answer'd thus; "Not unto me the
shame,
But to the shameful doer it afford,
Blood is no blemish; for it is no blame
To punish those that do deserve the same;
But they that break bands of civility,
And wicked customs make, those do defame
Both noble arms and gentle courtesy:
No greater shame to man than inhumanity.

XXVII.

Then do yourself, for dread of shame,
forego
This evil manner which ye here maintain,
And do instead thereof mild court'sy show
To all that pass: that shall you glory gain
More than his love, which thus ye seek t'
obtain."
Wherewith all full of wrath she thus replied;
"Vile recreant! know that I do much dis-
dain
Thy courteous lore, that dost my love deride,
Who scorns thy idle scoff, and bids thee be
defied."

XXVIII.

"To take defiance at a lady's word,"
Quoth he, "I hold it no indignity; [sword
But were he here, that would it with his
Abet, perhaps he mote it dear aby."
"Coward," quoth she, "were not that thou
wouldst fly [place."
Ere he do come, he should be soon in
"If I do so," said he, "then liberty
I leave to you for aye me to disgrace
With all those shames, that erst ye spake
me, to deface."

XXIX.

With that a dwarf she call'd to her in haste
And taking from her hand a ring of gold

(A privy token which between them pass'd)
Bade him to fly with all the speed he could
To Crudor; and desire him that he would
Vouchsafe to rescue her against a knight,
Who through strong pow'r had now herself
in hold,
Having late slain her seneschal in fight
And all her people murder'd with outrageous
might.

XXX.

The dwarf his way did haste and went all
night;
But Calidore did with her there abide
The coming of that so much threat'ned
knight;
Where that discourteous dame with scornful
pride
And foul entreaty him indignified,
That iron heart it hardly could sustain:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wisely
guide,
Did well endure her womanish disdain,
And did himself from frail impatience re-
frain.

XXXI.

The morrow next, before the lamp of light
Above the earth uprear'd his flaming head,
The dwarf, which bore her message to her
knight,
Brought answer back, that ere he tasted
breau
He would her succour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:
Therefore he will'd her do away all dread;
And, that of him she mote assurèd stand,
He sent to her his basenet as a faithful band.

XXXII.

Thereof full bli'he the lady straight became,
And gan t' augment her bitterness much
more:
Yet no whit more appallèd for the same,
Ne ought dismayèd was Sir Calidore;
But rather did more cheerful seem therefore:
And, having soon his arms about him dight,
Did issue forth to meet his foe afore;
Where long he stayèd not, whenas a knight
He spied come pricking on with all his
pow'r and might.

XXXIII.

Well ween'd he straight that he should be
the same
Which took in hand her quarrel to maintain,
Ne' stay'd to ask if it were he by name,
But couch'd his spear, and ran at him amain,

They been ymet in midst of the plain
 With so fell fury and despiteous force,
 That neither could the other's stroke sus-
 tain,
 But rudely roll'd to ground both man and
 horse,
 Neither of other taking pity or remorse.

XXXIV.

Bnt Calidore uprose again full light,
 Whiles yet his foe lay fast in senseless sound,
 Yet would he not him hurt although he
 might : [wound,
 For shame he ween'd a sleeping wight to
 But when Briana saw that dreary stound,
 There where she stood upon the castle wall,
 She deem'd him sure to have been dead on
 ground ;
 And made such piteous mourning there-
 withal,
 That from the battlements she ready seem'd
 to fall.

XXXV.

Nathless at length himself he did uprear
 In listless wise ; as if against his will,
 Ere he had slept his fill, he waken'd were,
 And gan to stretch his limbs ; which feeling
 ill,
 Of his late fall, awhile he rested still ;
 But, when he saw his foe before his view,
 He shook off luskishness ; and, courage
 chill
 Kindling afresh, gan battle to renew,
 To prove if better foot than horseback
 would ensue.

XXXVI.

There then began a fearful cruel fray
 Betwixt them two for mastery of might :
 For both were wondrous practicke in that
 play,
 And passing well expert in single fight,
 And both inflamed with furious despate ;
 Which as it still increased, so still increased
 Their cruel strokes and terrible affright :
 Ne once for ruth their rigour they released,
 Ne once to breathe awhile their anger's tem-
 pest ceased.

XXXVII.

Thus long they traced and traversea to and
 fro,
 And tried all ways how each mote entrance
 make
 Into the life of his malignant foe ;
 They hew'd their helms and plates asunder
 brake.

As they had potshards been ; for nought
 mote slake
 Their greedy vengeances but gory blood ;
 That at the last like to a purple lake
 Of bloody gore congeal'd about them stood,
 Which from their riven sides forth gush'd
 like a flood.

XXXVIII.

At length it chanced that both their hands
 on high
 At once did heave with all their power and
 might,
 Thinking the utmost of their power to try,
 And prove the final fortune of the fight ;
 But Calidore, that was more quick of sight
 And nimbler-handed than his enemy,
 Prevented him before his stroke could light,
 And on the helmet smote him formerly *
 And made him stoop to ground with meek
 humility.

XXXIX.

And, ere he could recover foot again
 He following that fair advantage fast
 His stroke redoubled with such might and
 main,
 That him upon the ground he grovelling
 cast ;
 And leaping to him light would have un-
 laced
 His helm, to make unto his vengeance way :
 Who, seeing in what danger he was placed
 Cried out ; " Ah mercy, sir ! do me not slay,
 But save my life, which lot † before your
 foot doth lay."

XL.

With that his mortal hand awhile he stay'd ;
 And, having somewhat calm'd his wrathful
 heat
 With goodly patience, thus he to him said ;
 " And is the boast of that proud lady's threat
 That menaced me from the field to beat,
 Now brought to this ? By this now may ye
 learn
 Strangers no more so rudely to entreat :
 But put away proud look and usage stern,
 The which shall nought to you but foul dis-
 honour earn.

XLI.

" For nothing is more blameful to a knight
 That court'sy doth as well as arms profess,

* Formerly is *first* ; that is, Calidore *first*
 smote him.

† Fate.—CHURCH.

However strong and fortunate in fight,
Than the reproach of pride and cruelty :
In vain he seeketh others to suppress,
Who hath not learn'd himself first to subdue,
All flesh is frail and full of fickleness,
Subject to fortune's chance, still changing
new, [you.
What haps to-day to me to-morrow may to

XLII.

" Who will not mercy unto others shew,
How can he mercy ever hope to have ?
To pay each with his own is right and due :
Yet since ye mercy now do need to crave,
I will it grant, your hopeless life to save,
With these conditions which I will pro-
pound :
First, that ye better shall yourself behave
Unto all errant knights, whereso on ground ;
Next that ye ladies aid in every stead and
stound."

XLIII.

The wretched man, that all this while did
dwell
In dread of death, his hests did gladly hear,
And promised to perform his precept well,
And whatsoever else he would requere.
So, suffering him to rise, he made him swear
By his own sword, and by the cross thereon,
To take Briana for his loving fere
Withouten dow'r or composition :
But to release his former foul condition.

XLIV.

All which accepting, and with faithful oath
Binding himself most firmly to obey,
He up arose, however lief or loth,
And swore to him true fealty for aye.
Then forth he call'd from sorrowful dismay
The sad Briana which all this beheld ;
Who coming forth yet full of late affray
Sir Calidore upcheer'd, and to her tell'd

All this accord to which he Crudor had
compell'd.

XLV.

Whereof she now more glad than sorry erst,
All overcome with infinite affect
For his exceeding courtesy, that pierced
Her stubborn heart with inward deep effect,
Before his feet herself she did project ;
And him adoring as her life's dear lord,
With all due thanks and dutiful respect,
Herself acknowledged bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love
restored.

XLVI.

So all returning to the castle glad,
Most joyfully she them did entertain ;
Where goodly glee and feast to them she
made,
To show her thankful mind and meaning
fain,
By all the means she mote it best explain :
And, after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that castle for his pain,
And herself bound to him for evermore ;
So wondrously now changed from that she
was afore.

XLVII.

But Calidore himself would not retain
Nor land nor fee for hire of his good deed,
But gave them straight unto that squire
again,
Whom from her seneschal he lately freed,
And to his damsel, as their rightful meed
For recompense of all their former wrong :
There he remain'd with them right well
agreed,
Till of his wounds he waxed whole and
strong :
And then to his first quest he passèd forth
along.

CANTO II.

Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous knight :
He makes him squire, and of him learns
His state and present plight.

I.

WHAT virtue is so fitting for a knight,
Or for a lady whom a knight should love,
As courtesy ; to bear themselves aright

To all of each degree as doth behove ?
For whether they be placèd high above
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to
know

Their good: that none of them rightly may
reprove
Of rudeness for not yielding what they owe:
Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

II.

There to great help dame Nature self doth
lend:

For some so goodly gracious are by kind,
That every action doth them much com-
mend,

And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themselves, cannot
attain:

For everything, to which one is inclined,
Doth best become and greatest grace doth
gain: [forced with pain.

Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes en-

III.

That well in courteous Calidore appears;
Whose every act and deed, that he did say,
Was like enchantment, that through both
the eyes

And both the ears did steal the heart away.
He now again is on his former way
To follow his first quest, whereas he spied
A tall young man, from thence not far away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him descried,
Against an armèd knight that did on horse-
back ride.

IV.

And them beside a lady fair he saw
Standing alone on foot in foul array;
To whom himself he hastily did draw
To weet the cause of so uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if so be he may:
But, ere he came in place, that youth had
kill'd [lay;

That armèd knight, that low on ground he
Which when he saw, his heart was inly
chill'd

With great amazement, and his thought
with wonder fill'd.

V.

Him steadfastly he mark'd, and saw to be
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
Yot seventeen years, but tall and fair of
face.

That sure he deem'd him born of noble race:
All in a woodman's jacket he was clad
Of Lincoln green, belay'd with silver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,

And by his side his hunter's horn he hang-
ing had.

VI.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwain,
Pinked upon gold, and palèd part per part,*
As then the guise † was for each gentle
swain:

In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart;
And in his left he held a sharp boar-spear,
With which he wont to lance the savagè
heart

Of many a lion and of many a bear
That first unto his hand in chase did happen
near.

VII.

Whom Calidore awhile well having view'd,
At length bespake: "What means this,
gentle swain?"

Why hath thy hand, too bold, itself embrued
In blood of knight, the which by thee is
slain,

By thee no knight: which arms impugneth
plain!" [broken

"Certes," said he, "loth were I to have
The law of arms; yet break it should again,
Rather than let myself of wight be stroken,
So long as these two arms were able to be
wroken.

VIII.

"For not I him, as this lady here
May witness well, did offer first to wrong,
Ne surely thus unarm'd I likely were;
But he me first through pride and puissances
strong [long."

Assail'd, not knowing what to arms doth
"Perdy great blame," then said Sir Cali-
dore, [wrong,

"For armèd knight a wight unarm'd to
But then aread, thou gentle child, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this strife and stern
uproar."

IX.

"That shall I sooth," said he, "to you de-
clare,

I, whose unriper years are yet unfit
For thing of weight or work of greater care,
Do spend my days and bend my careless
wit

To savage chase, where I thereon may hit
In all this forest and wild woody range,

* Parted "per pale" in heraldry; that is, they were striped. † The fashion.

Where, as this day I was enraging it,
I chanced to meet this knight who there
lies slain, [plain.
Together with this lady, passing on the

X.

'The knight, as ye did see, on horseback
was,
And this his lady, that him ill became,
On her fair feet by his horse-side did pass
Through thick and thin, unfit for any dame:
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
Whenso she lagged, as she needs mote so,
He with his spear (that was to him great
blame)
Would thump her forward and inforce to go,
Weeping to him in vain and making piteous
woe.

XI

"Which when I saw, as they me passèd by,
Much was I movèd in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for such cruelty
Towards a lady, whom with usage kind
He rather should have taken up behind.
Wherewith he wroth and full of proud dis-
dain
Took in foul scorn that I such fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof reviled again,
Threat'ning to chëstise me, as doth t' a
child pertain.

XII.

"Which I no less disdainng back return'd
His scornful taunts unto his teeth again;
That he straightway with haughty cholcr
burn'd,
And with his spear struck me one stroke or
twain;
Which I, enforced to bear though to my
pain,
Cast to requite; and with a slender dart,
Fellow of this I bear, thrown not in vain,
Struck him, as seemeth, underneath the
heart,
That through the wound his spirit shortly
did depart."

XIII.

Much did Sir Calidore admire his speech,
Temp'red so well, but more admired the
stroke. [a breach,
That through the mails had made so strong
Into his heart, and had so sternly 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' un-righteous
ire [due hire.
Of her own knight had given him his own

XIV.

Of all which whenas she could nought deny,
But clear'd that stripling of th' imputed
blame;
Said then Sir Calidore; "Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather do quit
claim,*
For, what he spoke, for you he spake it,
dame;
And what he did, he did himself to save:
Against both which that knight wrought
knightless shame:
For knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to
behave.

XV.

"But, sith that he is gone irrevocable,
Please it you, lady, to us to aread
What cause could make him so dishonour-
able
To drive you so on foot, unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead."
"Certes, sir knight," said she, "full loth I
were
To raise a living blame against the dead:
But, since it me concerns myself to clear,
I will the truth discover as it chanced
whyleare.

XVI.

"This day, as he and I together rode
Upon our way to which we weren bent,
We chanced to come foreby a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a lady gent
Sate with a knight in joyous jolliment
Of their frank loves, free from all jealous
spies:
Fair was the lady sure, that mote content
An heart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did show all lovely courtesies.

XVII.

"Whom when my knight did see so lovely
fair,
He inly gan her lover to envy,
And wish that he part of his spoil might
share;
Whereto whenas my presence he did spy
To be a let, he bade me by and by

* Quit claim is releasing an action that one person has against another.—URTON.

For to alight : but, whenas I was loth
My love's own part to leave so suddenly,
He with strong hand down from his steed
me throw'th,
And with presumptuous pow'r against that
knight straight go'th.

XVIII.

"Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more
meet,
For lady's service and for love's delight,
Than fearing any foeman there to meet:
Whereof he taking odds, straight bids him
dight
Himself to yield his love or else to fight:
Whereat the other starting up dismay'd
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might,
To leave his love he should be ill appay'd,
In which he had good right gainst all that
it gainsaid.

XIX.

"Yet since he was not presently in plight
Her to defend or his to justify,
He him requested, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to try
Or stay till he his arms, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch : but he was fierce and
hot
Ne time would give, nor any terms aby,
But at him flew, and with his spear him
smot ;
From which to think to save himself it
booted not

XX.

"Meanwhile his lady, which this outrage
saw,
Whilst they together for the quarry strove,
Into the covert did herself withdraw,
And closely hid herself within the grove.
My knight hers soon, as seems, to danger
drove
And left sore wounded : but, when her he
miss'd,
He woxe half mad ; and in that rage gan rove
And range through all the wood, whereso he
wist [him list.
She hidden was, and sought her so long as

XXI.

"But, whenas her he by no means could
find,
After long search and chafe he turn'd back
Unto the place where me he left behind :
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lack
Of that fair booty, and with bitter wrack

To wreak on me the guilt of his own wrong:
Of all which I yet glad to bear the pack
Strove to appease him, and persuaded long;
But still his passion grew more violent and
strong.

XXII.

"Then, as it were t'avenge his wrath on me,
When forward we should fare, he flat re-
fused
To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,
But forced to trot on foot, and foul misused,
Punching me with the but-end of his spear,
In vain complaining to be so abused
For he regarded neither plaint nor tear,
But more enforced my pain, the more my
plaints to hear.

XXIII.

"So pass'd we, till this young man us met ;
And being moved with pity of my plight
Spake as was meet, for ease of my regret :
Whereof befell what now is in your sight."
"Now sure," then said Sir Calidore, "and
right
Meseems that him befell by his own fault :
Whoever thinks through confidence of
might,
Or through support of count'nance proud
and haut',
To wrong the weaker, oft falls in his own
assault."

XXIV.

Then turning back unto that gentle boy,
Which had himself so stoutly well acquit ;
Seeing his face so lovely stern and coy,
And hearing th' answers of his pregnant wit,
He praised it much, and much admir'd it ;
That sure he ween'd him born of noble
blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit:
And, when he long had him beholding
stood,
He burst into these words, as to him seem'd
good :

XXV.

"Fair gentle swain, and yet as stout as fair,
That in these woods amongst the nymphs
dost wonne,
Which daily may to thy sweet looks repair,
As they are wont unto Latona's son
After his chase on woody Cynthus done :
Well may I certes such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast won,
Or surely born of some heroic seed,

That in thy face appears and gracious
goodly head.

XXVI.

“But, should it not displease thee it to tell,
(Unless thou in these woods thyself conceal
For love amongst the woody gods to dwell,
I would thyself require thee to reveal;
For dear affection and unfeignèd zeal,
Which to thy noble personage I bear,
And wish thee grow in worship and great
weal:

For, since the day that arms I first did rear,
I never saw in any greater hope appear.”

XXVII.

To whom then thus the noble youth; “May
be,

Sir knight, that, by discovering my estate,
Harm may arise unweeting unto me:
Nathless, sith ye so courteous seemèd late,
To you I will not fear it to relate.
Then wot ye that I am a Briton born,
Son of a king, (however thorough fate
Or fortune I my country have forlorn,
And lost the crown which should my head
adorn.)”

XXVIII.

“And Tristram is my name: the only heir
Of good king Meliográs, which did reign
In Cornwall, till that he through life's de-
spair

Untimely died, before I did attain
Ripe years of reason, my right to maintain.
After whose death his brother, seeing me
An infant, weak a kingdom to sustain,
Upon him took the royal high degree,
And sent me, where him list, instructed for
to be.

XXIX.

“The widow queen my mother, which then
hight

Fair Emiline, conceiving then great fear
Of my frail safety, resting in the might
Of him that did the kingly sceptre bear,
Whose jealous dread induring not a peer
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed;
Thought best away me to remove some-
where

Into some foreign land, whereas no need
Of dreaded danger might his doubtful hu-
mour feed.

XXX.

“So, taking counsel of a wise man read,
She was by him advised to send me quite

Out of the country wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile Lionesse is hight,
Into the land of Faery, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor work me any wrong:
To whose wise read she heark'ning sent me
straight

Into this land, where I have wonned thus
long

Since I was ten years old, now grown to
stature strong.

XXXI.

“All which my days I have not lewdly spent,
Nor spilt the blossom of my tender years
In idleness; but, as was convenient,
Have trainèd been with many noble feres
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leares:
Mongst I was my most delight hath always
been

To hunt the savage chase, amongst my
peers,
Of all that rangeth in the forest green,
Of which none is to me unknown that e'er
was seen.

XXXII.

“Ne is there hawk which mantleth her on
perch,

Whether high tow'ring or accoasting low,
But I the measure of her flight do search,
And all her prey and all her diet know:
Such be our joys which in these forests grow:
Only the use of arms, which most I joy,
And fitteth most for noble swain to know,
I have not tasteth yet; yet past a boy,
And being now high time these strong joints
to employ.

XXXIII.

“Therefore, good sir, sith now occasion fit
Doth fall, whose like hereafter seldom may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me squire without delay,
That from henceforth in battailous array
I may bear arms, and learn to use them
right;
The rather, since that fortune hath this day
Given to me the spoil of this dead knight,
These goodly gilden arms which I have won
in fight.”

XXXIV.

All which when well Sir Calidore had heard,
Him much more now, than erst, he gan ad-
mire

For the rare hope which in his years ap-
pear'd,
And thus replied; “Fair Child, the high
desire

To love of arms, which in you doth aspire,
I may not certes without blame deny;
But rather wish that some more noble hire
(Though none more noble than is chivalry)
I had, you to reward with greater dignity.

XXXV.

There him he caused to kneel, and made to
swear

Faith to his knight, and truth to ladies all,
And never to be recreant for fear
Of peril, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbèd, and his squire did call.
Full glad and joyous then young Tristram
grew;

Like as a flow'r, whose silken leavès small
Long shut up in the bud from heaven's
view,

At length breaks forth, and broad displays
his smiling hue.

XXXVI.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And Calidore betook him to depart,
Child Tristram pray'd that he with him
might go

On his adventure, vowing not to start,
But wait on him in every place and part:
Whereat Sir Calidore did much delight,
And greatly joy'd at his so noble heart,
In hope he sure would prove a doughty
knight:

Yet for the time this answer he to him he-
light;

XXXVII.

"Glad would I surely be, thou courteous
squire,

To have thy presence in my present quest,
That mote thy kindled courage set on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble breast:
But I am bound by vow, which I profess'd
To my dread sovereign, when I it assay'd,
That in achievement of her high behest
I should no creature join unto mine aid;
Forthy I may not grant that: ye so greatly
pray'd.

XXXVIII.

•But since this lady is all desolate,
And needeth safeguard now upon her way,
Ye may do well in this her needful state
To succour her from danger of dismay,
That thankful guerdon may to you repay."
The noble Imp, of such new service fain,
It gladly did accept, as he did say:
So taking courteous leave they parted twain
And Calidore forth passed to his former
pain.

XXXIX.

But Tristram, then despoiling that dead
knight

Of all those goodly implements of praise
Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair sight
Of the bright metal shining like sun rays;
Handling and turning them a thousand
ways:

And, after having them upon him dight,
He took that lady, and her up did raise
Upon the steed of her own late dead knight:
So with her marchèd forth, as she did him
belight.

XL.

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
And turn we back to good Sir Calidore;
Who, ere he thence had travell'd many a
mile,

Came to the place whereas ye heard afore
This knight, whom Tristram slew, had
wounded sore

Another knight in his despiteous pride;
There he that knight found lying on the
fl. or

With many wounds full perflous and wide,
That all his garments and the grass in ver-
meil dyed.

XLI.

And there beside him sate upon the ground
His woful lady, piteously complaining

With loud laments that most unlucky stound,
And her sad self with careful hand con-
straining [paining]

To wipe his wounds, and ease their bitter
Which sorry sight when Calidore did view,
With heavy eyne from tears unearh refrain-
ing, [rue;

His mighty heart their mournful case can
And for their better comfort to them nigher
drew.

XLII.

Then, speaking to the lady, thus he said;
"Ye doleful dame, let not your grief im-
peach

To tell what cruel hand hath thus array'd
This knight unarm'd with so unknighly
breach

Of arms, that, if I yet him nigh may reach
I may avenge him of so foul despite."

The lady, hearing his so courteous speech,
Gan rear her eyes as to the cheerful light,
And from her sorry heart few heavy words
forth sigh't:

XLIII.

In which she show'd how that discourteous knight,
Whom Tristram slew, them in that shadow
Joying together in unblamed delight;
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charged with his spear, and mortally did wound,
Withouten cause, but only her to reave
From him, to whom she was for ever bound:
Yet, when she fled into that covert greave,
He, her not finding, both them thus nigh
dead did leave.

XLIV.

When Calidore this rueful story had
Well understood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as she best could understand,
Him thus described, to be of stature large,
Clad all in golden arms, with azure band
Quart' red athwart, and bearing in his targe
A lady on rough waves row'd in a summer barge.

XLV.

Then gan Sir Calidore to guess straightway,
By many signs which she described had,
That this was he whom Tristram erst did slay,
And to her said: "Dame, be no longer sad;
For he, that hath your knight so ill bestad,
Is now himself in much more wretched plight;
These eyes him saw upon the cold earth
The meed of his desert for that despite,
Which to yourself he wrought and to your lov'd knight.

XLVI.

"Therefore, fair lady, lay aside this grief,
Which ye have gather'd to your gentle heart
For that displeasure; and think what relief
Were best devise for this your lover's smart:
And how ye may him hence, and to what part
Convey to be recured." She thank'd him
Both for the news he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did bear
Both to her love and to herself in that sad

XLVII.

Yet could she not devise by any wit,
How thence she might convey him to some place;
For him to trouble she it thought unfit,
That was a stranger to her wretched case:
And him to bear, she thought it thing too base.
Which whenas he perceived he thus bespake;
"Fair lady, let it not you seem disgrace
To bear this burden on your dainty back;
Myself will bear a part, co-portion of your pack."

XLVIII.

So off he did his shield, and downward laid
Upon the ground, like to an hollow bier;
And pouring balm, which he had long purvey'd
Into his wounds, him up thereon did rear,
And twixt them both with parted pains did bear,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was
Thence they him carried to a castle near,
In which a worthy ancient knight did wonne:
Where what ensued shall in next canto be begun.

CANTO III.

Calidore brings Priscilla home;
Pursues the Blatant Beast:
Saves Sér:na, whilst Calepine
By Turpine is opprest.

f.

TRUE is, that whylome that good poet said,
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known:
For a man by nothing is so well bewray'd

As by his manners; in which plain is shown,
Of what degree and what race he is grown:
For seldom seen a trotting stallion get
An ambling colt, that is his proper own:

So seldom seen that one in baseness set
Doth noble courage show with courteous
manners met.

II.

But evermore contráry hath been tried,
That gentle blood will gentle manners
breed;

As well may be in Calidore descried,
By late ensample of that courteous deed
Done to that wounded knight in his great
need, [brought

Whom on his back he bore, till he him
Unto the castle where they had decreed :
There of the knight, the which that castle
ought, [besought.

To make abode that night he greatly was

III.

He was to weet a man of full ripe years,
That in his youth had been of mickle might,
And borne great sway in arms among his
peers; [light :

But now deep age had dimm'd his candle-
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And lovèd all that did to arms incline;
And was the father of that wounded knight,
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine;
And Aldus was his name; and his son's,
Aladine.

IV.

Who when he saw his son so ill bedight
With bleeding wounds brought home upon
a bier

By a fair lady and a stranger knight,
Was inly touchèd with compassion dear,
And dear affection of so doleful drear,
That he these words burst forth; "Ah!
sorr boy!

Is this the hope that to my hoary hair
Thou bringst? ay me! is this the timely joy,
Which I expected long, now turn'd to sad
annoy?

V.

"Such is the weakness of all mortal hope,
So tickle is the state of earthly things;
That, ere they come unto their aimed scope,
They fall too short of our frail reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter sorrowings,
Instead of comfort which we should em-
brace:

This is the state of kaisars and of kings!
I let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case."

VI.

So well and wisely did that good old knight
Temper his grief, and turnèd it to cheer,
To cheer his guests whom he had stay'd
that night,

And make their welcome to them well ap-
pear:

That to Sir Calidore was easy gear;
But that fair lady would be cheer'd for
nought,

But sigh'd and sorrow'd for her lover dear,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name
should now be brought.

VII.

For she was daughter to a noble lord
Which dwelt thereby, who sought her to
affy

To a great peer; but she did disaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply.
But loved this fresh young knight who dwelt
her nigh,

The lusty Aladine, though meaner born
And of less livel'ood and ability,
Yet full of valour the which did adorn
His 'meanness much, and make her th'
other's riches scorn.

VIII.

So, having both found fit occasion,
They met together in that luckless glade;
Where that proud knight in his presumption
The gentle Aladine did erst invade,
Being unarm'd and set in secret shade.
Whereof she now betlinking, gan t' advise
How great a hazard she at erst had made
Of her good fame; and further gan devise
How she the blame might salve with col-
ourèd disguise.

IX.

But Calidore with all good courtesy
Fain'd her to frolic, and to put away
The pensive fit of her meláncoly;
And that old knight by all means did assay
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the evening pass'd till time of rest:
When Calidore in seemly good array
Uunto his bowz was brought, and there un-
drest [of his quest.
Did sleep all night through weary travel

X.

But fair Priscilla (so that lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleep,

But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weep,
And with her tears his wound did wash and steep.

So well she wash'd them, and so well she
watch'd him,
That of the deadly swoon, in which full deep
He drenchèd was, she at the length dis-
patch'd him,
And drove away the stound which mortally
attach'd him.

XI.

The morrow next, when day gan to uplook,
He also gan uplook with dreary eye,
Like one that out of deadly dream awoke :
Where when he saw his fair Priscilla by,
He deeply sigh'd and groanèd inwardly,
To think of this ill state in which she stood :
To which she for his sake had weetingly
Now brought herself, and blamed her noble
blood :

For first, next after life, he tenderèd her
good.

XII.

Which she perceiving did with plenteous
tears

His care more than her own compassionate,
Forgetful of her own to mind his fears ;
So both conspiring gan to intimate
Each other's griefs with zeal affectionate,
And twixt them twain with equal care to
cast

How to save whole her hazarded estate ;
For which the only help now left them last
Seem'd to be Calidore : all other helps were
past.

XIII.

Him did they deem, as sure to them he
seem'd,

A courteous knight, and full of faithful trust :
Therefore to him their cause they best es-
teem'd

Whole to commit, and to his dealing just.
Early, so soon as Titan's beams forth burst
Through the thick clouds in which they
steepèd lay

All night in darkness, dull'd with iron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day
Gan freshly him address unto his former
way

XIV.

But first him seem'd fit that wounded knight
To visit, after this night's perilous pass ;
And to salute him if he were in plight,

And eke that lady, his fair lovely lass.
There he him found much better than he
was,

And movèd speech to him of things of course,
The anguish of his pain to over-pass,
Mongst which he namely did to him dis-
course

Of former day's mishap his sorrow's wicked
source.

XV.

Of which occasion Aldine taking hold
Gan break to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his disadvantages to unfold ;
That Calidore it dearly deep did move ;
In th' end his kindly courtesy to prove,
He him by all the bands of love besought,
And as it mote a faithful friend behove,
To safe-conduct his love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her father's house he had
her brought.

XVI.

Sir Calidore his faith thereto did plight
It to perform : so after little stay,
That she herself had to the journey dight,
He passèd forth with her in fair array,
Fearless who ought did think or ought did
say,
Sith his own thought he knew more clear
from wite ;
So, as they pass'd together on their way,
He gan devise this counter-cast of sleight,
To give fair colour to that lady's cause in
sight.

XVII.

Straight to the carcass of that knight he
went,

(The cause of all this evil, who was slain
The day before by just avengement
Of noble Tristram,) where it did remain ;
There he the neck thereof did cut in twain,
And took with him the head, the sign of
shame.

So forth he passèd thorough that day's pain ;
Till to that lady's father's house he came ;
Most pensive man, through fear what o
his child became.

XVIII.

There he arriving boldly did present
The tearful lady to her father dear,
Most perfect pure, and guiltless innocent
Of blame, as he did on his knighthood swear,
Since first he saw her, and did free from fear
Of a discourteous knight, who had her reft
And by outrageous force away did bear :

Witness thereof he show'd his head there
left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of
his theft.

XIX.

Most joyfull man her sire was her to see,
And hearth adventure of her late mischance;
And thousand thanks to Calidore for fee
Of his large pains in her deliverance
Did yield; ne less the lady did advance,
Thus having her restorèd trustily,
As he had vow'd, some small continuance
He there did make, and than most carefully
Unto his first exploit he did himself apply.

XX.

So, as he was pursuing of his quest,
He chanced to come whereas a jolly knight
In covert shade himself did safely rest,
To solace with his lady in delight;
His warlike arms he had from him undight;
For that himself he thought from danger
free,

And far from envious eyes that mote him
spite:
And eke the lady was full fair to see,
And courteous withal, becoming her degree.

XXI.

To whom Sir Calidore approaching nigh,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abash'd, but more himself
thereby,

That he so rudely did upon them light,
And troubled had their quiet love's delight:
Yet since it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himself thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon craved for his so rash default,
That he gainst courtesy so foully did default.

XXII.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He soon allay'd that knight's conceived dis-
pleasure,

That he besought him down by him to sit,
That they mote treat of things abroad at
leisure

And of adventures, which had in his measure
Of so long ways to him befallen late.
So down he sate, and with delightful plea-
sure

His long adventures gan to him relate
Which he endurèd had through dangerous
debate.

XXIII.

Of which whilst they discoursèd both to-
gether,

The fair Serena (so his lady hight)
Allured with mildness of the gentle weather
And pleasaunce of the place, the which was
dight

With divers flow'rs distinct with rare delight,
Wand'red about the fields as liking led
Her wavering lust after her wand'ring sight,
To make a garland to adorn her head,
Without suspect of ill or dangers hidden
dread.

XXIV.

All suddenly out of the forest near
The Blatant Beast forth rushing unaware
Caught her thus loosely wand'ring here and
there,

And in his wide great mouth away her bare
Crying aloud to show her sad misfare
Unto the knights, and calling oft for aid;
Who with the horror of her hapless care,
Hastily starting up, like men dismay'd,
Ran after fast to rescue the distressed maid:

XXV.

The Beast, with their pursuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace,
For to have spoilèd her; when Calidore,
Who was more light of foot and swift in
chase,

Him overtook in midst of his race;
And, fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forced to forego his prey there in the place,
And to betake himself to fearful flight;
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

XXVI.

Who nathëless, when he the lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evil
plight,

Yet knowing that her knight now near did
draw,

Stay'd not to succour her in that affright,
But follow'd fast the monster in his flight:
Through woods and hills he follow'd him so
fast

That he nould let him breathe nor gather
spright,
But forced him gape and gasp with dread
aghast,

As if his lungs and lights were nigh asunder
brast.

XXVII.

And now by this Sir Calepine, so hight,
Came to the place where he his lady found
In dolorous dismay and deadly plight,
All in gore blood there tumbled on the
ground,

Having both sides through gripped with
griously wound :

His weapons soon from him he threw away,
And stooping down to her in dreary swound,
Uprear'd her from the ground whereon she
lay
And in his tender arms her forcèd up to stay.

XXVIII.

So well he did his busy pains apply,
That the faint spright he did revoke again
To her frail mansion of mortality :
Then up he took her twixt his armès twain,
And setting in his steed her did sustain
With careful hands, soft footing her beside ;
Till to some place of rest they mote attain,
Where she in safe assurance mote abide,
Till she recurèd were of those her woundès
wide.

XXIX.

Now whenas Phœbus with his fiery wain
Unto his inn began to draw apace ;
Tho, waxing weary of that toilsome pain,
In travelling on foot so long a space,
Not wont on foot with heavy arms to trace ;
Down in a dale foreby a river's side
He chanced to spy a fair and stately place
To which he meant his weary steps to guide,
In hope there for his love some succour to
provide.

XXX.

But, coming to the river's side he found
That hardly passable on foot it was ;
Therefore there still he stood as in a stound,
Ne wist which way he through the ford mote
pass ;
Thus whilst he was in this distressèd case,
Devising what to do, he nigh espied
An armèd knight approaching to the place
With a fair lady linkèd by his side,
The which themselves prepared thorough
the ford to ride.

XXXI.

Whom Calepine saluting, as became,
Besought of courtesy, in that his need,
For safe conducting of his sickly dame
Through that same perilous ford with bet-
ter heed,
To take him up behind upon his steed :
To whom that other did this taunt return :
" Perdy, thou peasant knight mightst
rightly read
Me then to be full base and evil born,
f I would bear behind a burden of such
scorn.

XXXII.

" But, as thou hast thy steed forlorne with
shame,
So fare on foot till thou another gain,
And let thy lady likewise do the same,
Or bear her on thy back with pleasing pain,
And prove thy manhood on the billows vain."
With which rude speech his lady much dis-
pleasèd
Did him reprove, yet could him not restrain.
And would on her own palfrey him have
easèd
For pity of his dame whom she saw so dis-
easèd.

XXXIII.

Sir Calepine her thank'd ; yet inly wroth
Against her knight, her gentleness refusèd,
And carelessly into the river go'th,
As in despite to be so foul abusèd
Of a rude chur', whom often he accusèd
Of foul discourtesy, unfit for knight ;
And strongly wading through the waves un-
usèd,
With spear in th' one hand stay'd himself
upright, [might
With th' other stay'd his lady up with steady

XXXIV.

And all the while that same discourteous
knight
Stood on the further bank beholding him ;
At whose calamity for more despite,
He laugh'd and mock'd to see him like to
swim.
But whenas Calepine came to the brim.
And saw his carriage past that peril well,
Looking at that same carle with count'nance
grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did
swell,
And forth at last did break in speeches sharp
and fell :

XXXV.

" Unknightly knight, the blemish of that
name,
And blot of all that arms upon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Lo ! I defy thee ; and here challenge make,
That thou for ever do those arms forsake,
And be for ever held a recreant knight,
Unless thou dare, for thy dear lady's sake
And for thine own defence, on foot alight
To justify thy fault gainst me in equal fight."

XXXVI.

The dastard, that did hear himself defied,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatful words at
all [pride
But laugh'd them out, as if his greater
Did scorn 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 revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himself con-
temnèd,
Ne carèd as a coward so to be condemnèd.

XXXVII.

But he, nought weighing what he said or
did,
Turnèd his steel about another way,
And with his lady to the castle rid,
Where was his wonne; ne did the other
stay,
But after went directly as he may, [seek;
For his sick charge some harbour there to
Where he arriving with the fall of day
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers
meek
And mild entreaty lodging did for her be-
seek.

XXXVIII.

But the rude porter that no manners had
Did shut the gate against him in his face
And entrance boldly unto him forbad;
Nathless the knight, now in so needy case,
Gan him entreat even with submission base,
And humbly pray'd to let them in that
night;
Who to him answered, that there was no
place
Of lodging fit for any errant knight,
Unless that with his lord he formerly * did
fight.

XXXIX.

"Full loth am I," quoth he, "as now at
erst
When day is spent, and rest us needed most,
And that this lady, both whose sides are
pierced
With wounds, is ready to forego the ghost;
Ne would I gladly combat with mine host,
That should to me such courtesy afford,
Unless that I were thereunto enforced:
But yet aread to me how hight thy lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the castle of
the ford."

* Formerly here means *first*—"Unless he would first fight with his lord."

XL.

"His name," quoth he, "if that thou list to
learn,
Is hight Sir Turpine, one of mickle might
And manhood rare, but terrible and stern
In all assays to every errant knight,
Because of one that wrought him foul de-
spite."
"Ill seems," said he, "if he so valiant be,
That he should be so stern to stranger
wight;
For seldom yet did living creature see
That courtesy and manhood ever disagree.

XLI.

"But go thy ways to him, and fro me say
That here is at his gate an errant knight,
That house-room craves; yet would be loth
t' assay
The proof of battle now in doubtful night,
Or courtesy with rudeness to requite:
Yet if he needs will fight, crave leave till
morn,
And tell withal the lamentable plight
In which this lady languisheth forlorn,
That pity craves, as he of woman was
yborn."

XLII.

The groom went straightway in, and to his
lord [move;
Declared the message which that knight did
Who, sitting with his lady then at board,
Not only did not his demand approve,
But both himself reviled and eke his love;
Albe his lady, that Blandina hight,
Him of ungentle usage did reprove,
And earnestly entreated that they might
Find favour to be lodgèd there for that same
night.

XLIII.

Yet would he not persuaded be for ought,
Ne from his currih will a whit reclaim.
Which answer when the groom returning
brought
To Calepine, his heart did inly flame
With wrathful fury for so foul a shame,
That he could not thereof avengèd be;
But most for pity of his dearest dame,
Whom now in deadly danger he did see
Yet had no means to comfort, nor procure
her glee.

XLIV.

But all in vain; for why? no remedy
He saw the present mischief to redress,
But th' utmost end perforce for to aby,

Which that night's fortune would for him
address.

So down he took his lady in distress,
And laid her underneath a bush to sleep,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretched-
ness; [weep,
Whiles he himself all night did nought but
And wary watch about her for her sate-
guard keep.

XLV.

The morrow next, so soon as joyous day
Did show itself in sunny beams bright,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkness dread and hope of living
light,
Upreat'd her head to see that cheerful sight.
Then Calepine, however inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile despite,
Yet for the feeble lady's sake, full loth
To make there longer stay, forth on his
journey go'th.

XLVI.

He go'th on foot all armèd by her side,
Upstaying still herself upon her steed,
Being unable else alone to ride; [bleed;
So sore her sides, so much her wounds did
Till that at length, in his extremest need,
He chanced far off an armèd knight to spy
Pursuing him apace with greedy speed;
Whom well he wist to be some enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his
misery.

XLVII.

Wherefore he stay'd, till that he nearer
drew,
To weet what issue would thereof betide:
Tho, whenas he approachèd nigh in view,
By certain signs he plainly him descried
To be the man that with such scornful pride
Had him abused and shamèd yesterday:
Therefore, misdoubting lest he should mis-
guide
His former malice to some new assay,
He cast to keep himself so safely as he may.

XLVIII.

By this the other came in place likewise,
And couching close his spear and all his
point,

As bent to some malicious enterprize,
He bad: him stand t' abide the bitter stoure
Of his sore vengeance, or to make avoure*
Of the lewd words and deeds which he had
done:

With that ran at him, as he would devour
His life at once; who naught could do but
shun
The peril of his pride, or else be over-run.

XLIX.

Yet he him still pursued from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wild goat round about did chase
Flying the fury of his bloody will;
But his best succour and refuge was still
Behind his lady's back; who to him cried,
And callèd oft with prayers loud and shrill.
As ever he to lady was affied, [pacified.
To spare her knight, and rest with reason

L.

But he the more thereby enragèd was,
And with more eager fellness him pursued;
So that at length, after long weary chase,
Having by chance a close advantage view'd,
He over-raught him, having long eschew'd
His violence in vain; and with his spear
Struck through his shoulder that the blood
issued
In great abundance, as a well it were,
That forth out of an hill fresh gushing did
appear.

LI.

Yet ceased he not for all that cruel wound,
But chased him still for all his lady's cry;
Not satisfied till on the fatal ground
He saw his life pour'd forth dispiteously;
The which was certes in great jeopardy,
Had not a wondrous chance his rescue
wrought,
And savèd from his cruel villany
Such chances oft exceed all human thought;
That in another canto shall to end be
brought.

* To make *avouery* is a law term; to make
acknowledgment or confession of wrongful pro-
ceedings.—UFTON.

CANTO IV.

Calepine by a savage man
From Turpine rescued is:
And whilst an infant from a bear
He saves, his love doth miss.

I.

LIKE as a ship with dreadful storm long
toss'd, [hold,
Having spent all her masts and her ground-
At last some fisher-bark doth near behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold;
Such was the state of this most courteous
knight
Being oppressèd by that faitour bold,
That he remainèd in most perilous plight,
And his sad lady left in pitiful affright:

II.

Till that, by fortune, passing all foresight,
A savage man, which in those woods did
wonne, [shright
Drawn with that lady's loud and piteous
Toward the same incessantly did run
To understand what there was to be donne:
There he this most discourteous craven
found
As fiercely yet, as when he first begun,
Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous
wound.

III.

The savage man, that never till this hour
Did taste of pity, neither gentlesse knew,
Seeing his sharp assault and cruel stoure
Was much emmovèd at his peril's view,
That even his ruder heart began to rue
And feel compassion of his evil plight,
Against his foe that did him so pursue:
From whom he meant to free him, if he
might,
And him avenge of that so villainous de-
spite.

IV.

Yet arms or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments.
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite;
But naked, without needful vestiments
To clad his corse with meet habiliments
He cared not for dint of sword or spear,
No more than for the stroke of straws or
bents:

For from his mother's womb which him did
bear,
He was invulnerable made by magic leare.

V.

He stayèd not t' advise which way were best
His foe t'assail, or how himself to guard,
But with fierce fury and with force infest
Upon him ran: who being well prepared
His first assault full warily did ward,
And with the push of his sharp-pointed spear
Full on the breast him struck, so strong and
hard
That forced him back recoil and reel arear;
Yet in his body made no wound nor blood
appear.

VI.

With that the wild man more enragèd grew,
Like to a tiger that hath miss'd his prey,
And with mad mood again upon him flew,
Regarding neither spear that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much
dismay.
The savage nation doth all dread despise:
Tho on his shield he grapple hold did lay,
And held the same so hard, that by no wise
He could him force to lose, or leave his en-
terprize.

VII.

Long did he wrest and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vain;
For he would not his greedy grip forego,
But haled and pulled with all his might and
main,
That from his steed him nigh he drew again:
Who having now no use of his long spear
So nigh at hand, nor force his shield to strain,
Both spear and shield, as things that need-
less were, [fear.
He quite forsook, and fled himself away for

VIII.

But after him the wild man ran apace,
And him pursuèd with importune speed,
For he was swift as any buck in chase;
And, had he not in his extremest need

Been helpèd through the swiftness of his
 steed,
 He had been overtaken in his flight,
 Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
 Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
 And shriekèd out; a thing uncomely for a
 knight.

IX.

But, when the savage saw his labour vain
 In following of him that fled so fast,
 He weary woxe and back return'd again
 With speed unto the place whereas he last
 Had left that couple near their utmost cast:
 There he that knight full sorely bleeding
 found
 And eke the lady fearfully aghast,
 Both for the peril of the present stound,
 And also for the sharpness of her rankling
 wound :

X.

For though she were right glad so rid to be
 From that vile losel which her late offended;
 Yet now no less incumbrance she did see
 And peril, by this savage man pretended;
 Gainst whom she saw no means to be de-
 fenced
 By reason that her knight was wounded
 sore :
 Therefore herself she wholly recommended
 To God's sole grace, whom she did oft im-
 plore [lore,
 To send her succour, being of all hope for-

XI.

But the wild man, contrary to her fear,
 Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
 And by rude tokens made to her appear
 His deep compassion of her doleful stound,
 Kissing his hands, and crouching to the
 ground;
 For other language had he none nor speech,
 But a soft murmur and confusèd sound
 Of senseless words (which nature did him
 teach [impeach:
 T'express his passions) which his reason did

XII.

And coming likewise to the wounded knight,
 When he beheld the streams of purple blood
 Yet flowing fresh, as moved with the sight,
 He made great moan after his savage mood;
 And, running straight into the thickest
 wood,
 A certain herb from thence unto him
 brought,

Whose virtue he by use well understood,
 The juice whereof into his wound he
 wrought,
 And stopp'd the bleeding straight, ere he it
 staunched thought.

XIII.

Then taking up that recreant's shield and
 spear,
 Which erst he left, he signs unto them made
 With him to wend unto his winning near;
 To which he easily did them persuade.
 Far in the forest, by hallow glade [broad
 Cover'd with mossy shrubs, which spreading
 Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,
 Where foot of living creature never trod,
 Ne scarce wild beasts durst come, there was
 this wight's abode.

XIV.

Thither he brought these unacquainted
 guests; [show'd
 To whom fair semblance as he could, he
 By signs, by looks, and all his other gests:
 But the bare ground with hoary moss be-
 strow'd
 Must be their bed; their pillow was unsow'd;
 And the fruits of the forest was their feast:
 For their bad steward neither plough'd nor
 sow'd,
 Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wild beast
 Did taste the blood, obeying nature's first
 behest.

XV.

Yet, howsoever base and mean it were,
 They took it well, and thankèd God for all,
 Which had them freed from all deadly fear,
 And saved from being to that caitiff thrall.
 Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
 Compellèd were themselves awhile to rest,
 Glad of that easement, though it were but
 small; [drest,
 That, having there their wounds awhile re-
 They mote the abler be to pass unto the
 rest.

XVI.

During which time that wild man did apply
 His best endeavour and his daily pain
 In seeking all the woods both far and nigh
 For herbs to dress their wounds; still seem-
 ing fain
 When ought he did, that did their liking
 gain.
 So as ere long he had that knight's wound
 Recurèd well, and mad: him whole again:
 But that same lady's hurts no herb he found

Which could redress, for it was inwardly
unsound.

XVII.

Now whenas Calepine was waxen strong,
Upon a day he cast abroad to wend,
To take the air and hear the thrush's song,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor friend,
And without sword his person to defend;
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappy end,
A cruel bear, the which an infant bore,
Betwixt his bloody jaws, besprinkled all
with gore.

XVIII.

The littl. babe did loudly srike and squall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did
fill,
As if his cry did mean for help to call
To Calepine, whose ears those shriekës
shrill,
Piercing his heart with pity's point did
thrill;
That after him he ran with zealous haste
To rescue th' infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he saw now somewhat over-
past,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursued
fast.

XIX.

Well then him chanced his heavy arms to
want, [speed,
Whose burden mote impeach his needful
And hinder him from liberty to pant:
For having long time, as his deadly weed,
Them wont to wear, and wend on foot for
need,
Now wanting them he felt himself so light,
That like an hawk, which feeling herself
freed
From bells and jesses which did let her
flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly and in their
speed delight.

XX.

So well he sped him, that the weary bear
Ere long he overtook and forced to stay;
And, without weapon him assailing near,
Compell'd him soon the spoil adown to lay.
Wherewith the beast enraged to loose his
prey
Upon him turnèd, and, with greedy force
And fury to be crossèd in his way
Gaping full wide, did think without remorse

To be avenged on him, and to devour his
corse.

XXI.

But the bold knight no whit thereat dis-
may'd,
But catching up in hand a ragged stone
Which lay thereby (so fortune did him aid)
Upon him ran, and thrust it all at one
Into his gaping throat, that made him groan
And gasp for breath, that he nigh chokèd
was,
Being unable to digest that bone;
Ne could it upward come, nor downward
pass, [mass,
Ne could he brook the coldness of the stony

XXII.

Whom whenas he thus cumb'red did behold,
Striving in vain that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him closed, and, laying mighty
hold
Upon his throat, did grip his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath him down to ground
he cast;
And, then oppressing him with urgent pain,
Ere long enforced to breath his utmost blast,
Gnashing his cruel teeth at him in vain,
And threat'ning his sharp claws, now want-
ing pow'r to strain.

XXIII.

Then took he up betwixt his armës twain
The little babe, sweet relic of his prey;
Whom pitying to hear so sore complain,
From his soft eyes the tears he wiped away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray;
And every little limb he search'd around,
And every part that under swathe-bands lay,
Lest that the beast's sharp teeth had any
wound
Made in his tender flesh; but whole them
all he found.

XXIV.

So, having all his bands again untied,
He with him thought back to return again;
But when he look'd about on every side,
To weet which way were best to entertain
To bring him to the place where he would
fain,
He could no path nor track of foot descry,
Ne by inquiry learn, nor guess by aim;
For nought but woods and forests far and
nigh,
That all about did close the compass of his
eye.



Then took he up betwixt his arm's twain
The little babe, sweet relics of his prey,
Whom, pitying to hear so sore complain,
From his soft eyes the tears he wiped away.

[Faint, mostly illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several columns and appears to be a list or index of some kind.]

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XXV.

Much was he then encumb' red, ne could tell
Which way to take: now west he went
awhile,

Then north, then neither, but as fortune fell:
So up and down he wand' red many a mile
With weary travel and uncertain toil,
Yet nought the nearer to his journey's end;
And evermore his lovely little spoil
Crying for food did greatly him offend:
So all that day, in wand' ring vainly, he did
spend.

XXVI.

At last, about the setting of the sun,
Himself out of the forest he did wind,
And by good fortune the plain champaign
won:

Where, looking all about where he mote find
Some place of succour to content his mind,
At length he heard under the forest's side
A voice that seemèd of some womankind,
Which to herself lamenting loudly cried,
And oft complain' d of fate, and fortune oft
defied.

XXVII.

To whom approaching, whenas she per-
ceived [stay' d,

A stranger wight in place, her plaint she
As if she doubted to have been deceived,
Or loth to let her sorrows be bewray' d:

Whom whenas Calepine saw so dismay' d,
He to her drew, and, with fair blandishment
He cheering up, thus gently to her said:

"What be you, woful dame, which thus
lament,
And for what cause, declare; so mote ye not
repent"

XXVIII.

To whom she thus; "What need me, sir, to
tell
That which yourself have erst aread so
right?"

A woful dame ye have me termèd well:
So much more woful, as my woful plight
Cannot redressèd be by living wight!"

"Nathless," quoth he, "if need do not
you bind,
Do it disclose, to ease your grievèd spright:
Oftimes it haps that sorrows of the mind
Find remedy unsought, which seeking can-
not find."

XXIX.

Then thus began the lamentable dame;
"Sith then ye needs will know the grief I
hoard,

I am th' unfortunate Matilde by name,
The wife of the bold Sir Bruin who is lord
Of all this land, late conquer' d by his sword
From a great giant, callèd Cormorant,
Whom he did overthrow by yonder ford;
And in three battles did so deadly daunt,
That he dare not return for all his daily
vaunt.

XXX.

"So is my lord now seized of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable estate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate:
But to these happy fortunes cruel fate
Hath join' d one evil, which doth overthrow
All this our joys, and all our bliss abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endless loss to over-
flow.

XXXI.

"For th' heavens, envying our prosperity,
Have not vouchsafed to grant unto us twain
The gladful blessing of posterity,
Which we might see after ourselves remain
In th' heritage of our unhappy pain:
So that for want of heirs it to defend,
All is in time like to return again
To that foul fiend, who daily doth attend
To leap into the same after our livèd end.

XXXII.

"But most my lord is grievèd herewithal,
And makes exceeding moan, when he doth
think
That all this land unto his foe shall fall,
For which he long in vain did sweat and
swink,
That now the same he greatly doth fore-
think

Yet it was said, *there should to him a son
Be gotten, not begotten; which should drink
And dry up all water which doth run
In the next brook, by whom that fiend
should be fordonne.*

XXXIII.

"Well hoped he then, when this was pro-
phesied, [rise,
That from his sides some noble child should
The which through fame should far be
magnified, [emprise
And this proud giant should with brave
Quite overthrow, who now 'gins to despise
The good Sir Bruin growing far in years,
Who thinks from me his sorrow all doth
rise.

Lo! this my cause of grief to you appears ;
For which I thus do mourn, and pour forth
ceaseless tears."

XXXIV.

Which when he heard he inly touchèd was
With tender ruth for her unworthy grief ;
And, when he had devisèd of her case,
He gan in mind conceive a fit relief
For all her pain, if please her make the
prieſe;

And, having cheerèd her, thus said ; " Fair
Dame,

In evils counsel is the comfort chief :
Which though I be not wise enough to
frame.

Yet, as I well it mean, vouchsafe it without
blame.

XXXV.

" If that the cause of this your languishment
Be lack of children to supply your place,
Lo ! how good fortune doth to you present
This little babe, of sweet and lovely face,
And spotless spirit in which ye may en-
chase

Whatever forms ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace ;
Whether ye list him train in chivalry,
Or nourſe up in lore of learn'd philoſophy.

XXXVI.

" And, certes, it hath oftentimes been seen,
That the like, whose lineage was unknown,
More brave and noble knights have raised
been

(As their victorious deeds have often shown,
Being with fame through many nations
blown.) [lap.

Than those which have been dandled in the
Therefore some thought that those brave
imps were sown

Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly
sap, [able hap."

That made them grow so high t' all honour-

XXXVII.

The lady, heark'ning to his senseful speech,
Found nothing that he said unmeet nor
geason,

Having oft seen it tried as he did teach :
Therefore inclining to his goodly reason,
Agreeing well both with the place and
season,

She gladly did of that same babe accept,
As of her own by livery and seisen ;
And having over it a little wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her own it
kept.

dXXXVIII.

Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
Of his young charge whereof he skillèd
nought :

Ne she less glad ; for she so wisely did,
And with her husband under hand so
wrought,

That when that infant unto him she
brought,

She made him think it surely was his own ;
And it in goodly thewes so well upbrought,
That it became a famous knight well known,
And did right noble deeds, the which else-
where are shown.

XXXIX.

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greenwood's side in serry plight,
Withouten arms or steed to ride upon,
Or house to hide his head from heaven's
spite ;

Albe that dame, by all the means she
might,

Iim oft desired home with her to wend,
And off'red him, his courtesy to requite,
Both horse and arms and whatso else to
lend,

Yet he them all refused, though thank'd her
as a friend ;

XL.

And for exceeding grief which inly grew,
That he his love so luckless now had lost,
On the cold ground maugre himself he thre
For fell despite, to be so sorely cross'd ;

And there all night himself in anguish toss'd,
Vowing that never he in bed again

His limbs would rest, ne lie in ease emboss'd,
Till that his lady's sight he might attain,
Or understand that she in safety did remain.

CANTO V.

The Savage serves Serena well,
Till she Prince Arthur find;
Who her, together with his squire,
With th' Hermit leaves behind.

I.

O WHAT an easy thing is to descry
The gentle blood, however it be wrapt
In sad misfortune's foul deformity
And wretched sorrows which have often
hapt!

For howsoever it may grow mis-shapt,
Like this wild man being undisciplined,
That to all virtue it may seem unapt;
Yet will it show some sparks of gentle mind,
And at the last break forth in his own
proper kind.

II.

That plainly may in this wild man be read,
Who, though he were still in this desert-
wood,
Mongst savage beasts, both rudely born and
bred,

Ne ever saw fair guise, ne learned good,
Yet show'd some tokens of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched dame:
For certes he was born of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hither came;
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell
the same.

III.

Who whenas now long time he lackèd had
The good Sir Calepine, that far was stray'd,
Did wax exceeding sorrowful and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afraid;
And leaving there this lady all dismay'd,
Went forth straightway into the forest wide
To seek if he perchance asleep were laid,
Or whatso else were unto him betide:
He sought him far and near, yet him no
where he spied.

IV.

Tho, back returning to that sorry dame,
He showèd semblant of exceeding moan
By speaking signs as he them best could
frame,
Now wringing both his wretched hands in
one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,

That ruth it was to see him so lament:
By which she well perceiving what was done,
Gan tear her hair, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and piteously herself
torment.

V.

Upon the ground herself she fiercely threw,
Regardless of her wounds yet bleeding rife,
That with their blood did all the floor im-
brue,
As if her breast new lanced with murd'rous
knife. [life:

Would straight dislodge the wretched weary
Thereshel long grovelling and deep groaning
As if her vital powers were at strife [lay,
With stronger death, and fearèd their decay:
Such were this lady's pangs and dolorous
assay.

VI.

Whom when the Savage saw so sore dis-
tress'd,
He rearèd her up from the bloody ground,
And sought by all the means that he could
best,

Her to recure out of that stony swound,
And staunch the bleeding of her dreary
wound:

Yet nould she be recomforted for nought,
Nor cease her sorrow and impatient stound,
But day and night did vex her careful
thought,
And ever more and more her own affliction
wrought.

VII.

At length, when as no hope of his return
She saw now left, she cast to leave the
place,

And went abroad, though feeble and forlorn,
To seek some comfort in that sorry 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 pace
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,

Or guard her to defend from bold oppressors' might.

VIII.

Whom her host saw ready to depart,
He would not suffer her alone to fare,
But gan himself address to take her part.
Those warlike arms which Calepine why-
leare

Had left behind, he gan eftsoones prepare,
And put them all about himself unfit,
His shield, his helmet, and his cur'ets bare,
But without sword upon his thigh to sit;
Sir Calepine himself away had hidden it.

IX.

So forth they travell'd an uneven pair,
That mote to all men seem an uncouth
sight;

A savage man match'd with a lady fair
That rather seem'd the conquest of his might
Gotten by spoil than purchasèd aright:
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night
Withouten thought of shame or villainy,
Ne ever showèd sign of foul disloyalty.

X.

Upon a day, as on their way they went,
It chanced some furniture about her steed
To be disord'red by some accident;
Which to redress she did th' assistance need
Of this her groom; which he by signs did
read;

A id straight his cumb'rous arms aside did
lay

Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dread;
And, in his homely wise, began to assay
T' amend what was amiss, and put in right
array.

XI.

Bout which whilst he was busièd thus hard,
Lo! where a knight, together with his squire,
All arm'd to point came riding thitherward;
Which seemèd, by their portance and attire,
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
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 set.

XII.

After Timias had again recured
The favour of Belphebe, as ye heard,
And of her grace did stand again assured,
To happy bliss he was full high uprear'd,

Neither of envy nor of change afeard:
Though many foes did him malign there-
fore,
And with unjust detraction him did beard;
Yet he himself so well and wisely bore,
That in her sovereign liking he dwelt ever
more.

XIII.

But, of them all which did his ruin seek,
Three mighty enemies did him most despite,
Three mighty ones, and cruel minded eke,
That him not only sought by open might
To overthrow, but to supplant by sleight:
The first of them by name was call'd Des-
petto,

Exceeding all the rest in pow'r and height;
The second not so strong but wise, Decetto;
The third, not strong nor wise but spite-
fullest, Defetto.

XIV.

Oftimes their sundry powers they did
employ,
And several deceits, but all in vain;
For neither they by force could him destroy,
Ne yet entrap in treason's subtle trayne:
Therefore, conspiring altogether plain,
They did their counsels now in one com-
pound:

Where singled forces fail, conjoin'd may
gain. [found
The Blatant Beast the fittest means they
To work his utter shame, and thoroughly
him confound

XV.

Upon a day, as they the time did wait
When he did range the wood for savage
game,

They sent the Blatant Beast to be a bait
To draw him from his dear be'ovèd dame
Unwares into the danger of defame:
For well they wist that squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forest wild or tame
Met him in chase, but he it challenge would,
And pluck the prey oftimes out of their
greedy hold.

XVI.

The hardy boy, as they devisèd had,
Seeing the ugly monster passing by,
Upon him set, of peril nought adrad,
Ne skillful of the uncouth jeopardy;
And chargèd him so fierce and furiously,
That, his great force unable to endure,
He forcèd was to turn from him and fly:

Yet, ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedless bit, the whiles he was thereof
secure.

XVII.

Securely he did after him pursue,
Thinking by speed to overtake his flight ;
Who through thick woods and brakes and
briers him drew,
To weary him the more and waste his spite,
So that he now has almost spent his spright;
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whose covert stopp'd his further
sight ; [shade
There his three foes shrouded in guileful
Out of their ambush broke, and gan him to
invade.

XVIII.

Sharply they all at once did him assail,
Burning with inward rancour and despite,
And heap'd strokes did round about him
hail
With so huge force, that seem'd nothing
might [quite :
Bear off their blows from piercing thorough
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite;
And all the while his back for best safeguard
He lean'd against a tree, that backward
onset barr'd.

XIX.

Like a wild bull, that, being at a bay,
Is baited of a mastiff and a hound
And a cur-dog, that do him sharp assay
On every side, and beat about him round ;
But most that cur, barking with bitter sound,
And creeping still behind, doth him incumber,
That in his chafe he digs the trampled ground.
And threats his horns, and bellows like the
thunder :
So did that squire his foes disperse and drive
asunder.

XX.

Him well behov'd so ; for his three foes
Sought to encompass him on every side,
And dangerously did round about enclose :
But, most of all, Defetto him annoy'd,
Creeping behind him still to have destroy'd ;
So did Decetto eke him circumvent ;
But stout Despetto in his greater pride
Did front him, face to face against him bent :
Yet he them all withstood, and often made
relent.

XXI.

Till that at length nigh tired with former
chase,
And weary now with careful keeping ward,
He gan to shrink and somewhat to give
place,
Full like ere long to have escap'd hard ;
When as unwares he in the forest heard
A trampling steed, that with his neighing
fast
Did warn his rider be upon his guard ;
With noise whereof the squire, now nigh
aghast
Reviv'd was, and sad despair away did cast.

XXII.

Eftsoones he spied a knight approaching
nigh ;
Who, seeing one in so great danger set
Mongst many foes, himself did faster hie
To rescue him, and his weak part abet,
For pity so to see him overset ;
Whom soon as his three enemies did view,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get ;
Him bootèd not to think them to pursue ;
The covert was so thick, that did no passage
shew.

XXIII.

Then, turning to that swain, him well he
knew
To be his Timias, his own true squire ;
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And, him embracing twixt his arms entire,
Him thus bespake : " My lief, my life's
desire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft ?
Tell me what world's despite, or heaven's ire,
Hath you thus long away from me bereft ?
Where have he all this while been wand'ring,
where been weft ? "

XXIV.

With that he sigh'd deep for inward tyne ;
To whom the squire nought answer'd again,
But, shedding few soft tears from tender
eyne,
His dear affect with silence did restrain,
And shut up all his plaint in privy pain.
There they awhile some gracious speeches
spent,
As to them seem'd fit time to entertain :
After all which up to their steeds they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couple-
ment.

XXV.

So now they be arriv'd both in sight
Of this wild man, whom they full busy
found
About the sad Serena things to dight,
With those brave armours lying on the
ground,
That seem'd the spoil of some right well
renown'd,
Which when that squire beheld, he to them
stepp'd
Thinking to take them from that hilding
hound;
But he it seeing lightly to him leapt,
And strongly with strong hand it from his
handling kept.

XXVI.

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly look,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on th' head he
strook,
That made him down unto the earth encline;
Whence soon upstarting, much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathful blade
Thought therewithal forthwith him to have
slain;
Who it perceiving hand upon him laid,
And greedily him gripping his avengement
stay'd.

XXVII.

With that aloud the fair Serena cried
Unto the knight, them to dispart in twain:
Who to them stepping did them soon divide,
And did from further violence restrain,
Albe the wild man hardly would refrain.
Then gan the prince of her for to demand
What and from whence she was: and by
what trayne
She fell into that savage villain's hand;
And whether free with him she now were,
or in band,

XXVIII.

To whom she thus: "I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst dame that lives this day on
ground,
Who both in mind (the which most grieveth
me)
And body have received a mortal wound,
That hath me driven to this dreary stound.
I was erewhile the love of Calepine;
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by some deadly chance be done to pine,
Since I him lately lost, unteath is to define.

XXIX.

"In savage forest I him lost of late,
Where I had surely long ere this been dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wild man in that woful stead
Kept and deliver'd me from deadly dread.
In such a savage wight, of brutish kind,
Amongst wild beasts in desert forests bred
It is most strange and wonderful to find
So mild humanity and perfect gentle mind.

XXX.

"Let me therefore this favour for him find,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreak,
Sith he cannot express his simple mind,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens speak:
Small praise to prove your pow'r on wight
so weak!"
With such fair words she did their heat
assuage,
And the strong course of their displeasure
break,
That they to pity turn'd their former rage,
And each sought to supply the office of her
page.

XXXI.

So, having all things well about her dight,
She on her way cast forward to proceed;
And they her forth conducted, where they
might
Find harbour fit to comfort her great need:
For now her wounds corruption gan to
breed:
And eke this squire, who likewise wounded
was
Of that same monster late, for lack of heed,
Now gan to faint, and further could not pass
Through feebleness, which all his limbs
oppressed has.

XXXII.

So forth they rode together all in troop
To seek some place, the which mote yield
some ease
To these sick twain that now began to droop:
And all the way the prince sought to ap-
pease
The bitter anguish of their sharp disease
By all the courteous means he could invent;
Somewhile with merry purpose, fit to please,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains did them
torment.

XXXIII.

Mongst which, Serena did to him relate
The foul discourtesies and unknighly parts,
Which Turpine had unto her showed late

Without compassion of her cruel smarts :
 Although Blandina did with all her arts
 Him otherwise persuade all that she might,
 Yet he of malice, without her desarts,
 Not only her excluded late at night,
 But also traitorously did wound her weary
 knight.

XXXIV.

Wherewith the prince sore movèd there
 avow'd

That, soon as he returnèd back again,
 He would avenge th' abuses of that proud
 And shameful knight, of whom she did
 complain.

This wise did they each other entertain
 To pass the tedious travel of the way ;
 Till towards night they came unto a plain,
 By which a little hermitage there lay,
 Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy
 it may.

XXXV.

And nigh thereto a little chapel stood,
 Which being all with ivy overspread
 Deck'd all the roof, and, shadowing the rood,
 Seem'd like a grove fair branchèd overhead :
 Therein the hermit, which his life here led
 In strait observance of religious vow,
 Was wont his hours and holy things to bid,
 And therein he likewise was praying new,
 Whenas these knights arrivèd, they wist not
 where nor how.

XXXVI.

They stay'd not there, but straightway in
 did pass :

Whom when the hermit present saw in place,
 From his devotion straight he troubled was ;
 Which breaking off he toward them did pace
 With stayèd steps and grave beseeching
 grace :

For well it seem'd that whylome he had been
 Some goodly person, and of gentle race,
 That could his good to all ; and well did ween
 How each to entertain with court'sy well
 beseen :

XXXVII.

And soothly it was said by common fame,
 So long as age enabled him thereto,
 That he had been a man of mickle name,
 Renownd much in arms and derring-do :
 But being aged now, and weary too [toil,
 Of war's delight and world's contentious
 The name of knighthood he did disavow ;
 And, hanging up his arms and warlike spoil,
 From all this world's encumbrance did him-
 self assoil.

XXXVIII.

He thence them led into his hermitage,
 Letting their steeds to gaze upon the green :
 Small was his house, and, like a little cage,
 For his own turn : yet inly neat and clean,
 Deck'd with green boughs and flowers gay
 beseen :

Therein he them full fair did entertain
 Not with such forgèd shows, as fitter been
 For courting fools that courtesies would
 feign,
 But with entire affection and appearance
 plain.

XXXIX.

Yet was their fare but homely, such as he
 Did use his feeble body to sustain ;
 The which full gladly they did take in gree,
 Such as it was, ne did of want complain,
 But, being well-sufficed, them rested fain :
 But fair Serene all night could take no rest,
 Ne yet that gentle squire, for grievous pain
 Of their late wounds, the which the Blatant
 Beast
 Had given them, whose grief through suff'-
 rance sore increased.

XL.

So all that night they pass'd in great dis-
 ease,
 Till that the morning, bringing early light
 To guide men's labours, brought them also
 ease,
 And some assuagement of their painful
 plight.
 Then up they rose and gan themselves to
 dight [dame
 Unto their journey ; but that squire and
 So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
 Endure to travel, nor one foot to frame :
 Their hearts were sick ; their sides were
 sore ; their feet were lame.

XLI.

Therefore the prince, whom great affairs in
 mind
 Would not permit to make there longer stay,
 Was forcèd there to leave them both behind
 In that good hermit's charge, whom he did
 pray
 To tend them well : So forth he went his
 way,
 And with him cke the Savage (that whyleare
 Seeing his royal usage and array
 Was greatly grown in love of that brave
 peer)
 Would needs depart ; as shall declared be
 elsewhere.

CANTO VI.

The Hermit heals both squire and dame
Of their sore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeat and shame
For his late villainies.

I.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of sword, so sore doth light
As doth the pois'nous sting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For, by no art nor any leech's might,
It ever can recured be again;
Ne all the skill, which that immortal spright
Of Podalirius did in it retain,
Can remedy such hurts; such hurts are
hellish pain.

II.

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 in-
creased
For want of taking heed unto the same,
That now corrupt and careless they became:
Howbe that careful hermit did his best,
With many kinds of medicines meet, to tame
The pois'nous humour which did most infest
Their rankling wounds, and every day them
duly dress'd.

III.

For he right well in leeches' craft was seen;
And, through the long experience of his days,
Which had in many fortunes tossèd been
And past through many perilous essays,
He knew the diverse went of mortal ways,
And in the minds of men had great insight;
Which with sage counsel, when they went
astray,
He could enform, and them reduce aright;
And all the passions heal, which wound the
weaker spright.

IV.

For whylome he had been a doughty knight,
As any one that livèd in his days,
And provèd oft in many perilous fight,
In which he grace and glory won always,
And in all battles bore away the bays:
But being now attach'd with timely age,
And weary of this world's unquiet ways,

He took himself unto this hermitage,
In which he livèd alone, like careless bird in
cage.

V.

One day, as he was searching of their wounds,
He found that they had fest' red privily;
And, rankng inward with unruly stounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they seem'd past help of surgery;
And rather needed to be disciplined
With wholesome read of sad sobriety,
To rule the stubborn rage of passion blind:
*Give salve to every sore, but counsel to the
mind*

VI.

So, taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit speeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could do as well as say the same
And thus he to them said: "Fair daughter
dame,
And you fair son, which here thus long now
lie
In piteous langour since ye hither came;
In vain of me ye hope for remedy,
And I likewise in vain do salves to you
apply.

VII.

"For in yourself your only help doth lie
To heal yourselves, and must proceed alone
From your own will to cure your malady:
Who can him cure that will be cured of
none?
If therefore health ye seek, observe this one:
First learn your outward senses to refrain
From things that stir up frail affection;
Your eyes, your ears, your tongue, your talk
restrain
From that they must affect, and in due
terms contain.

VIII.

"For from these outward senses, ill affected,
The seed of all this evil first doth spring,
Which at the first, before it had infected,

Mote easy be suppress'd with little thing :
But, being grown strong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguish, and impatient pain,
In th' inner parts ; and lastly scattering
Contagious poison close through every vein,
It never rests till it have wrought its final
bane.

IX.

"For that beast's teeth, which wounded you
tofore,
Are so exceeding venomous and keen,
Made all of rusty iron rankling sore,
That, where they bite, it booteth not to ween
With salve, or antidote, or other mean,
It ever to amend : ne marvel ought ;
For that same beast was bred of hellish
strene,
And long in darksome Stygian den up-
brought,
Begot of foul Echidna, as in books is taught.

X.

"Echidna is a monster direful dread,
Whom gods do hate, and heavens abhor to
see ;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her head,
That even the hellish fiends affrighted be
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee ;
Yet did her face and former parts profess
A fair young maiden, full of comely glee ;
But all her hinder parts did plain express
A monstrous dragon, full of fearful ugliness.

XI.

"To her the gods, for her so dreadful face,
In fearful darkness, furthest from the sky
And from the earth, appointed have her place
Mongst rocks and caves, where she enroll'd
doth lie
In hideous horror and obscurity.
Wasting the strength of her immortal age :
There did Typhaon with her company ;
Cruel Typhaon, whose tempestuous rage
Makes th' heavens tremble oft, and him
with vows assuage.

XII.

"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 pours his poisonous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame :
Ne ever knight that bore so lofty crest,

Ne ever lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproach or secret
shame.

XIII.

"In vain therefore it were with medicine
To go about to salve such kind of sore,
That rather needs wise read and discipline
Than outward salves that may augment it
more."

"Aye me!" said then Serena, sighing sore,
"What hope of help doth then for us re-
main,
If that no salves may us to health restore !"
"But sith we need good counsel," said the
swain,
"Aread, good sire, some counsel that may
us sustain."

XIV.

"The best," said he, "that I can you advise,
Is, to avoid th' occasion of the ill :
For when the cause, whence evil doth arise,
Removèd is, th' effect surceaseth still.
Abstain from pleasure, and restrain your
will ;
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight ;
Use scantèd diet, and forbear your fill ;
Shun secrecy, and talk in open sight :
So shall you soon repair your present evil
plight."

XV.

Thus having said, his sickly patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave behest,
And kept so well his wise commandements,
That in short space their malady was ceased.
And eke the biting of that harmful beast
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they all
perceive
Their wounds re-cured, and forces re-in-
creased,
Of that good hermit both they took their
leave,
And went both on their way, ne each would
other leave :

XVI.

But each the other vow'd t'accompany :
The lady, for that she was much in dread,
Now left alone in great extremity ;
The squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need.
So both together travell'd, till they met
With a fair maiden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy jade unmeetly set,
And a lewd fool her leading thorough-dry
and wet.

XVII.

But by what means that shame to her befell,
And how thereof herself she did acquite,
I must a while forbear to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course, I do recite
What fortune to the Briton prince did light,
Pursuing that proud knight, the which
whileare

Wrought to Sir Calepine so foul despite;
And eke his lady, though she sickly were,
So lowly had abused, as ye did lately hear.

XVIII.

The prince, according to the former token,
Which fair Serene to him deliver'd had,
Pursued him straight; in mind to been
ywroken

Of all the vile demean and usage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wild man; whom though he oft
forbade,

Yet for no bidding, nor for being shent,
Would he restrained be from his attende-
ment.

XIX.

Arriving there, as did by chance befall,
He found the gate wide ope, and in he rode,
Ne stay'd, till that he came into the hall;
Where soft dismounting, like a weary load,
Upon the ground with weary feet he trode,
As he unable were for very need
To move one foot, but there must make
abode;

The whiles the savage man did take his steed
And in some stable near did set him up to
feed.

XX.

Ere long to him a homely groom there came,
That in rude wise him asked what he was,
That durst so boldly, without let or shame
Into his lord's forbidden hall to pass:

To whom the prince, him feigning to em-
base,

Mild answer made, he was an errant knight,
The which was fall'n into this foible case
Through many wounds, which lately he in
fight

Received had, and pray'd to pity his ill
plight.

XXI.

But he, the more outrageous and bold
Sternly did bid him quickly thence avaunt,
Or dear aby; for why? his lord of old

Did hate all errant knights which there did
haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them grant;
And therefore lightly bade him pack away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to tanut;
And therewithal rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of door doing his worst
assay.

XXII.

Which when the Savage coming now in
place

Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew,
And, running straight upon that villain base,
Like a fell lion fiercely at him flew,
And with his teeth and nails, in present
view,

Him rudely rent and all to pieces tore;
So miserably him all helpless slew,
That with the noise, whilst he did loudly
roar,

The people of the house rose forth in great
uproar.

XXIII.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow
slain, [by,
And that same knight and Savage standing
Upon them two they fell with might and
main,

And on them laid so huge and horribly,
As if they would have slain them presently:
But the bold prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That, maugre all their might, he did repel,
And beat them back, whilst many under-
neath him fell.

XXIV.

Yet he them still so sharply did pursue,
That few of them he left alive, which fled,
Those evil tidings to their lord to shew:
Who, hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in haste; where whenas with
the dead

He saw the ground all strew'd, and that
same knight [red,
And Savage with their blood fresh steaming
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell
despite,
And with reproachful words him thus be-
spake on height;

XXV.

"Art thou he, traitor, that with treason vile
Hast slain my men in this unmanly manner,
And now triumphest in the piteous spoil

Of these poor folk, whose souls with black
dishonour
And soul defame to deck thy bloody banner?
The meed whereof shall shortly be thy
shame, [her.]
And wretched end which still attendeth on
With that himself to battle he did frame:
So did his forty yocemen, which were with
him came.

XXVI.

With dreadful force they all did him assail,
And round about with boisterous strokes
oppress.
That on his shield did rattle like to hail
In a great tempest; that in such distress
He wist not to which side him to address:
And evermore that craven coward knight
Was at his back with hartless heediness,
Waiting if he unawares him murder might:
For cowardice doth still in villainy delight.

XXVII.

Whereof whenas the prince was well aware,
He to him turn'd with furious intent,
And him against his pow'r gan to prepare;
Like a fierce bull, that being busy bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some cur behind his heels to bite,
Turns him about with fell avengement:
So likewise turn'd the prince upon the
knight,
And laid at him amain, with all his will and
might.

XXVIII.

Who, when he once his dreadful strokes had
tasted,
Durst not the fury of his force abide,
But turn'd aback, and to retire him hasted
Through the thick press, there thinking him
to hide: [eyed
But, when the prince had once him plainly
He foot by foot him follow'd a'way,
Ne would him suffer once to shrink aside;
But, joining close, huge load did at him lay;
Who flying still did ward, and warding fly
away.

XXIX.

But, when his foe he still so eager saw,
Unto his heels himself he did betake,
Hoping unto some refuge to withdraw,
Ne would the prince him ever foot forsake
Wherso he went, but after him did make.
He fled from room to room, from place to
place, [quake,
Whilst every joint for dread of death did

Still looked after him that did him chase;
That made him evermore increase his speedy
pace.

XXX.

At last he up into the chamber came
Whereas his love was sitting all alone,
Waiting what tidings of her folk became.
There did the prince him overtake anon
Crying in vain to her him to bemoan;
And with his sword him on the head did
smite, [swoon;
That to the ground he fell in senseless
Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did light,
The temp'rd steel did not into his brain-
pane bite.

XXXI.

Which when the lady saw, with great affright
She starting up began to shriek aloud;
And with her garment, covering him from
sight,
Seem'd under her protection him to shroud;
And, falling lowly at his feet, her bow'd
Unto her knee, entreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and pray'd, and
vow'd;
That, with the ruth of her so wretched case.
He stay'd his second stroke and did his
hand abase.

XXXII.

Her weed she then withdrawing did him
discover;
Who now come to himself yet would not
rise, [quiver,
But still did lie as dead, and quake, and
That even the prince his baseness did dispise,
And eke his dame, seeing him in such guise,
Gan him recomfort and from ground to rear;
Who rising up at last in ghastly wise,
Like troubled ghost, did dreadfully appear,
As one that hath no life him left through
former fear.

XXXIII.

Whom when the prince so deadly saw dis-
may'd,
He for such baseness shamefully him shent,
And with sharp words did bitterly upbraid;
"Vile coward dog, now do I much repent,
That ever I this life unto the lent,
Whereof thou, catiff, so unworthy art,
That both thy love for lack of hardiment,
And eke thyself for want of manly heart,
And eke all knights hast sham'd with this
knightless part.

XXXIV.

"Yet further hast thou heapèd shame to shame,
And crime to crime, by this thy coward fear:
For first it was to thee reproachful blame,
T' erect this wicked custom, which I hear
Gainst errant knights and ladies thou dost rear;
Whom when thou mayst thou dost of arms
Or of their upper garment which they wear:
Yet dost thou not with manhood but with guile,
Maintain this evil use, thy foes thereby to foil.

XXXV.

"And lastly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To show such faintness and foul cowardice
Is greatest shame; for oft it falls that strong
And valiant knights do rely enterprize
Either for fame, or else for exercise,
A wrongful quarrel to maintain by fight;
Yet have through prowess and their brave emprise
Gotten great worship in this world's sight:
For greater force there needs to maintain
wrong than right.

XXXVI.

"Yet since thy life unto this lady fair
I given have, live in reproach and scorn!
Ne never arms ne never knighthood dare
Hence to profess; for shame is to adorn
With so brave badges one so basely born;
But only breathe, sith that I did forgive!"
So having from his craven body torn
Those goodly arms, he them away did give,
And only suff' red him this wretched life to live.

XXXVII.

There whilst he thus was settling things above,
Atween that lady mild and recreant knight,
To whom his life he granted for her love,
He gan bethink him in what perilous plight
He had behind him left that savage wight
Amongst so many foes, whom sure he thought
By this quite slain in so unequal fight:
Therefore descending back in haste he sought
If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

XXXVIII.

There he him found environèd about
With slaught' red bodies, which his hand
had slain;
And laying yet afresh with courage stout
Upon the rest that did alive remain;
Whom he likewise right sorely did constrain,
Like scatt' red sheep to seek for safety,
After he gotten had with busy pain
Some of their weapons which thereby did lie,
With which he laid about, and made them fast to fly.

XXXIX.

Whom when the prince so felly saw to rage,
Approaching to him near, his hand he stay'd,
And sought, by making signs, him to assuage;
Who them perceiving, straight to him obey'd,
As to his lord, and down his weapon laid,
As if he long had to his hests been train'd,
Thence he him brought away, and up convey'd
Into the chamber, where that dame remain'd,
With her unworthy knight, who ill him

XI.

Whom when the Savage saw from danger free,
Sitting beside his lady there at ease,
He well rememb' red that the same was he,
Which lately sought his lord for to displease;
Tho all in rage he on him straight did seize,
As if he would in pieces him have rent;
And, were not that the prince did him appease,
He had not left one limb of him unrent:
But straight he held his hand at his commandement.

XLI.

Thus having all things well in peace ordain'd,
The prince himself there all that night did
rest;
Where him Blandina fairly entertain'd
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best:
For well she knew the ways to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infest;
And how to please the minds of good and ill,
Through temp'ring of her words and looks
by wondrous skill.

XLII.

Yet were her words and looks but false and feign'd,
To some hid end to make more easy way,
Or to allure such fondlings whom she train'd

Into her trap unto their own decay :
Thereto, when needed, she could weep and pray,
As women wont their guileful wits to guide ;
Or learn'd the art to please, I do not find ;
This well I wot, that she so well applied
Her pleasing tongue, that soon she pacified

XLIII.

Whether such grace were given her by kind,
As women wont their guileful wits to guide ;
Or learn'd the art to please, I do not find ;
This well I wot, that she so well applied
Her pleasing tongue, that soon she pacified

The wrathful prince, and wrought her husband's peace :
Who nath'less, not therewith satisfied,
His rancorous despite did not release,
Ne secretly from thought of fell revenge surcease.

XLIV.

For all that night, the whiles the prince did rest
In careless couch not weeting what was meant,
He watch'd in close await with weapons press'd,
Willing to work his villainous intent
On him, that had so shamefully him shent :
Yet durst he not for very cowardice
Effect the same, whilst all the night was spent.
The morrow next the prince did early rise,
And pass'd forth to follow his first enter prize.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffled ; his two knights
Do gain their treason's need.
Fair Mirabella's punishment
For love's disdain decreed.

I.

LIKE as the gentle heart itself bewrays
In doing gentle deeds with frank delight,
Even so the baser mind itself displays
In cank'red malice and revengeful spite :
For to malign, t' envy, t' use shifting sleight,
Be arguments of a vile dunghill mind ;
Which, what it dare not do by open might,
To work by wicked treason ways doth find,
By such discourteous deeds discovering his
base kind,

II.

That well appears in this discourteous knight,
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat ;
Who notwithstanding that in former fight
He of the prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate
He can devise to be avenged anew
For all that shame, which kindled inward
hate :

Therefore, so soon as he was out of view,
Himself in haste he arm'd, and did him fast
pursue.

III.

Well did he track his steps as he did ride,
Yet would not near approach in danger's
eye,
But kept aloof for dread to be descried,
Until fit time and place he mote espy,
Where he mote work him scath and villainy.
At last he met two knights to him un-
known,
The which were arm'd both agreeably,
And both combined, whatever chance were
blown, [his own.
Betwixt them to divide and each to make

IV.

To whom false Turpine coming courteously,
To cloke the mischief which he inly meant,
Gan to complain of great discourtesy.
Which a strange knight that near afore him
went,

Had done to him, and his dear lady shent ;
Which if they would afford him aid at need
For to avenge in time convenient,
They should accomplish both a knightly
deed,
And for their pains obtain of him a goodly
meed.

v.

The knights believed that all he said was
true ;
And, being fresh and full of youthly spright,
Were glad to hear of that adventure new,
In which they mote make trial of their
might,
Which never yet they had approved in fight,
And eke desirous of the offer'd meed ;
Said then the one of them ; " Where is that
wight, [deed,
The which hath done to thee this wrongful
That we may it avenge, and punish him
with speed ? "

vi.

" He rides," said Turpine, " there not far
afore,
With a wild man soft footing by his side ;
That, if ye list to haste a little more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tide."
Eitsoones they prick'd forth with forward
pride ;
And, ere that little while they ridden had,
The gentle prince not far away they spied,
Riding a softly pace with portance sad,
Devising of his love more than of danger
drad.

vii.

Then one of them aloud unto him cried,
Bidding him turn again ; " False traitor
knight,
Foul woman-wronger ! "—for he him defied.
With that they both at once with equal
spite [might
Did bend their spears, and both with equal
Against him ran ; but th' one did miss his
mark,
And being carried with his force forthright
Glanced swiftly by ; like to that heavenly
spark, [heavens dark,
Which gliding through the air lights all the

viii.

But th' other aiming better, did him smite
Full in the shield with so impetuous pow'r,
That all his lance in pieces shiver'd quite,
And scatter'd all about fell on the floor :

But the stout prince with much more steady
stowre
Full on his beaver did him strike so sore,
That the cold steel through piercing did
devour [bore,
His vital breath, and to the ground him
Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody
gore.

ix.

As when a cast of falcons make their flight
At an hernshaw, that lies aloft on wing,
The whiles they strike at him with heedless
might,
The wary fowl his bill doth backward wring ;
On which the first, whose force her first doth
bring,
Herself quite through the body doth engore,
And falleth down to ground like senseless
thing ;
But th' other, not so swift as she before,
Fails of her souse, and passing by doth
hurt no more.

x.

By this the other, which was pass'd by,
Himself recovering, was return'd to fight ;
Where when he saw his fellow lifeless lie,
He much was daunted with so dismal sight ;
Yet, nought abating of his former spite,
Let drive at him with so malicious mind,
As if he would have pass'd through him
quite
But the steeli-head no steadfast hold could
find, [design'd,
But glancing by deceived him of that he

xi.

Not so the prince ; for his well-learn'd spear
Took surer hold, and from his horse's back
Above a lance's length him forth did bear,
And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him
strake,
That all his bones in picc s nigh he brake,
Where seeing him so lie, he let his steed,
And, to him leaping, vengeance thought to
take
Of him, for all his former folly's meed,
With flaming sword in hand his terror more
to breed.

xii.

The fearful swain beholding death so nigh,
Cried out aloud, for mercy, him to save ;
In lieu whereof he would to him descry
Great treason to him meant, his life to
reave.

The prince soon heark'ned, and his life for-
gave.

Then thus said he: "There is a stranger
knight,

The which, for promise of great need, us
drave

To this attempt, to wreak his hid despite,
For that himself thereto did want sufficient
might."

XIII.

The prince much musèd at such villainy,
And said: "Now sure ye well have earn'd
your meed;

For th' one is dead, and th' other soon shall
die,

Unless to me thou hither bring with speed
The wretch that hired you to this wicked
deed."

He glad of life, and willing eke to wreak,
The guilt on him which did this mischief
breed,

Swore by his sword, that neither day nor
week

He would surcease, but him whereso he
were would seek.

XIV.

So up he rose, and forth straightway he
went

Back to the place where Turpine late he
lore;

There he him found in great astonishment,
To see him so bedight with bloody gore

And grisly wounds, that him appalled sore.
Yet thus at length he said: "How now, sir

knight,
What meaneth this which here I see before?

How forthmeth this foul uncomely plight,
So different from that which erst ye seem'd
in sight?"

XV.

"Perdy," said he, "in evil hour it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake

So hard a task as life for hire to sell;
The which I erst adventured for your sake;

Witness the wounds, and this wide bloody
lake,

Which ye may see yet all about me steam,
Therefore now yield, as ye did promise

make,
My due reward, the which right well I deem

I earned have, that life so dearly did re-
decem."

XVI.

"But where then is," quoth he half wroth-
fully,

"Where is the booty, which therefore I
bought,

That cursèd caitiff, my strong enemy,
That recreant knight, whose hated life I

sought?
And where is eke your friend which half it

ought?"

"He lies," said he, "upon the cold bare
ground, [fought;

Slain of that errant knight with whom he
Whom afterwards myself with many a

wound
Did slay again, as ye may see there in the
stound."

XVII.

Thereof false Turpin was full glad and fain,
And needs with him straight to the place

would ride,
Where he himself might see his foeman

slain;
For else his fear could not be satisfied.

So, as they rode, he saw the way all dyed
With streams of blood; which tracking by

the trail,
Ere long they came, whenas in evil tide

That other swain, like ashes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rueing his wretched

bale.

XVIII.

Much did the craven seem to mourn his
case,

That for his sake his dear life had foregone;
And, him bewailing with affection base,

Did counterfet kind pity where was none:
For where's no courage, there's no ruth nor

moan.
Thence passing forth, not far away he found

Whereas the prince himself lay all alone,
Loosely display'd upon the grassy ground,

Possessèd of sweet sleep that lull'd him soft
in s wound.

XIX.

Weary of travail in his former fight,
He there in shade himself had laid to rest,

Having his arms and warlike things un-
dight,

Fearless of foes that mote his peace molest;
The whiles his savage page, that wont be

prest,
Was wand'red in the wood another way,

To do some thing, that seem'd to him best;
The whiles his lord in silver slumber lay,

Like to the evening star adorn'd with dewy
ray.

XX.

Whom whenas Turpin 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'd, he mote
 read

Plain signs in him of life and livelihead.
Whereat much grieved against that stranger
 knight,

That him too light of credence did mislead,
He would have back retirèd from that sight,
That was to him on earth the deadliest de-
 spite.

XXI.

But that same knight would not once let
 him start :

But plainly gan to him declare the case
Of all his mischief and late luckless smart ;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquishèd, and put to foul disgrace ;
And how that he, in lieu of life him lent ;
Had vow'd unto the victor, him to trace
And follow through the world wherso he
 went,

Till that he him deliver'd to his punishment.

XXII.

He, therewith much abashèd and afraid
Began to tremble every limb and vein :
And, softly whispering him, entirely pray'd
T' advise him better than by such a trayne
Him to betray unto a stranger swain ;
Yet rather counsell'd him contrárywise,
Sith he likewise did wrong by him sustain,
To join with him and vengeance to devise,
Whilst time did offer means him sleeping to
 surprise.

XXIII.

Nathless, for all his speech, the gentle
 knight
Would not be tempted to such villainy,
Regarding more his faith which he did
 plight,

All were it to his mortal enemy,
Than to entrap him by false treachery :
Great shame in liege's blood to be embred !
Thus whilst they were debating diversely,
The Savage forth out of the wood issued
Back to the place, whereas his lord he sleep-
 ing view'd.

XXIV.

There when he saw those two so near him
 stand, [ing be ;
He doubted much what mote their mean-

And, throwing down his load out of his
 hand,

(To weet, great store of forest fruit which he
Had for his food late gather'd from the tree,)
Himself unto his weapon he betook,
That was an oaken plant, which lately he
Rent by the root ; which he so sternly shook,
That like an hazel wand it quiverèd and
 quooke.

XXV.

Whereat the prince awaking, when he spied
The traitor Turpine with that other knight,
He started up ; and snatching near his side
His trusty sword, the servant of his might,
Like a fell lion leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar laid,
Therewith the coward, deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him said,
But, holding up his hands, with silence
 mercy pray'd.

XXVI.

But he so full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But, as he lay upon the humbled grass,
His foot he set upon his vile neck, in sign
Of servile yoke, that nobler hearts repine.
Then, letting him arise like abject thrall,
He gan to him object his heinous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly to despoil of knightly banneral.

XXVII.

And after all, for greater infamy,
He by the heels him hung upon a tree,
And bafful so, that all which passèd by
The picture of his punishment might see,
And by the like ensample warnèd be,
However they through treason do trespass.
But turn we now back to that lady free,
Whom late we left riding upon an ass,
Led by a carle and fool which by her side
 did pass.

XXVIII.

She was a lady of great dignity,
And lifted up to honourable place,
Famous through all the land of Faëry :
Though of mean parentage and kindred
 base, [grace,
Yet deck'd with wondrous gifts of nature's
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face ;
The beams whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th' hearts of many a knight, and many
 gentle squire :

XXIX.

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthy thought to be her
 fere, [meant:
But scorn'd them all that love unto her
Yet she loved of many a worthy peer:
Unworthy she to be beloved so dear,
That could not weigh of worthiness aright:
For beauty is more glorious bright and clear,
The more it is admird of many a wight,
And noblest she that servèd is of noblest
 knight.

XXX.

But this coy damsel thought contrariwise,
That such proud looks would make her
 praisèd more;
And that, the more she did all love despise,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What carèd she who sighèd for her sore,
Or who did wail or watch the weary night?
Let them that list their luckless lot deplore;
She was born free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her own
 delight.

XXXI.

Through such her stubborn stiffness and
 hard heart,
Many a wretch for want of remedy
Did languish long in life consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dour die:
Whilst she, the lady of her liberty,
Did boast her beauty had such sovereign
 might,
That with the only twinkle of her eye,
She could or save or spill whom she would
 hight: [more aright?
What could the gods do more, but do it

XXXII.

But lo! the gods, that mortal follies view,
Did worthily revenge this maiden's pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hue,
Did laugh at her that many did deride.
Whilst she did weep, of no man mercifid:
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,
As he was wont at each St. Valente,
Unto the which all lovers do resort,
That of their love's success they there may
 make report;

XXXIII.

It fortunèd then, that when the rolls were
 read, [filed,
In which the name of all Love's folk were
That many there were missing; which were
 dead,

Or kept in bands, or from their loves exiled,
Or by some other violence despoil'd.
Which whenas Cupid heard, he waxèd
 wroth;
And, doubting to be wrongèd or beguiled,
He bade his eyes to be unblinded both,
That he might see his men, and muster
 them by oath.

XXXIV.

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont do suit and service to his
 might;
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.
Therefore a jury was impanell'd straight
T' inquire of them, whether by force or
 sleight,
Or their own guilt, they were away convey'd:
To whom foul Infamy and fell Despite
Gave evidence, that they were all betray'd
And murd' red cruelly by a rebellious maid.

XXXV.

Fair Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crims she there indited was:
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure wil'd a capias
Should issue forth t' attach that scornful
 lass.
The warrant straight was made, and there-
 withal
A bailiff errant forth in post did pass,
Whom they by name there Portamore did
 call; [judgement hall.
He which doth summon lovers to Love's

XXXVI.

The damsel was attach'd, and shortly
 brought
Unto the bar whereas she was arraign'd:
But she thereto nould plead, nor answer
 ought, [strain'd:
Even for stubborn pride, which her re-
So judgement pass'd, as is by law ordain'd
In cases like; which, when at last she saw,
Her stubborn heart, which love before dis-
 dain'd, [awe,
Gan stoop; and, falling down with humble
Cried "Mercy," to abate the extremity of
 law.

XXXVII.

The son of Venus, who is mild by kind,
But where he is provoked with peevishness,
Unto her prayers piteously inclined,
And did the rigour of his doom repress;
Yet not so freely, but that nat'hless
He unto her a penance did impose,

Which was, that through this world's wide
wilderness,
She wander should in company of those,
Till she had saved as many loves as she did
lose.

XXXVIII.

So now she had been wand'ring two whole
years [case,
Throughout the world, in this uncomely
Wasting her goodly hue in heavy tears,
And her good days in dolorous disgrace;
Yet had she not in all these two years' space
Savèd but two; yet in two years before,
Through her spiteous pride, whilst love
lack'd place,
She had destroyèd two and twenty more.
Aye me, how could her love make half
amends therefore!

XXXIX.

And now she was upon the weary way,
Whenas the gentle squire, with fair Serene,
Met her in such misseeming foul array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demean
With all the evil terms and cruel mean
That he could make; and eke that angry
fool [clean
Which follow'd her, with cursèd hands un-
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting
tool [her doole.
Oft whip her dainty self, and much augment

XL.

Ne ought it mote avail her to entreat
The one or th' other better her to use;
For both so wilful were and obstinate
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beat and bruise:
But most the former villain, which did lead
Her tireling jade, was bent her to abuse;
Who, though she were with weariness high
dead, [stead,
Yet would not let her 'light, nor rest a little

XLI.

For he was stern and terrible by nature,
And eke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of man's
stature,
And rather like a giant monstrous:
For sooth he was descended of the house
Of those old giants which did wars darrayne
Against the heaven in order battailous;
And sib to great Orgolio, which was slain
By Arthur, whenas Una's knight he did
maintain.

XLII.

His looks were dreadful, and his fiery eyes,
Like two great, beacons glarèd bright and
wide,
Glancing askew, as if his enemies
He scornèd in his overweening pride;
And stalking stately, like a crane, did stride,
At every step upon the tiptoes high;
And, all the way he went, on every side
He gazed about, and starèd horribly,
As if he with his looks would ail men terrify.

XLIII.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a jacket quilted richly rare
Upon checkalton, he was strangely dight;
And on his head a roll of linen plight,
Like to the Moors of Malabar, he wore,
With which his locks, as black as pitchy
night,
Were bound about, and voided from before;
And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

XLIV.

This was Disdain, who led that lady's horse
Through thick and thin, through mountains
and through piains, [force,
Compelling her, where she would not, by
Haling her palfry by the hempen reins:
But that same fool, which most increased
her pain,
Was Scorn; who, having in his hand a
whip, [complains,
Her therewith yirks; and still, when she
The more he laughs, and does her closely
quip, [lip.
To see her sore lament, and bite her tender

XLV.

Whose cruel handling when that squire be-
held,
And saw those villains her so vilely use,
His gentle heart with indignation swell'd,
And could no longer bear so great abuse
As such a lady so to beat and bruise;
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent
That forced him th' halter from his hand
loose,
And, maigre all his might, back to relent:
Else had he surely there been slain, or
fouly shent.

XLVI.

The villain, wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gather'd himself together soon again,
And with his iron baton which he bore
Let drive at him so dreadfully amain,

That for his safety he did him constrain
To give him ground, and shift to every
side,
Rather than once his burden to sustain :
For bootless thing him seem'd to abide
So mighty blows, or prove the puissance of
his pride.

XLVII.

Like as a mastiff having at a bay
A savage bull, whose cruel horns do threat
Desperate danger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth
beat,
To spy where he may some advantage get,
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly
roar ; [fret
So did the squire, the whiles the carle did
And fume in his disdainful mind the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Ma-
hound swore.

XLVIII.

Nathless so sharply still he him pursued,
That at advantage him at last he took,
When his foot slipp'd (that shp he dearly
rued) [strook ;
And with his iron club to ground him
Where still he lay, ne out of swoon awoke,
Till heavy hand the carle upon him laid,
And bound him fast : tho when he up did
look,

And saw himself captived, he was dismay'd,
Ne pow'er had to withstand, ne hope of any
aid.

XLIX.

Then up he made him rise, and forward
fare,
Led in a rope which both his hands did
bind ;
Ne ought that fool for pity did him spare,
But with his whip him following behind
Him often scourged, and often forced his
feet to find ; [mows
And otherwhiles with bitter mocks and
He would him scorn, that to his gentie
mind
Was much more grievous than the other
blows : [scorning grows.
Words sharply wound, but greatest grief of

L.

The fair Serena, when she saw him fall
Under that villain's club, then surely
thought
That slain he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speed she mought
To seek for safety ; which long time she
sought,
And pass'd through many perils by the way,
Ere she again to Calepine was brought :
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till Mirabella's fortunes I do further say.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthur overcomes Disdain ;
Quits Mirabell from dread ;
Serena, found of savages,
By Calepine is freed.

I.

Ye gentle ladies, in whose sovereign pow'r
Love hath the glory of his kingdom left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternal
dow'r,
In iron chains, of liberty bereft,
Deliver'd hath unto your hands by gift ;
Be well aware how ye the same do use,
That pride do not to tyranny you lift ;
Lest, if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chieftdom which ye
do abuse.

II.

And as ye soft and tender are by kind,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauty's grace,
So be ye soft and tender eke in mind ;
But cruelty and hardness from you chase,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turn the love of men to
hate :
Ensamble take of Mirabella's case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she re-
pent'd late.

III.

Who after thraldom of the gentle squire,
Which she beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touchèd with compassion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her sake fell into misery ;
Which bootèd nought for prayers nor for
threat
To hope for to release or mollify ;
For aye the more that she did them entreat,
The more they him misused, and cruelly
did beat.

IV.

So as they forward on their way did pass,
Him still reviling and afflicting sore,
They met Prince Arthur with Sir Enias,
(That was that courteous knight, whom he
before
Having subdued yet did to life restore ;)
To whom as they approach'd, they gan
augment
Their cruelty, and him to punish more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement :
As if it them should grieve to see his pun-
ishment.

V.

The squire himself, whenas he saw his lord
The witness of his wretchedness in place,
Was much ashamed that with an hempen
cord
He like a dog was led in captive case,
And did his head for bashfulness abase,
As loth to see or to be seen at all ;
Shame would be hid : but whenas Enias
Beheld two such, of two such villains thrall,
His manly mind was much emmovèd there-
withal.

VI.

And to the prince thus said ; " See you, sir
knight,
The greatest shame that ever eye yet saw,
Yon lady and her squire with foul despite
Abused, against all reason and all law,
Without regard of pity or of awe !
See ! how they do that squire beat and re-
vile !
See ! how they do the lady hale and draw !
But, if ye please to lend me leave awhile,
I will them soon acquite, and both of blame
assoil."

VII.

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 caytive treachetours untrue,
That have with treason thrallèd unto you
These two, unworthy of your wretched
bands ;
And now your crime with cruelty pursue :
Abide, and from them lay your loathly
hands ;
Or else abide the death that hard before you
stands."

VIII.

The villain stay'd not answer to invent ;
But, with his iron club preparing way,
His mind's sad message back unto him sent :
The which descended with such dreadful
sway,
That seemèd nought the course thereof
could stay,
No more than lightning from the lofty sky :
Ne list the knight the pow'r thereof assay,
Whose doom was death ; but, lightly slip-
ping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended destiny :

IX.

And, to requite him with the like again,
With his sharp sword he fiercely at him
flew,
And struck so strongly, that the carle with
pain
Savèd himself but that he there him slew ;
Yet saved not so, but that the blood it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory :
Who, therewith flesh'd, upon him set anew,
And with the second stroke thought cer-
tainly
To have supplied the first, and paid the
usury.

X.

But fortune answer'd not unto his call ;
For, as his hand was heavèd up on height,
The villain met him in the middle fall,
And with his club beat back his brand iron
bright
So forcibly, that with his own hand's might
Rebeaten back upon himself again
He driven was to ground in self despite ;
From whence ere he recovery could gain,
He in his neck had set his foot with fell dis-
dam.

XI.

With that the fool, which did that end
await,

Came running in ; and, whilst on ground he lay,
Laid heavy hands on him and held so strait,
That down he kept them with his scornful sway,
So as he could not wield him any way :
The whiles that other villain went about
Him to have bound and thrall'd without delay ;
The whiles the fool did him revile and flout,
Threat'ning to yoke them two and tame their courage stout.

XII.

As when a sturdy ploughman with his hind
By strength have overthrown a stubborn steer
They down him hold, and fast with cords do bind,
Till they him force the buxom yoke to beara :
So did these two this knight oft tug and tear.
Which when the prince beheld, there standing by,
He left his lofty steed to aid him near ;
And, buckling soon himself, gan fiercely fly
Upon that carle, to save his friend from jeopardy.

XIII.

The villain, leaving him unto his mate
To be captivèd and handled as he list,
Himself address'd unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about so blist,
That he which way to turn him scarcely wist :
Sometimes aloft he laid, sometimes a low,
Now here, now there, and oft him near he miss'd,
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

XIV.

But yet the prince so well enur'd was
With such huge strokes, approvèd oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pass :
Ne would endure the danger of their might,
But waiting advantage when they down did light.
At last the caitiff after long discourse,
When all his strokes he saw avoided quite,
Resolved in one t'assemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorse.

XV.

His dreadful hand he heavèd up aloft,
And with his dreadful instrument or ire
Thought sure have pounded him to powder soft,
Or deep embowell'd in the earth entire :
But fortune did not with his will conspire :
For, ere his stroke attainèd his intent,
The noble Child, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldness went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent.

XVI.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the stroke so strong and puissant were,
That seem'd a marble pillar it could bow ;
But all that leg, which did his body bear,
It crack'd throughout (yet did no blood appear,)
So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken gear,
But fell to ground like a lump of dirt ;
Whence he assay'd to raise, but could not for his hurt.

XVII.

Eftsoones the prince to him full nimbly stepp'd
And, lest he should recover foot again,
His head meant from his shoulders to have swept :
Which when the lady saw, she cried amain ;
" Stay, stay, sir knight, for love of God abstain
From that unwares ye weetless do intend ;
Slay not that carle, though worthy to be slain ;
For more on him doth than himself depend ;
My life will by his death have lamentable end."

XVIII.

He stay'd his hand according her desire,
Yet nathèmore him suff'red to arise :
But, still suppressing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote those uncoutch words comprise,
That in that villain's health her safety lies ;
That were no might in man, nor heart in knights,
Which durst her dreaded rescue enterprize ;
Yet heavens themselves, that favour feeble rights, [despites.
Would for itself redress, and punish such

XIX.

Then bursting forth in tears, which gushèd fast

Like many water-streams, awhile she stay'd,
Till the sharp passion being overpast,
Her tongue to her restored, then thus she
said;

"Nor heavens, nor men, can me most
wretched maid

Deliver from the doom of my desart,
The which the god of love hath on me laid,
And damn'd to endure this direful smart,
For penance of my proud and hard rebel-
lious heart.

XX.

"In prime of youthful years, when first the
flow'r
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloom delight;
And nature me endued with plenteous dow'r
Of all her gifts, that pleased each living
sight;

I was beloved of many a gentle knight,
And sued and sought with all the service
due: [sigh't,

Full many a one for me deep groan'd and
And to the door of death for sorrow drew,
Complaining 'out on me' that would not on
them rue.

XXI.

"But let them love that list, or live 'or die;
Me list not die for any lover's dole:
Ne list me leave my lovèd liberty
To pity him that list to play the fool:
To love myself I learnèd had in school.
Thus I triumphed long in lover's pain,
And, sitting careless on the scorner's stool,
Did laugh at those that did lament and
plain:

But all is now repay'd with interest again.

XXII.

"For lo! the wingèd god, that woundeth
hearts,
Caused me be callèd to account therefore;
And for revengement of those wrongful
smarts,

Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penance sore;
That in this wise, and this unmeet array,
With these two lewd companions, and no
more, [should stray,
Disdain and Scorn, I through the world
Till I have saved so many as I erst did
slay."

XXIII.

"Certes," said then the prince, "the god is
just,

That taketh vengeance of his people's spoil:
For were no law in love, but all that lust
Might them oppress, and painfully turmoil,
His kingdom would continue but a while.
But tell me, lady, wherefore do you bear
This bottle thus before you with such toil,
And eke this wallet at your back arar,
That for these carles to carry much more
comely were?"

XXIV.

"Here in this bottle," said the sorry maid,
"I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defray'd:
And in this bag, which I behind me don,
I put repentance for things past and gone.
Yet is the bottle leak, and bag so torn,
That all which I put in falls out anon,
And is behind me trodden down of Scorn,
Who mocketh all my pain, and laughs the
more I mourn."

XXV.

The Infant hear'ned wisely to her tale,
And wond'red much at Cupid's judgment
wise,
That could so meekly make proud hearts
avail,

And wreak himself on them that him de-
spise.
Then suff'red he Disdain up to arise,
Who was not able up himself to rear,
By means his leg, through his late luckless
prise,
Was crack'd in twain, but by his foolish fere
Was holpen up, who him supported stand-
ing near.

XXVI.

But being up he look'd again aloft,
As if he never had received fall;
And with stern eye-brows stared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withal:
And standing on his tiptoes, to seem tall,
Down on his golden feet he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could appal;
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his looks despised, and his boast
dispraised.

XXVII.

Then turning back unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while stood there beside them
bound,
Unwilling to be known or seen at all,
He from those bands ween'd him to have
unwound;

But when approaching near he plainly found
 t was his own true groom, the gentle squire,
 He thereat wax'd exceedingly astound,
 And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
 Ne could with seeing satisfy his great desire.

XXVIII.

Meanwhile the savage man, when he beheld
 That huge great fool oppressing th' other
 knight,
 Whom with his weight unwieldy down he
 held,
 He flew upon him like a greedy kite
 Unto some carrion offer'd to his sight;
 And, down him plucking, with his nails and
 teeth [bite;
 Gan him to hale, and tear, and scratch, and
 And, from him taking his own whip, there-
 with
 So sore him scourgeth that the blood down
 followeth.

XXIX.

And sure I ween, had not the lady's cry
 Procured the prince his cruel hand to stay,
 He would with whipping him have done to
 die:
 But, being check'd, he did abstain straight-
 way [gan say;
 And let him rise. Then thus the prince
 "Now, lady, sith your fortunes thus dispose,
 That, if ye list have liberty, ye may;
 Unto yourself I freely leave to choose,
 Whether I shall you leave, or from these
 villains loose."

XXX.

"Ah! nay, sir knight," said she, "it may
 not be,
 But that I needs must by all means fulfil
 This penance, which enjoined is to me,
 Lest unto me betide a greater ill:
 Yet no less thanks to you for your good
 will."
 So humbly taking leave 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
 divide.

XXXI.

But first it falleth me by course to tell
 Of fair Serena; who, as erst you heard,
 When first the gentle squire at variance fell
 With those two carles, fled fast away, at eard
 Of villany to be to her infer'd:
 So fresh the image of her former dread,
 Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appear'd,

That every foot did tremble which did
 tread,
 And every body two, and two she four did
 read.

XXXII.

Through hills and dales, through bushes and
 through briers,
 Long thus she fled, till that at last she
 thought
 Herself now past the peril of her fears.
 Then looking round about, and seeing
 nought
 Which doubt of danger to her offer mought,
 She from her palfrey lighted on the plain;
 And, sitting down, herself awhile bethought
 Of her long travel and turmoiling pain;
 And often did of love, and oft of luck, com-
 plain.

XXXIII.

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
 The good Sir Calepine, her own true knight,
 As th' only author of her woful tine;
 For being of his love to her so light,
 As her to leave in such a piteous plight:
 Yet never turtle truer to his make,
 Than he was tried unto his lady bright:
 Who all this while endured for her sake
 Great peril of his life, and restless pains did
 take.

XXXIV.

Tho whenas all her complaints she had dis-
 play'd,
 And well disburden'd her engrievèd breast
 Upon the grass herself adown she laid;
 Where, being tired with travel, and opprest
 With sorrow, she betook herself to rest:
 There whilst in Morpheus' bosom safe she
 lay [molest,
 Fearless of ought that mote her peace
 False fortune did her safety betray
 Unto a strange mischance, that menaced her
 decay.

XXXV.

In these wild deserts, where she now abode,
 There dwelt a savage nation, which did live
 Of stealth and spoil, and making nightly
 road
 Into their neighbours' borders; ne did give
 Themselves to any trade, (as for to drive
 The painful plough, or cattle for to breed,
 Or by advent'rous merchandise to thrive,)
 But on the labours of poor men to feed,
 And serve their own necessities with others'
 need.

XXXVI.

Thereto they used one most accursed order,
To eat the flesh of men, whom they mote
find,

And strangers to devour, which on their
border

Were brought by error or by wreckful wind:
A monstrous cruelty gainst course of kind!
They, towards evening, wand'ring every way
To seek for booty, came by fortune blind
Whereas this lady, like a sheep astray,
Now drownèd in the depth of sleep all fear-
less lay.

XXXVII.

Soon as they spied her, lord! what gladful
glee

They made amongst themselves! but when
her face

Like the fair ivory shining they did see
Each gan his fellow solace and embrace
For joy of such good hap by heavenly grace.
Then gan they to devise what course to
take;

Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleep to wake,
And then her eat at once, or many meals to
make.

XXXVIII.

The best advisement was, of bad, to let her
Sleep out her fill without encumberment;
For sleep, they said, would make her battel*
better:

Then, when she waked, they all gave one
consent

That, since by grace of God she there was
Unto their god they would her sacrifice,
Whose share, her guiltless blood they would
present;

But of her dainty flesh they did devise
To make a common feast, and feed with
gormandise.

XXXIX.

So round about her they themselves did
place

Upon the grass, and diversely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the ling'ring
space:

Some with their eyes the daint'est morsels
Some praise her paps; some praise her lips
and nose,

Some what their knives, and strip their el-
The priest himself a garland doth compose

* Battel is to grow or make fat.

Of finest flowers, and with full busy care
His bloody vessel wash and holy fire prepare.

XL.

The damsel wakes: then all at once upstart,
And round about her flock, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brazen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly grieffull
eyes,

Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hue,
Benumbs her cheeks: then out aloud she
cries,

Where none is nigh to hear that will her
And rends her golden locks, and snowy
breasts embreue.

XLI.

But all boots not; they hands upon her lay:
And first they spoil her of her jewels dear,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in pieces
tear,

And of the prey each one a part doth bear.
Now being naked, to their sordid eyes
The goodly treasures of nature appear:
Which as they view with lustful fantasies,
Each wisheth to himself, and to the rest
envies:—

XLII.

Her ivory neck; her alabaster breasts;
Her paps, which like white silken pillows
were

For Love in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides; her belly white and clear
Which like an altar did itself uprear
To offer sacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighs, whose glory did appear
Like a triumphal arch, and thereupon
The spoils of princes hang'd which were in
battle won.

XLIII.

Those dainty parts, the darlings of delight,
Which mote not be profaned of common
eyes,

Those villains view'd with loose lascivious
sight,

And closely tempted with their crafty spies;
And some of them gan mongst themselves
devise

Therefore by force to take their beastly plea-
But them the priest rebuking, did advise
To dare not to pollute so sacred treasure
Vow'd to the gods: religion held even
thieves in measure.

XLIV.

So, being stay'd, they her from thence directed
 Unto a little grove not far aside,
 In which an altar shortly they erected
 To slay her on. And now the eventide
 His broad black wings had through the
 heavens wide
 By this dispread, that was the time ordain'd,
 For such a dismal deed, their guilt to hide:
 Of few green turfs an altar soon they feign'd,
 And deck'd it all with foor's which they
 nigh had obtained.

XLV.

Tho, whenas all things ready were aright,
 The damsel was before the altar set,
 Being already dead with fearful fright:
 To whom the priest with naked arms full
 net
 Approaching nigh, and murd'rous knife well
 whet,
 Gan mutter close a certain secret charm,
 With other develish ceremonies met:
 Which done, he gan aloft t' advance his arm,
 Whereat they shouted all, and made a loud
 alarm.

XLVI.

Then gan the bagpipes and the horns to
 shrill [voice
 And shriek aloud, that, with the people's
 Confused, did the air with terror fill,
 And made the wood to tremble at the noise:
 The whiles she wail'd, the more they did
 rejoice.
 Now mote ye understand that to this grove
 Sir Calepine, by chance more than by choice,
 The self same evening fortune hither drove,
 As he to seek Serena, through the woods
 did rove.

XLVII.

Long had he sought her, and through many
 a soil
 Had travell'd still on foot in heavy arms,
 Ne ought was tired with his endless toil,
 Ne ought was feared of his certain harms:
 And now, all weetless of the wretched storms
 In which his love was lost, he slept full fast;
 Till, being wakèd with these loud alarms,
 He lightly started up like one aghast,
 And catching up his arms straight to the
 noise forth past.

XLVIII.

There by th' uncertain gleams of starry
 night,
 And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
 He mote perceive a little dawning sight
 Of all which there was doing in that quire:
 Mongst whom a woman, spoil'd of all attire
 He spied lamenting her unlucky strife,
 And groaning sore from grievèd heart en-
 tire:
 Eftsoones he saw one with a naked knife
 Ready to lance her breast, and let out lovèd
 life.

XLIX.

With that he thrusts into the thickest
 throng;
 And, e'en as his right hand adown descends,
 He him preventing lays on earth along,
 And sacrificeth to th' infernal fiends:
 Then to the rest his wrathful hand he bends;
 Of whom he makes such havoc and such
 hev, sends:
 That swarms of damnèd souls to hell he
 The rest that scape his sword and death
 eschew, [view
 Fly like a flock of doves before a falcon's

L.

From them returning to that lady back,
 Whom by the altar he doth sitting find
 Yet fearing death, and next to death the
 lack
 Of clothes to cover what they ought by kind;
 He first her hands beginneth to unbind,
 And then to question of her present woe;
 And afterwards to cheer with speeches kind:
 But she, for nought that he could say or do,
 One word durst speak, or answer him a whit
 thereto.

LI.

So inward shame of her uncomely case
 She did conceive, through care of woman-
 hood,
 That though the night did cover her dis-
 grace,
 Yet she in so unwomanly a mood [stooç:
 Would not bewray the state in which she
 So all that night to him unknown she
 pass'd:
 But day, that doth discover bad and good,
 Ensuing, made her known to him at last:
 This end whereof I'll keep until another
 cast.

CANTO IX.

Calidore hosts with Melibee,
And loves fair Pastorell;
Cordon envies him, yet he,
For ill, rewards him well.

I.

Now turn again my team, thour jolly swain,
Back to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow, one or twain, [cleft;
Unplough'd, the which my coulter had not
Yet seem'd the soil both fair and fruitful eft,
As I it pass'd; that were too great a shame,
That so rich fruit should be from us bereft;
Besides the great dishonor and defame,
Which should befall to Calidore's immortal
name.

II.

Great travel hath the gentle Calidore
And toil endured, sith I left him last
'Suing the Blatant Beast; which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hate.
Full many paths and perils he hath past,
Through hills, through dales, through
forests, and through plains, [cast,
In that same quest which fortune on him
Which he achievèd to his own great gains,
Reaping eternal glory of his restless pains.

III.

So sharply he the monster did pursue,
That day or night he suff'red him to rest,
Ne rested he himself (but nature's due)
For dread of danger not to be redrest,
If he for sloth forslack'd so famous quest,
Him first from court he to the cities coursed,
And from the cities to the towns him press'd,
And from the towns into the country forced,
And from the country back to private farms
he scorsed.

IV.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the herds were keeping of their
neat,
And shepherds singing, to their flocks that
fed, [heat:
Lays of sweet love and youth's delightful
Him thither eke for all his fearful threat
He follow'd fast, and chasèd him so nigh,
That to the folds, where sheep at night do
seat

And to the little cots, where shepherds lie
In winter's wrathful time, he forcèd him to
fly.

V.

There on a day, as he pursued the chase,
He chanced to spy a sort of shepherd
grooms
Playing on pipes and carolling apace,
The whiles their beasts there in the budded
brooms [blooms;
Beside them fed, and nipp'd the tender
For other worldly wealth they cared nough;
To whom Sir Calidore yet sweating comes
And then to tell him courteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had
thither brought.

VI.

They answer'd him that no such beast they
saw,
Nor any wicked fiend that mote offend
Their happy flocks, nor danger to them
draw; [kenn'd)
But if that such there were (as none they
They pray'd High God them far from them
to send:
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rustic wise, that well he ween'd,
Off'red him drink to quench his thirsty heat,
And, if he hungry were, him off'red eke to
eat.

VII.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no
need,
And took their gentle offer: so adown
They pray'd him sit, and gave him for to
feed [clown,
Such homely what as serves the simple
That doth despise the dainties of the town:
Tho, having fed his fill, he there beside
Saw a fair damsel, which did wear a crown
Of sundry flow'rs with silken ribbands tied,
Y'clad in home-made green that her own
hands had dyed.

VIII.

Upon a little hillock she was placèd
Higher than all the rest, and round about

Environ'd with a garland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses ; and them all without
The lusty shepherd swains sate in a rout
The which did pipe and sing her praises due,
And oft rejoice, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hue
Were down to them descended in that
earthly view.

IX.

And soothly sure she was full fair of face,
And perfectly well shaped in every limb,
Which she did more augment with modest
grace
And comely carriage of her count'nance
trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim :
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their sovereign goddess her esteem,
And, carolling her name both day and night,
The fairest Pastorella her by name did
hight.

X.

Ne was there herd, ne was there shepherds'
swain
But her did honour ; and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing
pain
Full many a night for her did sigh and
groan :
But most of all the shepherd Coridon
For her did languish, and his dear life spend ;
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend :
Though mean her lot, yet higher did her
mind ascend

XI.

Her whiles Sir Calidore there viewèd well.
And mark'd her rare demeanour, which him
seem'd
So far the mean of shepherds to excel,
As that he in his mind her worthy deem'd
To be a prince's paragon esteem'd,
He was unwar's surpris'd in subtle bands
Of the blind boy ; ne thence could be re-
deem'd
By any skill out of his cruel hands ;
Caught like the bird which gazing still on
other stands.

XII.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were far afore him gone:
But after he had fed, yet did he stay
And sate there still, until the flying day

Was far forth spent, discoursing diversely
Of sundry things, as fell, to work delay ;
And evermore his speech he did apply
To th' herds, but meant them to the damsel's
fantasy.

XIII.

By this the moisty 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 fear of wetting them before their bed :
Then came to them a good old aged sire,
Whose silver locks bedeck'd his beard and
head, [attire,
With shepherd's hook in hand, and fit
That will'd the damsel rise ; the day did
now expire.

XIV.

He was to weet, by common voice esteem'd
The father of the fairest Pastorell,
And of herself in very deed so deem'd ;
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 up, brought home and nursèd
well
As his own child ; for other he had none ;
That she in tract of time accounted was his
own.

XV.

She at his bidding meekly did arise,
And straight unto her little flock did fare :
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundry sheep with several care
Gather'd together, and them homeward
bare :
Whilst every one with helping hands did
strive [share,
Amongst themselves, and did their labours
To help fair Pastorella home to drive
Her fleecy flock ; but Coridon most help did
give.

XVI.

But Melibee (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,
And night arrivèd hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home ;
Which though it were a cottage clad with
loam,
And all things therein mean, yet better so
To lodge, than in the savage fields to roam.
The knight full gladly soon agreed thereto,
Being his heart's own wish ; and home with
him did go.

XVII.

There he was welcomed of that honest sire
 And of his aged beldam homely weil;
 Who him besought himself to disattire,
 And rest himself, till supper time befell;
 By which home came the fairest Pastorell,
 After her flock she in their fold had tied;
 And, supper ready dight, they to it fell
 With small ado, and nature satisfied,
 The which doth little crave contented to
 abide.

XVIII.

Tho when they had their huuger slakèd
 well,
 And the fair maid the table ta'en away;
 The gentle knight, as he that did excel
 In courtesy and well could do and say,
 For so great kindness as he found that day
 Gan greatly thank his host and his good
 wife;
 And, drawing thence his speech another
 way,
 Gan lightly to commend the happy life
 Wh.ch shepherds lead, without debate or
 bitter strife.

XIX.

"How much," said 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 seas,
 Which toss the rest in dangerous dis-ease;
 Where wars, and wrecks, and wicked en-
 mity
 Do them afflict, which no man can appease!
 That certes I your happiness envy,
 And wish my lot were placed in such fel-
 city!"

XX.

"Surely, my son," then answer'd he again,
 "If happy, then it is in this intent,
 That having small yet do I not complain
 Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
 But do myself, with that I have, content;
 So taught of nature, which doth little need
 Of foreign helps to life's due nourishment:
 The fields my food, my flock my raiment
 breed;
 No better do I wear, no better do I feed.

XXI.

"Therefore I do not any one envy,
 Nor am envid of any one therefore:
 They that have much, fear much to lose
 thereby,

And store of cares doth follow riches' store.
 The little that I have grows daily more
 Without my care, but only to attend it;
 My lambs do every year increase their
 score,
 And my flocks' father daily doth amend it.
 What have I, but to praise th' Almighty
 that doth send it!

XXII.

"To them, that list, the world's gay shows
 I leave,
 And to great ones such follies do forgive;
 Which oit through pride do their own peril
 weave,
 And through ambition down themselves do
 drive
 To sad decay, that might contented live.
 Me no such cares nor curab'rous thoughts
 offend,
 Ne once my mind's unmovèd quiet grieve;
 But all the night in silver sleep I spend,
 And all the day, to what I list, I do attend:

XXIII.

"Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowèd foe
 Unto my lambs, and him dislodge away;
 Sometime the fawn I practise from the doe,
 Or from the goat her kid, how to convey;
 Another while I baits and nets display
 The birds to catch or fishes to beguile;
 And when I weary am, I down to lay
 My lumbs in every shade to rest from toil;
 And drink of every brook, when thirst my
 throat doth boil.

XXIV.

"The time was once, in my first prime of
 years,
 When pride of youth forth prickèd my de-
 sire,
 That I disdain'd among my equal peers
 To follow sheep and shepherd's base attire;
 For further fortune then I would inquire.
 And, leaving home, to royal court I sought,
 Where I did sell myself for yearly hire,
 And in the prince's garden daily wrought:
 There I beheld such varnness as I never
 thought.

XXV.

"With sight whereof soon cloy'd, and long
 deluded
 With idle hopes which them do entertain,
 After I had ten years myself excluded
 From native home, and spent my youth in
 vain,
 I gan my follies to myself to plain,

And this sweet peace, whose lack did then
appear;
Tho, back returning to my sheep again,
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more
dear
This lowly quiet life which I inherit here."

XXVI.

Whilst thus he talk'd, the knight with
greedy ear
Hung still upon his melting mouth attent;
Whose senseful words impierced his heart
so near,
That he was wrapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speech that wrought him great
content,
And also of the object of his view,
On which his hungry eye was always bent;
That twixt his pleasing tongue and her fair
hue,
He lost himself, and like one half-entrancèd
grew.

XXVII.

Yet to occasion means to work his mind,
And to insinuate his heart's desire,
He thus replied; "Now surely, sire, I find,
That all this world's gay shows, which we
admire,
Be but vain shadows to this safe retire
Of life, which here in lowliness ye lead,
Fearless of foes, or fortune's wracktul ire,
Which tosseth states, and under foot doth
tread [dread.
The mighty ones afraid of every change's

XXVIII.

"That even I, which daily do behold
The glory of the great mongst whom I
wonne
And now have proved what happiness ye
hold
In this small plot of your dommon,
Now loathe the great lordship and ambition;
And wish the heavens so much had gracèd
me,
As grant me live in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might transposèd be
From pitch of higher place unto this low
degreç."

XXIX.

"In vain," said then old Melibee, "do
men
The heavens of their fortune's fault accuse;
Sith they know best what is the best for
them:
For they to each such fortune do diffuse,

As they do know each can most aptly use.
For not that, which men covet most, is best,
Nor that thing worst, which men do most
refuse;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold; each lath his fortune
in his breast.

XXX.

"It is the mind, that maketh good or ill",
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest
store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches: fools therefore
They are, which fortunes do by vows de-
vise;
Sith each unto himself his life may for-
tunise."

XXXI.

"Since then in each man's self," said
Cahdore,
"It is to fashion his own life's estate,
Give leave awhile, good father, in this shore
To rest my bark, which hath been beaten
late
With storms of fortune and tempestuous
fate,
In seas of troubles and of toilsome pain;
That, whether quite from them for to retreat
I shall resolve, or back to turn again,
I may here with yourself some small repce
obtain.

XXXII.

"Not that the burden of so bold a guest
Shall chargeful be, or change to you at all,
For your mean food shall be my daily feast,
And thus your cabin both my bow'r and hall;
Besides, for recompense hereof, I shall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withal,
And in this quiet make you safer live"
So forth he drew much gold, and toward
him it drive.

XXXIII.

But the good man, nought tempted with
the offer
Of his rich mould, did thrust it far away
And thus bespake: "Sir knight, your
bounteous proffer
Be far from me, to whom ye ill display
That mucky mass, the cause of men's
decay,

That mote impair my peace with dangers
dread ;
But, if ye algates covet to assay
This simple sort of life that shepherds lead,
Be it your own: our rudeness to yourself
arcad."

XXXIV.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilst him list remain,
Daily beholding the fair Pastorell,
And feeding on the bait of his own bane :
During which time he did her entertain
With all kind courtesies he could invent ;
And every day, her company to gain,
When to the field she went, he with her
went ;
So for to quench his fire he did it more
augment.

XXXV.

But she that never had acquainted been
With such quaint usage, fit for queens and
kings.
Ne ever had such knightly service seen ;
But, being bred under base shepherd's
wings
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things ;
Did little wot regard his courteous guise,
But cared more for Colin's carollings
Than all that he could do, or e'er devise ;
His lays, his loves, his looks, she did them
all despise.

XXXVI.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To change the manner of his lofty look ;
And doffing his bright arms himself ad-
drest*
In shepherd's weed ; and in his hands he
took,
Instead of steel-head spear, a shepherd's
hook ; [thought
That who had seen him then, would have be-
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus' brook,
When he the love of fair Benone † sought,
What time the Golden Apple was unto him
brought.

XXXVII.

So being clad unto the fields he went
With the fair Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheep with diligent attent,

* He dressed himself. Mr. Church suggests
that it should be " himself he dressed."

† Enone ; Benone in all old editions.

Watching to drive the ravenous wolf away,
The whilst at pleasure she 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 press the milk : Love so
much could.

XXXVIII.

Which seeing Coridon, who her likewise
Long time had loved, and hoped her love
to gain, [guise,
He much was troubled at that stranger's
And many jealous thoughts conceived in
vain,
That this of all his labour and long pain
Should reap the harvest ere it ripen'd were ;
That made him scowl, and pout, and oft
complain
Of Pastorell to all the shepherds there,
That she did love a stranger swain than
him more dear.

XXXIX.

And ever, when he came in company
Where Calidore was present, he would lour
And bite his lip, and even for jealousy
Was ready oft his own heart to devour,
Impatient of any paragon
Who on the other side did seem so far
From malicing, or grudging his good hour,
That, all he could, he grac'd him with her,
Ne ever show'd sign of rancour or of jar.

XL.

And oft, when Coridon unto her brought
Or little sparrows stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods far sought,
Or other dainty thing for her address,
He would commend his gift, and make the
best :
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancy in her breast :
This new-come shepherd had his market
marr'd. [prefer'd.
Old love is little worth when new is more

XLI.

One day, whenas the shepherd swains
together [glee,
Were met to make their sports and merry
As they are wont in fair sunshiny weather,
The whilst their flocks in shadows shrouded
be ;
They fell to dance : then did they all agree

That Colin Clout should pipe, as one most fit;
And Calidore should lead the ring, as he
That most in Pastorella's grace did sit:
Thereat frown'd Coridon, and his lip
closely bit.

XLII.

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 whenas Pastorella, him to grace,
Her flow'ry garland took from her own
head,
And placed on his, he did it soon displace,
And did it put on Coridon's instead:
Then Coridon woxe frolic, that erst seemèd
dead.

XLIII.

Another time, whenas they did dispose
To practise games and masteries to try,
They for their judge did Pastorella choose;
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 practised was, and in the same
Thought sure t'avenge his grudge, and work
his foe great shame.

XLIV.

But Calidore he greatly did mistake,
For he was strong and mightily stiff pight,

That with one fall his neck he almost brake;
And, had he not upon him fallen light,
His dearest joint he sure had broken quite,
Then was the oaken crown by Pastorell
Given to Calidore as his due right;
But he, that did in courtesy excel,
Gave it to Coridon, and said he wcn it well.

XLV.

Thus did the gentle knight himself abear
Amongst the rustic rout in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not malign him, but commend him
needs:
For courtesy amongst the rudest breeds
Good will and favour; so it surely wrought
With this fair maid, and in her mind the
seeds
Of perfect love did sow, that last forth
brought
The fruit of joy and bliss, though long time
dearly bought.

XLVI.

Thus Calidore continued there long time
To win the love of the fair Pastorell;
Which, having got he usèd without crime
Or blameful blot; but managèd so well,
That he, of all the rest that there did dwell,
Was favourèd and to her grace commended:
But what strange fortunes unto him befell.
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be
ended.

CANTO X.

Calidore sees the Graces dance
To Colin's melody;
The whiles his Pastorell is led
Into captivity.

I.

WHO now does follow the foul Blatant Beast,
Whilst Calidore does follow that fair maid,
Unmindful of his vow, and high behest
Which by the Faery Queen was on him laid,
That he should never leave nor be delay'd
From chasing him, till he had it achieved?
But now, entrapp'd of Love which him be-
tray'd,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her whose love his heart
hath sore engagèd.

II.

That from henceforth he means no more to
sue
His former quest, so full of toil and pain;
Another quest, another game in view
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gain;
With whom he minds for ever to remain,
And set his rest amongst the rustic sort,
Rather than hunt still after shadows vain
Of courtly favour fed with light report
Of every blast, and sailing always in the
port.

III.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamèd be
 From so high step to stoop unto so low ;
 For who had tasted once, as oft did he,
 The happy peace which there doth overflow,
 And proved the perfect pleasures which do
 grow [dales,
 Amongst poor hinds, in hills, in woods, in
 Would never more delight in painted show
 Of such false bliss, as there is set for stales
 T'entrap unwary fools in their eternal bales.

IV.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
 Like to one sight which Calidore did view ?
 The glance whereof their dimnèd eyes would
 daze,
 That never more they should endure the
 shew
 Of that sunshine, that makes them look
 askew.
 Ne ought, in all that world of beauties rare
 (Save only Gloriana's heavenly hue ; [pare ;
 To which what can compare ?) can it com-
 The which, as cometh now by course, I will
 declare.

V.

One day, as he did range the fields abroad,
 Whilst his fair Pastorella was elsewhere,
 He chanced to come, far from all people's
 troad,*
 Unto a place, whose pleasaunce did appear
 To pass all others on the earth which were :
 For all that ever was by Nature's skill
 Devised to work delight was gather'd there ;
 And there by her were pourèd forth at fill,
 As if, this to adorn, she all the rest did pill.

VI.

It was an hill placed in an open plain,
 That round about was border'd with a wood
 Of matchless height, that seem'd th' earth
 to disdain,
 In which all trees of honour stately stood,
 And did all winter as in summer bud,
 Spreading pavilions for the birds to bow'r,
 Which in their lower branches sang aloud ;
 And in their tops the soaring hawk did tow'r,
 Sitting like king of fowls in majesty and
 pow'r.

VII.

And at the foot thereof a gentle flood,
 His silver waves did softly tumble down,

Unmarr'd with ragged moss or filthy mud ;
 Ne mote wild beasts, ne mote the ruder
 clown
 Thereto approach ; ne filth mote therein
 drown :
 But nymphs and faeries by the banks did sit
 In the wood's shade which did the waters
 crown,
 Keeping all noisome things away from it,
 And to the waters' fall tuning their accents
 fit.

VIII.

And on the top thereof a spacious plain
 Did spread itself, to serve to all delight,
 Either to dance, when they to dance would
 fain,
 Or else to course-about their bases light ; *
 Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure
 might
 Desirèd be, or thence to banish bale :
 So pleasantly the hill with equal height
 Did seem to overlook the lowly vale ; [dale.
 Therefore it rightly cleepèd was Mount Aci-

IX.

They say that Venus when she did dispose
 Herself to pleasaunce, usèd to resort
 Unto this place, and therein to repose
 And rest herself as in a gladsome port,
 Or with the Graces, there to play and sport ;
 That even her own Cytheron, though in it
 She usèd most to keep her royal court
 And in her sovereign majesty to sit, [unfit.
 She in regard hereof refused and thought

X.

Unto this place whenas the elfin knight
 Approach'd, him seemèd that the merry
 sound
 Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on height,
 And many feet fast thumping th' hollow
 ground, [bound.
 That through the woods their echo did re-
 He nigher drew, to weet what mote it be :
 Th'ere he a troop of ladies dancing found
 Full merrily, and making gladful glee, [see.
 And in the midst a shepherd piping he did

XI.

He durst not enter into th' open green,
 For dread of them unwares to be descried.
 For breaking of their dance, if he were seen ;
 But in the covert of the wood did bide,
 Beholding all, yet of them unespied :

* Tread, altered for rhyme.

* In the game of Prison-Base.

There he did see, that pleasèd much his sight,
That even he himself his eyes envied,
An hundred naked maidens lily white
All rangèd in a ring, and dancing in delight.

XII.

All they without were rangèd in a ring,
And dancèd round ; but in the midst of them
Three other ladies did both dance and sing,
The whilst the rest them round about did
hem,
And like a garland did in compass stem ;
And in the midst of those same three was
placed
Another dainsel, as a precious gem
Amidst a ring most richly well enchased,
That with her goodly presence all the rest
much graded.

XIII.

Look ! how the crown, which Ariadne wore
Upon her ivory forehead that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridal bore,
When the bold Centaurs made that bloody
fray [dismay ;
With the fierce Lapithes which did them
Being now placèd in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams
display,
And is unto the stars an ornament. [lent.
Which round about her move in order excel-

XIV.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to
tell :
But she, that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excel,
Crown'd with a rosy garland that right well
Did her beseeem : and ever, as the crew
About her dancèd, sweet flow'rs that far did
smell
And fragrant odours they upon her threw ;
But, most of all, those three did her with
gifts endue.

XV.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaids of Venus, which are wont to
haunt [night :
Upon this hill, and dance there day and
Those three to men all gifts of grace do
grant ;
And all, that Venus in herself doth vaunt,
Is borrowèd of them : but that fair one,
That in the midst was placèd paravaunt,

Was she to whom that shepherd piped
alone ;
That made him pipe so merrily, as never
none.

XVI.

She was, to weet, that jolly shepherd's lass,
Which pipèd there unto that me ry rout ;
That jolly shepherd, which there pipèd, was
Poor Colin Clout, (who knows not Colin
Clout?) * [about.
He piped apace, whilst they him dancèd
Pipe, jolly shepherd, pipe thou now apace
Unto thy love that made thee low to lout ;
Thy love is present there with thee in place ;
Thy love is there advanced to be another
Grace.

XVII.

Much wond'red Calidore at this strange
sight,
Whose like before his eye had never seen ;
And standing long astonished in spright,
And rapt with pleasance, wist not what
to ween ;
Whether it were the train of beauty's queen,
Or nymphs, or faeries, or enchanted show,
With which his eyes move have deluded
been.
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them
did go.

XVIII.

But, soon as he appearèd to their view,
They vanish'd all away out of his sight,
And clean were gone ; which way he never
knew
All save the shepherd, who, for fell despite
Of that displeasure, broke his bagpipe quite
And made great moan for that unhappy
turn :
But Calidore, though no less sorry wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourn,
Drew near, that he the truth of all by him
mote learn :

XIX.

And, first him greeting, thus unto him
spake ;
" Hail, jolly shepherd, which thy joyous
days
Here leatest in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle nymphs always,
Which to thee flock to hear thy lovely lays !
Tell me what mote these dainty damsels be,

* Colin Clout is Spencer himself.

Which here with thee do make their pleasant
 plays [see !
 Right happy thou that mayest them freely
 But why, when I them saw, fled they away
 from me ?”

XX.

“ Not I so happy,” answer’d then that
 swain,
 “ As thou unhappy, which them thence did
 chase,
 Whom by no means thou canst recall again ;
 For, being gone, none can them bring in
 place,
 But whom they of themselves list so to
 grace.”
 “ Right sorry I,” said then Sir Calidore,
 “ That my ill-fortune did them hence dis-
 place :
 But since things passèd none may now
 restore,
 Tell me what were they all, whose lack thee
 grieves so sore.”

XXI.

Tho gan that shepherd thus for to dilate ;
 “ Then wot, thou shepherd, whatsoe’er thou
 be,
 That all those ladies which thou sawest late,
 Are Venus’ damsels, all within her fee,
 But differing in honour and degree ;
 They all are Graces which on her depend ;
 Besides a thousand more which ready be
 Her to adorn, whenso she forth doth wend ;
 But those three in the midst, do chief on
 her attend.

XXII.

“ They are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove,
 By him begot of fair Eurynome,
 The Ocean’s daughter, in this pleasant
 grove,
 As he, this way coming from feastful glee
 Of Thetis wedding with Æacidee,
 In summer’s shade himself here rested
 weary.
 The first of them high mild Euphrosyne,
 Next fair Aglaia, last Thalia merry ;
 Sweet goddesses all three, which me in
 mirth do cherry !”

XXIII.

“ These three on men all gracious gifts be-
 stow,
 Which deck the body or adorn the mind,

* Cherry is *cherish* ; it is so written for the
 rhy

To make them lovely or well-favour’d show ;
 As comely carriage, entertainment kind,
 Sweet semblance, friendly offices that bind,
 And all the complements of courtesy :
 They teach us, how to each degree and kind
 We should ourselves demean, to low, to
 high,
 To friends, to foes : which skill men call
 civility.

XXIV.

“ Therefore they always smoothly seem to
 smile,
 That we likewise should mild and gentle be ;
 And also naked are, that without guile
 Or false dissemblance all them plain may
 see,
 Simple and true from covert malice free ;
 And eke themselves so in their dance they
 bore,
 That two of them still froward seemed to
 be,
 But one still towards show’d herself afore ;
 That good should from us go, then come, in
 greater store.

XXV.

“ Such were those goddesses which ye did
 see ; [them traced,
 But that fourth maid, which there amidst
 Who can aread what creature mote she be,
 Whether a creature, or a goddess graced
 With heavenly gifts from heaven first en-
 raged !
 But whatso sure she was, she worthy was
 To be the fourth with those three other
 p’aced ;
 Yet was she certes but a country lass ;
 Yet she all other country lasses far did
 pass :”

XXVI.

“ So far, as doth the daughter of the day
 All other lesser lights in light excel ;
 So far doth she in beautiful array
 Above all other lasses bear the bell ;
 Ne less in virtue that besseems her well
 Doth she exceed the rest of all her race ;
 For which the Graces, that here wont to
 dwell,
 Have for more honour brought her to this
 place,
 And graced her so much to be another
 Grace.

* This damsel is supposed to represent the
 lady that Spenser loved and married.

XXVII.

"Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many graces gather'd are,
Excelling much the mean of her degree;
Divine resemblance, beauty sovereign rare,
Firm chastity, that spite ne blemish dare!
All which she with such courtesy doth
grace;

That all her peers cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmèd when she is in place;
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe
apace.

XXVIII.

"Sun of the world, great glory of the sky.
That all the earth dost lighten with thy
rays,

Great Gloriana, greatest majesty!
Pardon thy Shepherd, mongst so many lays
As he hath sung of thee in all his days,
To make one minime of thy poor hand-
maid,

And underneath thy feet to place her
praise;

That, when thy glory shall be far display'd
To future age, of her this mention may be
made!"

XXIX.

When thus that shepherd ended had his
speech,

Said Calidore; "Now sure it irketh me,
That to thy bliss I made this luckless
breach,

As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy love's dear sight from
thee: [shame,

But, gentle shepherd, pardon thou my
Who rashly sought that which I mote not
see."

Thus did the courteous knight excuse his
blame, [frame.

And to recomfort him all comely means did

XXX.

In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occasion forth them led;
With which the knight himself did much
content,

And with delight his greedy fancy fed,
Both of his words, which he with reason
read,

And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his senses ravishèd,
That thence he had no will away to fare,
But wish'd that with that shepherd he mote
dwelling share.

XXXI.

But that evenom'd sting the which of yore
His poisonous point deep fixed in his heart
Had left, now gan afresh to rankle sore,
And to renew the rigour of his smart;
Which to recure, no skill of leech's art
Mote him avail, but to return again
To his wound's worker, that with lovely
dart

Dinting his breast had bred his restless
pain;

Like as the wounded whale to shore flies
from the main.

XXXII.

So, taking leave of that same gentle swain,
He back returnèd to his rustic wonne,
Where his fair Pastorella did remain:
To whom in sort, as he at first begun,
He daily did apply himself to done
All dueful service, void of thoughts irapure;
Ne any pains ne peril did he shun,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamèd heart pro-
cure.

XXXIII.

And evermore the shepherd Coridon,
Whatever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did strive to match with strong contention,
And all his pains did closely emulate;
Whether it were to carol, as they sate
Keeping their sheep, or games to exercise,
Or to present her with their labours late:
Through which if any grace chanced to
arise

To him, the shepherd straight with jealousy
did frize.

XXXIV.

One day, as they all three together went
To the green wood to gather strawberries,
There chanced to them a dangerous ac-
cident:

A tiger forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell claws full of fierce gorman-
dise,
And greedy mouth wide-gaping like hell-
gate,

Did run at Pastorell her to surprise:
Whom she beholding, now all desolate,
Gan cry to them aloud to help her all too
late.

XXXV.

Which Coridon first hearing, ran in haste
To rescue her; but when he saw the fiend,

Through coward fear he fled away as fast,
 Ne durst abide the danger of the end;
 His life he 'steemèd dearer than his friend:
 But Calidore soon coming to her aid,
 When he the beast saw ready now to rend
 His love's dear spoil, in which his heart was
 prey'd, [fray'd.
 He ran at him enraged, instead of being

XXXVI.

He had no weapon but his shepherd's hook
 To serve the vengeance of his wrathful will;
 With which so sternly he the monster
 strook,
 That to the ground astonishèd he fell;
 Whence ere he could recou'r, he did him
 quell,
 And hewing off his head, he it presented
 Before the feet of the fair Pastorell;
 Who scarcely yet from former fear ex-
 empted,
 A thousand times him thank'd that had her
 death prevented.

XXXVII.

From that day forth she gan him to affect,
 And daily more her favour to augment;
 But Coridon for cowardice reject,
 Fit to keep sheep, unfit for love's content:
 The gentle heart scorns base disparagement.
 Yet Calidore did not despise him qu te,
 But used him friendly for further intent,
 That by his fellowship he colour might
 Both his estate and love from skill of any
 wight.

XXXVIII.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought
 her,
 With humble service, and with daily suit,
 That at the last unto his will he brought
 her;
 Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
 That of his love he reap'd the timely fruit,
 And joyèd long in close felicity: [brute,
 Till Fortune, fraught with malice, blind and
 That envies lovers' long prosperity,
 Blew up a bitter storm of foul adversity.

XXXIX.

It fortunèd one day, when Calidore
 Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade,
 A lawless people, brigands hight of yore,*

* Spenser wrote *brigants*. Brigante is the Italian for a robber—Brigantes also were the inhabitants of the northern parts of England—**Upton**.

That never used to live by plough nor spade,
 But fed on spoil and booty which they made
 Upon their neighbours, which did nigh
 them border,
 The dwelling of these shepherds did invade;
 And spoil'd their houses, and themselves
 did murder, [much disorder.
 And drove away their flocks: with other

XL.

Amongst the rest, the which they then did
 prey,
 They spoil'd old Melibee of all he had,
 And all his people captive led away; [l. d,
 Mongst which this luckless maid away was
 Fair Pastorella, sorrowful and sad,
 Most sorrowful, most sad, that ever sigh't,
 Now made the spoil of thieves and brigand's
 bad,
 Which was the conquest of the gentlest
 knight [night.
 That ever lived, and th' only glory of his

XLI.

With them also taken was Coridon,
 And carried captive by these thieves away;
 Who in the covert of the night, that none
 Mote them descry, nor rescue from their
 prey,
 Unto their dwelling did them close convey;
 Their dwelling in a little island was,
 Cover'd with shrubby woods, in which no
 way
 Appear'd for people in nor out to pass,
 Nor any footing find for overgrown grass;

XLII.

For underneath the ground their way was
 made [discover
 Through hollow caves, that no man mote
 For the thick shrubs, which did them always
 shade
 From view of living wight and cover'd
 over; [hover
 But Darkness dread and daily Night did
 Through all the inner parts, wherein they
 dwelt;
 Ne light'ned was with window, nor with
 lover,*
 But with continual candle-light, which dealt
 A doubtful sense of things, not so well seen
 as felt.

* A lover is the opening in the roof of a cottage without chimney, to let out the smoke and admit the light.

XLIII.

Hither those brigands brought their present
prey, [ward;]
And kept them with continual watch and
Meaning, as soon so they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them for no small reward
To merchants, which them kept in bondage
hard,
Or sold again. Now when fair Pastorell
Into this place was brought, and kept with
guard
Of grisly thieves, she thought herself in hell
Where with such damn'd fiends she should
in darkness dwell.

XLIV.

But for to tell the doleful dreriment
And pitiful complaints which there she
made,
(Where day and night she nought did but
lament
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flow'r that feels no heat of sun
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort
glad;)
And what befel her in that thievish wonne
Will in another Canto better be begun.

CANTO XI.

The thieves fall out for Pastorell,
While Melibee is slain:
Her ~~Chidore~~ from them redeems,
And bringe:h back again.

I.

THE joys of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietness
That worldly chances do amongst them
cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessedness,
Liker to heaven than mortal wretchedness:
Therefore the wing'd god, to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happiness,
A thousand sours hath temp'rd with one
sweet, [meet.
To make it seem more dear and dainty, as is

II.

Like as is now befall'n to this fair maid,
Fair Pastorell, of whom is now my song:
Who being now in dreadful darkness laid
Amongst those thieves, which her in bond-
age strong [wrong
Detain'd; yet Fortune, not with all this
Contented, greater mischief on her threw,
And sorrows heap'd on her in greater
throng;
That whose hears her heaviness, would rue
And pity her sad plight, so changed from
pleasant hue.

III.

Whilst thus she in these hellish dens re-
main'd, [rest,
Wrapp'd in wretched cares and heart's un-

It so befell, as Fortune had ordain'd,
That he which was their captain profest,
And had the chief command of all the rest,
One day, as he did all his pris'ners view,
With lustful eyes beheld that lovely guest,
Fair Pastorella, whose sad mournful hue
Like the fair morning clad in misty fog did
shew.

IV.

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 mind did to himself allot.
From that day forth he kindness to her
show'd, [mote:
And sought her love by all the means he
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft
her woo'd, [her vow'd,
And mix'd threats among, and much unto

V.

But all that ever he could do or say
Her constant mind could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To grant him favour or afford him love;
Yet ceased he not to sue, and all ways
prove,
By which he mote accomplish his request,

Saying and doing all that mote behove;
Ne day nor night he suffred her to rest,
But her all night did watch, and all the day
moiest.

VI.

At last, when him she so impórtune saw,
Fearing lest he at length the reins would
lend

Unto his lust, and make his will his law,
Sith in his pow'r she was to foe or friend;
She thought it best, for shadow, to pretend
Some show of favour, by him gracing small,
Thut she thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more ease continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent that gaineth more
withal.

VII.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her
made,

With better terms she did him entertain,
Which gave him hope, and did him half
persuade,

That he in time her joyance should obtain;
But when she saw, through that small
favour's gain,

That further than she willing was he press'd
She found no means to bar him, but to
feign,

A sudden sickness which her sore oppress'd,
And made unfit to serve his lawless mind's
behest.

VIII.

By means whereof she would not him per-
mit,

Once to approach to her in privy,
But only mongst the rest by her to sit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And seeking all things meet for remedy:

But she resolved no remedy to find,
No better cheer to show in misery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds un-
bind; [mind.

Her sickness was not of the body but the

IX.

During which space that she thus sick did
lie,

It chanced a sort of merchants, which were
wont [buy,

To skim those coasts for bondsmen there to
And by such traffic after gains to hunt,
Arrived in this isle; though bare and blunt,
T' inquire for slaves; where being ready
met

By some of these same thieves at th' in-
stant brunt, [set
Were brought unto their captain, who was
By his fair patient's side with sorrowful
regret.

X.

To whom they showed, how those mer-
chants were

Arrived in place their bondslaves for to buy;
And therefore pray'd that those same cap-
tives there

Mote to them for their most commodity
Be sold, and mongst them sharèd equally,
This their request the captain much ap-
pall'd;

Yet could he not their just demand deny,
And willèd straight the slaves should forth
be call'd, [stall'd.

And sold for most advantage, not to be fore-

XI.

Then forth the good old Melibee was
brought,

And Coridon with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverse spoils had
caught;

All which he to the merchants' sale did
show:

Till some, which did the sundry prisoners
know;

Gan to inquire for that fair shepherdess,
Which with the rest they took not long ago;
And gan her form and feature to express,
The more t' augment her price through
praise of comeliness.

XII.

To whom the captain in full angry wise
Made answer. that "the maid of whom they
spake

Was his own purchase and his only prize;
With which none had to do, ne ought par-
take, [make;

But he himself, which did that conquest
Little for him to have one silly lass:

Besides through sickness, now so wan and
weak,

That nothing meet in merchandise to pass:"
So show'd them her, to prove how pale and
weak she was.

XIII.

The sight of whom, though now decay'd
and marr'd,

And eke but hardly seen by candle-light,
Yet, like a diamond of rich regard,
In doubtful shadow of the darksome night

With starry beams about her shining bright,
 These merchants' fixèd eyes did so amaze,
 That what through wonder, and what
 through delight,
 Awhile on her they greedily did gaze,
 And did her greatly like, and did her greatly
 praise.

XIV.

At last, when all the rest them offer'd were,
 And prices to them placèd at their pleasure,
 They all refusèd in regard of her;
 Ne ought would buy, however priced with
 measure,
 Withouten leter, whose worth above all trea-
 sure
 They did esteem, and off'red store of gold:
 But then the captain, fraught with more
 displeasure,
 Bade them be still; "his love should not be
 sold;
 The rest take if they would; he her to him
 would hold."

XV.

Therewith some other of the chiefest thieves
 Boldly him bade such injury forbear;
 For that same maid, however it him grieves,
 Should with the rest be sold before him
 there
 To make the prices of the rest more dear.
 That with great rage he stoutly doth deny;
 And, fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth
 swear
 That whoso hardy hand on her doth lay,
 It dearly shall aby, and death for handsel
 pay.

XVI.

Thus, as they words among them multiply,
 They fall to strokes the fruit of too much
 talk,
 And the mad steel about doth fiercely fly,
 Not sparing wight, ne leaving any balk,
 But making way for Death at large to walk;
 Who, in the horror of this grisly night,
 In thousand dreadful shapes doth mongst
 them stalk,
 And makes huge havoc; whiles the candle-
 light [of wight]
 Out-quenchèd leaves no skill nor difference

XVII.

Like as a sort of hungry dogs, ymet
 About some carcass by the common way,
 Do fall together, striving each to get
 The greatest portion of the greedy prey;

All on confusèd heaps themselves assay,
 And snatch, and bite, and rend, and tug,
 and tear
 That who them sees would wonder at their
 fray,
 And who sees not would be afraid to hear:
 Such was the conflict of those cruel brigands
 there.

XVIII.

But, first of all, their captives they do kill,
 Lest they should join against the weaker
 side,
 Or rise against the remnant at their will:
 Old Melibee is slain; and him beside
 His aged wife; with many others wide:
 But Coridon, escaping craftily,
 Creeps forth of doors, whilst darkness him
 doth hide,
 And flies away as fast as he can hie,
 Ne stayeth leave to take before his friends
 do die.

XIX.

But Pastorella, woful wretched elf,
 Was by the captain all this while defended,
 Who, minding more her safety than himself,
 His target always over her pretended;
 By means whereof, that mote not be amend-
 ed, [ground,
 He at the length was slain and laid on
 Yet holding fast twixt both his arms ex-
 tended
 Fair Pastorell, who with the self-same
 wound
 Lanced through the arm fell down with him
 in dreary swoond.

XX.

They lay she cover'd with confusèd press
 Of carcasses, which dying on her fell:
 Tho, whenas he was dead, the fray gan
 cease;
 And each to other calling did compel
 To stay their cruel 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 anon,
 How many of their friends were slain, how
 many tone,

XXI.

Their captain there they cruelly found kill'd,
 And in his arms the dreary dying maid,
 Like a sweet angel twixt two clouds up-
 held;

Her lovely light was dimmèd and decay'd
 With cloud of death upon her eyes dis-
 play'd; [light
 Yet did the cloud make even that dimm'd
 Seem much more lovely in that darkness
 laid,
 And twixt the twinkling of her eyelids bright
 To spark out little beams, like stars in foggy
 night.

XXII.

But, when they moved the carcasses aside.
 They found that life did yet in her remain;
 Then all their helps they busily applied
 To call the soul back to her home again:
 And wrought so well, with labour and long
 pain,
 That they to life recover'd her at last:
 Who, sighing sore, as if her heart in twain
 Had riven been and all her heart-strings
 brast,
 With dreary drooping eyes look'd up like
 one aghast.

XXIII.

There she beheld, that sore her grieved to
 see,
 Her father and her friends about her lying,
 Herself sole left a second spoil to be
 Of those, that having savèd her from dying
 Renew'd her death by timely death denying.
 What now is left her but to wail and weep,
 Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud cry-
 ing!
 Ne carèd she her wound in tears to steep,
 Albe with all their might those brigands her
 did keep.

XXIV.

But when they saw her now relived again,
 They left her so, in charge of one, the best
 Of many worst, who with unkind disdain
 And cruel rigour her did much molest;
 Scarce yielding her due food or timely rest,
 And scarcely suff'ring her infest'ed wound,
 That sore her pain'd, by any to be drest.
 So leave we her in wretched thraldom
 bound,
 Aud turn we back to Calidore, where we
 him found.

XXV.

Who when he back returnèd from the wood,
 And saw his shepherd's cottage spoilèd
 quite,
 And his love reft away, he waxèd wood,
 And half enragèd at that rueful sight;
 That even his heart, for very fell despite

And his own flesh he ready was to tear;
 He chafed, he grieved, he fretted, and he
 sigh't,
 And farèd like a furious wild bear,
 Whose whelps are stolen away, she being
 otherwhere.

XXVI.

Ne wight he found to whom he might com-
 plain,
 Ne wight he found of whom he might in-
 quire;
 That more increased the anguish of his pain.
 He sought the woods, but no man could see
 there; [hear:
 He sought the plains, but could no tidings
 The woods did nought but echoes van re-
 bound;
 The plains all waste and empty did appear;
 Where went the shepherds oft their pipes
 resound, [one he found.
 And feed an hundred flocks, there now not

XXVII.

At last, as there he roamèd up and down,
 He chanced one coming towards him to spy,
 That seem'd to be some sorry simple clown,
 With ragged weeds, and locks upstarting
 high,
 As if he did from some late danger fly,
 And yet his fear did follow him behind:
 Who as he unto him approachèd nigh,
 He mote perceive, by signs which he did
 find, [hind.
 That Coridon it was, the silly shepherd's

XXVIII.

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
 To greet him first, but ask'd where were the
 rest,
 Where Pastorell?—who full of fresh dismay,
 And gushing forth in tears, was so opprest,
 That he no word could speak, but smit his
 breast,
 And up to heaven his eyes fast streaming
 threw:
 Whereat the knight amazèd, yet did not
 rest, [hue,
 But ask'd again, What meant that rueful
 Where was his Pastorell? Where all the
 other crew?

XXIX.

"Ah! well away," said he, then sighing sore,
 "That ever I did live this day to see,
 This dismal day, and was not dead before,
 Before I saw fair Pastorella die!"
 "Die! out alas!" then Calidore did cry,

"How could the Death dare ever her to
quell!
But read thou, Shepherd, read what destiny
Or other direful hap from heaven or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed: do fear
away, and tell."

XXX.

Tho, when the shepherd breathèd had
awhile,
He thus began; "Where shall I then com-
mence
This woful tale? or how those brigands vile
With cruel rage and dreadful violence
Spoil'd all our cots and carried us from
hence;
Or, how fair Pastorell should have been sold
To merchants, but was saved with strong
defence;
Or how those thieves, whilst one sought her
to hold,
Fell all at odds and fought through fury
fierce and bold.

XXXI.

"In that same conflict (woe is me!) befell
This fatal chance, this doleful accident,
Whose heavy tidings now I have to tell
First all the captives, which they here had
hent,
Were by them slain by general consent;
Old Melibee and his good wife withal
These eyes saw die, and dearly did lament:
But, when the lot to Pastorell did fall
Their Captain long withstood, and did her
death forestall.

XXXII.

"But what could he gainst all them do
alone? [last I
It could not boot; needs mote she die at
I only 'scaped through great confusior.
Of cries and clamours, which amongst them
past,
In dreadful darkness, dreadfully aghast;
That better were with them to have been
dead,
Than here to see all desolate and waste,
Despoilèd of those joys and jollihead.
Which with those gentle shepherds here I
wont to lead."

XXXIII.

When Calidore these rueful news had
raught,
His heart quite deadèd was with anguish
great, [traught,
And all his wits with dole were nigh dis-

That he his face, his head, his breast did
beat,
And death itself unto himself did threat,
Oft cursing th' heavens, that so cruel were
To her, whose name he often did repeat;
And wishing oft, that he were present there
When she was slain, or had been to her
succour near.

XXXIV.

But after grief awhile had had his course,
And spent itself in mourning, he at last
Began to mitigate his swelling source,
And in his mind with better reason cast
How he might save her life, if life did last;
Or, if that dead, how he her death might
wreak;
Sith otherwise he could not mend thing
past;
Or, if it to revenge he were too weak,
Then for to die with her, and his life's
thread to break.

XXXV.

Tho Coridon he pray'd, sith he well knew
The ready way unto that thievish wonne,
To wend with him and be his conduct true
Unto the place, to see what should be done:
But he, whose heart through fear was late
fordonne, [dread,
Would not for aught be drawn to former
But by all means the danger known did
shun:
Yet Calidore so well him wrought with
meed,
And fair bespoke with words, that he at last
agreed.

XXXVI.

So forth they go together (God before)
Both clad in shepherd's weeds agreeably,
And both with shepherd's hooks; but Cali-
dore
Had, underneath, him armèd privily:
Tho, to the place when they approachèd
nigh,
They chanced, upon an hill not far away,
Some flocks of sheep and shepherds to
espy;
To whom they both agreed to take their
way,
In hope there news to learn, how they mote
best assay.

XXXVII.

There did they find, that which they did not
fear, [had reft
The self-same flocks the which those thieves

From Melibee and from themselves why-
leare;
And certain of the thieves there by them
left, [then kept:
The which, for want of herds, themselves
Right well knew Coridon his own late sheep,
And, seeing them, for tender pity wept:
But, when he saw the thieves which did
them keep, [asleep.
His heart gan fail, albe he saw them all

XXXVIII.

But Calidore recomforting his grief,
Though not his fear, for nought may fear
dissuade,
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thief
Lay sleeping soundly in the bushes' shade,
Whom Coridon him counsell'd to invade
Now all unwares, and take the spoil away;
But he, that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them gave them the
time of day.

XXXIX.

Tho, sitting down by them upon the green,
Of sundry things he purpose gan to feign,
That he by them might certain tidings ween
Of Pastorell, were she alive or slain:
Mongst which the thieves them questionèd
again,
What mister men, and eke from whence
they were.
To whom they answer'd as did appertain,
That they were poor herdgrooms, the which
whyleare [hire elsewhere.
Had from their masters fled, and now sought

XL.

Whereof right glad they seem'd, and offer
made [keep;
To hire them well if they their flocks would
For they themselves were evil grooms, they
said,
Unwont with herds to watch or pasture
sheep,
But to forray the land, or scour the deep.
Thereto they soon agreed, and earnest took
To keep their flocks for little hire and cheap;
For they for better hire did shortly look:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky
forsook

XLI.

Tho, whenas towards darksome night it
drew, [brought
Unto their hellish dens those thieves them

Where shortly they in great acquaintance
grew,
And all the secrets of their entrayles
sought: [thought,
There did they find, contrary to their
That Pastorell yet lived; but all the rest
Were dead, right so as Coridon had taught;
Whereof they both full glad and blithe did
rest, [possess'd
But chiefly Calidore, whom grief had most

XLII.

At length, when they occasion fittest found,
In dead of night, when all the thieves did
rest
After a late foray, and slept full sound,
Sir Calidore him arm'd, as he thought best;
Having of late by diligent inquest
Provided him a sword of meanest sort
With which he straight went to the cap-
tain's nest:
But Coridon durst not with him consort,
Ne durst abide behind for dread of worse
effort.

XLIII.

When to the cave they came, they found it
fast,
But Calidore with huge resistless might
The doors assailed, and the locks up brast,
With noise whereof the thief awaking light
Unto the entrance ran; where the bold
Knight
Encountering him with small resistance
slew:
The whiles fair Pastorell through great
affright
Was almost dead, misdoubting lest of new
Some uproar were like that which lately she
did view.

XLIV.

But whenas Calidore was comen in,
And gan aloud for Pastorell to cail,
Knowing his voice, although not heard long
sin',
She sudden was revivèd therewithal,
And wondrous joy felt in her spirits' thrall:
Like him that being long in tempest tost,
Looking each hour into Death's mouth to
fall,
At length espies at hand the happy coast,
On which he safety hopes that erst fear'd
to be lost.

XLV.

Her gentle heart, that now long season past
Had never joyance felt nor cheerful thought,

Began some smack of comfort new to taste,
Like life full heat to numm'd sense brought,
And life to feel that long for death had
sought.

Ne less in heart rejoic'd Calidore,
When he her found; but, like to one dis-
traught

And robb'd of reason, towards her him bore;
A thousand times embrac'd and kiss'd a
thousand more.

XLVI.

But now by this, with noise of late uproar,
The hue and cry was rais'd all about;
And all the brigands flocking in great store
Unto the cave gan press, nought having
doubt

Of that was done, and enter'd in a rout.
But Calidore in th' entry close did stand,
And, entertaining them with courage
stout, [hand;
Still slew the foremost that came first to
So long, till all the entry was with bodies
mann'd.

XLVII.

Tho, when no more could nigh to him ap-
proach, [day:
He breath'd his sword, and rested him till
Which when he spied upon the earth t' en-
croach,

Through the dead carcasses he made his
way,
Mongst which he found a sword of better
say,

With which he forth went into th' open
light,

Where all the rest for him did ready stay,
And, fierce assailing him, with all their
might [fight.

Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadful
fight.

XLVIII.

How many flies in hottest summer's day
Do seize upon some beast, whose flesh is
bare,

That all the place with swarms do overlay,
And with their little stings right felly fare;
So many thieves about him swarming are,
All which do him assail on every side,
And sore oppress, ne any him doth spare;
But he doth with his raging brand divide
Their thickest troops, and round about him
scatt'reth wide.

XLIX.

Like as a lion mongst an herd of deer,
Disperseth them to catch his choicest prey;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that near him came did hew and
slay,

Till he had strew'd with bodies all the way;
That none his danger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves
convey [hide,
Into their caves, their heads from death to
Ne any left that victory to him envied.

L.

Then, back returning to his dearest dear,
He her gan to recom fort, all he might,
With gladful speeches and with lovely cheer;
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,
Whereof she long had lack'd the wishful
sight,

Devised all goodly means from her to drive
The sad remembrance of her wretched
plight:

So her uneach at last he did revive [alive.
That long had lien dead, and made again

LI.

This done, into those thievish dens he went
And thence did all the spoils and treasures
take, [and rent:

Which they from many long had robb'd
But fortune now the victor's meed did make;
Of which the best he did his love betake;
And also all those flocks, which they before
Had reft from Melibee and from his Make,
H did them all to Cridon restore:

So drave them all away, and his love with,
him bore.

CANTO XII.

Fair Pastorella by great hap
Her parents understands,
Calidore doth the Blatant Beast
Subdue, and bind in bands.

I.

LIKE as a ship, that through the ocean wide
Directs her course unto one certain coast,
Is met of many a counter wind and tide,
With which her wingèd speed is let and
cross'd,
And she herself in stormy surges toss'd ;
Yet, making many a board* and many a
bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compass lost;
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stay'd, yet never is
astray.

II.

For all that hitherto hath long delay'd
This gentle knight from 'suing his first
quest, [mis-said,
Though out of course, yet hath not been
To show the courtesy by him profess'd
Even unto the lowest and the least.
But now I come into my course again,
To his achievement of the Blatant Beast ;
Who all this while at will did range and
reign,
Whilst none was him to stop, nor none him
to restrain.

III.

Sir Calidore, when thus he now had raught
Fair Pastorella from those brigands' pow'r,
Unto the castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was lord the good Sir Bellamoure ;
Who whylome was, in his youth's freshest
flow'r,
A lusty knight as ever wielded spear,
And had endurèd many a dreadful stour
In bloody battle for a lady dear,
The fairest lady then of all that living were:

IV.

Her name was Claribell whose father hight
The Lord of Many Islands, far renown'd

* "To make a board," or "to board it up to a place," is to turn the ship to windward, sometimes on one tack, sometimes on the other.
—KERSEY, CHURCH.

For his great riches and his greater might.
He, through the wealth wherein he did
abound, [bound
This daughter thought in wedlock to have
Unto the Prince of Pictland, bordering near ;
But she, whose sides before with secret
wound
Of love to Bellamore empiercèd were,
By all means shunn'd to match with any
foreign fere.

V.

And Bellamoure again so well her pleased
With daily service and attendance due,
That of her love he was entirely seized,
And closely did her wed, but known to few:
Which when her father understood, he grew
In so great rage that them in dungeon deep
Without compassion cruelly he threw :
Yet did so straitly them asunder keep,
That neither could to company of th' other
creep.

VI.

Nathless Sir Bellamoure, whether through
grace
Or secret gifts, so with his keepers wrought,
That to his love sometimes he came in
place ;
Whereof her womb unwist to wight was
fraught, [brought :
And in due time a maiden child forth
Which she straightway (for dread lest if her
sire
Should know thereof to slay he would have
sought)
Deliver'd to her handmaid, that for hire
She should it cause be fost' red under strange
attire.

VII.

The trusty damsel bearing it abroad
Into the empty fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the secret of her load,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The little babe, to take thereof a sight :
Whom whilst she did with wat'ry eyne be-
hold

Upon the little breast like crystal bright,
She mote perceive a little purple mold
That like a rose her silken leaves did fair
unfold.

VIII.

Well she it mark'd and pitièd the more,
Yet could not remedy her wretched case;
But, closing it agan like as before,
Bedew'd with tears there left it in the place;
Yet left not quite, but drew a little space
Behind the bushes, where she her did hide,
To weet what mortal hand, or heaven's
grace,

Would for the wretched infant's help pro-
vide; [cried,
For which it loudly call'd, and pitifully

IX.

At length a shepherd, which thereby did
keep

His fleecy flock upon the plains around,
Led with the infant's cry that loud did weep,
Came to the place; where when he wrapped
found,

Th' foundon'd spoil, he softly it unbound;
And, seeing there that did him pity sore,
He took it up and in his mantle wound;
So home unto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her own it nursed and namèd ever-
more.

X.

Thus long continued Claribell a thrall,
And Bellamoure in bands; till that her sire
Departed life, and left unto them all:
Then all the storms of fortune's former ire
Were turn'd, and they to freedom did retire.
Thenceforth they joy'd in happiness to-
gether,

And livèd long in peace and love entire,
Without disquiet or dislike of either,
Till time that Calidore brought Pastorella
thither.

XI.

Both whom they goodly well did entertain;
For Bellamoure knew Calidore sight well,
And lovèd for his prowess, sith they twain
Long since had fought in field: als Claribell
Ne less did tender the fair Pastorell,
Seeing her weak and wan through durance
long.

There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many joys among,
Until the damsel gan to wax more sound
and strong.

XII.

Tho gan Sir Calidore him to advise
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore,
Ashamed to think how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queen had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, foreslackèd had so sore;
That much he fearèd lest reproachful blame
With foul dishonour him mote blot there-
fore;
Besides the loss of so much loos and fame,
As through the world thereby should glorify
his name.

XIII.

Therefore, resolving to return in haste
Unto so great achievement, he bethought
To leave his love, now peril being past,
With Claribell; whilst he that monster
sought
Throughout the world, and to destruction
brought.
So taking leave of his fair Pastorell,
Whom to recomfort all the means he
wrought,
With thanks to Bellamoure and Claribell,
He went forth on his quest, and did that
him befall.

XIV.

But first, ere I do his adventures tell
In this exploit, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the fair Pastorell,
During his absence left in heavy care,
Through daily mourning and nightly mis-
fare:
Yet did that ancient matron all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and
rare;
And her own handmaid, that Melissa light,
Appointed to attend her duly day and night.

XV.

Who in a morning, when this maiden fair
Wasighting her, having her snowy breast
As yet not lacèd, nor her golden hair
Into their comely tresses duly drest,
Chanced to espy upon her ivory chest
The rosy mark, which she rememb'red well
That little infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which she bore the whiles in prison she
did dwell.

XVI.

Which well avising, straight she can to cast
In her conceitful mind that this fair maid
Was that same infant, which so long sich
past.

She in the open fields had loosely laid
To fortune's spoil, unable it to aid:
So, full of joy, straight forth she ran in haste
Unto her mistress, being half dismay'd,
To tell her, how the heavens had her graced,
To save her child, which in misfortune's
mouth was plac'd.

XVII.

The sober mother seeing such her mood,
Yet knowing not what meant that sudden
throe [stood,
Ask'd her, how mote her words be under-
And what the matter was that moved her so.
"My lief," said she, "ye know that long ygo,
Whilst ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little maid, the which ye childed tho;
The same again if now ye list to have,
The same is yonder lady, whom High God
did save."

XVIII.

Much was the lady troubled at that speech,
And gan to question straight how she it
knew.

"Most certain marks," said she, "do me it
teach;

For on her breast I with these eyes did
view,

The little purple rose which thereon grew,
Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
Besides, her countenance and her likely hue,
Match'd with equal years, do surely prieve
That yond same is your daughter sure,
which yet doth live."

XIX.

The matron stay'd no longer to inquire,
But forth in haste ran to the stranger maid;
Whom catching greedily, for great desire
Rent up her breast, and bosom open laid,
In which that rose she plainly saw display'd:
Then, her embracing twixt her arm's twain,
She long so held, and softly weeping said;
"And livest thou, my daughter, now again?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long
did fain?"

XX.

Tho further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certain signs
And speaking marks of pass'd monuments,
That this young maid, whom chance to her
presents,
Is her own daughter, her own infant dear.
Tho, wond'ring long at those so strange
events,

A thousand times she her embrac'd near,

With many a joyful kiss and many a melt-
ing tear.

XXI.

Whoever is the mother of one child,
Which having thought long dead she finds
alive,

Let her by proof of that which she hath
fylde *

In her own breast, this mother's joy de-
scribe;

For other none such passion can contrive
In perfect form, as this good lady felt,
When she so fair a daughter saw survive,
As Pastorella was; that nigh she swelt †
For passing joy, which did all into pity melt.

XXII.

Thence running forth unto her lov'd lord,
She unto him recounted ail that fell:

Who, joining joy with her in one accord,
Acknowledged, for his own, fair Pastorell.
There leave we them in joy, and let us tell
Of Calidore; who, seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by final force to
quell,

Through every place with restless pain and
toil [spoil.

Him follow'd by the track of his outrageous

XXIII.

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 spoil, such havoc, and such
theft [bereft

He wrought, that thence all goodness he
That endless were to tell. The elfin knight,
Who now no place besides unsought had
left,

At length into a monastere did light,
Where he him found despoiling all with
main and might.

XXIV.

In their cloisters now he broken had,
Through which the monks he chased he:z
and there,

And them pursued into their dortours sad,
And search'd all their cells and secrets near;
In which what filth and ordure did appear.
Were irksome to report; yet that foul beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did toss
and tear,

And ransack'd all their dens from most to
least,

* Altered for rhyme from *sel.* † Fainted.

Regarding nought religion nor their holy
hest.

xxv.

From thence into the sacred church he
broke, [threw,
And robb'd the chancel, and the desks down
And altars foulèd, and blasphemý spoke,
And th' images, for all their goodly hue,
Did cast to ground, whilst none was them
to rue;

So all confounded and disorder'd there :
But, seeing Calidore, away he flew,
Knowing his fatal hand by former fear ;
But he him fast pursuing soon approachèd
near.

xxvi.

Him in a narrow place he overtook,
And fierce assailing forced him turn again ;
Sternly he turn'd again, when he him strook
With his sharp steel, and ran at him amain
With open mouth, that seemèd to contain
A full good peck within the utmost brim,
All set with iron teeth in ranges twain,
That terrified his foes, and armèd him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus griesly
grim :

xxvii.

And therein were a thousand tongues em-
pight
Of sundry kinds and sundry quality ;
Some were of dogs, that barkèd day and
night ; [cry ;
And some of cats, that wrawling still did
And some of bears, that groyn'd continually ;
And some of tigers, that did seem to gren
And snarl at all that ever passèd by :
But most of them were tongues of mortal
men,
Which spake reproachfully, not caring where
nor when.

xxviii.

And them amongst were mingled here and
there [stings,
The tongues of serpents, with three-forkèd
That spat out poison, and gore-bloody gear,
At all that came within his ravenings ;
And spake licentious words and hateful
things
Of good and bad alike, of low and high,
Ne kaisars sparèd he a whit nor kings ;
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.

xxix.

But Calidore, thereof no whit afraid,
Rencount'red him with so impetuous might,

That th' outrage of his violence he stay'd,
And beat aback, threat'ning in vain to bite,
And spitting forth the poison of his spite
That foamèd all about his bloody jaws :
Tho, rearing up his former feet on height,
He ramp'd upon him with his ravenous
paws,
As if he would have rent him with his cruel
claws :

xxx.

But he right well aware, his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atween, and, therewithal
Putting his puissance forth, pursued so hard,
That backward he enforcèd him to fall ;
And, being down, ere he new help could
call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast down
held ;
Like as a bullock, that in bloody stall
Of butcher's baleful hand to ground is
fell'd, [quell'd.
Is forcibly kept down, till he be throughly

xxxii.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and roar
To be down held, and mast'red so with
might,
That he gan fret and foam out bloody gore,
Striving in vain to rear himself upright :
For still, the more he strove, the more the
knight
Did him suppress, and forcibly subdue :
That made him almost mad for fell despite :
He grinn'd, he bit, he scratch'd, he venom
threw,
And farèd like a fiend right horrible in hue :

xxxiii.

Or like the hell-born Hydra, which they
feign
That great Alcides whylome overthrew,
After that he had labour'd long in vain
To crop his thousand heads, the which still
new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish beast,
Whilst Calidore him under him down threw ;
Who nathimore his heavy load released,
But aye, the more he ragèd, the more his
pow'r increased.

xxxiiii.

Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought
avail
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharply at him to revile and rail
With bitter terms of shameful infamy ;
Oft interlacing many a forçèd lie,

Whose like he never once did speak, nor
hear,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily :
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbear,
But strained him so straitly that he choked
him near.

XXXIV.

At last, whenas he found his force to shrink
And rage to quail, he took a muzzle strong
Of surest iron made with many a link ;
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein shut up his blasphemous
tongue,
For never more defaming gentle knight,
Or unto lovely lady doing wrong :
And thereunto a great long chain he tight,*
With which he drew him forth, even in his
own despite.

XXXV.

Like as whylome that strong Tirynthian
swain [hell
Brought forth with him the dreadful dog of
Against his will fast bound in iron chain,
And roaring horribly did him compel
To see the hateful sun, that he might tell
To griesly Pluto, what on earth was done,
And to the other damnèd ghosts which
dwell

For aye in darkness which day-light doth
shun : [quest won.
So led this knight his captive with like con-

XXXVI.

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Strange bands, whose like till then he never
bore,
Ne ever any durst till then impose ;
And chafed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was lett aloud to roar :
Yet durst he not draw back, nor once with-
stand

The provèd pow'r of noble Calidore ;
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearful dog him follow'd through
the land.

XXXVII.

Him through all Faery land he follow'd so,
As if he learnèd had obedience long,
That all the people, wherso he did go,
Out of their towns did round about him
throng, [strong ;
To see him lead that Beast in bondage
And seeing it, much wonder'd at the sight :
And all such persons, as he erst did wrong,

* Tied.

Rejoicèd much to see his captive plight,
And much admired the Beast, but more
admired the knight.

XXXVIII.

Thus was this monster, by the mast'ring
might
Of doughty Calidore, suppress'd and tamed,
That never more he mote endamage wight
With his vile tongue, which many had de-
famed,
And many causeless causèd to be blamed :
So did he eke long after this remain,
Until that, (whether wicked fate so framed
Or fault of men,) he broke his iron chain,
And got into the world at liberty again.

XXXIX.

Thenceforth more mischief and more scath
he wrought
To mortal men than he had done before ;
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne mast'red any more :
Albe that, long time after Calidore,
The good Sir Pelleas him took in hand ;
And after him Sir Lamorack of yore ;
And all his brethren born in Britain land ;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into
band.

XL.

So now he rangeth through the world
again,
And ageth sore in each degree and state ;
Ne any is that may him now restrain,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him do bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or clear of
crime ;
Ne spareth he most learnèd wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle poet's rhyme ;
But rends, without regard of person or of
time.

XLI.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venomous despite,
More than my former writs, all were they
cleanest [wite
From blameful blot, and free from all that
With which some wicked tongues did it
backbite,
And bring into a mighty peer's* displeasure,
That never so deservèd to indite.
Therefore do you, my rhymes, keep better
measure, [wise men's treasure.
And seek to please ; that now is counted

* Lord Burleigh.

TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITY;

WHICH, BOTH FOR FORM AND MATTER, APPEAR TO BE PARCEL OF
SOME FOLLOWING BOOK OF

THE FAERY QUEEN,

UNDER

The Legend of Constancy.

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (not pleased in mortal things
Beneath the moon to reign)
Pretends, as well of gods as men,
To be the sovereign.

I.

WHAT man that sees the ever-whirling
wheel [sway,
Of Change, the which all mortal things doth
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feel,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruel sports to many men's decay?
Which that to all may better yet appear,
I will rehearse, that whylome I heard say,
How she at first herself began to rear
Gainst all the gods, and th' empire sought
from them to bear.

II.

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and lineage ancient,
As I have found it regist'ed of old
In Faery land mongst records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old Titans that did whylome strive
With Saturn's son for heaven's regiment:
Whom though high Jove of kingdom did
deprive.
Yet many of their stem long after did sur-
vive:

III.

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of Jove, and high authority:

As Hecaté, in whose almighty hand
He placed all rule and principality,
To be by her disposèd diversely
To gods and men, as she them list divide;
And dread Bellona, that doth sound on high
Wars and alarums unto nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to
tremble at her pride.

IV.

So likewise did this Titaness aspire
Rule and dominion to herself to gain;
That as a goddess men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them
twain,
And first, on earth she sought it to obtain:
Where she such proof and sad examples
shew'd
Of her great power, to many one's great
pain,
That not men only (whom she soon subdued)
But eke all other creatures her bad doings
rued.

V.

For she the face of earthly things so
changed,
That all which Nature had establish'd first,
In good estate, and in meet order ranged,

She did pervert, and all their statutes burst :
 And all the world's fair 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 provide
 In that still happy state for ever to abide.

VI.

Ne she the laws of nature only brake,
 But eke of justice, and of policy : [make,
 And wrong of right, and bad of good did
 And death for life exchanged foolishly :
 Since which, all living wights have learn'd
 to die.
 And all this world is waxen daily worse.
 O piteous work of Mutability,
 By which we all are subject to that curse,
 And Death instead of Life, have suck'd
 from our nurse!

VII.

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
 T' attempt the empire of the heavens'
 height,
 And Jove himself to shoulder from his
 right.
 And first, she pass'd the region of the air
 And of the fire, whose substance thin and
 slight
 Made no resistance, ne could her contraire,
 But ready to her pleasure did prepare.

VIII.

Thence to the circle of the moon she clamb,
 Where Cynthia reigns in everlasting glory,
 To whose bright shining palace straight she
 came,
 All fairly deck'd with heaven's goodly story ;
 Whose silver gates (by which there sate an
 hoary
 Old aged sire, with hour-glass in hand,
 Hight Time,) she enter'd, were he lief or
 sorry ;
 Ne stay'd till she the highest stage had
 scann'd
 Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did
 stand.

IX.

Her sitting on an ivory throne she found,
 Drawn of two steeds, th' one black, the other
 white.
 Environ'd with ten thousand stars around,
 That duly her attended day and night ;

And by her side there ran a page, that hight
 Vesper, whom we the evening-star intend ;
 That with his torch, still twinkling like
 twilight,
 Her lighten'd all the way where she would
 wend, [lend.
 And joy to weary wand'ring travellers did

X.

That when the hardy Titaness beheld
 The goodly building of her palace bright,
 Made of the heavens' substance, and up-
 held,
 With thousand crystal pillars of huge height ;
 She gan to burn in her ambitious spright
 And t' envy her that in such glory reign'd.
 Eftsoones she cast by force and tortious
 might
 Her to displace, and to herself t' have gain'd
 The kingdom of the Night, and waters by
 her waned.

XI.

Boldly she bid the goddess down descend,
 And let herself into that ivory throne ;
 For she herself more worthy thereof wecn'd,
 And better able it to guide alone ;
 Whether to men whose fall she did bemoan,
 Or unto gods whose state she did malign,
 Or to th' infernal pow'rs her need give loan
 Of her fair light and bounty most benign,
 Herself of all that rule she deem'd most
 condign.

XII.

But she that had to her that sovereign seat
 By highest Jove assign'd, therein to bear
 Night's burning lamp, regarded not her
 threat,
 Ne yielded ought for favour or for fear :
 But, with stern countenance and disdainful
 cheer
 Bending her horn'd brows, she put her
 back ;
 And, boldly blaming her for coming there,
 Bade her at once from heaven's coast to
 pack, [wrack.
 Or at her peril bide the wrathful thunder's

XIII.

Yet nathemore the giantess forbare ;
 But boldly pressing on, raught forth her
 hand
 To pluck her down perforce from off her
 chair ;
 And, therewith lifting up her golden wand,
 Threaten'd to strike her if she did with-
 stand :

Whereat the stars, which round about her
blazed, [stand,
And eke the moon's bright waggon still did
All being with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and stern look
still gazed.

XIV.

Meanwhile the lower world, which nothing
knew
Of all that chancèd here, was dark'ned quite ;
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly
crew
Of happy wights; now unpurvey'd of light,
Were much afraid and wond'red at that
sight ;
Fearing lest Chaos broken had his chain,
And brought again on them eternal night ;
But chiefly Mercury, that next doth reign,
Ran forth in haste unto the king of gods to
plain.

XV.

All ran together with a great outcry
To Jove's fair palace fix'd in heaven's
height ;
And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
To know what meant that sudden lack of
light.
The Father of the gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange
affright,
Doubting lest Typhon were again uprear'd,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely
fear'd.

XVI.

Eftsoones the son of Maia forth he sent
Down to the circle of the moon to know
The cause of this so strange astonishment,
And why she did her wonted course fore-
slow ;
And, if that any were on earth below
That did with charms or magic her molest,
Him to attach, and down to hell to throw ;
But if from heaven it were, then to arrest
The author, and him bring before his pre-
sence prest.*

XVII.

The wing'd foot god so fast his plumes did
beat,
That soon he came whereas the Titaness
Was striving with fair Cynthia for her seat ;

* Immediately.

At whose strange sight and haughty hardi-
ness [less :
He wond'red much, and fearèd her no
Yet, laying fear aside to do his charge,
At last he bade her, with bold steadfastness,
Cease to molest the moon to walk at large,
Or come before high Jove her doings to dis-
charge.

XVIII.

And therewithal he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathèd mace, whose awful
pow'r [afraid.
Doth make both gods and hellish fiends
Whereat the Titaness did sternly lour,
And stoutly answered ; That in evil hour
He from his Jove such message to her
brought,
To bid her leave fair Cynthia's silver bower ;
Sith she his Jove and him esteemèd nought,
No more than Cynthia's self ; but all their
kingdoms sought.

XIX.

The heaven's Herald stay'd not to reply,
But pass'd away, his doings to relate
Unto his lord ; who now, in th' highest sky,
Was placèd in his principal estate,
With all the gods about him congregatè :
To whom when Hermes had his message
told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Save Jove ; who changing nought his count'-
nance bold,
Did unto them at length these speeches
wise unfold.

XX.

" Harken to me awhile, ye heavenly pow'rs :
Ye may remember since th' earth's cursed
seed
Sought to assail the heavens' eternal tow'rs,
And to us all exceeding fear did breed ;
But, how we then defeated all their deed,
Ye all do know, and them destroyèd quite ;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An offspring of their blood, which did alight
Upon the fruitful earth, which doth us yet
despite.

XXI.

" Of that bad seed is this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust fair Phœbe from her silver bed,
And eke ourselves from heavens' high
empire,
If that her might were match to her desire :

Wherefore it now behoves us to advise
 What way is best to drive her to retire ;
 Whether by open force, or counsel wise :
 Aread, ye sons of God, at best ye can
 devise."

XXII.

So having said, he ceased ; and with his
 brow [dreaded beck
 (His black eye-brow, whose doomful
 Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
 And even the highest pow'rs of heaven to
 check,)
 Made sign to them in their degrees to speak :
 Who straight gan cast their counsel grave
 and wise.
 Meanwhile the earth's daughter, though she
 nought did reck
 Of Hermes' message, yet gan now advise
 What course were best to take in this hot
 bold emprise.

XXIII.

Eftsoones she thus resolved ; that whilst
 the gods
 (After return of Hermes' embassy)
 Were troubled, and amongst themselves at
 odds ;
 Before they could new counsels re-ally,
 To set upon them in that extacy,
 And take what fortune, time, and place
 would lend .
 So forth she rose, and through the purest
 sky [cend,
 To Jove's high palace straight cast to as-
 To prosecute her plot : good onset bodes
 good end.

XXIV.

She there arriving boldly it did pass ;
 Where all the gods she found in counsel
 close, [was.
 All quite unarm'd, as then their manner
 At sight of her they sudden all arose
 In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose :
 But Jove, all fearless, forced them to aby ;
 And in his sovereign throne gan straight
 dispose
 Himself, more full of grace and majesty,
 That mote encheer his friends, and foes
 mote terrify.

XXV.

That when the haughty Titaness beheld,
 All were she fraught with pride and impu-
 dence,
 Yet with the sight thereof was almost
 quell'd ;

And, inly quaking, seem'd as reft of sense
 And void of speech in that dread audience ;
 Until that Jove himself herself bespake :
 " Speak, thou frail woman, speak with con-
 fidence ; [here now make ?
 Whence art thou, and what dost thou
 What idle errand hast thou earth's mansion
 to forsake ?"

XXVI.

She, half confus'd with his great command
 Yet gathering spirit of her nature's pride,
 Him boldly answer'd thus to his demand ;
 " I am a daughter, by the mother's side,
 Of her that is grandmother magnified
 Of all the gods, great Earth, great Chaos'
 child :
 But by the fathers's, be it not envied,
 I greater am in blood, whereon I build,
 Than all the gods, though wrongfully from
 heaven exiled.

XXVII.

" For Titan, as ye all acknowledge must,
 Was Saturn's elder brother by birthright ;
 Both sons of Uranus ; but by unjust
 And guileful means, through Corybantes'
 sleight,
 The younger thrust the elder from his
 right :
 Since which thou, Jove, injuriously hast
 held [might ;
 The heavens' rule from Titan's sons by
 And them to hellish dungeons down hast
 fell'd : [I have tell'd !"
 Witness, ye heavens, the truth of all that

XXVIII.

Whilst she thus spake, the gods that gave
 good ear
 To her bold words, and mark'd well her
 grace,
 (Being of stature tall as any there
 Of all the gods, and beautiful of face
 As any of the goddesses in place,)
 Stood all astonied ; like a sort of steers,
 Mongst whom some beast of strange and
 foreign race [peers :
 Unwares is chanced, far straying from his
 So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hid-
 den fears.

XXIX.

Till, having paused awhile, Jove thus be-
 spake ;
 " Will never mortal thoughts cease to aspire
 In this bold sort to heaven claim to make,
 And touch celestial seats with earthly mir.. ?

I would have thought that bold Procrustes' hire,
Or Typhon's fall, or proud Ixion's pain,
Or great Prometheus testing of our ire,
Would have sufficed the rest for to restrain,
And warn'd all men, by their example, to refrain.

XXX.

"But now this off-scum of that cursèd fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And challenge th' heritage of this our sky;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-drive to hell?" With that he shook
His nectar-dewèd locks, with which the ^[skies]
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brand in hand he took.

XXXI.

But when he lookèd on her lovely face,
In which fair beams of beauty did appear
That could the greatest wrath soon turn to
grace,
(Such away doth beauty even in heaven bear,)
He stay'd his hand; and, having changed
his cheer,
He thus again in milder wise began;
"But ah! if gods should strive with flesh yfere.
Then shortly should the progeny of man
Be rootèd out, if Jove should do still what
he can!

XXXII.

"But thee, fair Titans' child, I rather ween
Through some vain error, or inducement
light,
To see that mortal eyes have never seen;
Or through ensample of thy sister's might,
Bellona, whose great glory thou dost spite,
Since thou hast seen her dreadful power be-
low:
Mongst wretched men, dismay'd with her ^{[affright,}
To bandy crowns, and kingdoms to bestow:
And sure thy worth no less than hers doth
seem to show.

XXXIII.

"But wot thou this, thou hardy Titaness,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in heaven's interest;
Much less the title of old Titan's right:
For we by conquest, of our sovereign might,

And by eternal doom of Fate's decree,
Have won the empire of the heavens bright:
Which to ourselves we hold, and to whom
we ^{[be.}
Shall worthy deem partakers of our bliss to

XXXIV.

"Then cease thy idle claim, thou foolish
girl;
And seek by grace and goodness to obtain
That place, from which by folly Titan tell;
Thereto thou mayst perhaps, if so thou fair,
Have Jove thy gracious lord and sovereign."
So having said, she thus to him replied;
"Cease, Saturn's son, to seek by proffers
vain

Of idle hopes t' allure me to thy side,
For to betray my right before I have it tried.

XXXV.

"But thee, O Jove, no equal judge I deem
Of my desert, or of my dueful right;
That in thine own behalf mayst partial
seem:
But to the highest Him, that is behight
Father of gods and men by equal might
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeal."
Thereat Jove waxèd wroth, and in his
spright
Did inly grudge, yet did well conceal;
And bade Dan Phœbus' scribe her appella-
tion seal.

XXXVI.

Eftsoones the time and place appointed
were,
Where all, both heavenly powers and earthly
wights, ^{[pear,}
Before great Nature's presence should ap-
For trial of their titles and best rights:
That was, to weet, upon the highest heights
Of Arlo-hill (who knows not Arlo-hill?)
That is the highest head, in all men's sights,
Of my old father MOLE, whom Shepherd's
quill ^{[skill,}
Renowned hath with hymns fit for a rural

XXXVII.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file
To sing of hills and woods mongst wars and
knights,
I would abate the stern stounds to mingle
soft delights:
And tell how Ailo, through Diana's spites,
(Being of old the best and fairest hill
That was in all this Holy-Island's heights.)
Was made the most unpleasant and most
ill:
Meanwhile, O Clio, lend Calliope thy quill,

XXXVIII.

Whylome when Ireland flourishèd in fame
Of wealth and goodness, far above the rest
Of all that bear the British Islands' name,
The gods then used, for pleasure and for
rest,
Oft to resort thereto, when seem'd them
best : [found
But none of all therein more pleasure
Than Cynthia, that is sovereign queen
profest
Of woods and forests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholesome waters more than
most on ground :

XXXIX.

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
(Either for chase of beasts with hound or
bow, [name,
Or for to shroud in shade from Phœbus'
Or bathe in fountains that do freshly flow,
Or from high hills, or from the dales below,)
She chose this Arlo; where she did resort
With all her nymphs enrangèd on a row,
With whom the woody gods did oft consort ;
For with the nymphs the satyrs love to play
and sport :

XL.

Amongst the which there was a nymph that
hight
Molanna : daughter of old Father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla, fair and bright :
Unto whose bed false Bregog whylome
stole
That Shepherd Colin dearly did condole,*
And made her luckless loves well known to
be :
But this Molanna, were she not so shoal,
Were no less fair and beautiful than she :
Yet, as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.

XLI.

For first she springs out of two marble
rocks, [grows
On which a grove of oaks high-mounted
That as a garland seems to deck the locks
Of some fair bride, brought forth with
pompous shows
Out of her bow'r, that many flowers strows ;
So through the flowery dales she tumbling
down
Through many woods and shady covert
flows

* Shepherd Colin means Spenser himself.
He alludes to the poem "Colin Clout's come
Home again."

That on each side her silver channel crown
Till to the plain she come, whose valleys
she doth drown.

XLII.

In her sweet streams Diana usèd oft,
After her sweaty chase and toilsome play,
To bathe herself ; and, after, on the soft
And downy grass her dainty limbs to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may,
For much she hated sight of living eye :
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a
day
H : saw her clad, yet longèd foolishly
To see her naked mongst her nymphs in
privity.

XLIII.

No way he found to compass his desire,
But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire :
So her with flattering words he first assay'd ;
And, after, pleasing gifts for her purvey'd,
Queen-apples, and red cherries from the
tree,
Wth which he her allurèd and betray'd
To tell what time he might her lady see
When she herself did bathe, that he might
secret be.

XLIV.

Thereto he promised, if she would him
pleasure [better ;
With this small boon to quit her with a
To weet, that whereas she had out of
measure
Long loved the Fanchin, who by nought did
set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
To be his love, and of him likèd well :
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debtor
For many more good turns than he would
tell ;
The least of which this little pleasure should
excel.

XLV.

The simple maid did yield to him anon ;
And eft him placèd where he close might
view
That never any saw, save only one.*
Who, for his hire to so foolhardy due,
Was of his hounds devour'd in hunter's hue.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her nymphs about her, drew
To this sweet spring ; where, doffing her
array, [pry.
She hath'd her lovely limbs, for Jove a likely

* Actæon.

XLVI.

There Faunus saw that pleasèd much his eye,

And made his heart to tickle in his breast,
That, for great joy of somewhat he did spy,
He could him not contain in silent rest ;
But, breaking forth in laughter, loud profess'd

His foolish thought : a foolish faun indeed,
That couldst not hold thyself so hidden blest,

But wouldest needs thine own conceit aread ;
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

XLVII.

The goddess, all abashèd with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brook ;
And, running straight whereas she heard his voice,

Enclosed the bush about, and there him took
Like darrèd * lark, not daring up to look
On her whose sight before so much he sought,

Thence forth they drew him by the horns,
and shook

Nigh all to pieces, that they left him nought ;

And then into the open light they forth him

XLVIII.

Like as an housewife, that with busy care
Thinks of her dairy to make wondrous gain,
Finding whereas some wicked beast unware
That breaks into her dair' house, there doth drain

Her creaming pans, and frustrate all her
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrappèd him, and caught into her trayne,
Then thinks what punishment were best assign'd,

And thousand deaths deviseth in her vengeance

XLIX.

So did Diana and her maidens all
Use silly Faunus, now within their bail :
They mock and scorn him, and him foul miscall ;

Some by the nose him pluck, some by the tail ;

And by his goatish beard some did him
Yet he (poor soul!) with patience all did bear ;

For nought against their wills might countervail :

* A glass made use of in catching larks is called a daring glass.—UPTON.

Ne ought he said, whatever he did hear ;
But, hanging down his head, did like a Mome appear.

L.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,

They gan to cast what penance him to give.
Some would have geit him ; but that same would spill

The wood-gods' breed, which must for ever
Others would through the river have him drive

And ducked deep ; but that seem'd penance
But most agreed, and did this sentence give,
Him in deer's skin to clad ; and in that plight

To hunt him with their hounds, himself save how he might.

LI.

But Cynthia's self, more angry than the rest,
Thought not enough to punish him in sport,
And of her shame to make a gamesome jest ;
But gan examine him in straighter sort,
Which of her nymphs, or other close consort,

Him thither brought, and her to him betray'd.

He, much afeard, to her confessèd short
That 'twas Molanna which her so bewray'd.
Then all at once their hands upon Molanna laid.

LII.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a deer's-skin they cover'd, and then chased

With all their hounds that after him did
But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast

Than any deer ; so sore him dread aghast.
They after follow'd all with shrill outcry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have

That all the woods and dales, where he did
Did ring again, and loud re-echo to the sky.

LIII.

So they him follow'd till they weary were ;
When, back returning to Molann' again,
They, by commandment of Diana, there
Her whelmed with stones : Yet Faunus, for her pain,

Of het belovèd Fanchin did obtain,
That her he would receive unto his bed.
So now her waves pass through a pleasant plain,

Till with the Fanchin she herself do wed,
And, both combined, themselves in one fair
river spread.

LIV.

Nathless Diana, full of indignation,
Thenceforth abandon'd her delicious brook :
In whose sweet stream, before that bad oc-
casion,
So much delight to bathe her limbs she
took :
Ne only her, but also quite forsook
All those fair forests about Arlo hid ;
And all that mountain, which doth overlook
The richest champaign that may else be
read ;
And the fair Suir, in which are thousand
salmons bred.

LV.

Them all, and all that she so dear did
weigh,
Thenceforth she left ; and, parting from
the place,
Thereon an heavy hapless curse did lay ;
To weet, that wolves, where she was wont
to space,
Should harbour'd be and all those woods
deface,
And thieves should rob and spoil that coast
around. [goodly chase
Since which, those woods, and all that
Doth to this day with wolves and thieves
abound :
Which too-too true that land's in-dwellers
since have found.

CANTO VII.

'Peeling from Jove to Nature's bar,
Bold Alteration pleads
Large evidence : but Nature soon
Her lighteous doom areads.

I.

AH ! whither dost thou now, thou greater
Muse,
Me from these woods and pleasing forests
bring ?
And my frail spirit, that doth oft refuse
This too high flight unfit for her weak wing,
Lift up aloft, to tell of heaven's king
(Thy sovereign sire) his fortunate success ;
And victory in bigger notes to sing,
Which he obtain'd against the Titanes,
That him of heaven's empire sought to dis-
possess ?

II.

Yet, sith I needs must follow thy behest,
Do thou my weaker wit with skill inspire,
Fit for this turn ; and in my sable breast-
Kindle fresh sparks of that immortal fire
Which learnèd minds inflameth with desire
Of heavenly things : for who, but thou alone
That art yborn of heaven and heavenly sire,
Can tell things done in heaven so long
ygone,
So far past memory of man that may be
known ?

III.

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The gods assembled all on Arlo Hill ;
As well those that are sprung of heavenly
seed,
As those that all the other world do fill,
And rule both sea and land unto their will :
Only th' infernal pow'rs might not appear ;
As well for horror of their count'nance ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did fear ;
Yet Pluto and Prosérpina were present
there.

IV.

And thither also came all other creatures,
Whatever life or motion do retain,
According to their sundry kinds of features ;
That Arlo scarcely could them all contain ;
So full they fillèd every hill and plain :
And had not Nature's Sergeant (that is
Order)
Them well disposèd by his busy pain,
And rangèd far abroad in every border,
They would have causèd much confusion
and disorder.

v.

Then forth issued (great gdddess) great
 Dame Nature,
 With goodly port and gracious majesty,
 Being far greater and more tall of stature
 Than any of the gods or powers on high ;
 Yet certes by her face and phys' nomy,
 Whether she man or woman inly were,
 That could not any creature well descry ;
 For, with a veil that wimpled everywhere,
 Her head and face was hid that mote to
 none appear.

vi.

That, some do say, was so by skill devised,
 To hide the terror of her uncouth hue
 From mortal eyes that should be sore
 agrized ;
 For that her face did like a lion shew,
 That eye of wight could not endure to view :
 But others tell that it so beauteous was,
 And round about such beams of splendour
 threw,
 That it the sun a thousand times did pass,
 Ne could be seen but like an image in a
 glass.

vii.

That well may seemen true ; for well I ween
 That this same day, when she on Arlo sat,
 Her garment was so bright and wondrous
 sheen,
 That my frail wit cannot devise to what
 It to compare, nor find like stuff to that :
 As these three sacred saints, though else
 most wise,
 Yet on Mount Tabor quite their wits forgot
 When they their glorious Lord in strange
 disguise
 Transfigured saw ; His garments so did
 daze their eyes.

viii.

In a fair plain upon an equal hill
 She plac'd was in a pavilion ;
 Not such as craftsmen by their idle skill
 Are wont for princes' states to fashion ;
 But th' earth herself, of her own motion,
 Out of her fruitful bosom made to grow
 Most dainty trees that shooting up anon,
 Did seem to bow their blooming heads full
 low [show
 For homage unto her, and like a throne did

ix.

So hard it is for any living wight
 All her array and vestiments to tell,

That old Dan Geoffrey (in whose gentle
 spright,
 The pure well-head of poesy did dwell)
 In his *Fowls' Parley* durst not with it mell,
 But it transferr'd to Alane, who he thought
 Had in his *Plaint of Kinds* described it
 well :
 Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
 Go seek he out that Alane where he may be
 sought.

x.

And all the earth far underneath her feet
 Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew
 Out of the ground, and sent forth odours
 sweet ; [hue,
 Ten thousand mores of sundry scent and
 That might delight the smell, or please the
 view, [thereby
 The which the nymphs from all the brooks
 Had gather'd, they at her foot-stool threw ;
 The richer seem'd han any tapestry,
 That princes' bow'rs adorn with painted
 imagery.

xi.

And Mole himself, to honour her the more,
 Did deck himself in freshest fair attire ;
 And his high head, that seemeth always
 hoar
 With hard'ned frosts of former winters' ire,
 He with an oaken garland now did tire,
 As if the love of some new nymph late seen
 Had in him kindled youthful fresh desire,
 And make him change his gray attire to
 green ; [well beseen.
 Ah ! gentle Mole, such joyance hath thee

xii.

Was never so great joyance since the day
 That all the gods whylome assembled were
 On Hæmus' hill in their divine array,
 To celebrate the solemn bridal cheer
 Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis' pointed
 there ; [hight,
 Where Phœbus self, that god of poets
 They say, did sing the spousal hymn full
 clear,
 That all the gods were ravish'd with delight
 Of his celestial song and music's wondrous
 might.

xiii.

This great grandmother of all creatures
 bred,
 Great Nature, ever young, yet full of eld ;
 Still moving, yet unmoved from her stead ;
 Unseen of any, yet of all beheld ;

Thus sitting in her throne, as I have tell'd,
 Before her came Dame Mutability ;
 And, being low before her presence fell'd
 With meek obeisance and humility,
 Thus gan her plaintiff plea with words to
 amplify :

XIV.

" To thee, O greatest goddess, only great,
 An humble suppliant lo ! I lowly fly,
 Seeking for right, which I of thee entreat ;
 Who right to all dost deal indifferently,
 Damning all wrong and tortious injury,
 Which any of thy creatures do to other
 Oppressing them with pow'r unequally,
 Sith of them all thou art the equal mother,
 And knittest each to each, as brother unto
 brother.

XV.

" To thee therefore of this same Jove I
 'plain,
 And of his fellow gods that fain to be,
 That challenge to themselves the whole
 world's reign,
 Of which the greatest part is due to me,
 And heaven itself by heritage in fee :
 For heaven and earth I both alike do deem,
 Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee ;
 And gods no more than men thou dost
 esteem : [do seem.
 For even the gods to thee, as men to gods,

XVI.

" Then weigh, O sovereign goddess, by what
 right [reignty ;
 These gods do claim the world's whole sove-
 And that is only due unto thy might
 Arrogate to themselves ambitiously :
 As for the gods' own principality,
 Which Jove usurps unjustly, that to be
 My heritage, Jove's self cannot deny,
 From my great grandsire Titan unto me
 Derived by due descent ; and is well known
 to thee.

XVII.

" Yet maugre Jove, and all his gods beside
 I do possess the world's most regiment ;
 As if ye please it into parts divide,
 And every part's inholders to convent,
 Shall to your eyes appear incontinent.
 And first, the earth (great mother of us all)
 That only seems unmoved and permanent,
 And unto Mutability not thrall, [general :
 Yet is she changed in part, and eke in

XVIII.

" For all that from her springs, and is ybred,
 However fair it flourish for a time,
 Yet see we soon decay ; and, being dead,
 To turn again unto their earthly slime :
 Yet, out of their decay and mortal crime,
 We daily see new creatures to arise,
 And of their Winter spring another Prime,
 Unlike in form, and changed by strange
 disguise [less wise.
 So turn they still about, and change in rest-

XIX.

" As for her tenants ; that is, man and beasts ;
 The beasts we daily see massâcred die
 And thralls and vassals unto men's behests ;
 And men themselves do change continually,
 From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
 From good to bad, from bad to worst of all :
 Ne do their bodies only flit and fly ;
 But eke their minds (which they immortal
 call) [sions fall.
 Still change and vary thoughts, as new occa-

XX.

" Ne is the water in more constant case ;
 Whether those same on high, or these be-
 low :
 For th' ocean moveth still from place to
 place ;
 And every river still doth ebb and flow ;
 Ne any lake, that seems most still and slow,
 Ne pool so small, that can his smoothness
 hold

When any wind doth under heaven blow ;
 With which the clouds are also toss'd and
 roll'd, [sluices, them unfold.
 Now like great hills ; and straight like

XXI.

" So likewise are all wat'ry living wights
 Still toss'd and turn'd with continual
 change,
 Never abiding in their steadfast plights :
 The fish, still floating, do at random range,
 And never rest, but evermore exchange
 Their dwelling places, as the streams them
 carry :

Ne have the wat'ry fowls a certain grange
 Wherein to rest, ne in one stead to tarry ;
 But fitting still do fly, and still their places
 vary.

XXII.

" Next is the air : which who feels not by
 sense
 (For of all sense it is the middle mean)
 To flit still, and with subtile influence

Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintain
In state of life? O weak life! that does lean
On thing so tickle as th' unsteady air,
Which every hour is changed, and al't'ed
clean
With every blast that bloweth foul or fair:
The fair doth it prolong; the foul doth it
impair.

XXIII.

"Therein the changes infinite behold,
Which to her creatures every minute chance;
Now boiling hot; straight freezing deadly
cold; [dance;
Now fair sunshine, that makes all skip and
Straight bitter storms, and baleful counten-
ance
That makes them all to shiver and to shake:
Rain, hail, and snow do pay them sad
penance, [quake)
And dreadful thunder-claps (that make them
With flames and flashing lights that thou-
sand changes make.

XXIV.

"Last is the fire; which, though it live for
ever,
Ne can be quenched quite; yet, every day,
We see his parts, so soon as they do sever,
To lose their heat and shortly to decay;
So makes himself his own consuming prey;
Ne any living creatures doth he breed;
But all, that are of others' bred, doth slay;
And with their death his cruel life doth
feed;
Nought leaving but their barren ashes with-
out seed.

XXV.

"Thus all these four (the which the ground-
work be
Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of change we subject see:
Yet are they changed by other wondrous
sleights
Into themselves, and lose their native
mights;
The fire to air, and th' air to water sheer,
And water into earth; yet water fights
With fire, and air with earth, approaching
near;
Yet all are in one body, and as one appear.

XXVI.

"So in them all reigns Mutability;
However these, that gods themselves do call,
Of them do claim the rule and sovereignty;

As Vesta, of the fire æthereal;
Vulcan, of this with us so usual;
Ops, of the earth; and Juno, of the air;
Neptune, of seas; and nymphs, of rivers all:
For all those rivers to me subject are;
And all the rest, which they usurp, be all
my share.

XXVII.

"Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchsafe, O goddess, to thy presence call
The rest which do the world in being hold;
As times and seasons of the year that fall:
Of all the which demand in general,
Or judge thyself, by verdict of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not subject all."
Nature did yield thereto; and by and by
Bade Order call them all before her majesty.

XXVIII.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year:
First, lusty Spring all eight in leaves of
flow'rs [bear.
That freshly budded and new blooms did
In which a thousand birds had built their
bow'rs
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear;
That as some did him love, so others did
him fear.

XXIX.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock colour'd green,
That was unlined all, to be more light:
And on his head a garland well beseen
He wore, from which as he had chauffèd
been
The sweet did drop; and in his hand he
bore
A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs with labour
heated sore.

XXX.

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad
As though he joyèd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full
glad
That he had banish'd hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinchèd sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enroll'd
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did hold.
To reap the ripen'd fruits the which the
earth had yold.

XXXI.

Lastly, came Winter chathèd all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him
chill; [freeze,
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did
And the dull drops, that from his purpled
bill

As from a limbec did adown distil :
In his right hand a tippèd staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayèd still ;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with
eld; [weld.
That scarce his loosèd limbs he able was to

XXXII.

These, marching softly, thus in order went :
And after them the months all riding came ;
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly
bent

And armèd strongly, rode upon a ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam ;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strewèd as he went,
And fill'd her womb with fruitful hope of
nourishment.

XXXIII.

Next came fresh April, full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds :
Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through th' Argolic floods :
His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnishèd with garlands goodly dight
Of all the fairest flow'rs and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth ; and wet he
seem'd in sight
With waves, through which he waded for
his love's delight.

XXXIV.

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on
ground,
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's
pride,
And throwing flow'rs out of her lap arround ;
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The twins of Leda ; which on either side
Supported her like to their sovereign queen :
Lord ! how all creatures laugh'd when her
they spied, [been !
And leap'd and danced as they had ravish'd
And Cupid 'self about her flutt' red all in
green.

XXXV.

And after her came jolly June, array'd
All in green leaves, as he a player were :

Yet in his time he wrought as well as play'd,
That by his plough-irons mote right well
appear :

Upon a crab he rode, that him did bear
With crookèd crawling steps an uncount
pace,
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to
fare
Bending their force contráry to their face ;
Like that ungracious crew which feigns
demurest grace.

XXXVI.

Then came hot July boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away :
Upon a lion raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey :
(It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Némæan forest, till th' Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array :)
Behind his back a scythe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling
wide.

XXXVII.

The sixth was August, being rich array'd
In garment all of gold down to the ground
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was
crown'd
With ears of corn, and full her hand was
found :
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Lived here on earth, and plenty made
abound ;
But, after Wrong was loved and Justice
sold,
She left th' unrighteous world, and was to
heaven extoll'd.

XXXVIII.

Next him September marchèd eke on foot ;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,
And him enrich'd with bounty of the soil :
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toil,
He held a knife-hook ; and in th' other hand
A pair of weights, with which he did assoil
Both more and less, where it in doubt did
stand,
An equal gave to each as Justice duly
scann'd.

XXXIX.

Then came October full of merry glee ;
For yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats' sea,
And of the joyous oil, whose gentle gust

Made him so frolic, and so full of lust:
 Upon a dreadful scorpion he did ride,
 The same which by Diana's doom unjust
 Slew great Orion; and eke by his side
 He had his ploughing-share and coulter
 ready tied.

XL.

Next was November; he full gross and fat
 As fed with lard, and that right well might
 seem;
 For he had been a fattening hogs of late,
 That yet his brows with sweat did reek and
 steam,
 And yet the season was full sharp and
 breem;
 In planting eke he took no small delight:
 Whereon he rode, not easy was to deem;
 For it a dreadful centaur was in sight,
 The seed of Saturn and fair Nais, Chiron
 hight.

XLI.

And after him came next the chill Decem-
 ber:
 Yet he, through merry feasting which he
 made
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remem-
 ber;
 His Saviour's birth his mind so much did
 glad,
 Upon a shaggy-bearded goat he rode,
 The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender
 years,
 They say, was nourish'd by th' Idæan maid;
 And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,
 Of which he freely drinks an health to all
 his peers.

XLII.

Then came old January, wrappèd well
 In many weeds to keep the cold away;
 Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
 And blow his nails to warm them if he may;
 For they were numb'd with holding all the
 day
 An hatchet keen, with which he fellèd wood
 And from the trees did lop the needless
 spray:
 Upon an huge great earth-pot steane he
 stood,
 From whose wide mouth there flowèd forth
 the Roman flood.

XLIII.

And lastly came cold February, sitting
 In an old waggon, for he could not ride,
 Drawn of two fishes for the season fitting,

Which through the flood before did softly
 slide
 And swim away; yet had he by his side
 His plough and harness fit to till the
 ground,
 And tools to prune the trees, before the
 pride
 Of hasting Prime did make them bourgeon
 round. [their due places found.
 So pass'd the twelve months forth, and

XLIV.

And after these there came the Day and
 Night,
 Riding together both with equal pace;
 Th' one on a palfrey black, the other white:
 But Night had cover'd her uncomely face
 With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,
 On top whereof the moon and stars were
 pight,
 And Sleep and Darkness round about did
 trace.
 But Day did bear upon his sceptre's height
 The goodly sun encompass'd all with
 beam's bright.

XLV.

Then came the Hours, fair daughters of
 high Jove
 And timely Night; the which were all en-
 ded
 With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
 But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
 That might foreslack the charge to them
 foreshew'd
 By mighty Jove; who did them porters
 make [issued
 Of heaven's gate, (whence all the gods
 Which they did daily watch, and nightly
 wake
 By even turns, ne ever did their charge
 forsake.

XLVI.

And after all came Life; and lastly Death:
 Death with most grim and grisly visage
 seen,
 Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
 Ne ought to see, but like a shade to ween,
 Unbodied, unsoul'd, unheard, unseen:
 But Life was like a fair young lusty boy,
 Such as they feign Dan Cupid to have been,
 Full of delightful health and lively joy,
 Deck'd all with flow'rs, and wings of gold fit
 to employ.

XLVII.

When these were past, thus gan the
 Titanness;

"Lo! mighty mother, now be judge and say
Whether in all thy creatures more or less
CHANGE doth not reign and bear the
greatest sway;
For who sees not that time on all doth prey?
But times do change and move continually:
So nothing here long standeth in one stay:
Wherefore this lower world who can deny
But to be subject still to Mutability?"

XLVIII.

Then thus gan Jove; "Right true it is, that
these
And all things else that under heaven dwell
Are changed of time, who doth them all
disseize
Of being: but who is it (to me tell)
That Time himself doth move and still
compel
To keep his course? Is not that namely We,
Which pour that virtue from our heavenly
cell [changed be?
That moves them all, and makes them
So them we gods do rule, and in them
also thee."

XLIX.

To whom thus Mutability; "The things,
Which we see not how they are moved and
sway'd,
Ye may attribute to yourselves as kings,
And say, they by your secret pow'r are
made:
But what we see not, who shall us persuade?
But were they so, as ye them feign to be,
Moved by your might, and order'd by your
aid,
Yet what if I can prove, that even ye
Yourselves are likewise changed, and sub-
ject unto me?"

L.

"And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you, fair Cynthia; whom so much ye
make [nursed
Jove's dearest darling, she was bred and
On Cynthia's hill, whence she her name did
take;
Then is she mortal born, howso ye crake:
Besides, her face and countenance every
day
We changed see and sundry forms partake,
Now horn'd, now round, now bright, now
brown and gray;
So that *as changeful as the moon* men used
to say.

LI.

"Next Mercury; who though he less ap-
pear
To change his hue, and aivays seems as
one;
Yet he his course doth alter every year,
And is of late far out of order gone:
So Venus eke, that goodly paragon,
Though fair all night, yet is she dark all
day:
And Phoebus' self, who lightsome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
And fills the dark'ned world with terror and
dismay.

LII.

"Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed
most;
For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
That he his way doth seem quite to have
lost,
And clean without his usual sphere to fare;
That even these star-gazers 'stonish'd are
At sight thereof, and damn their lying
books:
So likewise grim Sir Saturn oft doth spare
His stern aspect, and calm his crabbed looks:
So many turning cranks these have, so many
crooks.

LIII.

"But you, Dan Jove, that only constant are,
And king of all the rest, as ye do claim,
Are you not subject eke to this misfare?
Then let me ask you this withouten blame;
Where were ye born? Some say in Crete
by name,
Others in Thebes, and others otherwhere;
But, wheresoever they comment the same,
They all consent that ye begotten were
And born here in this world: ne other can
appear.

LIV.

"Then are ye mortal born, and thrall to
me;
Unless the kingdom of the sky ye make
Immortal and unchangeable to be:
Besides, that pow'r and virtue which ye
spake,
That ye here work, doth many changes take,
And your own natures change: for each of
you,
That virtue have or this or that to make,
Is check'd and changed from his nature
true,
By others' opposition or obliqued view.

LV.

"Besides, the sundry motions of your
spheres, [feign,
So sundry ways and fashions as clerks
Some in short space, and some in longer
years,

What is the same but alteration plain?
Only the starry sky doth still remain:
Yet do the stars and signs therein still move,
And even itself is moved, as wizards sayne:
But all that moveth doth mutation love:
Therefore both you and them to me I
subject prove.

LVI.

"Then since within this wide great universe
Nothing doth firm and permanent appear,
But all things toss'd and turn'd by trans-
verse;

What then should let, but I aloft should
rear

My trophy, and from all the triumph bear?
Now judge then, O thou greatest goddess
true,

According as thyself dost see and hear,
And unto me addoom that is my due:
That is, the rule of all; all being ruled by
you."

LVII.

So having ended, silence long ensued;
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firm eyes affix'd the ground still
view'd.

Meanwhile all creatures looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this so doubtful case,
Did hang in long suspense what would
ensue,

To whether side should fall the sovereign
place:

At length she, looking up with cheerful
view,

The silence brake, and gave her doom in
speeches few:

LVIII.

"I well consider all that ye have said;
And find that all things steadfastness do
hate

And chang'd be; yet, being rightly weigh'd,
They are not chang'd from their first
estate;

But by their change their being do dilate;
And, turning to themselves at length again,
Do work their own perfection so by fate:

Then over them Change doth not rule and
reign;

But they reign over Change, and do their
states maintain.

LIX.

"Cease therefore, daughter, further to
aspire.

And thee content thus to be ruled by me:
For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire:
But time shall come that all shall chang'd
be;

And from thenceforth none no more change
shall see!"

So was the Titaness put down and whist,
And Jove confirm'd in his imperial See.
Then was that whole assembly quite dis-
miss'd,

And Nature's self did vanish, whither no
man wist.

CANTO VIII. (IMPERFECT.)

I.

WHEN I bethink me on that speech why-
leare

Of Mutability, and well it weigh;
Meseems, that though she all unworthy
were

Of the heav'n's rule; yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest
sway; tickle,

Which makes me loathe this state of life so
And love of things so vain to cast away:

Whose flow'ring pride, so fading and so
fickle,

Short Time shall soon cut down with his
consuming sickle!

II.

Then gin I think on that which Nature said,
Of that same time when no more change
shall be,

But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stay'd
Upon the pillars of Eternity,

That is contrare to Mutability:
For all that moveth doth in change delight:

But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabbaoth
hight:

O! that great Saboath God, grant me that
Sabbath's sight!

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CHAPTER VIII

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THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR

AND

COMPLAINTS.

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR

THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR

COMPANIES

THE
SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR:

CONTAINING

TWELVE ECLOGUES, PROPORTIONABLE TO THE
TWELVE MONTHS.

ENTITLED (DEDICATED) TO THE NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS GENTLEMAN, MOST
WORTHY OF ALL TITLES, BOTH OF LEARNING AND CHIVALRY,

MASTER PHILIP SIDNEY.

TO HIS BOOK.

Go, little Book, thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkennt,
To him that is the President
Of Noblesse and Chivalry :
And if that Envy bark at thee,
As sure it will—for succour flee
Under the shadow of his wing ;
And askèd who thee forth did bring,
A shepherd's swan, say, did thee sing

All as his straying flock he fed :
And when his honour has thee read
Crave pardon for my hardyhed-
But if that any ask thy name,
Say thou wert base begot with blame ;
Fertly thereof thou takest blame.
And when thou art past jeopardy
Come tell me what was said of me,
And I will send more after thee.

IMMERITO.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED BOTH ORATOR AND POET

MASTER GABRIEL HARVEY.

HIS VERY SPECIAL AND SINGULAR GOOD FRIEND E. K. (EDWARD KIRKE) COMMENDETH THE GOOD
LIKING OF THIS HIS GOOD LABOUR, AND PATRONAGE OF THE NEW POET.

" UNCOUTH, unknissed,"* said the old famous poet Chaucer ; whom for his excellency and wonderful skill in making,† his scholar Lidgate, a worthy scholar of so excellent a master, calleth the loadstar of our language ; and whom our Colin Clout in his eclogue calleth Tityrus the god of shep herds, comparing him to the worthiness of the Roman Tityrus, Virgil. Which proverb, mine own good friend Mr. Harvey, as in that good old poet it served well Pandar's purpose for the bolstering of his bawdy brocage, so very well taketh place in this

our new poet, who, for that he is uncouth (as said Chaucer) is unkniss'd, and unknown to most men, is regarded but of a few. But I doubt not, so soon as his name shall come into the knowledge of men and his worthiness be sounded in the trump of fame, but that he shall be not only knissed, but also beloved of all, embraced of most, and wondered at of the best. No less, I think, deserveth his wittiness in devising, his pithiness in uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudeness, his moral wisdom, his due observing of decorum everywhere, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech ; and generally, in all seemly sim-

* Not known, not knissed.

† Writing poetry.

plicity of handling his matter, and framing his words: the which of many things which in him be strange, I know will seem the strangest, and words themselves being so ancient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole period and compass of speech so delightful for the roundness, and so grave for the strangeness. And first of the words to speak, I grant they be something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English, and also used of most excellent authors, and most famous poets. In whom, whenas this our poet hath been much travailed and thoroughly read, how could it be, (as that worthy orator said) but that walking in the sun, although for other cause he walked, yet needs he must be sunburnt; and, having the sound of those ancient poets still ringing in his ears, he must needs in singing hit out some of their tunes. But whether he useth them by such casualty and custom, or of set purpose and choice, as thinking them fittest for such rustical rudeness of shepherds, either for that their rough sound would make his rhymes more ragged and rustical; or else because such old and obsolete words are most used of country folk, sure I think, and think I think not amiss, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, authority to the verse. For albeit amongst many other faults, it specially be objected of Valla against Livy, and of other against Sallust, that with over much study they affect antiquity, as coveting thereby credence and honour of elder years; yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the like, that those ancient solemn words, are a great ornament, both in one, and in the other: the one labouring to set forth in his work an eternal image of antiquity, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravity and importance. For, if my memory fail not, Tully in that book, wherein he endeavoureth to set forth the pattern of perfect orator, saith that oftentimes an ancient word maketh the style seem grave, and as it were reverend, no otherwise than we honour and reverence gray hairs for a certain religious regard, which we have of old age. Yet neither everywhere must old words be stuffed in, nor the common dialect and manner of speaking so corrupted thereby, that, as in old buildings, it seem disorderly and ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portray not only the dainty lineaments of beauty, but also round

about it to shadow the rude thickets and craggy cliffs, that, by the baseness of such parts, more excellency may accrue to the principal: for oftentimes we find ourselves, I know not how, singularly delighted with the show of such natural rudeness, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order. Even so do those rough and harsh terms illumine, and make more clearly to appear, the brightness of brave and glorious words. So oftentimes a discord in music maketh a comely concordance: so great delight took the worthy poet Alcæus to behold a blemish in the joint of a well shaped body. But, if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choice of old and unwonted words, him may I more justly blame and condemn, or of witless headiness in judging, or of heedless hardness in condemning: for, not marking the compass of his bent, he will judge of the length of his cast: for in my opinion it is one of especial praise of many, which are due to this poet, that he hath laboured to restore, as to their rightful heritage, such good and natural English words, as have been long time out of use, and almost clean disherited. Which is the only cause, that our mother tongue, which truly of itself is both full enough for prose, and stately enough for verse, hath long time been counted most bare and barren of both. Which default when as some endeavoured to salve and recure, they patched up the holes with pieces of rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, every where of the Latin; not weighing how ill those tongues accord with themselves, but much worse with ours: so now they have made our English tongue a gallimaufry, or hodgepodge of all other speeches. Other some not so well seen in the English tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to hear an old word, albeit very natural and significant, cry out straightway, that we speak no English, but gibberish, or rather such as in old time Evander's mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed, in their own mother tongue, to be counted strangers and aliens. The second shame no less than the first, that what so they understand not, they straightway deem to be senseless, and not at all to be understood. Much like to the mole in Esop's fable, that, being blind herself, would in no wise be persuaded, that any beast could see. The last, more shameful than both,

that of their own country and natural speech, which together with their nurse's milk they sucked, they have so base regard & bastard judgment, that they will not only themselves not labour to garnish and beautify it, but also repine, that of other it should be embellished. Like to the dog in the manger, that himself can eat no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock, that so fain would feed : whose currish kind, though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thank that they refrain from biting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the joints and members thereof, & for all the compass of the speech, it is round without roughness, and learned without hardness, such indeed as may be perceived of the least, understood of the most, but judged only of the learned. For what in most English writers useth to be loose, and as it were unright, in this author is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed up together. In regard whereof, I scorn and spew out the rakhelly rout of our ragged rhymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boast, without judgment jangle, without reason rage and foam, as if some instinct of poetical spirit had newly ravished them above the meanness of common capacity. And being, in the midst of all their bravery, suddenly, either for want of matter, or rhyme, or having forgotten their former conceit, they seem to be so pained and travailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in childbirth, or as that same Pythia, when the trance came upon her. "*Os rabidum fera corda domans, &c.*"

Nathless, let them a God's name feed on their own folly, so they seek not to darken the beams of others' glory. As for Colin, under whose person the author's self is shadowed, how far he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shows, both himself showeth, where he saith :

"Of muses Hobbin, I conne no skill."

And

"Enough is me to paint out my unrest, &c."

And also appeareth by the baseness of the name, wherein it seemeth he chose rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly than, professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moved him rather in Eclogues than otherwise to write, doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed,

or minding to furnish our tongue with this kind, wherein it faulteth; or following the example of the best and most ancient poets, which devised this kind of writing, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to try their abilities; and as young birds that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first prove their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceive he was already full fledged. So flew Virgil, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew Mantuane, as not being full summed. So Petrarch. So Boccace. So Marot, Sanazarius and also diverse other excellent both Italian and French poets, whose footing this author everywhere followeth; yet so as few, but they be well scented, can trace him out. So finally flieth this our new poet as a bird whose principles be scarce grown out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keep wing with the best. Now, as touching the general drift and purpose of his Eclogues, I mind not to say much, himself labouring to conceal it. Only this appeareth, that his unstayed youth had long wandered in the common Labyrinth of Love, in which time to mitigate and allay the heat of his passion, or else to warn (as he saith) the young shepherds, his equals and companions of his unfortunate folly, he compiled these twelve Eclogues, which, for that they be proportioned to the state of the twelve months, he termeth it the *Shepherd's Calendar*, applying an old name to a new work. Hercunto have I added a certain gloss, or scholion, for the exposition of old words and harder phrases; which manner of glossing and commenting, well I wot, will seem strange and rare in our tongue: yet, for so much as I knew many excellent and proper devices, both in words and matter, would pass in the speedy course of reading either as unknown, or as not marked; and that in this kind, as in other, we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the pains upon me, the rather for that by means of some familiar acquaintance I was made privy to his counsel and secret meaning in them, as also in sundry other works of his. Which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much have I adventured upon his friendship, himself being for long time far estranged; hoping that this will the rather occasion him to put forth diverse other excellent works of his, which sleep in

silence; as his *Dreams*, his *Legends*, his *Court of Cupid*, and sundry others, whose commendation to set out were very vain, the things though worthy of many, yet being known to few. These may present pains, if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you judge, mine own master Harvey, to whom I have, both in respect of your worthiness generally, and otherwise upon some particular and special considerations, vowed this my labour, and the maidenhead of this our common friend's poetry; himself having already in the beginning dedicated it to the noble and worthy gentleman, the right worshipful Master Philip Sidney, a special favourer and maintainer of all kind of learning. Whose cause, I pray you, sir, if envy shall stir up any wrongful accusation, defend with your mighty rhetoric and other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good will, as you ought, against the malice and outrage of so many enemies, as I know will be set on fire with the sparks of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the author unto you, as unto his most special good friend, and myself unto you both, as one making singular account of two so very

good & so choice friends, I bid you both most heartily farewell, and commit you and your commendable studies to the tuition of the Greatest.

Your own assuredly to be commanded,
E. K.

Post scr.

Now I trust, Master Harvey, that upon sight of your special friend's and fellow poet's doings, or else for envy of so many unworthy Quidams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you will be persuaded to pluck out of the hateful darkness those so many excellent English poems of yours which lie hid, and bring them forth to eternal light. Trust me, you do both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sun; and also yourself, in smothering your deserved praises; and all men generally, in withholding from them so divine pleasures, which they might conceive of your gallant English verses, as they have already done of your Latin poems, which, in my opinion, both for invention and elocution, are very delicate and super-excellent. And thus again I take my leave of my good Master Harvey. From my lodging at London this tenth of April, 1579.

THE GENERAL ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE BOOK.

LITTLE, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first original of *æglogues*, having already touched the same. But, for the word *æglogues* I know is unknown to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned (as they think). I will say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greeks, the inventors of them, called *æglogai*, as it were *ἀλών*, or *α.γορώμωμ* * *λογοι*, that is goatherds' tales. For although in Virgil and others the speakers be more shepherds than goatherds, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authority than in Virgil, this specially from that deriving, as from the first head and wellspring, the whole invention of these *Æglogues*, maketh goatherds the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossness of such as by colour of learning would make us believe, that they are more rightly termed *eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of unnecessary matter: which defini-

tion albe in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the analysis and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed *eclogues*, but *æglogues*; which sentence this author very well observing, upon good judgment, though indeed few goatherds have to do herein, nevertheless doubteth not to call them by the used and best known name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These twelve *æglogues*, every where answering to the season of the twelvemonths, may be well divided into three forms or ranks. For either they be plaintive, as the first, the sixth, the eleventh, and the twelfth; or recreative, such as all those be, which contain matter of love, or commendation of special personages; or moral, which for the most part be mixed with some satirical bitterness; namely, the second, of reverence due to old age; the fifth, of coloured deceit; the seventh and ninth, of dissolute shepherds and pastors; the tenth, of contempt of poetry and pleasant wits. And to this division may every thug herein be reasonably applied; a few only except, whose

* A mistaken etymology, derived from Petrarch.
-WARTON.

special purpose and meaning I am not privy to. And thus much generally of these twelve aeglogues. Now will we speak particularly of all, and first of the first, which he callieth by the first month's name, January: wherein to some he may seem foully to have faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that month, which beginneth not the year. For it is well known, and stoutly maintained with strong reasons of the learned, that the year beginneth in March; for then the sun reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof, being buried in the sadness of the dead winter now worn away, reviveth.

This opinion maintain the old astrologers and philosophers, namely, the Reverend Andalo, and Macrobius in his Holy Days of Saturn; which account also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But, saving the leave of such learned heads, we maintain a custom of counting the seasons from the month January, upon a more special cause than the heathen philosophers ever could conceive, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Saviour, and eternal Redeemer, the Lord Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed world, and returning the compass of expired years to their former date and first commencement, left to us his heirs a memorial of his birth in the end of the last year and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternal monument of our salvation, leaneth also upon good proof of special judgment.

For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the count of the year was not perfected, as afterward it was by Julius Cæsar, they began to tell the Months from March's beginning, and according to the same God (as is said in Scripture) commanded the people of the Jews, to count the month *Abib*, that which we call March, for the first month, in remembrance that in that month He brought them out of the land of Egypt: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath been otherwise observed,

both in government of the church and rule of mightiest realms. For from Julius Cæsar who first observed the leap year which he called *Bissextilem Annum*, and brought into a more certain course the odd wandering days which of the Greeks were called *ἑπταβορτες*, of the Romans *Intercalares* (for in such matter of learning I am forced to use the terms of the learned), the months have been numbered twelve, which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but ten, counting but 304 days in every year, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of all the Roman ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the sun nor the moon, thereunto added two months, January and February, wherein it seemeth, that wise king minded upon good reason to begin the year at January, of him therefore so called *tantum Ianua anni*, the gate and entrance of the year; or of the name of the god *Janus*, 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 year. Which account for the most part hath hitherto continued: notwithstanding that the Egyptians begin their year at September; for that, according to the opinion of the best rabbins and very purpose of the Scripture itself, God made the world in that month, that is called of them *Tisri*. And therefore He commanded them to keep the feast of pavilions in the end of the year, in the xv. day of the seventh month, which before that time was the first.

But our author respecting neither the subtilty of the one part, nor the antiquity of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicity of common understanding, to begin with January; weening it perhaps no *decorum* that shepherds should be seen in matter of so deep insight, or canvas a case of so doubtful judgement. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.

JANUARY.

AEGLOGA PRIMA.

ARGUMENT.—In this first Aelogue Colin Clout, a shepherd's boy, complaineth himself of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as seemeth) enamoured of a country lass called Rosalind: with which strong affection being very sore travailed, he compareth his careful case to the sad season of the year, to the frosty ground, to the frozen trees, and to his own winterbeaten flock. And lastly, finding himself robbed of all former pleasaunce and delight, he breaketh his pipe in pieces, and casteth himself to the ground.

COLIN CLOUT.

A SHEPHERD'S boy (no better do him call,
When winter's wasteful spite was almost
spent,

All in a sunshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had been long
ypent:

So faint they woxe and feeble in the fold,
That now unnethes their feet could them
uphold. [look,

All as the sheep, such was the shepherd's
For pale and wan he was, (alas the while!)
May seem he loved, or else some care he
took; [style:

Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his
Tho to a hill his fainting flock he led,
And thus him 'plain'd, the while his
sheep there fed:

"Ye gods of love! that pity lovers' pain,
(If any gods the pain of lovers pity.)
Look from above, where you in joys re-
main,

And bow your ears unto my doleful ditty.
And, Fan! thou shepherds' god, that
once didst love, [prove.
Pity the pains that thou thyself didst

"Thou barren ground, whom winter's
wrath hath wasted,
Art made a mirror to behold my plight:
Whylome thy fresh spring flow'r'd, and
after hasted

Thy summer proud, with daffodillies dight;
And now is come thy winter's stormy
state, [edst late.
Thy mantle marr'd, wherein thou mask-

"Such rage as winter's reigneth in my
heart,
My life-blood freezing with unkindly cold:
Such stormy stoures do breed my baleful
smart,
As if my year were waste and waxen old;

And yet, alas! but now my spring begun,
And yet, alas! it is already done.

"You naked trees, whose shady leaves are
lost, [bow'r,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their
And now are cloth'd with moss and hoary
frost, [did flow'r;
Instead of blooms, wherewith your buds
I see your tears that from your boughs
do rain,
Whose drops in dreary icicles remain.

"All so my lustful leaf is dry and sere,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted;
The blossom which my branch of youth did
bear, [blasted;
With breath'd sighs is blown away and
And from mine eyes the drizzling tears
descend,
As on your boughs the icicles depend.

"Thou feeble flock! whose fleece is rough
and rent, [evil fare,
Whose knees are weak through fast and
Mayst witness well, by thy ill government,
Thy master's mind is overcome with care:
Thou weak, I wan; thou lean, I quite
forlorn: [mourne.
With mourning pine I; you with pining

"A thousand sithes I curse that careful
hour [see,
Wherein I long'd the neighbour town to
And eke ten thousand sithes I bless the
stoure
Wherein I saw so fair a sight as she:
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred
my bane, [joy and pain I
Ah, God! that love should breed both

"It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plain,
Albe my love he seek with daily suit;
His clownish gifts and court'sies I disdain,
His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.

Ah, foolish Hobbinol! thy gifts been
vain;
Colin them gives to Rosalind again.

“ I love thilk lass, (alas! why do I love?)
And am forlorn, (alas! why am I lorn?)
She deigns not my good will, but doth re-
prove,
And of my rural music holdeth scorn.
Shepherd’s device she hateth as the
snake, [doth make.
And laughs the songs that Colin Clout

“ Wherefore, my pipe, albe rude Pan thou
please, [would;
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I
And thou, unlucky muse, that wilst to
ease [should,
My musing mind, yet canst not when thou
Both pipe and muse shall sore the while
aby.”— [lie.
So broke his oaten pipe, and down did

By that, the welkèd Phœbus gan avale
His weary wain; and now the frosty night
Her mantle black through heaven gan over-
hale: [spite,
Which seen, the pensive boy, half in de-
Arose, and homeward drove his sunned
sheep, [ful case to weep.
Whose hanging heads did seem his care-

COLIN’S EMBLEM.

Anchôra speme.

GLOSS.

Colin Clout, a name not greatly used, and yet have I seen a poesy of M. Skelton’s under that title. But in deed the word Colin is French, and used of the French poet Marot (if he be worthy of the name of a poet) in a certain eclogue Under which name this Poet secretly shadoweth himself, as sometime did Virgil under the name of Tityrus, thinking it much fitter than such Latin names, for the great unlikelihood of the language.

Unnethes, scarce’y.

Couth, cometh from the verb *Conne*, that is, to know, or to have skill. As well interpreteth the same, the worthy Sir Tho. Smith, in his book of government: whereof I have a perfect copy in writing, lent me by his kinsman, and my very singular good friend, Mr. Gabriël Harvey; as also of some other his grave and excellent writings.

Sith, time.
Neighbour town, the next town: expressing the Latin *Vicinia*.

Stoure, a fit.

Sere, withered.

His clownish gifts, imitateth Virgil’s verse: “Rusticus, es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.”

Hobbinoll, is a feigned country name, whereby, it being so common and usual, seemeth to be hidden the person of some his very especial and most familiar friend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloved, as peradventure shall be more largely declared hereafter. In this place seemeth to be some favour of disorderly love, which the learned call *Paderastice*: but it is gathered beside his meaning. For who hath read Plato his Dialogue called *Alcibiades*; Xenophon, and Maximus Tyrius, of Socrates’ opinions; may easily perceive, that such love is to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as Socrates used it; who saith, that indeed he loved Alcibiades extremely, yet not Alcibiades’ person, but his soul which is Alcibiades’ own self. And so is *Paderastice* much to be preferred before *Gynrastice*, that is, the love which inflameth men with lust toward woman-kind. But yet let no man think, that herein I stand with Lucian, or his devilish disciple Unico Aretino, in defence of execrable and horrible sins of forbidden and unlawful fleshliness. Whose abominable error is fully confuted of Perionius, and others.

I love, a pretty Eponorthosis in these two verses, and withal a paronomasia or playing with the word, where he saith *I love thilk lass alas*, &c.

Rosalind, is also a feigned name, which, being well ordered, will bewray the very name of his love and mistress, whom by that name he co’oureth. So as Ovid shadoweth his love under the name of Corinna, which of some is supposed to be Julia, the Emperor Augustus his daughter, and wife to Agrippa. So doth Aruntius Stella everywhere call his lady, Asteris and Ianthes, albeit it is well known that her right name was Violantilla: as witnesseth Statius in his *Epithalamium*. And so the famous paragon of Italy, Madonna Cælia, in her letters enveloppeth herself under the name of Zima, and Petrona under the name of Belloclia. And this generally hath been a common custom counterfeiting the names of secret personages.

Avale, bring down.

Overhale, draw over.

EMBLEM.

His Emblem or Poesy is here under added in Italian. *Anchôra speme*, the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreme passion and luckless love, yet, leaning on hope, he is somewhat recomfuted.

FEBRUARY.

AEGLOGA SECUNDA.

ARGUMENT.—This Aeglogue is rather moral and general than bent to any secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of old age, in the person of Thenot, an old shepherd, who, for his crookedness and unlustiness, is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappy herdman's boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the month, the year now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of year, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the cruddled blood, and freezeth the weatherbeaten flesh, with storms of fortune and hoar frosts of care. To which purpose the old man telleth a tale of the Oak and the Brier, so lively, and so feelingly, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appear.

CUDDIE. THENOT.

Cuddie. Ah for pity! will rank winter's
wage
 These bitter blasts never gin t'assuage?
 The keen cold blows through my beaten
 hide,
 All as I were through the body gride:
 My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
 As do high towers in an earthquake:
 They wont in the wind wag their wriggle
 tails

Perk as a peacock; but now it avales.
The. Lewdly complainest thou, lazy lad,
 Of winter's rack for making thee sad.
 Must not the world wend in his common
 course,

From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
 From worse unto that is worst of all,
 And then return to his former fall?
 Who will not suffer the stormy time,
 Where will he live till the lusty prime?
 Self have I worn out thrice thirty years,
 Some in much joy, many in many tears,
 Yet never complained of cold nor heat,
 Of summer's flame, nor of winter's threat,
 Ne ever was to fortune foeman
 But gently took that ungently came;
 And ever my flock was my chief care;
 Winter or summer they mought well fare.

Cud. No marvel, Thenot, if thou can bear
 Cheerfully the winter's wrathful cheer;
 For age and winter accord full nigh,
 This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wry;
 And as the low'ring weather looks down,
 So seemeth thou like Good Friday to frown:
 But my flow'ring youth is foe to frost,
 My ship unwont in storms to be tost,

The. The sovereign of seas he blames
 in vain,
 That, once sea-beat, will to sea again:

So loit'ring live you little herdgrooms,
 Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms;
 And, when the shining sun laugheth once;
 You deemen the spring is come at once;
 Tho gin you, fond flies! the cold to scorn,
 And, crowing in pipes made of green corn,
 You thinken to be lords of the year;
 But eft, when you count you freed from fear,
 Comes the breme winter with chamfred
 brows

Full of wrinkles and frosty furrows,
 Drearly shooting his stormy dart,
 Which cruddles the blood and pricks the
 heart:

Then is your careless courage accoy'd,
 Your careful herds with cold been annoy'd:
 Then pay you the price of your surquedry,
 With weeping, and wailing, and misery.

Cud. Ah! foolish old man! I scorn thy
 skill,
 That wouldest me my springing youth to
 spill:

I deem thy brain emperishèd be
 Through rusty eld that hath rotted thee;
 Or sicker thy head very tottie is,
 So on thy corbe shoulder it leans amiss.
 Now thyself hath lost both lop and top,
 Als my budding branch thou wouldest crop;
 But were thy years green, as now been mine,
 To other delights they would incline:
 Tho wouldest thou learn to caroi of love,
 And herrie with hymns thy lass's glove;
 Tho wouldest thou pipe of Phillis' praise;
 But Phillis is mine for many days;
 I won her with a girdle of gelt,
 Embost with bugle about the belt:
 Such an one shepherds would make full
 fain;

Such an one would make thee young again.
The. Thou art a fon, of thy love to boast;

All that is lent to love will be lost.

Cud. Seest how brag yon bullock bears,
So smirk, so smooth, his prickèd ears?
His horns been as broad as rainbow bent,
His dewlap as lythe as lass of Kent:
See how he venteth into the wind;
Weenest of love is not his mind?

Seemeth thy flock thy counsel can,
So lustless been they, so weak, so wan;
Clothèd with cold, and hoary with frost,
Thy flock's father his courage hath lost.
Thy ewes, that wont to have blown bags,
Like willul widows hangen their crags;
The rather lambs been starved with cold,
All for their master is lustless and old.

The. Cuddie, I wot thou kenst little good,
So vainly t' advance thy headless hood;
For youth is a bubble blown up with breath,
Whose wit is weakness, whose wage is death,
Whose way is wilderness, whose Inn pen-
nance,

And stoop-gallant age, the host of grievance.
But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I conn'd of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his sheep on the hills of Kent?

Cud. To nought more, Thenot, my mind
is bent

Than to hear novels of his devise;
They been so well thiewèd, and so wise,
Whatever that good old man bespake.

The. Many meet tales of youth did he
make,

And some of love, and some of chivalry;
But none fitter than this to apply.
Now listen awhile and hearken the end.

"There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak sometime had it been
With arms full strong and largely display'd,
But of their leaves they were disarray'd:
The body big and mightily pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height;
Whylome had been the king of the field,
And muckle mast to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many swine:
But now the gray moss marrèd his rine;
His barèd boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
His honour decay'd, his branches sere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Brere,*
Which proudly thrust into th' element,
And seem'd to threaten the firmament:
It was embellish'd with blossoms fair,
And thereto aye wonnèd to repair
The shepherds' daughters to gather flow'rs,
To paint their garlands with his colours;

* Brer.

And in his small bushes used to shroud
The sweet nightingale singing so loud:
Which made this foolish Brere wax so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold
And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.

'Why stands there (quothe he) thou brut-
tish block?

Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock;
Seest how fresh my flowers been spread,
Dyed in lily white and crimson red,
With leaves engrainèd in lusty green;
Colours meet to clothe a maiden queen?
Thy wa-te bigness but cumbers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round
The mouldy moss which thee accloyeth,
My ci namon small too much anno-yeth:
Wherfore soon I read thee hence remove,
Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.'
So spake this bold Brer with great disdain:
Little him answer'd the Oak again,
But yielded, with shame and grief adaw'd,
That of a weed he was overcraw'd.

It chanced after upon a day
The husbandman' self to come that way,
Of custom for to surview his ground
And his trees of state in compass round:
Him when the spiteful Brere had espied,
Causeless complain'd and loudly cried
Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife,

'O my liege lord! the god of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your suppliant's plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruel constraint,
Which I your poor vassal daily endure;
And, but your goodness the same recure,
Am like for desperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemy.'

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And bade the Brere in his plaint proceed.
With painted words tho gan this proud
weed

(As most usen ambitious folk)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

'Ah, my sovereign! lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine own hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land;
With flow'ring blossoms to furnish the
prime,

And scarlet berries in summer time?
How falls it then that this faded Oak,
Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyranny doth aspire;
Hind'ring with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
So beat his old boughs my tender side,

That oft the blood springeth from woundes
wide ;

Untimely my flowers forcèd to fall,
That been the honour of your coronal ;
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more spite ;
And of his hoary locks down doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh flowrets been defaced :
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlyhead to assuage
The rancorous rigor of his might ;
Nought ask I, but only to hold my right,
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be guarded from grievance.'

To this this Oak cast him to reply
Well as he could ; but his enemy
Had kindled such coals of displeasure,
That the goodman nould stay his leisure,
But home h'im hasted with furious heat,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threat ;
His harmful hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas ! that it so ready should stand !)
And to the field alone he speedeth,
(Aye little help to harm there needeth !)
Anger nould let him speak to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought coolèd be ;
But to the root bent his sturdy stroke
And many wounds made in the waste Oak.
The axe's edge did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain ;
Seemèd the senseless iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear :
For it had been an ancient tree,
Sacred with many a mystery,
And often cross'd with the priestès crew,
And often hallow'd with holy-water dew ;
But such fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this Oak to this misery ;
For nought mought they quitten him from
decay,

For fiercely the goodman at him did lay.
The block oft groanèd under the blow,
And sigh'd to see his near overthrow.
In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,
Tho down to the earth he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to
quake, [shake—
Th' earth shrunk under him, and seem'd to
There lieth the Oak, pitied of none,

Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
Puffèd up with pride and vain pleasure ;
But all this glee had no continuance :
For eftswoones winter gan to approach ;
The blust'ring Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the solitary Brere ;
For now no succour was seen him near.
Now gan he repent his pride too late ;

For, naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,
The wat'ry wet weighèd down his head,
And heaped snow burd'ned him so sore,
That now upright he can stand no more ;
And, being down, is trod in the dirt
Of cattle, and browsed, and sorely hurt.
Such was th' end of this ambitious Brere,
For scorning eld—"

Cud. Now I pray thee, shepherd, tell it
not forth :

Here is a long tale, and little worth,
So long have I listen'd to thy speech,
That grafted to the ground is my breech ;
My heartblood is well nigh frome I feel,
And my galage grown fast to my heel ;
But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted :
Hie thee home, shepherd, the day is nigh
wasted.

THENOT'S EMBLEM.

Iddio, perche é vecchio
Fa suoi al suo essempio.

CUDDIE'S EMBLEM.

Niuno vecchio
Spaventa Iddio.

GLOSS.

Gride, pierced : an old word much used of Lidgate, but not found (that I know of) in Chaucer.

Ronts, young bullocks.

Wracke, ruïne or violence, whence cometh shipwrack : and not *wreak*, that is vengeance or wrath.

Thenot, the name of a Shepherd in Marot his Aeglogues.

The Sovereign of Seas, is Neptune the god of the Sea. The saying is borrowed of Mimus Publilianus, which used this proverb in a verse :

"Improbè Neptunum accusat, qui iterum naufragium facit."

Herdgroom's, Chancer's verse almost whole.

Fond flies, He compareth careless sluggards, or ill handsmen, to flies that so soon as the sun shineth, or it waxeth any thing warm, begin to fly abroad, when suddenly they be overtaken with cold.

But est when, a very excellent and lively description of Winter, so as may be indifferently taken, either for old age, or for Winter season.

Breme, Chill, bitter.

Chamfred, chapt or wrinkled.

Accoyed, plucked down and daunted.

Snrquedry, pride.

Eld, old age.

Siker, sure.

Tottie, wavering.

Corb, crooked.

Herrie, worship.

Phyllis, the name of some maid unknown, whom Cuddie, whose person is secret, loved. The name is usual in Theocritus, Virgil, and Mantuane.

A fon, a fool.

Lythe, soft and gentle.

Venteth, snuffeth in the wind.

Thy flocks' father, the ram.

Crags, necks.

Rather lambs, that be ewed early in the beginning of the year.

Youth is, a very moral and pithy Allegory of youth, and the lusts thereof, compared to a weary wayfaring man.

Tityrus, I suppose he means Chaucer, whose praise for pleasant tales cannot die, so long as the memory of his name shall live, and the name of poetry shall endure.

Well thewed, that is, *Beue morata*, Full of moral wisdom.

There grew, This tale of the Oak and the Briar, he telleth as learned of Chaucer, but it is clean in another kind, and rather like to Æsop's fables. It is very excellent for pleasant descriptions, being altogether a certain icon or Hypotyposis of disdainful youngers.

To woune, to haunt or frequent.

Sub, check.

Why standst, The speech is scorifal and very presumptuous.

Engrained, dyed in grain.

Acclayeth, encumbreth.

Adwed, daunted and confounded.

Trees of state, taller trees fit for timber wood.

Stern strife, said Chaucer, s. fell and sturdy.

O my liege, a manner of supplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and speech of ambitious men.

Coroual, garland.

Flowrets, young blossoms.

The Primrose, the chief and worthiest.

Naked arms, metaphorically meant of the bare boughs, spoiled of leaves. This colourably he speaketh, as adjudging him to the fire.

The blood, spoken of a block, as it were of a living creature figuratively, and (as they say) κατ' εικασμόν.

Hoary locks, metaphorically for withered leaves.

Hent, caught.

Nould, for would not.

Aye, evermore.

Wounds, gashes.

Enaunter, least that.

The priests' crew, holy water pot, wherein the popish priest used to sprinkle and hallow the trees from mischance. Such blindness was in those times, which the poet supposeth to have been the final decay of this ancient Oak.

The block oft groaned, a lively figure, which giveth sense and feeling to unsensible creatures, as Virgil also saith: "Saxa gemunt gravido," &c.

Boreas, The Northern wind, that bringeth the most stormy weather.

Glee, Cheer and jollity.

For scorning eld, and minding (as should seem) to have made rhyme to the former verse, he is cunningly cut off by Cuddie, as disdaining to hear any more.

Galage, A startup or clonish shoe.

EMBLEM.

This Emblem is spoken of Thenot, as a moral of his former tale: namely, that God, which is Himself most aged, being before all ages, and without beginning, maketh those, whom He loveth, like to Himself, in heaping years unto their days, and blessing them with long life. For the blessing of age is not given to all, but unto whom God will so bless. And albeit that many evil men reach unto such fulness of years, and some also wax cold in misery and thraldom, yet therefore is not age ever the less blessing. For even to such evil men such number of years is added, that they may in their last days repent, and come to their first home: So the old man checketh the raw-headed boy for despising his gray and frosty hairs.

Whom Cuddie doth counterbuff with a biting and bitter proverb, spoken indeed at the first in contempt of old-age generally. For it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in some men's conceit, that men of years have no fear of God at all, or not so much as younger folk. For that being ripened with long experience, and having passed many bitter brunts and blasts of vengeance, they dread no storms of Fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men, as being either by long and ripe wisdom armed against all mischances and adversity, or with much trouble hardened against all troublesome tides: like unto the Ape, of which is said in Æsop's fables, that, oftentimes meeting the Lion, he was at first sore aghast and dismayed at the grimness and austerity of his countenance, but at last, being acquainted with his looks, he was so far from fearing him, that he would familiarly gibe and jest with him: Such long experience breedeth in some men security. A though it please Erasmus, a great clerk, and good old father, more fatherly and favourably, to construe it in his Adages, for his own behoof, "That by the proverb, "Nemo senex metuit Jovem," is not meant, that old men have no fear of God at all, but that they be far from superstition and idolatrous regard of false gods, as is Jupiter. But his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plain, to be gainsaid, that old men are much more inclined to such fond fooleries, than younger heads.

MARCH.

AEGLOGA TERTIA.

ARGUMENT.—In this Aeglogue two Shepherd's Boys, taking occasion of the season, begin to make purpose of love, and other pleasure which to spring-time is most agreeable. The special meaning hereof, is, to give certain marks and tokens, to know Cupid the poets' god of love. But more particularly, I think, in the person of Thomalin, is meant some secret friend, who scorned Love and his knights so long, till at length himself was entangled, and unawares wounded with the dart of some beautiful regard, which is Cupid's arrow.

WILLIE. THOMALIN.

Willie. THOMALIN, why sitten we so,
As weren overwent with woe,
Upon so fair a morrow?

The joyous time now nigheth fast, *spring*
That shall alegge this bitter blast,
And slake the winter's sorrow.

Tho. Sicker, Willie, thou warnest well;
For winter's wrath begins to quell

And pleasant spring appeareth:
The grass now gins to be refresh'd,
The swallow peeps out of her nest,
And cloudy welkin cleareth.

Wil. Seest not thilk same hawthorn studded,
How bragly it begins to bud,

And utter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready Maia's bower,

That new is uprist from bed:
Tho shall we sporten in delight,
And learn with Lettice to wax light,

That scornfully look askance;
Tho will we little Love awake,
That now sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our dance.

Tho. Willie, I ween thou be assot;
For lusty Love stil sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

Wil. How kenst thou, that he is awake?
Or hast thyself his slumber broke?
Or made privy to the same?

Tho. No; but happily I him spied,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blue;

And, were not that my sheep would stray,
The privy marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chance I him knew.

Wil. Thomalin, have no care for-thy;
Myself will have a double eye,
Alike to my flock and thine;

For, alas! at home I have a sire,
A stepdame eke, as hot as fire,
That duly adays counts mine.

Tho. Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheep for that may chance to swerve,
And fall into some mischief:

For sithens is but the third morrow
That I chanced to fall asleep with sorrow,
And waked again with grief;

The while thilk same unhappy ewe,
Whose clouted leg her hurt doth shew,
Fell headlong into a dell.

And there unjointed both her bones:
Mought her neck been jointed atones,
She should have need no more spell;

Th' elf was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trow can better good),
She mought ne gang on the green.

Wil. Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let me forecast:
Now tell us what thou hast seen.

Tho. It was upon a holiday,
When shepherd's grooms have leave to play,
I cast to go a shooting;

Long wand'ring up and down the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting,

At length within the ivy tod,
(There shrouded was the little god),
I heard a busy bustling;

I bent my bolt against the bush,
List'n'ing if any thing did rush,
But then heard no more rustling.

Tho, peeping close into the thicket,
Might see the moving of some quick,
Whose shape appeared not;

But were it faery, fiend, or snake
My courage yearn'd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shot;

With that sprung forth a naked swain,
With spotted wings like peacock's train,
And laughing lope to a tree;

His gilden quiver at his back,
And silver bow, which was but slack,
Which lightly he bent at me:

That seeing, I levell'd again,

And shot at him with might and main,
As thick as it had hailed.

So long I shot, that all was spent ;
Tho pumice stones I hast'ly hent,
And threw ; but nought availed :
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumice latched :

Therewith atrait I ran away ;
But he, that erst seem'd but to play,

A shaft in earnest snatchèd,
And hit me running in the heel :
For then I little smart did feel,
But soon it sore increasèd ;
And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it fest'reth sore,
Ne wot I how to cease it.

Wil. Thomalin, I pity thy plight,
Perdy with Love thou diddest fight ;

I know him by a token :
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken,)

Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion crows had set
That in our pear-tree haunted :
Tho said, he was a wingèd lad,
But bow and shafts as then none had.

Else had he sore been daunted,
But see, the welkin thick's apace,
And stooping Phœbus steeps his face ;
Its time to haste us homeward.

WILLIE'S EMBLEM.

To be wise and eke to love,
Is granted scarce to gods above.

THOMALIN'S EMBLEM.

Of honey and of gall in love there is store ;
The honey is much, but the gall is more.

GLOSS.

This *Aeglogue* seemeth somewhat to resemble that same of Theocritus, wherein the boy likewise telling the old man, that he had shot at a winged boy in a tree, was warned by him to beware of mischief to come.

Overwent, overgone.

Alegge, to lessen or assuage.

To quell, to abate.

Welkin, the sky.

The *swallow*, which birds useth to be counted the messenger, and as it were the forerunner, of spring.

Flora, the Goddess of flowers, but indeed

(as saith Tacitus) a famous harlot, which with the abuse of her body having gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heir : who, in remembrance of so great beneficence, appointed a yearly feast for the memorial of her, calling her, not as she was, nor as some do think, *Andronica*, but *Flora* : making her the Goddess of flowers, and doing yearly to her solemni sacrifice

Maia's bower, that is, the pleasant field, or rather the May bushes. *Maia* is a Goddess, and the mother of Mercury, in honour of whom the month of May is of her name so called, as saith Macrobius.

Lettice, the name of some Country lass.

Askance, askew, or askint.

For-ty, therefore.

Lethe, is a lake in hell, which the poets call the lake of forgetfulness. For *Lethe* signifieth forgetfulness. Wherein the souls being dipped, did forget the cares of their former life. So that by sleeping in *Lethe* lake, he meaneth he was almost forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reason of winter's hardness, when all pleasures, as it were, sleep and wear out of mind.

Assot, to dote.

His slumber, to break love's slumber, to exercise the delights of love and wanton pleasures.

Wings of purple, so he is feigned of the poets.

For als, he imitateth Virgil's verse :

"Est mihi namque domi pater, est injusta
noveica, etc."

A dell, a hole in the ground.

Spell, is a kind of verse or charm, that in elder times they used often to say over everything that they would have preserved, as the nightspell for thieves, and the woodspell. And here hence, I think, is named the Godspel or word. And so saith Chaucer, Listeneth Lordings to my spell.

Gang, go.

As ivy tod, a thick bush.

Scavain, a boy : For so is he described of the poets, to be a boy, s. always fresh and lusty ; blindfolded, because he maketh no difference of personages ; with diverse coloured wings, s. full of flying fancies ; with bow and arrow, that is, with glance of beauty, which pricketh as a forked arrow. He is said also to have shafts, some leaden, some golden : that is, both pleasure for the gracious and loved, and sorrow for the lover that is disdained or forsaken. But who list more at large to behold Cupid's colours and furniture, let him read either Propertius, or Moschus his *Idyllion of Wand'ring Love*, being now most excellently translated into Latin, by the singular learned man Angelus Politianus ; Which work I have seen amongst other of this Poet's doings, very well translated also into English rhymes.

Wimble and wight, quick and deliver.

In the heels is very poetically spoken, and

not without special judgment. For I remember that in Homer it is said of Thetis, that she took her young babe Achilles being newly born, and, holding him by the heel, dipped him in the river of Styx. The virtue whereof is, to defend and keep the bodies washed therein from any mortal wound. So Achilles being washed all over save only his heel, by which his mother held, was in the rest invulnerable; therefore by Paris was feigned to be shot with a poisoned arrow in the heel, while he was busy about the marrying of Polyxena in the temple of Apollo. Which mystical fable Eustathius unfolding, saith: that by wounding the heel, is meant justful love. For from the heel (as say the best physicians) the privy parts there pass certain veins and slender sinews, as also the like come from the head, and are carried like little pipes behind the ears; so that (as saith Hipocrates) if those veins there be cut asunder, the party straight becometh cold and unfruitful. Which reason our poet well weighing, maketh this shepherd's boy of purpose to be wounded by Love in the heel.

Latched, caught.

Wroken, revenged.

For once: In this tale is set out the simplicity of shepherds' opinion of love.

Stopping Phæbus, is a Periphrasis of the sun setting.

EMBLEM.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of love, wherein wanton youth walloweth, be but folles mixed with bitterness, and sorrow sauced with repentance. For besides that the very affection of Love itself tormenteth the mind and vexeth the body many ways, with unrestfulness all night, and weariness all day, seeking for that we cannot have, and finding that we would not have; even the self things which best before us liked, in course of time, and change of riper years, which also therewithal changeth our wonted liking and former fantasies, will then seem loathsome, and breed us annoyance, when youth's flower is withered, and we find our bodies and wits answer not to such vain jollity and lustful pleasaunce.

APRIL.

AEGLOGA QUARTA.

ARGUMENT.—This Aeglogue is purposely intended to the honour and praise of our most gracious sovereign Queen; Elizabeth. The speakers hereof be Hobbinoll and Thenot, two shepherds: the which Hobbinoll, being before mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaining him of that boy's great misadventure in love; whereby his mind was alienated and withdrawn not only from him, who most loved him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant piping, as cunning rhyming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proof of his more excellency and skill in poetry, to record a song, which the said Colin sometime made in honour of her Majesty, whom abruptly he termeth Elisa.

THENOT. HOBBINOLL.

Thenot. TELL me, good Hobbinoll, what gars thee greet?

What! hath some wolf thy tender lambs ytorn? [sweet?

Or is thy bagpipe broke, that sounds so Or art thou of thy lovèd lass forlorn?

Or been thine eyes attemp'ed to the year, Quenching the gasping furrows' thirst with rain?

Like April show'r so stream the trickling tears

Adown thy cheek, to quench thy thirsty pain.

Hob. Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourn,

But for the lad, whom long I loved so dear,

Now loves a lass that all his love doth scorn:

He, plunged in pain, his tressèd locks, doth tear: [swear?

Shepherds' delights he doth them all for- His pleasant pipe, which made us merri- ment,

He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear His wonted songs wherein he all outwent.

The. What is he for a lad you so lament? Is love such pinching pain to them that prove?

And hath he skill to make so excellent, Yet hath so little skill to brid'e love?

Hob. Colin thou kenst, the southern shepherd's boy;

Him Love hath wounded with a deadly dart;

Whylome on him was all my care and joy,
Forcing with gutts to win his wanton
heart. [start,

But now from me his madding mind is
And woos the widow's daughter of the
glen ;

So no fair Rosalind hath bred his smart ;
So now his friend is changed for a frenne.
The. But if his ditties been so trimly dight,
I pray thee, Hobbinnoll, record some one,
The whites our flocks do graze about in
sight,

And we close shrouded in this shade
alone.

Hob. Contented I : then will I sing his lay
Of fair Elisa, queen of shepherds all,
Which once he made as by a spring he lay,
And tunèd it unto the waters' fall.

"Ye dainty Nymphs, that in this blessed
brook,

"Do bathe your breast,

"Forsake your watry bow'rs, and hitler
look,

"At my request. [dwell,

"And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse

"Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
"Help me to b'aze

"Her worthy praise,

"Which in her sex doth all excel.

"Of fair Elisa be your silver song,

"That blessed wight, [long

"The flow'r of virgins ; may she flourish
"In princely plight !

"For she is Syrinx' daughter without spot.

"Which Pan, the shepherd's god, of her
begot :

"So sprang her grace

"Of heavenly race,

"No mortal blemish may her blot.

"See, where she sits upon the grassy green,
" (O seemly sight !)

"Yclad in scarlet, like a maiden queen,
"And ermines white :

"Upon her head a cremosin coronet,
"With damask roses and daffodillies set ;

"Bayleaves between,

"And primroses green,

"Embellish the sweet violet.

"Tell me, have ye seen her angelic face,

"Like Phœbe fair ?

"Her heavenly haviour, her princely grace,

"Can you well compare ?

"The red rose meddled with the white yfere,

"In either cheek depeincten lively cheer :

"Her modest eye,

"Her majesty,

"Where have you seen the like but there ?

"I saw Phœbus thrust out his golden head,

"Upon her to gaze ; [did spread,

"But, when he saw how broad her beams

"It did him amaze.

"He blush'd to see another sun below,

"Ne durst again his fiery face out show.

"Let him, if he dare,

"His brightness compare

"With hers, to have the overthrow.

"Show thyself, Cynthia, with thy silver
rays,

"And be not abash'd : [plays,

"When she the beams of her beauty dis-

"O how art thou dash'd !

"But I will not match her with Latona's
seed ;

"Such folly great sorrow to Niobe did breed.

"Now she is a stone,

"And makes daily moan.

"Warning all other to take heed.

"Pan may be proud that ever he begot

"Such a bellibone ;

"And Syrinx rejoice, that ever was her lot

"To bear such an one.

"Soon as my younglings cryen * for the
dam,

"To her will I offer a milkwhite lamb ;

"She is my goddess plain,

"And I her shepherd's swain,

"Albe forswonck and forswat I am.

"I see Calliope speed her to the place,

"Where my goddess shines ;

"And after her the other Muses trace,

"With their violins. [do bear,

"Been they not bay-branches which they

"All for Elisa in her hand to wear ?

"So sweetly they play,

"And sing all the way,

"That it a heaven is to hear.

"Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot

"To the instrument :

"They dancen deffly, and singen soote,

"In their merriment. [dance even ?

"Wants not a fourth Grace to make the

"Let that room to my Lady be yeven.

"She shall be a Grace,

"To fill the fourth place,

"And reign with the rest in heaven.

* Cryen for cry : the ancient termination of the verb, and what Mr. Tyrwhitt considers to have been the Teutonic ; as in the plural of love ; We *loven*, ye *loven*, &c.—TODD.

" And whither runs this bevy of ladies
bright,
" Ranged in a row?
" They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,
" That unto her go.
" Chloris, that is the chiefest nymph of all,
" Of olive branches bears a coronal:
" Olives been for peace,
" When wars do surcease:
" Such for a princess been principal.

" Ye shepherds' daughters, that dwell on
the green,
" Hie you there apace: [been,
" Let none come there but that virgins
" To adorn her grace:
" And, when you come whereas she is in
place,
" See that your rudeness do not you dis-
grace:
" Bind your fillets fast,
" And gird in your waist,
" For more fineness, with a tawdry lace.

" Bring hither the pink and purple colum-
bine,
" With gilliflow'rs;
" Bring coronation, and sops in wine,
" Worn of paramours: [dillies,
" Strow me the ground with daff-down-
" And cowslips, and kingcups, and lovèd
lilies:
" The pretty pounce,
" And the chevisaunce,
" Shall match with the fair flow'r delice.

" Now rise up, Elisa, deckèd as thou art
" In royal array;
" And now ye dainty damsels may depart
" Each one her way. [long;
" I fear, I have troubled your troops too
" Let Dame Elisa thank you for her song:
" And, if you come hither
" When damsons I gather,
" I will part them all you among."

The. And was thik same song of Colin's
own making?

Ah! foolish Boy! that is with love yblent;
Great pity is, he be in such taking,
For naughty caren that been so lewdly
bent.

Hob. Sicker I hold him for a greater fon,
That loves the thing he cannot purchase.
But let us homeward, for night draweth on,
And twinkling stars the daylight hence
chase.

THENOT'S EMBLEM.

O quam te memorem Virgo!

HOBBINOLL'S EMBLEM.

O Dea certe!

GLOSS.

Gars thee greet, causeth thee weep and
complain.

Forlorn, left and forsaken.

Attempt'ed to the year, agreeable to the
season of the year, that is April, which month
is most bent to showers and seasonable rain:
to quench, that is, to delay the drought, caused
through dryness of March winds.

The lad, Colin Clout.

The lass, Rosalinda.

Tressed locks, wreathed and curled.

Is he for a lad? a strange manner of speak-
ing, s. what manner of lad is he?

To make, to rhyme and versify. For in
this word, *making*, our old English Poets
were wont to comprehend all the skill of
Poetry, according to the Greek word ποιησις,
to make, whence cometh the name of Poets.

Colin thou kenst, knowest. Seemeth here-
by that Colin pertaineth to some Southern
noblemn, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent,
the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish
downs, and before, *As thyne as lass of Kent*.

The widow's, He calleth Rosalind the wid-
ow's daughter of the glen, that is, of a country
hullet or borough, which I think is rather
said to colour and conceal the person than
simply spoken. For it is well known even in
spite of Colin and Hobbinoll, that she is a
gentlewoman of no mean house, nor endued
with any vulgar and common gifts, both of
nature and manners: but such indeed, as need
neither Colin be ashamed to have her made
known by his verses, nor Hobbinoll be grieved,
that so she should be commended to immor-
tality for her rare and singular virtues: Spec-
ially deserving it no less than either Myrto the
most excellent Poet Theocritus his darling, or
Lauretta the divine Petrarch's goddess, or
Himera the worthy poet Stesichorus his idol;
upon whom he is said so much to have doted,
that, in regard to her excellency, he scorned
and wrote against the beauty of Helena. For
which his presumptuous and unheedy hard-
ness, he is said by vengeance of the gods,
thereat being offended, to have lost both his
eyes.

Frenne, a stranger. The word I think was
first poetically put, and afterward used in
common custom of speech for foreign.

Dight, adorned.

Lay, a song, as Roundelays and Virelays.

In all this song is not to be respected, what
the worthiness of her Majesty deserveth, nor
what to the highness of a prince is agreeable.

but what is most comely for the meanness of a shepherd's wit, or to conceive, or to utter. And therefore he calleth her Elisa, as through rudeness tripping in her name; and a shepherd's daughter, it being very unfit, that a shepherd's boy, brought up in the sheepfold, should know, or ever seem to have heard of, a Queen's royalty.

Ye divinity is, as it were, an Exordium *ad præparandos animos*.

Virgins, the nine Muses, daughters of Apollo and Memory, whoso abode the Poets feign to be on Parnassus, a hill in Greece, for that in that country specially flourished the honour of all excellent studies.

Helicon, is both the name of a fountain at the foot of Parnassus, and also of a mountain in Bœotia, out of the which floweth the famous spring Castalium, dedicate also to the Muses: of which spring it is said, that, when Pegasus the winged horse of Perseus (whereby is meant fame and flying renown) struck the ground with his hoof, suddenly thereout sprang a well of most clear and pleasant water, which from thence was consecrate to the Muses and Ladies of learning.

Your silver song, seemeth to imitate the like in Hesiodus ἀργύριον μέλος.

Syrinx, is the name of a Nymph of Arcadia, whom when Pan being in love pursued, she, flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reed. So that Pan catching at the reeds, instead of the Damosel, and puffing hard, (for he was almost out of wind,) with his breath made the reeds to pipe, which he seeing, took of them, and, in remembrance of his lost love, made him a pipe thereof. But here by Pan and Syrinx is not to be thought, that the shepherd simply meant those poetical Gods; but rather supposing (as seemeth) her Grace's progeny to be divine and immortal (so as the paynimms were wont to judge of all kings and princes, according to Homer's saying,

Θυμὸς δὲ μέγας ἐστὶ διοτρεφέος βασιλῆος,
Τιμὴ δ' ἕκ Διὸς ἐστὶ, φιλεῖ δὲ ἐμνηστία Ζεῦς.)

could devise no parents in his judgment so worthy for her, as Pan the shepherds' God, and his best beloved Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the most famous and victorious king, her highness' father, late of worthy memory king Henry the eight. And by that name, oftentimes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mighty potentates: And in some place Christ Himself, who is the very Pan and God of shepherds.

Cremosin coronet, he deviseth her crown to be of the finest and most delicate flowers, instead of pearls and precious stones wherewith princes' diadems use to be adorned and embossed.

Urbellish, beautify and set out.

Phæbe, the Moon, whom the poets feign to be sister unto Phœbus, that is, the Sun.

Medled, mingled.

Yfere, together. By the mingling of the Red rose and the White, is meant the uniting of the two principal houses of Lancaster and York: by whose long discord and deadly debate this realm many years was sore travailed, and almost clean decayed. Till the famous Henry the seventh, of the line of Lancaster, taking to wife the most virtuous princess Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the house of York, begat the most royal Henry the eight aforesaid, in whom was the first union of the White rose, and the Red.

Calliope one of the nine Muses: to whom they assign the honour of all poetical invention, and the first glory of the Heroical verse. Other say, that she is the Goddess of Rhetoric: but by Virgil it is manifest, that they mistake the thing. For there, 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 special parts of Rhetoric: beside that her name, which (as some construe it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part. But I hold rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhymnia, of her good singing.

Bay branches, be the sign of honour and victory, therefore of mighty conquerors worn in their triumphs, and eke of famous poets, as saith Petrarch in his Sonnets:

“Arbor vittoriosa triumphale.
Honor d' Imperadori et di Poeti, &c.”

The Graces, be three sisters, the daughters of Jupiter, (whose names are Aglaia, Thalia, Eumrosyne: and Homer only added a fourth, s. Pasithea, otherwise called Charites, that is, thanks. Whom the poets feigned to be goddesses of all beauty and comeliness, which therefore (as saith Theodotius) they make three, to weet, that men first ought to be gracious and bountiful to otier freely; then to receive benefits at other men's hands courteously; and thirdly, to requite them thankfully: which are three sundry actions in liberality. And Boccace saith, that they be painted naked (as they were indeed on the tomb of C. Julius Cæsar) the one having her back towards us, and her face forward, as proceeding from us; the other two toward us: noting double thank to be due to us for the benefit we have done

Defly, finely and nimbly.

Sootie, sweet.

Merriment, mirth.

Bevy, a bevy of ladies, is spoken figuratively for a company or a troop; the term is taken of larks. For they say a bevy of larks, even as a covey 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 every spring and fountain was a god-

ness the Sovereign. Which opinion stuck in the minds of men not many years sithence, by means of certain fine fablers, and loud liars, such as were the authors of King Arthurs the great, and such like, who tell many an unlawful leasing of the Ladies of the Lake, that is, the Nymphs. For the word Nymph in Greece, signifieth Well-water, or otherwise, a Spouse or Bride.

Behight, called or named.

Chloris, the name of a Nymph, and signifieth greenness, of whom is said, that Zephyrus the Western wind being in love with her, and coveting her to wife, gave her for a dowry the chieftom and sovereignty of all flowers and green herbs, growing on the earth.

Olives been, the Olive was wont to be the ensign of peace and quietness, 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 olive tree, they say, will not grow near the Fir tree, which is dedicate to Mars the God of battle, and used most for spears, and other instruments of war. Whereupon is finely feigned, that when Neptune and Minerva strove for the naming of the city of Athens, Neptune striking the ground with his Mace, caused a horse to come forth, that importeth war, but at Minerva's stroke sprung out an Olive, to note that it should be a nurse of learning, and such peaceable studies.

Bind your, spoken rudely, and according to shepherd's simplicity.

Bring, all these be names of flowers. *Sops in wine*, a flower in colour much like to a Carnation, but differing in smell and quantity. *Flower delice*, that which they use to mistern flower de luce, being in Latin called *Flos deliciarum*.

A bellbone, or a bonnell, homely spoken for a fair maid, or bonny lass.

Forswonck and forswatt, overlaboured and sunburnt.

I saw Phæbus, the sun. A sensible narra-

tion, and a present view of the thing mentioned, which they call *παρουσία*.

Cynthia, the Moon, so called of *Cynthus* a hill, where she was honoured.

Latona's seed, was Apollo and Diana. Whom when as Niobe the wife of Amphion scorned, in respect of the noble fruit of her womb, namely her seven sons, and so many daughters, Latona, being therewith displeas'd, commanded her son Phæbus to slay all the sons, and Diana all the daughters; whereat the unfortunate Niobe being sore dismayed, and lamenting out of measure, was feigned by the Poets to be turned into a stone, upon the Sepulchre of her children: for which cause the Shepherd saith, he will not compare her to them, for fear of misfortune.

Now rise, is the conclusion. For, having so decked her with praises and comparisons, he returneth all the thank of his labour to the excellency of her Majesty.

When damsons, A base reward of a clownish giver.

blent, *Y*, is a poetical addition, *blent*, blinded.

EMBLEM.

This poesy is taken out of Virgil, and there of him used in the person of Eneas to his mother Venus, appearing to him in likeness of one of Diana's damosels; being there most divinely set forth. To which similitude of divinity Hobbinoll comparing the excellency of Elisa, and being through the worthiness of Colin's song, as it were, overcome with the hugeness of his imagination, bursteth forth in great admiration, (*O quam te memorem virgo!*) being otherwise unable, than by sudden sience, to express the worthiness of his conceit. Whom Thenot answereth with another part of the like verse, as confirming by his grant and approvance, that Elisa is no whit inferior to the Majesty of her, of whom the poet so boldly pronounced, *O dea certe*

MAY.

AEGLOGA QUINTA.

ARGUMENT.—In this fifth Æglogue, under the person of two Shepherds, Piers and Palinode, he represented two forms of Pastors or Ministers, or the Protestant and Catholic; whose chief talk standeth in reasoning, whether the life of one must be like the other; with whom having showed, that it is dangerous to maintain any fellowship, or give too much credit to their colourable and feigned good will, he telleth him a tale of the Fox, that, by such a counterpoint of craftiness, deceived and devoured the credulous Kid.

PALINODE. PIERS.

Pal. Is not thilk the merry month of
May,
When love-lads masken in fresh array?

How falls it, then, we no merrier been,
Ylike as others, girt in gandy green?
Our bloncket liveries been all to sad
For thilk same season when all is yclad

With pleasance ; the ground with grass,
the woode [ing buds.

With green leaves, the bushes with bloom-
Youngthes folk now flocken in every where,
To gather May-baskets and sigelling brere ;
And home they hasten the posts to dight,
And all the kirk pillars e'er day-light,
With hawthorn buds, and sweet eglantine,
And garlands of roses, and sops in wine.
Such merrimake holy saints doth queme,
But we here sitten as drown'd in dream.

Piers. For younkers, Palinode, such fol-
lies fit,

But we tway been men of elder wit.

Pal. Sicker this morrow, no longer ago,
I saw a shoal of shepherds outgo
With singing and shouting, and jolly cheer :
Before them yode a lusty tab'rer,
That to the many a horn-pipe play'd, [maid.
Whereto they dauncen each one with his
To see those folks make such joyvsance,
Made my heart after the pipe to dance :
Tho to the green wood they speeden them
all,

To fetchen home May with their musical ;
And home they bringen in a royal throne,
Crown'd as king ; and his queen attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fair flock of faeries, and a fresh bend *
Of lovely nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the ladies their Maybush bear !)
Ah ! Piers, been not thy teeth on edge to
think [swinck ?

How great sport they gainen with little

Piers. Perdy, so far am I from envy,
That their fondness inly I pity :
Those faitours little regarden their charge,
While they, letting their sleep run at large,
Passen their time that should be sparely
spent,

In lustided and wanton merriment.
Thilk same been shepherds for the devil's
stand,

That playen while their flocks be unfed :
Well it is seen their sheep been not their
own,

That letten them run at random alone ;
But they been hired for little pay
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flock, so they han the
fleece,

And get all the gain, paying but a piece.
I muse, what account both these will make ;
The one for the hire which he doth take,
And the other for leaving his lord's task,

When great Pan accounts of shepherds shall
ask. spite,

Pal. Sicker, now I see thou speakest of
All for thou lackest some dele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be envied,
All were it of my foe, than foully pitied ;
And yet, if need were, pitied would be ;
Rather than other should scorn at me ;
For pitied is mishap that nas remedy,
But scorn'd been deeds of fond foolery.
What shoulden shepherds other things
tend,

Then, sith their God his good doth them
send,

Reapen the fruit thereof, that his pleasure,
The while they were liven at ease and lei-
sure ?

For, when they been dead, their good is ygo,
They sleepen 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 giveth good for none other end.

Piers. Ah ! Palinode, thou art a world's
child : [filed ;

Who touches pitch, mought needs be de-
But shepherds (as Algrind * used to say)
Mought not live ylike as men of the lay.
With them it sits to care for their heir,
Enaunter their heritage do impair :
They must provide for means of mainten-
ance,

And to continue their wont countenance :
But shepherd must walk another way,
Sike worldly sevenance he must for-say.
The son of his lions why should he regard
To leave enriched with that he hath spared ?
Should not thilk God, that gave him that
good,

Eke cherish his child if in his ways he stood ?
For if he mislive in lewdness and lust,
Little boots of all the wealth, and the trust,
That his father left by inheritance ;
All will be soon wasted with misgovernance :
But through this, and other their miscreance,
They maken many a wrong chevisaunce,
Heaping up waves of wealth and woe,
The floods whereof shall them overflow.
Sike men's folly I cannot compare
Better than to the ape's foolish care,
That is so enamour'd of her young one,
(And yet God wote, such cause had she
none.)

* *Bend*, a *band* or *knot*.—T. WARTON.

* Algrind is an anagram for *Grindal* the name
of the Archbishop.

That with her hard hold, and strait embracing,
 She stoppeth the breath of her youngling,
 So oftentimes, when as good is meant,
 Evil ensueth of wrong intent.
 The time was once, and may again retorne,
 (For ought may happen, that hath been beforene,)

When shepherds had none inheritance,
 Ne of land nor fee in sufferance,
 But what might arise of the bare sheep,
 (Were it more or less) which they did keep.
 Well ywis was it with shepherds tho:
 Nought having, nought fear'd they to forego;
 For Pan himself was their inheritance,
 And little them served for their maintenance,

The shepherds' God so well them guided,
 That of nought they were unprovided;
 Butter enough, honey, milk, and whey,
 And their flocks' fleeces them to array:
 But tract of time, and long prosperity,
 (That nurse of vice, this of insolency,)
 Lulled the shepherds in such security,
 That, not content with loyal obeisance,
 Some gan to gape for greedy governance,
 And match themselves with mighty potentates,

Lovers of lordship, and troublers of states:
 Tho gan shepherds' swain to look aloft,
 And leave to live hard, and learn to lie soft:
 Tho, under colour of shepherds, somewhile
 There crept in wolves full of fraud and guile,
 That often devoured their own sheep,
 And often the shepherds that did them keep:

This was the first source of shepherd' sorrow.

That now will be quit with bail nor borrow.

Pal. Three things to bear been very burdensous,

But the fourth to forbear is outrageous:
 Women, that of love's longing once lust,
 Hardly forbear, but have it they must:
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,
 Wanting revenge, is hard to assuage:
 And who can counsel a thirsty soul,
 With patience to forbear the off' red bowl?
 But of all burdens that a man can bear,
 Most is, a fool's talk to bear and to hear.
 I ween the giant has not such a weight,
 That bears on his shoulders the heaven's height.

Thou findest fault where nys to be found,
 And buildest strong work upon a weak ground:

Thou raillest on right withouten reason,

And blamest them much for small encheason.

How shouldest shepherds live, if notso?
 What? should they pinen in pain and woe?
 Nay, say I thereto, by my dear borrow,
 If I may rest, I will live in sorrow.

Sorrow ne need be hastened on,
 For he will come, without calling, anon,
 While times endure of tranquillity,
 Usen we freely our felicity;
 For, when approachen the stormy stowres,
 We mought with our shoulders bear off the sharp show'rs;

[strife,
 And, sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sike
 That shepherds so witen each other's life,
 And layen her faults the world beforene,
 The while their foes done each of them scorn.]

[ed,
 Let none mislike of that may not be mended,
 So conteck soon by concord mought be ended.

Piers. Shepherd, I list no accordance make [sake;

With shepherd, that does the right way for-
 And of the twain, if choice were to me,
 Had liefer my foe than my friend he be;
 For what concord han light and dark sam?
 Or what peace has the lion with the lamb?
 Such faitors, when their false hearts been hid,

Will do as did the Fox by the Kid.

Pal. Now, Piers, of fellowship, tell us that saying:

For the lad can keep both our flocks from straying:

[visc)
Piers. Thilke said Kid (as I can well de-
 Was too very foolish and unwise;

For on a time, in summer season,
 The Goat her dame, that had good reason,
 Yode forth abroad unto the green wood:
 To browse, or play, or what she thought good:

But, for she had a motherly care
 Of her young son, and wit to beware,
 She set her youngling before her knee,
 That was both fresh and lovely to see,
 And full of favour as Kid mought be.
 His vallet head began to shoot out,
 And his wretched horns gan newly sprout;
 The blossoms of lust to bud did begin,
 And spring forth rankly under his chin.
 "My Son," (quoth she, and with that gan weep;

For careful thoughtes in her heart did creep;)
 "God bless thee, poor Orphan! as he mought
 And send thee joy of thy jollity. [me,
 Thy father," (that word she spake with pain,

For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twain,
 "Thy father, had he livèd this day,
 To see the branch of his body display,
 How would he have joyèd at this sweet
 sight ?

But ah! false Fortune such joy did him
 spite

And cut off his days with untimely woe,
 Betraying him into the traynes of his foe,
 Now I, a wilful widow beight,
 Of my old age have this one delight,
 To see thee succeed in thy father's stead,
 And flourish in flowers of lustihead;
 For even so thy father his head upheld,
 And so his haughty horns did he weld."

Tho making him with melting eyes,
 A thrilling thro' from her heart did arise,
 And interrupted all her other speech
 With shme old sorrow that made a new
 breach ;

Seemèd she saw in her youngling's face
 The old lineaments of his father's grace.
 At last her solein silence she broke
 And gan his new-budded beard to stroke,
 "Kiddie, (quoth she) thou kenst the great
 care

I have of thy health and thy welfare,
 Which many wild beasts ligen in wait
 I'or to entrap in thy tender state :
 But most the Fox, master of collusion ;
 For he has vowèd thy last confusion.
 Forthy, my Kiddie, be ruled by me,
 And never give trust to his treachery ;
 And, if he chance come when I am abroad,
 Sparre the yate fast, for fear of fraud ;
 Ne for all his worst, not for his best,
 Open the door at his request."

So schoolèd the Gate her wanton son,
 That answered his mother, All should be
 done,
 Tho went the pensive dame out of do'or.
 And chanced to stumble at the threshold
 floor ;

Her stumbling step somewhat her amazed,
 (For such, as signs of ill luck, been dis-
 praised ;)

Yet forth she yode, thereat half aghast ;
 And Kiddie the door sparred after her fast.
 It was not long, after she was gone,
 But the false Fox came to the door anon ;
 Not as a fox, for then he had been kenn'd,
 But all as a poor pedlar he did wend,
 Bearing a truss of trifles at his back,
 As bells, and babes, and glasses in his pack :
 A biggen he had got about his brain :
 For in his headpiece he felt a sore pain :
 His hinder heel was wrapt in a clout,

For with great cold he had got the gout :
 There at the door he cast me down his pack,
 And laid him down, and groan'd, "Alack!
 alack !

Ah ! dear Lord ! and sweet Saint Charity !
 That some good body would once pity me !"

Well heard Kiddie all this sore constraint,
 And long'd to know the cause of his com-
 plaint ;

Tho, creeping close behind the wicket's clink,
 Privily he peepèd out through a chink,
 Yet not so privily but the Fox him spied ;
 For deceitful meaning is double-eyed.

"Ah ! good young Master" (then gan he
 cry)

"Jesus bless that sweet face I espy,
 And keep your corpse from the careful
 stounds

That in my carrion carcass abounds."

The Kid, pitying his heaviness,
 Askèd the cause of his great distress,
 And also who, and whence that he were.

Tho he, that had well yconn'd his lere,
 Thus medled his talk with many a tear :
 "Sick, sick, alas ! and little lack of dead,
 Put I be relieved by your beastly head.
 I am a poor sheep, alle my colour done,
 For with long travail I am brent in the sun ;
 And if that, my grandsire me said, be true,
 Sicker, I am very sibbe to you ;
 So be your goodlihead do not disdain
 The base kin're'd of so simple swain,
 Of mercy and favour then I you pray,
 With your aid to forestall my near decay."

Tho out of his pack a glass he took,
 Wherein while Kiddie unwares did look,
 He was so enamoured with the newell,
 That nought he deemèd dear for the jewel :
 Tho openèd he the door, and in came
 The false Fox, as he were stark lame ;
 His tail he clapt betwixt his legs twain,
 Lest he should be descried by his train.

Being within, the Kid made him good glee,
 All for the love of the glass he did see,
 After his cheer the pedlar can chat,
 And tell many leasings of this and that,
 And how he could show many a fine nack ;
 Tho showed his ware and open'd his pack,
 All save a bell which he left behind
 In the basket for the Kid to find ;
 Which when the Kid stooped down to catch,
 He popp'd him in, and his basket did latch ;
 Ne stayèd he once the door to make fast,
 But ran away with him in all haste.

Home when the doubtful dame had her
 hied,

She mought see the door stand open wide ;

All aghast, loudly she gan to call
Her Kid; but he nould answer at all:
Tho on the floor she saw the merchandise
Of which her son had set too dear a price.
What help! her Kid she knew well was
gone:

She weepèd, and wail'd, and made great
moan. [be

Such end had the Kid, for he nould warn'd
Of craft, colourèd with simplicity;
And such end, perdy, does all them remain,
That of such falsers' friendship been fain.

Pal. Truly, Piers, thou art beside thy wit.
Furthest for the mark, wœning it to hit.
Now, I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our Sir John, to say to-morrow
At the kirk when it is holiday;
For well he means, but little can say.
But, and if foxes been so crafty as so,
Much needeth all shepherds them to know.

Piers. Of their falsehood more could I
recount,

But now the bright sun ginneth to dismount:
And, for the dewy night now doth nigh,
I hold it best for us home to hie.

PALINODE'S EMBLEM.

Πᾶς μὲν ἄπιστος ἀπίσκει.

PIERS HIS EMBLEM.

Τὸς δ' ἄρα πίστις ἀπίστω,

GLOSS.

Thilk, this same month. It is applied to the season of the month, when all mēn delight themselves with pleasure of fields, and gardens, and garments.

Bloncket liveries, gray coats.

Yclad arrayed, Y, redoundeth, as before.

In every where, a strange, yet proper kind of speaking.

Bushets, a diminutive, s. little bushes of hawthorn.

Kirk, Church.

Quæme, please.

A shoal, a multitude, taken of fish, whereof some go in great companies, are said to swim in a shoal.

Yodz, went.

Jouissance, joy.

Swiuck, labour.

Inly, entirely.

Faitours, vagabond.

Great Pan, is Christ, the very God of all shepherds, wh ch calleth Himself the Great and Good Shepherd. The name is most rightly (methinks) applied to Him; for Pan signifieth all, or omnipotent, which is only the Lord Jesus. And by that name (as I remember) he

is called of Eusebius, in his fifth book *De Preparat. Evange.* who thereof telleth a proper story to that purpose. Which story is first recorded of Plutarch, in his Book of the ceasing of miracles; and of Lavatere translated, in his book of walking spirits. Who saith, that about the same time that our Lord suffered His most bitter passion, for the redemption of man, certain persons sailing from Italy to Cyprus, and passing by certain isles called Paxæ, heard a voice calling aloud "Thamus, Thamus," (now Thamus was the name of an Egyptian, which was pilot of the ship), who, giving ear to the cry, was bidden, when he came to Palodes, to tell that the great Pan was dead: which he doubting to do, yet for that when he came to Palodes, there suddenly was such a calm of wind, that the ship stood still in the sea unmoved, he was forced to cry aloud, that Pan was dead: wherewithal there was heard such piteous outcries, and dreadful shrieking, as hath not been the like. By which Pan, though of some be understood the great Sathanas, whose kingdom was at that time by Christ conquered, the gates of hell broken up, and death by death delivered to eternal death, (for at that time, as he saith, all Oracles surceased, and enchanted spirits, that were wont to deuide the people thenceforth held their peace;) and also at the demand of the Emperor Tiberius, who that Pan should be, answer was made him by the wisest and best learned, that it was the son of Mercury and Penelope: yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Christ, the only and very Pan, then suffering for his flock.

I as I am, seemeth to imitate the common proverb, *Malim invidere mihi omnes quam miserescere.*

Nas, is a syncope for *nehas*, or *has not*: as *nould* for *would not*.

Tho with them, doth imitate the Epitaph of the riotous king Sardanapalus, which he caused to be written on his tomb in Greek: which verses be thus translated by Tully:—

"Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido
Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara
relicata."

Which may thus be turned into English:—

"All that I eat did I joy, and all that I greedily
gorged:

As for those many goodly matters left I for
others."

Much like the Epitaph of a good old Earl of Devonshire, which though much more wisdom bewrayeth than Sardanapalus, yet hath a smack of his sensual delights and beastliness: the rhymes be these:—

"Ho, ho, who lies here?

In the good Earl of Devonshire,

And Maud my wife that was full dear:

We lived together lv. year.

That we spent, we had :
That we gave, we have :
That we left, we lost."

Algrind, the name of a shepherd.

Men of the lay, Laymen.

Enaunter, least that.

Souvenance, remembrance.

Misceance, dispraise, or misbelief.

Chcvisaunce, sometime of Chaucer used for gain : sometime of other for spoil, or booty, or enterprise, and sometime for chiefdom.

Pau himself, God, according as is said in Deuteronomy, that, in division of the land of Canaan to the tribe of Levi, no portion of heritage should be allotted, for God Himself was their inheritance.

Some gan, meant of the pope, and his antechristian prelates, which usurp a tyrannical dominion in the Church, and with Peter's counterfeit keys open a wide gate to all wickedness and insolent government. Nought here spoken, as of purpose to deny fatherly rule and governance (as some maliciously of late have done, to the great unrest and hindrance of the Church), but to display the pride and disorder of such as, instead of feeding their sheep, indeed feed of their sheep.

Source, wellspring and original.

Borrow, pledge or surety.

The Giant, is the great Atlas, whom the poets feign to be a huge Giant, that beareth heaven on his shoulders : being indeed a marvellous high mountain in Mauritania, that now is Barbary, which to man's seeming pierceth the clouds, and seemeth to touch the heavens. Others think, and they not amiss, that this fable was meant of one Atlas king of the same country, who (as the Greeks say) did first find out the hidden courses of the stars, by an excellent imagination ; wherefore the poets feigned, that he sustained the firmament on his shoulders : Many other conjectures needless be told hereof.

Wark, work.

Encheason, cause, occasion.

Dear borrow, that is our Saviour, the common pledge of all men's debts to death.

Witen, blame.

Nought seemeth, is unseemly.

Conteck, strife, contention.

Her, their, as useth Chaucer.

Han, for have.

Sam, together.

This tale is much like to that in Æson's fables, but the catastrophe and end is far different. By the Kid may be understood the simple sort of the faithful and true Christians. By his dam Christ, that hath already with careful watch-words (as here doth the Goat) warned her little ones, to beware of such doubling deceit. By the Fox, the false and faithless Papists, to whom is no credit to be given, nor fellowship to be used.

The Gate, the Goat : Northernly spoken, to turn O into A.

Yode, went : aforesaid,

She set, a figure called *Fictio*, which useth to attribute reasonable actions and speeches to unreasonable creatures.

The blossoms of lust, be the young and mossy hairs, which then begin to sprout and shoot forth, when lustful heat beginneth to kindle.

And with, a very poetical pathos.

Orphan, a youngling or pupil, that needeth a tutor or governor.

That word, a pathological parenthesis, to encrease a careful hyperbaton.

The branch, of the father's body, is the child.

For even so, alluded to the saying of Andromache to Ascanius in Virgi :—

" Sic oculus, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat."

A thrilling throb, a piercing sigh.

Liggen, lie.

Master of collusion, s. coloured guile, because the Fox, of all beasts, is most wily and crafty.

Sparre the yate, shut the door.

For such, the Goat's stumbling is here noted as an evil sign. The like to be marked in all histories : and that not the least of the Lord Hastings in King Richard the third his days. For, beside his dangerous dream (which was a shrewd prophecy of his mishap that followed) it is said, that in the morning riding toward the Tower of London, there to sit upon matters of counsel, his horse stumbled twice or thrice by the way : which of some, that riding with him in his company were privy to his near destiny, was secretly marked, and afterwards noted for memory of his great mishap that ensued. For being then as merry as man might be, and least doubting any mortal danger, he was, within two hours after, of the tyrant put to a shameful death.

As bells, by such trifles are noted, the reliques and rags of popish superstition, which put no small religion in bells, and babies, s. Idols, and glasses, s. Paxes, and such like trumperies.

Great cold, for they boast much of their outward patience, and voluntary sufferance, as a work of merit and holy humbleness.

Sweet S. Charity, the Catholics' common oath, and only speech, to have charity always in their mouth, and sometime in their outward actions, but never inwardly in faith and godly zeal.

Clink, a keyhole : whose diminutive is clicket, used of Chaucer for a key.

Stounds, fits : aforesaid.

His lere, his lesson.

Meddled, mingled.

Beastlihead, a greeting to the person of a beast.

Sibbe, a kin.

New-ll, a new thing.

To forestall, to prevent.

Glee, cheer: aforesaid.

Dear a price, his life which he lost for those boys.

Such end, is an Epiphonema, or rather the moral of the whole tale, whose purpose is to warn the Protestant to beware, how he giveth credit to the unfaithful Catholic: whereof we have daily proofs sufficient, but one most famous of all practised of late years by Charles the Ninth.

Fain, glad or desirous.

Our sir John, a Popish priest. A saying fit for the grossness of a shepherd, but spoken to laugh unlearned priests.

Dismount, descend or set.

Nigh, draweth near.

EMBLEM.

Both these Emblems make one whole Hexametre. The first spoken of Palinode, as in reproach of them that be distrustful, is a piece of Theognis' verse, intending, that he who doth most mistrust is most false. For such experience in falsehood breedeth mistrust in the mind, thinking no less guile to lurk in others than in himself. But Piers thereto strongly replieth with another piece of the same verse, saying, as in his former fable, "what faith then is there in the faithless?" 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.

JUNE.

AEGLOGA SEXTA.

ARGUMENT.—This Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complaining of Colin's ill success in his love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a country lass Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his dear friend Hobbinoll, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his stead Menalcas another shepherd received disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

HOBBINOLL. COLIN CLOUT.

Hob. Lo! Colin, here the place whose
pleasant site
From other shades hath wean'd my wand'
ring mind,
Tell me, what wants me here to work de-
light?
The simple air, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, so cool, as no where else I find:
The grassy ground with dainty daisies dight,
The bramble bush, where birds of every
kind
To the waters' fall their tunes attemper
right.

Col. O happy Hobbinoll, I bless thy state,
That Paradise hast found which Adam
lost:

Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dread of wolves to been ystot;
Thy lovely lays here mayst thou freely
boast:

But I, unhappy Man! whom cruel Fate
And angry gods pursue from coast to coast,
Can no where find to shroud my luckless
pate.

Hob. Then, if by me thou list advisèd be,
Forsake the soil that so doth thee bewitch;
Leave me those hills where harbrough nis
to see,
Nor holy-bush, nor briar, nor winding ditch;
And to the dales resort, where shepherds
rich,
And fruitful flocks, been every where to see;
Here no night-ravens lodge, more black
than pitch,
Nor elvish ghosts, nor ghastly owls do flee;
But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoot Nymphs, can chase the ling-
g'ring Night
With hevdeguias and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst Sisters Nine, which dwell on Par-
nasse height,
Do make them music for their more delight;
And Pan himself to kiss their crystal faces
Will pipe and dance, when Phœbe shineth
bright: [places.
Such peerless pleasures have we in these

Col. And I, whilst youth, and course of
careless years,
Did let me walk withouten links of love,
In such delights did joy amongst my peers;

But riper age such pleasures doth reprove :
My fancy eke from former follies move
To stay'd steps ; for time in passing wears,
(As garments do, which waxen old above,)
And draweth new delights with hoary hairs.

The couth I sing of love, and tune my pipe
Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made ;
Tho would I seek for qaecen-apples unripe ;
To give my Rosalind, and in summer shade
Dight gaudy garlands was my common
trade,

To crown her golden locks ; but years more
ripe,
And loss of her, whose love as life I weigh'd,
Those weary wanton toys away did wipe.

Hob. Colin, to hear thy rhymes and
roundelays,

Which thou wert wont on wastefull hill to
sing,

I more delight than lark in summer days,
Whose echo made the neighbour groves to
ring, [spring

And taught the birds, which in the lower
Did saroud in shady leaves from sunny rays,
I'rae to thy song their cheerful chirruping,
Or hold their peace, for shame of thy sweet
lays.

I saw Calliope with Muses moe,
Soon as thy oaten pipe began to sound,
Their ivory lutes to tambourines* forego,
And from the fountain, where they sat
around,

Run after hastily thy silver sound ;
But, when they came where thou thy skill
didst show, [found

They drew aback, as half with shame con-
Shepherd to see, them in their art outgo.

Col. Of Muses, Hobbinoll, I conne no
skill,

For they been daughters of the highest Jove,
And holden scorn of homely shepherd's
quill ;

For sith I heard that Pan with Phœbus
strove, [drove,

Which him to much rebuke and danger
I never list presume to Parnasse hill,
But, piping low in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myself, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I, who my song doth praise
or blame,

Ne strive to win renown, or pass the rest :

* Dr. Johnson says it is a *labor* or *little drum*.—TODD.

With Shepherd sits not follow flying Fame,
But feed his flock in fields where falls them
best. [drest ;

I wot my rhymes been rough, and rudely
The fitter they my careful case to frame :
Enough is me to paint out my unrest,
And pour my piteous plaints out in the
same.

The god of shepherds, Tityrus, is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:
He, whilst he livèd, was the sovereign head
Of shepherds all that been with love ytake :
Well couth he wail his woes, and lightly
slake [breed,

The flames which love within his heart had
And tell us merry tales to keep us wake,
The while our sheep about us safely led.

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in lead,
(O why should Death on him such outrage
show !)

And all his passing skill with him is fled,
The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.
But, if on me some little drops would flow
Of that the spring was in his learnèd head,
I soon would learn these woods to wail my
woe, [shed.

And teach the trees their trickling tears to

Then should my plaints, caused of dis-
courtesy,

As messengers of this my painful plight,
Fly to my love wherever that she be,
And pierce her heart with point of worthy
wight,

As she deserves, that wrought so deadly
spite.

And thou, Menaclas ! that by treachery
Didst underfong* my lass to wax so light,
Shouldst well be known for such thy vil
lainy.

But since I am not as I wish I were,
Ye gentle Shepherds ! which your flocks do
feed,

Whether on hills, or dales, or other where,
Bear witness all of this so wicked deed ;
And tell the lass, whose flow'r is woxe a
weed,

And faultless faith is turn'd to faithless fere,
That she the truest shepherd's heart made
bleed

That lives on earth, and lovèd her most dear.

* Underfonge. *Underfonge* means to *man- age*, to *tamper with*.—R. WARTON.

Hob. O careful Celin, I lament thy case ;
Thy tears would make the hardest flint to
flow !

Ah ! faithless Rosalind, and void of grace,
That art the root of all this ruthful woe !
But now is time, I guess, homeward to go :
Then rise, ye blessèd Flocks ! and home
apace,

Lest night with stealing steps do you forc-
slow,

And wet your tender lambs that by you
trace.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Gia speme spenta.

GLOSS.

Site, situation and place.

Paradise. A Paradise in Greek, signifieth a garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compared the soil, wherein Hobbinoll made abode, to that earthly Paradise, in Scripture call'd Eden, wherein Adam in his first creation was plac'd ; which of the most learned is thought to be in Mesopotamia, the most fertile pleasant country in the world (as may appear by Diodorus Siculus' description of it, in the history of Alexander's conquest thereof,) lying between the two famous Rivers (which are said in Scripture to flow out of Paradise) Tigris and Euphrates, whereof it is so denominate.

Forsake the soil. This is no Poetical fiction, but unfeignedly spoken of the Poet's self, who for special occasion of private affairs (as I have been partly of himself informed) and for his more presentment, removed out of the North parts, [and] came into the South, as Hobbinoll indeed advised him privately.

Those hills, that is in the North country where he dwelt.

Nis, is not.

The dales. The South parts, where he now abideth, (which though they be full of hills and woods (for Kent is very hilly and woody, and therefore so called, for *Kantish* in the Saxons tongue signifieth woody,) yet in respect of the North parts they be called dales. For indeed the North is counted the higher country.

Night Ravens, &c. By such hateful birds, he meaneth all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens) flying everywhere.

Friendly Faeries. The opinion of Faeries and Elves is very old, and yet sticketh very religiously in the minds of some. But to root that rank opinion of Elves out of men's hearts, the truth is, that there be no such thing, nor yet the shadows of the things, but only by a sort of bald friars and knavish shavelings so feigned, which as in other things, so in that, sought to nousel the common people in ignorance, lest, being once acquainted with the truth of things,

they would in time smell out the untruth of their packed pelf and Mass-penny religion. But the sooth is, that when all Italy was distract into the Factious of the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, being two famous houses in Florence, the name began through their great mischiefs and many outrages, to be so odious or rather dreadful in the people's ears, that, if their children at any time were froward and wanton, they would say to them that the Guelph or the Ghibeline came. Which words now from them (as many things else) be come into our usage, and, for Guelphs and Ghibelines, we say Elves and Goblins. No otherwise than the Frenchmen used to say of that vahant captain, the very scourge of France, the Lord Taibot, afterward Earl of Sherwsbury, whose nobleness bred such a terror in the hearts of the French, that oft times even great armies were defeated and put to flight at the only hearing of his name. In so much that the French women, to affray their children, would tell them that the Taibot cometh.

Many Graces, though there be indeed but three Graces or Charities (as afore is said) or at the utmost but four, yet, in respect of many gifts of bounty, there may be said more. And so Musæus saith, that in Hero's either eye there sat a hundred Graces. And, by that authority, this same Poet in his Pageants saith, "An hundred Graces on her eyelid sat, &c."

Heydegues, A country dance or round. The conceit is, that the Graces and Nymphs do dance unto the Muses, and Pan his music all night by Moonlight. To signify the pleasantness of the soil.

Peers. Equals and fellow shepherds.

Queen-apples unripe, imitating Virgil's verse:

"Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala."

Neighbour groves, a strange phrase in English, but word for word expressing the Latin *vicina nemora*.

Spring, not of water, but of young trees springing.

Calliope, aforesaid. This staff is full of very poetical invention.

Tanburines, an old kind of instrument, which of some is supposed to be the Clarion.

Pan with Phæbus: the tale is well known, how that Pan and Apollo, striving for excellency in music, chose Midas for their judge. Who, being corrupted with partial affection, gave the victory to Pan undeserved: for which Phæbus set a pair of Ass's ears upon his head, &c.

Tityrus: That by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath been already sufficiently said, and by this more plain appeareth, that he saith, he told merry tales. Such as be his Canterbury tales; whom he calleth the God of the Poets for his excellency, so as Tully calleth Lentulus, *Deum vite sue*, s. the God of his life.

To make, to versify.

O why, A pretty Epanorthosis or correction.

Discourtesy: he meaneth the falseness of his lover Rosalind, who forsaking him had chosen another.

Point of worthy wile, the prick of deserved blame.

Menalcas, the name of a shepherd in Virgil: but here is meant a person unknown and seeret, against whom he often bitterly inveigheth.

Underfong, undermine and deceive by false suggestion.

EMBLEM.

You remember, that [in] the first Æglogue Colin's Poesy was *Anchora speme*: for that as then there was hope of favour to be found in time. But now being clean forlorn and rejected of her, as whose hope, that was, is clean extinguished and turned into despair, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodness to come; which is all the meaning of this Emblem.

JULY.

AEGLOGA SEPTIMA.

ARGUMENT.—This Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepherds, and to the shame and dispraise of proud and ambitious Pastors: such as Morrell is here imagined to be.

THOMALIN. MORRELL.

Thom. Is not thilk same a goatherd proud,
That sits on yonder bank,
Whose straying herd themself doth shroud
Among the bushes rank?

Mor. What, ho, thou jolly shepherd's swain,
Come up the hill to me;
Better is, than the lowly plain,
Als for thy flock and thee.

Thom. Ah! God shield, Man, that I should
climb,

And learn to look aloft;
This read is rife, that oftentime
Great climbers fall unsoft,
In numbie dales is footing fast,
The trode is not so tickle,
And though one fall through heedless haste,
Yet is his miss not mickle.

And now the Sun hath reared up
His fiery footed team,
Making his way between the Cup
And golden Diadem;
The rampant Lion hunts he fast,
With dogs of noisome breath,
Whose baleful barking brings in haste
Pine, plagues, and dreary death.
Against his cruel scorching heat,
Where thou hast coverture,
The wasteful hills unto his threat
Is a plain overture:

But, if thee lust to holden chat
With seely shepherd's swain,
Come down, and learn the little what,
That Thomalin can sayne.

Mor. Siker thou's but a lazy loord,
And recks much of thy swinck,
That with fond terms, and witless words,
To blear mine eyes dest think.
In evil hour thou hentst in hand
Thus holy hills to blame,
For sacred unto saints they stand,
And of them have their name.

St. Michel's Mount who does not know,
That wards the Western coast?
And of St. Bridget's Bow'r I trow
All Kent can rightly boast:
And they that con of Muses' skill
Sayne most-what, that they dwell
(As goatherds wont) upon a hill,
Beside a learned well.

And wonnèd not the great good Pan
Upon mount Olivet,
Feeding the blessed flocks of Dan,
Which did himself beget?

Thom. O blessed Sheep! O Shepherd
great!

That bought his flock so dear,
And them did save with bloody sweat
From wolves that would them tear.

Mor. Beside, as holy Fathers sayne,
There is a hilly place
Where Titan riseth from the main
To run his daily race,
Upon whose top the stars been stay'd,
And all the sky doth lean;
There is the cave where Phœbe laid
The shepherd long to dream.
Whylome there usèd shepherds all,
To feed their flocke with will,

Till by his folly one did fall,
 That all the rest did spill.
 And, sithens shepherds been foresaid
 From places of aelight,
 For-ty I ween thou be afraid
 To climb this hill's height.
 Of Sinai can I tell thee more,
 And of our Lady's Bow'r;*
 But little needs to strew my store,
 Suffice this hill of our.
 Here han the holy Fauns recourse,
 And Sylvans haunten rathe;
 Here has the salt Medway his source,
 Wherein the Nymphs do bathe;
 The salt Medway, that trickling stream
 Adown the dales of Kent,
 Fill with his elder brother Thames
 His brackish wavcs he meynt.
 Here grows melampode everywhere,
 And terebinth good for goats;
 The one my madding kids to smear,
 The next to heal their throats,
 Hereto, the hills been nigher heaven,
 And thence the passage eath;
 As well can prove the piercing levin,
 That seldom falls beneath.
Thom. Sicker thou speaks like a lewd lorrel,
 Of heaven to deemen so:
 How be I am but rude and borrel,
 Yet nearer ways I know.
 To kirk the nar, from God more far,†
 Has been an old-said saw;
 And he, that strives to touch a star,
 Oft stumbles at a straw.
 Alsoon may shepherd climb to sky
 That leads in lowly dales,
 As goatherd proud, that, sitting high,
 Upon the mountain sails,
 My seely sheep like well below,
 They need not melampode,
 For they been hale enough, I trow,
 And liken their abode;
 But, if they with thy goats should yede,
 They soon might be corrupted,
 Or like not of the frowy feed,
 Or with the weeds be glutted.
 The hills, where dwell'd holy saints,
 I reverence and adore,
 Not for themself, but for the saints
 Which han been dead of yore.
 And now they been to heaven forewent,
 Their good is with them go;
 Their 'sample only to us lent,
 That als we mought do so.

* At Loretto.

† The old proverb, "The nearer the church
 the farther from God."

Shepherds they weren of the best,
 And lived in lowly leas;
 And, siti. their souls be now at rest,
 Why done we them dis-ease?
 Such one he was, (as I have heard
 Old Algrind often savne)
 That whylome was the first shepherd,
 And lived with little gain:
 And meek he was, as meek mought be
 Simple as simple sheep;
 Humble, and like in each degree
 The flock which lie did keep.
 Often he used of his keep
 A sacrifice to bring,
 Now with a kid. now with a sheep,
 The altars hall owing.
 So louted he unto his Lord.
 Such favour could he find,
 That never sithens was abhorr'd
 The simple shepherd's kind.
 And such, I ween, the brethren were
 That came from Canaan,
 The brethren Twelve, that kept yfere.
 The flocks of mighty Pan.
 But nothing such thilk shepherd was
 Whom *Ida* hid did bear,
 That left his flock to fetch a lass,
 Whose love he bought too dear
 For he was proud, that ill was paid,
 (No such mought shepherds be!)
 And with lewd lust was overlaid:
 Tway things do ill agree.
 But shepherd mought be meek and mild,
 Well-eyed as Argus was,
 With fleshly follies undefiled,
 And stout as steed of brass.
 Sike one (said Algrind) Moses was,
 That saw his Maker's face,
 His face, more clear than crystal glass,
 And spake to him in place.
 This had a brother (his name I knew)
 The first of all his cote,
 A shepherd true, yet not so true
 As he that earst I hote.
 Whylome all these were low and lief,
 And loved their flocks to feed;
 They never stroven to be chief,
 And simple was their weed:
 But now (thank'd be God therefore!)
 The world is well amend,
 Their weeds been not so nighly wore;
 Such simplese mought them shend;
 They been yclad in purple and pall,
 So hath their God them blist;
 They reign and rulen over all,
 And lord it as they list;
 Ygirt with belts of glitt'rand gold.

(Mought they good shepherds been !)
 Their Pan their sheep to them has sold,
 I say as some have seen.
 For Palinode (if thou him ken)
 Yode late on pilgrimage
 To Rome, (if such be Rome,) and then
 He saw thilk misusage ;
 For shepherds (said he) there do lead,
 As lords done other where ;
 Their sheep han crusts, and they the bread ;
 The chips, and they the cheer :
 They han the fleece and eke the flesh,
 (O seely sheep the while !)
 The corn is theirs, let others thresh,
 Their hands they may not file.
 They han great store and thrifty stocks,
 Great friends and feeble foes ;
 What need hem caren for their flocks,
 Their boys can look to those,
 These wards welter in wealth's waves,
 Pamp'rd in pleasures deep ;
 That han fat kernes, and leany knaves,
 Their fasting flocks to keep.
 Sike mister men been all misgone,
 They heapen hills of wrath ;
 Sike surly shepherds han we none,
 They kepen all the path.
Mor. Here is a great deal of good matter
 Lost for lack of telling ;
 Now sicker I see thou dost but clatter,
 Harm may come of melling,
 Thou meddest more, than shall have thank,
 To witen shepherds' wealth ;
 When folk been fat, and riches rank,
 It is a sign of health.
 But say me, what is Algrind, he
 That is so oft bynempt ?
Thom. He is a shepherd great in gree,
 But hath been long ypent :
 One day he sat upon a hill,
 As now thou wouldest me :
 But I am taught, by Algrind's ill,
 To love the low degree ;
 For sitting so with bareð scalp :
 An eagle soarèd high,
 That, weening his white head was chalk,
 A shell-fish down let fly ;
 She ween'd the shell-fish to have broke,
 But therewith bruised his brain ;
 So now, astonished with the stroke,
 He lies in ling'ring pain.
Mor. Ah ! good Algrind ! his hap was ill,
 But shall be better in time,
 Now farewell, Shepherd, sith this hill
 Thou hast such doubt to climb.

THOMALIN'S EMBLEM.

In medio virtus.

MORRELL'S EMBLEM.

In summo fœlicitas.

GLOSS.

A Goatherd : by Goats in Scripture be represented the wicked and reprobate, whose Pastor also must needs be such.

Bank, is the seat of honour.

Straying herd, which wander out of the way of truth.

Als, for also.

Climb, spoken of ambition.

Great climbers : according to Seneca his verse : " Decidunt celsa graviore lapsus."

Mickle, much.

The Sun : a reason why he refused to dwell on mountains ; because there is no shelter against the scorching Sun, according to the time of the year, which is the hottest month of all.

The Cup and Diadem be two signs in the firmament, through which the sun maketh his course in the month of July.

Lion, this is poetically spoken, as if the Sun did hunt a Lion with one dog. The meaning whereof is, that in July the Sun is in Leo. At which time the Dog star, which is called Sirius or Canicula, reigneth, with immoderate heat causing pestilence, drought, and many diseases.

Overture, an open place : the word is borrowed of the French, and used in good writers.

To holden chat, to talk and prate.

A lord, was wont among the o'd Britons to signify a Lord. And therefore the Danes, that long time usurped their tyranny here in Britain, were called, for more dread than dignity, Lardanes, s. *Lord danes*. At which time it is said, that the insolency and pride of that nation was so outrageous in this realm, that if it fortunèd a Briton to be going over a bridge, and saw the Dane set foot upon the same, he must return back, till the Dane were clean over, or else abide the price of his displeasure, which was no less than present death. But being afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became so odious unto the people, whom they had long oppressed, that even at this day they use, for more reproach, to call the quartan ague the fever lurdane.

Recks much of thy swinck, counts much of thy nains.

Weelless, not understood.

S. Michael's Mount, is a promontory in the West part of England.

A hill, Parnassus aforesaid.

Par., Christ.

Dan, one tribe is put for the whole nation, per Synecdochen.

Where Titan, the Sun. Which story is to be read in Diodorus Sic. of the hill Ida, from whence, he saith, all night time is to be seen a mighty fire, as if the sky burned, which toward morning beginneth to gather a round form, and thereof riseth the Sun, whom the Poets call Titan.

The shepherd, is Endymion, whom the Poets feign to have been so beloved of Eros, s. the Moon, that he was by her kept asleep in a cave by the space of thirty years, for to enjoy his company.

There, that is, in Paradise, where, through error of the shepherd's understanding, he saith, that all shepherds did use to feed their flocks, till one, (that is) Adam, by his folly and disobedience, made all the rest of his offspring be debarr'd and shut out from thence.

Sinai, a hill in Arabia, where God appeared. *Our Lady's Bower,* a place of pleasure so called.

Fauns or Sylvans, be of Poets feigned to be gods of the wood.

Medway, the name of a river in Kent, which, running by Rochester, meeteth with Thames, whom he callath his elder brother, both because he is greater, and also falleth sooner into the sea.

Meynt, mingled.

Melanpode and Terebinth, be herbs good to cure diseased Goats, of the one speaketh Mantuan, and of the other Theocritus :

Τερμίνθον τράγων είκατον ἀκρεμόνα.

Nigher heaven : note the shepherd's simplicity, which supposeth that from the hills is nearer way to heaven.

Levin, lightning, which he taketh for an argument to prove the nighness to heaven, because the lightning doth commonly light on high mountains, according to the saying of the Poet :

" Feriuntque summos fulmina montes."

Lorrel, a losel.

A horrel, a plain fellow.

Nar, nearer.

Ha', for hole.

Yede, go.

Fronny, musty or mossy.

Of yore, long ago.

Forwent, gone afore.

The first of shepherds, was Abel the righteous, who (as Scripture saith) bent his mind to keeping of sheep, as did his brother Cain to tilling the ground.

His keep, his charge, s. his flock.

Lowted, did honor and reverence.

The brethren, the twelve sons of Jacob, which were sheep-masters, and lived only thereupon.

Whom Ida, Paris, which being the son of Priamus king of Troy, for his mother Hecuba's

dream, which, being with child of him, dreamed she brought forth a firebrand, that set the tower of Ilium on fire, was cast forth on the hill Ida, where being fostered of shepherds, he eke in time became a shepherd, and lastly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

A lass, Helena, the wife of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, was by Venus, for the golden apple to her given, then promised to Paris, who thereupon with a sort of lusty Trojans, stole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy, which was the cause of the ten years' war in Troi, the most famous city of all Asia lamentably sacked and defaced.

Argus, was of the Poets devised to be full of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow, Io ; so called because that, in the print of the Cow's foot, there is figured an I in the midst of an O.

His name he meaneth Aaron : whose name, for more decorum, the shepherd saith he hath forgot, lest his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ should seem to exceed the meanness of the person.

Not so true, for Aaron in the absence of Moses started aside, and committed idolatry.

In purple, spoken of the Popes and Cardinals, which use such tyrannical colours and pompous painting.

Belts, girdles.

Glitterand, glittering, a participle used sometime in Chaucer, but altogether in I. Gower.

Their Pan, that is, the Pope, whom they count their God and Greatest shepherd.

Palinode, a shepherd, of whose report he seemeth to speak all this.

Wizards, great learned heads.

Welter, wallow.

Kerne, a Churl or Farmer.

Sike mister men, such kind of men.

Surly, stately and proud.

Melling, meddling

Benembt, named,

'Gree, for degree.

Algrind, the name of a shepherd aforesaid, whose mishap he alludeth to the chance that happened to the Poet Æschylus, that was braided with a shell fish.

EMBLEM.

By this poesy Thomalin confirmeth that, which in his former speech by sundry reasons he had proved : for being both himself sequestered from all ambition, and also abhorring it in others of his coat, he taketh occasion to praise the mean and lowly state, as that wherein is safety without fear, and quiet without danger : according to the saying of old Philosophers, that virtue dwelleth in the midst, being environed with two contrary vices : whereto Morrell replieth with continuance of the same Philosopher's opinion, that albeit all bounty dwelleth in mediocrity, yet perfect felicity dwelleth in supremacy. For they say, and

most true it is, that happiness is placed in the highest degree: so as if any thing be higher, or better, then that way ceaseth to be perfect happiness. Much like to that which once I heard alleged in defence of humility, out of a

great doctor. "Suorum Christus humillimus;" which saying a gentleman in the company taking at the rebound, beat back again with a like saying of another doctor, as he said, "Suorum Deus altissimus."

AUGUST.

AEGLOGA OCTAVA.

ARGUMENT.—In this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controversy, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seventh Æglogue. They chose for Umpire of their strife, Cuddie, a neat-herd's boy; who having ended their cause, reciteth also himself a proper Song, whereof Colin he saith was Author.

WILLIE. PERIGOT. CUDDIE.

Wil. Tell me, Perigot, what shall be the game, [match?

Wherefore with mine thou dare thy music Or been thy bagpipes run far out of frame?

Or hath the cramp thy joints benumb'd with ache?

Per. Ah! Willie, when the heart is ill assay'd,

How can bagpipe or joints be well appaid?

Wil. What the foul evil hath thee so bestad?

Whylome thou was peregall to the best, And, wont to make the jolly shepherds glad,

With piping and dancing didst pass the rest. [dance;

Per. Ah! Willie, now I have learn'd a new My old music marr'd by a new mischance.

Wil. Mischief mought to that mischance befall,

That so hath reft us of our merriment; But read me what pain doth thee so appal;

Or lovest thou, or been thy younglings miswent? [and me:

Per. Love hath misled both my younglings I pine for pain, and they my pain to see.

Wil. Perdy, and wellaway! ill may they thrive;

Never knew I lover's sheep in good plight:

But and if in rhymes with me thou dare strive,

Such fond fantasies shall soon be put to flight. [I fared:

Per. That shall I do, though mickle worse Never shall be said that Perigot was dared.

Wil. Then lo, Perigot, the pledge which I plight,

A mazer ywrought of the maple ware, Wherein is enclashed many a fair sight

Of bears and tigers, that maken fierce war; And over them spread a goodly wild vine,

Entrailed with a wanton ivy twine. Thereby is a lamb in the wolvs jaws;

But see, how fast runneth the shepherd swain

To save the innocent from the beast's paws, And here with his sheepphook hath him slain.

Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever seen? Well mought it beseeem any harvest queen.

Per. Thereto will I pawn yonder spotted lamb;

Of all my flock there nis sike another, For I brought him up without the dam:

But Colin Clout reft me of his brother, That he purchased of me in the plain field;

Sore against my will was I forced to yield.

Wil. Sicker, make like account of his brother; [lost?

But who shall judge the wager won or *Per.* That shall yonder herdgroom and none other, [post.

Which over the pousse hitherward doth *Wil.* But, for the sunbeam so sore doth us beat.

Were not better to shun the scorching heat? *Per.* Well agreed, Willie; then set thee down, swain; [sing.

Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin *Cud.* 'Gin, when ye list, ye jolly shepherds twain;

Sike a judge, as Cuddie, were for a king. *Per.* "It fell upon a holy eve,

W. il. Hey ho, holiday !
Per. When holy Fathers wont to shrive ;
W. il. Now ginneth this roundelay.
Per. Sitting upon a hill so high,
W. il. Hey, ho, the high hill !
Per. The while my flock did feed thereby ;
W. il. The while the shepherd self did spill ;
Per. I saw the bouncing Bellbone,
W. il. Hey, ho, Bonnell !
Per. Tripping over the dale alone :
W. il. She can trip it very well.
Per. Well deckèd in a frock of gray,
W. il. Hey, ho, gray is greet !
Per. And in a kirtle of green say,
W. il. The green is for maidens meet.
Per. A chaplet on her head she wore,
W. il. Hey, ho, chapelet !
Per. Of sweet violets therein was store,
W. il. She sweeter than the violet.
Per. My sheep did leave their wanted food,
W. il. Hey, ho, seely sheep !
Per. And gazed on her as they were wood,
W. il. Wood as he that did them keep.
Per. As the bonny lass passed by,
W. il. Hey, ho, bonny lass !
Per. She roved at me with glancing eye,
W. il. As clear as the crystal glass :
Per. All as the sunny beam so bright,
W. il. Hey, ho, the sunny beam !
Per. Glanceth from Phoebus' face forthright,
W. il. So love into thy heart did stream :
Per. Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds,
W. il. Hey, ho, the thunder !
Per. Wherein the lightsome levin shrouds,
W. il. So cleaves the soul asunder :
Per. Or as Dame Cynthia's silver ray,
W. il. Hey, ho, the moonlight !
Per. Upon the glittering wave doth play,
W. il. Such play is a piteous plight.
Per. The glance into my heart did glide,
W. il. Hey, ho, the glider !
Per. Therewith my soul was sharply gride,
W. il. Such wounds soon waxen wider.
Per. Hasting to wrench the arrow out,
W. il. Hey, ho, Perigot !
Per. I left the head in my heart-root,
W. il. It was a desperate shot.
Per. There it rangleth as more and more,
W. il. Hey, ho, the arrow !
Per. Ne can I find salve for my sore,
W. il. Love is a cureless sorrow. [bought,
Per. And though my bale with death I
W. il. Hey, ho, heavy cheer ! [thought,
Per. Yet should thilk lass not from my
W. il. So you may buy gold too dear.
Per. But whether in painful love I pine,

W. il. Hey, ho, pinching pain !
Per. Or thrive in wealth, she shall be mine,
W. il. But if thou can her obtain.
Per. And if for graceless grief I die,
W. il. Hey, ho, graceless grief !
Per. Witness she slew me with her eye,
W. il. Let thy folly be the priefe.
Per. And you, that saw it, simple sheep
W. il. Hey, ho, the fair flock !
P. r. For priefe thereof, my death shall weep,
W. il. And moan with manv a mock.
Per. So learn'd I love on a holy eve,
W. il. Hey, ho, holy-day !
Per. That ever since my heart did grieve,
W. l. Now endeth our roundelay,⁷⁷ [none ;
Cud. Sicker, sike a roundel never heard I
 Like lacketh Perigot of the best,
 And Willie is not greatly overgone,
 So weren his under songs well address'd.
W. il. Herdgroom, I fear me thou have a
 squint eye ;
 Aread uprightly, who has the victory.
Cud. Faith of my soul, I deem each have
 gain'd ;
 Forth let the lamb be Willie his own ;
 And for Perigot, so well hath him pain'd,
 To him be the wroughten mazer alone.
Per. Perigot is well pleasèd with the doom,
 Ne can Willie wite the witeless herdgroom.
W. il. Never dempt inore right of beauty I
 ween, [queen.
 The shepherd of Ida that judg'd Beauty's
Cud. But tell me, Shepherds, should it not
 yshend [verse
 Your roundels fresh, to hear a colstul
 Of Rosalind (who knows not Rosalind ?)
 That Colin made? ylk can I you rehearse.
Per. Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a lad ;
 With merry thing it's good to meddle sad.
W. il. Faith of my soul, thou shalt ycrownd
 be
 In Colin's stead, if thou this song aread ;
 For never thing on earth so pleaseth me
 As him to hear, or matter of his deed.
Cud. Then listen each unto my heavy lay,
 And time your pipes as ruthful as ye may.
 " Ye wasteful Woods I bear witness of my
 woc [sound ;
 Wherein my plaints did oftentimes re-
 Ye careless Birds are privy to my cries,
 Which in your songs were wont to make a
 part : [asleep,
 Thou, pleasaunt Spring, hast lul'd me oft
 Whose streams my trickling tears did
 oft augment !

“Resort of people doth my griefs augment;
The walled towns do work my greater woe,
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow echo of my careful cries;
I hate the house, since thence my Love
did part, [sleep.
Whose wailful wan debars mine eyes of

“Let streams of tears supply the place of
sleep; [may augment
Let all, that sweet is, void; and all, that
My dole, draw near! More meet to wail
my woe [sound.
Been the wild woods, my sorrows to re-
Than bed, nor bow'r, both which I fill
with cries, [part
When I them see so waste, and find no

“Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In ghastful grove therefore, till my last
sleep [ment
Do close mine eyes; so shall I not aug-
With sight of such as change my restless
woe. [sing sound
Help me, ye baneful Birds! whose shriek-
Is sign of dreary death, my deadly cries

“Most ruthfully to tune; and as my cries
(Which of my woe cannot bewray least
part)
You hear all night, when Nature craveth
sleep, [ment.
Increase, so let your irksome yells aug-
Thus all the nights in plaints, the day in
woe,
I vowed have to waste, till safe and sound

“She home return whose voice's silver
sound
To cheerful songs can change my cheer-
less cries.
Hence with the nightingale will I take
part,
That blessed bird, that spends her time of
sleep [t' augment
In songs and plaintiff pleas, the more
The memory of his misdeed that bred her
woe.

“And you that feel no woe, when as the
sound
Of these my nightly cries ye hear apart,
Let break your sounder sleep, and pity
augment.”

Per. O Colin, Colin! the shepherd's joy,
How I admire each turning of thy verse;

And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie, the liefest boy,
How dolefully his dole thou didst re-
hearse!

Cud. Then blow your pipes, Shepherds, till
you be at home;
The night nigheth fast, it's time to be gone.

PERIGOT HIS EMBLEM.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLIE'S EMPLEM.

Vinto non vitto.

CUDDIE'S EMPLEM.

Felice chi può.

GLOSS.

Bestad, disposed, ordered.

Peregall, equal.

Whylome, once.

Rafte [raft], bereft, deprived.

Miswent, gone astray.

Ill may, according to Virgil.

“Infelix O semper ovis pecus.”

A razer: So also do Theocritus and Virgil
feign pledges of their strife.

Enchased, engraven. Such pretty descrip-
tions every where useth Theocritus, to bring in
his Idyllia. For which special cause indeed, he
by that name termeth his *Æglagues*; for *Idyl-
lion* in Greek signifieth the shape or picture of
any thing, whereof his book is full. And not
as I have heard some fondly guess, that they be
called not *Idyllia*, but *Hædiia*, of the Goat-
herds in them.

Entrailed, wrought between.

Harvest Queen, The manner of country folk
in harvest time.

Pousse, Peas.

It fell upon: Perigot maketh all his song in
praise of his Love, to whom Willie answereth
every under verse. By Perigot who is meant I
cannot uprightly say: but if it be who is sup-
posed, his Love deserveth no less praise than he
giveth her.

Greet, weeping and complaint.

Chaplet, a kind of Garland like a crown.

Levin, Lightning.

Cynthia, was said to be the Moon.

Gride, pierced.

But if, not unless.

Squint eye, partial judgment.

Each have, so saith Virgil.

“Et vitula tu dignus, & hic &c.”

Doom, judgment.

Dempt, for deemed, judged.

Write the witelless, blame the blameless.
The shepherd of Ida, was said to be Paris.
Beauty's Queen, Venus, to whom Paris ad-
 judged the golden Apple, as the prize of her
 beauty.

EMBLEM.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous : for

Perigot by his poesy claiming the conquest, and
 Willie not yielding. Cuddie the arbiter of their
 cause, and patron of his own, seemeth to chal-
 lenge it, as his due, saying, that he is happy
 which can ; so abruptly ending, but he meaneth
 either him that can win the best, or moderate
 himself being best, and leave off with the best.

SEPTEMBER.

A E G L O G A N O N A.

ARGUMENT.—Herein Diggon Davie is devised to be a shepherd that, in hope of more gain, drove his sheep into a far country. The abuses whereof, and loose living of popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinoll's demand, he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOLL. DIGGON DAVIE.

Hob. Diggon Davie ! I bid her good day ;
 Or Diggon her is, or I missay.

Dig. Her was her, while it was daylight,
 But now her is a most wretched wight :
 For day, that was, is wightly past,
 And now at erst the dirk* night doth haste.

Hob. Diggon, aread who hast thee so
 dight ;

Never I wist thee in so poor a plight.
 Where is the fair flock thou was wont to
 lead ?

Or been they chaffred, or at mischief dead ?
Dig. Ah ! for love of that is † to thee
 most lief.

Hobbinoll, I pray thee gall not my old grief ;
 Sike question rippeth up cause of new woe,
 For one, open'd, mote unfold many moe.

Hob. Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in
 heart,

I know, to keep is a burdenous smart :
 Each thing imparted is more eath to bear :
 When the rain is fallen, the clouds waxen
 clear.

And now, sithence I saw thy head last,
 Thrice three moons been fully spent and
 past ;

Since when thou hast measur'd much
 ground,

And wand' red weel about the world round,
 So as thou can many things relate ;
 But tell me first of thy flock's estate.

Dig. My sheep been wasted ; (wae is ma
 therefore !)

The jolly shepherd that was of yore,
 Is now nor jolly, nor shepherd more.
 In foreign coasts men said was plenty ;
 And so there is, but all of misery : [store,
 I deem'd there much to have eeked my
 But such eeking hath made my heart sore.
 in the countries, whereas I have been,
 No being for those that truly mean ;
 But for such, as of guile maken gain,
 No such country as there to remain :
 They setten to sale their shops of shame,
 And maken a mart of their good name :
 The shepherds there robben one another,
 And layen baits to beguile her brother ;
 Or they will buy his sheep out of the cote,
 Or they will carven the shepherd's throat.
 The shepherd's swain you cannot well ken,
 But it be by his pride, from other men ;
 They looken big as bulls that been bait,
 And bearen the crag so stiff and so state,
 As cock on his dunghill crowing crank.

Hob. Diggon, I am so stiff and so stanck,
 That uneach may I stand any more ;
 And now the western wind bloweth sore,
 That now is in his chief sovereignty,
 Beating the wither'd leaf from the tree :
 Sit we down here under the hill ;
 Tho may we talk and tellen our fill,
 And make a mock at the blustering blast :
 Now say on, Diggon, whatever thou hast.

Dig. Hobbin, ah Hobbin ! I curse the
 stound,

That ever I cast to have lorne this ground ;
 Well away the while I was so fond
 To leave the good, that I had in hend,

* *Dirk* is the old northern word for *dark*.—
 TODD.

† *Of that is*, Of that *which is*.

In hope of better that was uncouth ;
So lost the dog the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheep (ah ! seely sheep !)
That here by there I whylome used to keep,
All were they lusty as thou diddest see,
Been all starvèd with pine and penury ;
Hardly myself escapèd thilk pain,
Driven for need to come home again.

Hob. Ah ! fon, now by thy loss art taught
That seldom change the better brought ;
Content who lives with trièd state,
Need fear no change of frowning Fate ;
But who will seek for unknown gain
Oft lives by loss, and leaves with pain.

Dig. I wot ne, Hobbin, how I was be-
witch'd

With vain desire and hope to be enrich'd :
But, sicker, so it is, as the bright star
Seemeth aye greater when it is far :
I thought the soil would have made me rich
But now I wot it is nothing sich ;
For either the shepherds been idle and still,
And led of their sheep what way they will,
Or they been false, and full of covetise,
And casten to compass many wrong emprise ;
But the more been fraught with fraud and
spite,

Ne in good nor goodness taken delight,
But kinde coals of conteck and ire,
Wherewith they set all the world on fire ;
Which when they thinken again to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They say they conne to heaven the high-way,
But by my soul I dare undersay
They never set foot in that same troad,
But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the devil at command,
But ask hem therefore what they han
pawn'd :

Marry ! that great Pan bought with dear
borrow.

To quite it from the black bow'r of sorrow.
But they han sold thilk same long ago,
For they wouldein draw with hem many moe.
But let hem gang alone a God's name ;
As they han brew'd, so let hem bear blame.

Hob. Diggon, I pray thee speak not so
dirk ;

Such mister saying me seemeth to-mirk.

Dig. Then, plainly to speak of shepherds
most what,

Bad is the best ; (this English is flat.)
Their ill haviour gars men missay
Both of their doctrine, and their fay.
They sayne the world is much warre than it
wont, [blunt.
Ail for her shepherds been beastly and

Other sayne, but how truly I n'ote,
All for they holden shame of their coat :
Some stick not to say, (hot coal on her
tongue !)

That sike mischief grazeth hem among.
All for they casten too much of world's care,
To deck her dame, and enrich her heir ;
For such encheason, if you go nigh,
Few chimneys reeking you shall espy.
The fat ox, that wont lie in the stall,
Is now fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their steads,
Ylike as a monster of many heads :
But they, that shooten nearest the prick,
Sayne, other the fat from their bards doen
lick :

For big bulls of Basan brace hem about,
That with their horns butten the more stout ;
But the lean souls treaden under foot,
And to seek redress mought little boot ;
For liker been they to pluck away more,
Than ought of the gotten good to restore :
For they been like foul wagmoires * over-
grass'd.

That, if thy galage once sticketh fast,
The more to wind it out thou dost swinck,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sink.
Yet better leave off with a little loss,
Than by much wresting to lose the gross.

Hob. Now, Diggon, I see thou speakest
too plain :

Better it were a little to feign,
And cleanly cover that † cannot be cured ;
Such ill, as is forced, mought needs be
endured.

But of sike pastors how done the flocks
creep ?

Dig. Sike as the shepherds, sike been her
sheep,

For they nill listen to the shepherd's voice ;
But if he call hem, at their good choice
They wander at will and stay at pleasure.
And to their folds yede at their own leisure.
But they had be better come at their call ;
For many han unto mischief fall,
And been of ravenous wolves yrent,
All for they nould be buxom and bent.

Hob. Fie on thee, Diggon, and all thy
foul leasing ;

Well is known that, sith the Saxon king,
Never was wolf seen, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendom ;

* *Wagmoires*, quagmires.

† " And cleanly cover that [which] cannot be cured." Numerous examples of this ellipsis occur in Spenser.--TODD.

But the fewer wolves (the sooth to sayne)
The more been the foxes that here remain.

Dig. Yes, but they gang in more secret
wise,

And with sheeps' clothing doen hem disguise.

They walk not widely as they were wont,
For fear of rangers and the great hunt,
But privily prowling to and fro,
Enaunter they mought be inly know.

Hob. Or privy or pert if any bin,
We han great bandogs will tear their skin.

Dig. Indeed thy Ball is a bold big cur,
And could make a jolly hole in their fur:
But not good dogs hem needith to chase,
But heedy shepherds to discern their face;
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They been so grave and full of maintenance.
But shall I tell thee what myself know
Chanced to Roffin not long ago?

Hob. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it
hight,

For not but well mought him betight:
He is so meek, wise and merciable,
And with his word his work is convenable.
Colin Clout, I ween, be his self boy,
(Ah, for Colin! he whylome my joy!)
Shepherds sich, God mought us many send,
That doen so carefully their flocks tend.

Dig. Thilk same shepherd mought I
well mark,

He has a dog to bite or to bark;
Never had shepherd so keen a cur,
That waketh and if but a leaf stir,
Whylome there wonnèd a wicked wolf,
That with many a lamb had gutted his gulf,
And ever at night wont to repair
Unto the flock, when the welkin shone fair,
Yelad in clothing of seely sheep,
When the good old man usèd to sleep;
Tho at midnight he would bark and bawl,
(For he had eft learnèd a curre's call,)
As if a wolf were among the sheep:
With that the shepherd would break his
sleep,

And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
To range the fields with wide open throat,
Tho, when as Lowder was far away,
This wolfish sheep would catchen his prey,
A lamb, or a kid, or a weanell waste;
With that to the wood would he speed him
fast.

Long time he used this slippery prank,
Ere Roffy could for his labour him thank.
At end, the shepherd his practice spied,
(For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed,)
And, when at even he came to the flock,

Fast in their folds he did them lock,
And took out the wolf in his counterfeit
coat,

And let out the sheep's blood at his throat.
Hob. Marry, Diggon, what should him
affray

To take his own where ever it lay?
For, had his wesand been a little widder,
He would have devoured both hidder and
shidder. [great curse.

Dig. Mischief light on him, and God's
Too good for him had been a great deal
worse;

For it was a perilous beast above all,
Aud eke had he conn'd the shepherds' call,
And oft in the night came to the sheep-cote,
And callèd Lowder, with a hollow thrcat,
As if it the old man's self had been:
The dog his master's voice did it ween,
Yet half in doubt he open'd the door,
And ran out as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but, swifter than
thought,

Fast by the hide the wolf Lowder caught;
And, had not Roffy run to the steven,
Lowder had been slain thilk same even.

Hob. God shield, Man, he should so ill
have thrive,

All for he did his devoir * believe.
If sike been wolves, as thou has told,
How mought we, Diggon, hem behold?

Dig. How, but, with heed, and watchful
ness,

Forstallen hem. of their wiliness:
For-thy with shepherd sits not play,
Or sleep, as some doen, all the long day;
But ever ligen in watch and ward,
From sudden force their flocks for to guard.

Hob. Ah! Diggon, thilk same rule were
too strait,

All the cold season to watch and wait:
We been of flesh, men as other be,
Why should we be bound to such misery?
Whatever thing lacketh changeable rest,
Mought needs decay, when it is at best.

Dig. Ah! but, Hobbinoll, all this long tale
Nought easeth the care that doth me for-
hale!

What shall I do? what way shall I wend,
My piteous plight and loss to amend?
Ah! good Hobbinoll, mought I thee pray
Of aid or counsel in my decay.

Hob. Now, by my soul, Diggon, I lament
The hapless mischief that has thee hent;

* All for, because; his *devoir believe*, "his duty quickly."

Nathless thou seest my lowly sail,
That froward Fortune doth ever avale :
But, were Hobbinoll as God mought please,
Diggon should soon find favour and ease :
But if to my cottage thou wilt resort,
So as I can I will thee comfort ;
There mayest thou ligge in a vetchly bed,
Till fairer Fortune show forth his head.

Dig. Ah ! Hobbinoll, God mought it thee requite ;
Diggon on few such friends did ever light.

DIGGON'S EMBLEM.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSS.

The Dialect and phrase, of speech in this Dialogue, seemeth somewhat to differ from the common. The cause whereof is : up osed to be by occasion of the party herein meant, who, being very friend to the author hereof, had been long in foreign countries, and there seen many disorders, which he here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bid her, Bid good morrow. For to bid, is to pray, whereof cometh beads for prayers, and so they say. To bid his beads, s. to say his prayers.

Wightly, quickly, or suddenly.

Chaffered, sold.

Dead at mischief, an unusual speech, but much usurped of Lidgate, and sometime of Chaucer.

Lief, Dear.

Eath, easy.

Thrice three Moons, nine months.

Measured, for travelled.

Wae, woe, Northernly.

Eeked, encreased.

Carven, cut.

Ken, know.

Crag, neck.

State, stoutly.

Stanck, weary or faint.

And now : he applieth it to the time of the year, which is in the end of harvest, which they call the fall of the leaf : at which time the Western wind beareth most sway.

A mock, Imitating Horace, "*Debes ludibrium ventis.*"

Lorne, left.

Soot, sweet.

Uncouth, unknown.

Here by there, here and there.

As the bright, &c., translated out of Mantuan.

Emprise, for enterprise. Per Syncopen.

Conteck, strife.

Trade, path.

Marry that, that is, their souls, which by

Popish exorcisms and practices they damn to hell.

Black, hell.

Gang, go

Mister, manner.

Mirk, obscure.

Warre, worse.

Crumenall, purse.

Brace, compass.

Encheson, occasion.

Overgrassed, overgrown with grass.

Galage, shoe.

The gross, the whole.

Buxom and bent, meek and obedient.

Saxon King, King Edgar that reigned here in Britan in the year of our Lord [959 &c.] Which King caused all the Wolves, whereof then was store in this county, by a proper policy to be destroyed. So as never since that time, there have been Wolves here found, unless they were brought from other countries. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of untruth, for saying that there be Wolves in England.

Nor in Christendom : this saying seemeth to be strange and unreasonable : but indeed it was wont to be an old proverb and common phrase. The Original whereof was, for that most part of England in the reign of King Ethelbert was christened, Kent only except, which remained long after in misbelief and unchristened : So that Kent was counted no part of Christendom.

Great hunt, Executing of laws and justice.

Enaunter, lest that.

Inly, inwardly : aforesaid.

Privy or pert, openly, saith Chaucer.

Roffy, the name of a shepherd in Marot his Ægiogue of Robin and the King. Whom he here commendeth for great care and wise governance of his flock.

Colin Clout : Now I think no man doubteth but by Colin is meant the Author's self, whose especial commendation, as well in Poetry as Rhetoric and other choice learning, we have lately had a sufficient trial in divers his works, but specially in his *Musarum Lacryma*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinensium*, which book, in the progress at Audley in Essex, he dedicated in writing to her Majesty, afterward presenting the same in print to her Highness at the worshipful Master Capel's in Hertfordshire. Beside other his sundry most rare and very notable writings, partly under unknown titles, and partly under counterfeit names, as his *Tyrannomastix*, his *Ode Natalitia*, his *Rameidos*, and especially that part of *Philomusus*, his *divine Anticosmopolita*, and divers other of like importance. As also, by the name of other shepherds, he covereth the persons of divers other his familiar friends and best acquaintance.

The tale of Roffy seemeth to colour some particular Action of his. But what, I certainly know not.

Woned, haunted.

Welkin, sky : aforesaid.

A weanell waste, a weaned youngling.
Hidder and shidder, he and she, Male and Female.

Steven, noise.

Belive, quickly.

What ever. Ovid's verse translated.

"Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non est."

Forhale, draw or distress.

Velchy, of Peas' straw.

EMBLEM.

This is the saying of Narcissus in Ovid. For

when the foolish boy, by beholding his face in the brook, fell in love with his own likeness; and, not able to content himself with much looking thereon, he cried out, that plenty made him poor, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of sense. But Diggon useth to other purpose, as who that, by trial of many ways, had found the worst, and through great plenty was fallen into great penury. This Poesy I know to have been used of the Author, and to such like effect, as first Narcissus spake it.

OCTOBER.

AEGLOGA DECIMA.

ARGUMENT.—In Cuddie is set out the perfect pattern of a Poet, which, finding no maintenance of his state and studies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetry, and the cause thereof: Specially having been in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous, always of singular account and honour, and being indeed so worthy and commendable an art; or rather no art but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witty by a certain *ἐνθουσιασμός* and celestial inspiration, as the Author hereof elsewhere at large discourseth in his book called *The English Poet*, which book being lately come to my hands, I mind also by God's grace, upon further advisement, to publish.

PIERS. CUDDIE.

Pies. CUDDIE, for shame, hold up thy heavy head,
 And let us cast with what delight to chase
 And weary this long ling'ring Phœbus' race.
 Whylome thou wont the shepherds' lads to lead
 In rhymes, in riddles, and in bidding base;*
 Now they in thee, and thou in sleep art, dead.

Cud. Piers. I have pipèd erst so long
 with pain,
 That all mine oaten reeds been rent and wore,
 And my poor Muse hath spent her sparèd store,
 Yet little good hath got, and much less gain.
 Such pleasance makes the grasshopper so poor,
 And ligge so layd, when winter doth her strain.

The dapper ditties that I wont devise,
 To feed youth's fancy, and the flocking fry
 Delighten much; what I the bet forty?
 They han the pleasure, I a slender prize:

* The game of prison-base.

I beat the bush, the birds to them do fly:
 What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers. Cuddie, the praise is better than
 the price,
 The glory eke much greater than the gain:
 O what an honour is it, to restrain
 The lust of lawless youth with good advice,
 Or prick them forth with pleasance of thy vein,
 Whereto thou list their trainèd wills entice I
 Soon as thou ginst to set thy notes in frame,
 O how the rural routs to thee do cleave I
 Seemeth thou dost their soul of sense bereave,
 All as the shepherd that did fetch his dame,
 From Pluto's baleful bow'r withouten leave;
 His music's might the hellish hound did tame.

Cud. So praisen babes the peacock's
 spotted train,
 And wondren at bright Argus' blazing eye;
 But who rewards him ere the more forty,
 Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?
 Sike praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the
 sky;
 Sike words been wind, and wasten soon in
 vain.

Piers. Abandon then the base and viler
clown;
Lift up thyself out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of jousts;
Turn thee to those that wield the awful
crown,
To 'doubted knights, whose woundless
armour rusts,
And helms unbruised waxen daily brown.

There may thy Muse display her flutt'ring
wing,
And stretch herself at large from east to
west;

Whether thou list in fair Eliza rest,
Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advance the Worthy* whom she loveth
best,
That first the White Bear to the Stake did
bring.

And, when the stubborn stroke of stronger
stounds

Has somewhat slack'd the tenor of thy string,
Of love and lustihead tho' mavst thou sing,
And carol loud, and lead the Miller's round,
All were Elisa one of thilke same ring;
So mought our Cuddie's name to heaven
sound.

Cud. Indeed the Romish Tityrus, I hear,
Through his Mecænas left his oaten reed,
Whereon he erst had taught his flocks to
feed,
And laboured lands to yield the timely ear,
And oft did sing of wars and deadly dread,
So as the heavens did quake his verse to hear.

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in clay,
And great Augustus long ago is dead,
And all the worthies ligger wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to play:
For ever, who in derring-do were dread,
The loft verse of hem was lovèd aye.

But after Virtue gan for age to stoop,
And mighty Manhood brought a bed of ease,
The vaunting poets found nought worth a
pease

To put in preace among the learnèd troop:
Tho' gan the streams of flowing wits to cease,
And sunbright honour penn'd in shameful
coop.

And if that any buds of Poesy,
Yet of the old stock, gan to shoot again,

Or it men's follies mote to-force to fain,
And roll with rest in rhymes of ribaldry;
Or, as it sprung, in wither must again;
Tom Piper makes us better melody.

Piers. O peerless Poesy! where is then
thy place?

If nor in princes' palace thou dost sit,
(And yet is princes' palace thee most fit),
Ne breast of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,
And, whence thou cam'st, fly back to heaven
apace.

Cud. Ah! Percy, it is all too weak and
wan,

So high to soar and make so large a flight;
Her piecèd pinions been not so in plight:
For Colin fits such famous flight to scan;
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
Would mount as high and sing as sociè as
swau.

Piers. Ah! fon; for love does teach him
climb so high,

And lifts him up out of the loathsome mire;
Such immortal mirror, as he doth admire,
Would raise one's mind above the starry sky,
And cause a captive courage to aspire;
For lofty love doth loathe a lowly eye.

Cud. All otherwise the state of Poet
stands;

For lordly Love is such a tyrant fell,
That, where he rules, all power he doth
expel;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demands,
Ne wont with crabbèd Care the Muses dwell:
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webs in
hand.

Whoever casts to compass weighty prize,
And thinks to throw out thund'ring words
of threat,

Let pour in lavish cups and thrifty bits of
meat,

For Bacchus' fruit is friend to Phœbus wis;
And, when with wine the brain begins to
sweat,

The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenst not, Percie, how the rhyme
should rage;

O if my temples were distain'd with wine,
And girt in garlands of wild ivy twinc,
How I could rear the Muse on stater stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With quaint Bellona in her equipage!

* Leicester.

But ah ! my courage cools ere it be warm :
 Forthy content us in this humble shade,
 Where no such troublous tides han us as-
 say'd ;
 Here we our slender pipes may safely charm.
Piers. And, when my goats shall han their
 bellies laid,
 Cuddie shall have a kid to store his farm.

CUDDIE'S EMBLEM.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.

GLOSS.

This *Æglogue* is made in imitation of Theocritus his 16. *Idyllion*, wherein he reproved the Tyrant Hiero of Syracuse for his niggardise toward Poets, in whom is the power to make men immortal for their good deeds, or shameful for their naughty life. And the like also is in Mantuane. The style hereof as also that in Theocritus, is more lofty than the rest, and applied to the height of Poetical wit.

Cuddie, I doubt whether by *Cuddie* be specified the Author's self, or some other. For in the eight *Æglogue* the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Colin's making, as he saith. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

Whylome, sometime.

Oaten reeds, *Avenæ*.

Ligge so layd, lie so faint and unlusty.

Dapper, pretty

Fry, is a bold Metaphor, forced from the spawning fishes ; for the multitude of young fish be called the Fry.

To restrain: This place seemeth to conspire with Plato, who in his first book de Legibus saith, that the first invention of Poetry was of very virtuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth usually came to their great solemn feasts called *Penegyrica*, which they used every five years to hold, some learned men, being more able than the rest for special gifts of wit and Music, would take upon him to sing fine verses to the people, in praise either of virtue or of victory, or of immortality, or such like. At whose wonderful gift all men being astonished and as it were ravished with delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from above, called him *Yatem*: which kind of man afterward framing their verses to lighter music (as of Music there be many kinds, some sadder, some lighter, some martial, some heroicall, and so diversely eke affect the minds of men,) found out lighter matter of Poesy also, some playing with love, some scorning at men's fashions, some poured out in pleasure: and so were called Poets or makers.

Sense bereave: what the secret working of music is in the minds of men, as well appeareth

hereby, that some of the ancient Philosophers, and those the most wise, as Plato and Pythagoras, held for opinion, that the mind was made of a certain harmony and musical numbers, for the great compassion, and likeness of affection in the one and the other, as also by that memorable history of Alexander; to whom whenas Timotheus the great Musician played the Phrygian melody, it is said, that he was distraught with such unworthy fury, that, straightway rising from the table in great rage, he caused himself to be armed, as ready to go to war, (for that music is very warlike.) And immediately when as the Musician changed his stroke into the Lydian and Ionic harmony, he was so far from warring, that he sat as still, as if he had been in matters of counsel. Such might is in Music. Wherefore Plato and Aristotle forbid the Arabian Melody from children and youth. For that being at together on the fifth and seventh tone, it is of great force to mollify and quench the kindly courage, which useth to burn in your breasts. So that it is not incredible which the Poet here saith, that Music can bereave the soul of sense.

The shepherd that, Orpheus: of whom is said, that by his excellent skill in Music and Poetry, he recovered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus' eyes: of Argus is before said, that Juno to him committed her husband Jupiter his Paragon Io, because he had an hundred eyes: but afterward Mercury, with his Music lulling Argus asleep, slew him and brought Io away whose eyes it is said that Juno, for his eternal memory, placed in her bird the Peacock's tail; for those coloured spots indeed resemble eyes.

Woundless armour, unwounded in war, do rust through long peace.

Display, A Poetical metaphor, whereof the meaning is, that, if the Poet list show his skill in matter of more dignity than in the homely *Æglogue*, good occasion is him offered of higher vein and more Heroical argument in the person of our most gracious sovereign, whom (as before) he calleth *Elisa*. Or if matter of knight-hood and chivalry please him better, that there be many noble and valiant men, that are both worthy of his pain in their deserved praises, and also favours of his skill and faculty.

The Worthy, he meaneth (as I guess) the most honourable and renowned the Earl of Leicester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather than by his name he bewrayeth, being not likely that the names of worldly princes be known to country clowns.

Slack, that is when thou changest thy verse to stately course, to matter of more pleasance and delight.

The Millers, a kind of dance.

Ring, company of dancers.

The Romish Tityrus, well known to be noble Virgil, who by Mæcenas' means was

brought into the favour of the Emperor Augustus, and by him moved to write in loftier kind than he first had done.

Whereon, &c. in these three verses are the three several works of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flock to feed, is meant his *Æglogues*. In labouring of lands, is his *Georgics*. In singing of wars and deadly dread, is his divine *Eneid* figured.

In derring do. In manhood and chivalry.

For ever. He showeth the cause why Poets were wont to be had in such honour of noble men, that is, that by them their worthiness and valour should through their famous poesis be commended to all posterities. Wherefore it is said, that Achilles had never been so famous, as he is, but for Homer's immortal verses, which is the only advantage which he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great, coming to his tomb in Sigæum, with natural tears blessed him, that ever it was his hap to be honored with so excellent a poet's work, as so renowned and ennobled only by his means. Which being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tully's, is of Petrarch no less worthily set forth in a Sonnet.

"Giunto Alessandro a la famosa tomba
Del fero Achille, sospirando disse:
O fortunato, che si chiara tomba trovasti."

And that such account hath been always made of Poets, as well showeth this, that the worthy Scipio, in all his wars against Carthage and Numantia, had vermore in his company, and that in most familiar sort, the good old poet Ennius; as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, when he was informed, that the famous Lyric poet Pindarus was born in that City, not only commanded straightly, that no man should, upon pain of death, do any violence to that house, or otherwise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded, that were of his kin. So favoured he the only name of a poet, which praise otherwise was in the same man no less famous, that when he came to ransacking of king Darius's coffers, whom he lately had overthrown, he found in a little coffer of silver the two books of Homer's works, as laid up there for special jewels and riches, which he taking thence, put one of them daily in his bosom, and the other every night laid under his pillow. Such honour have Poets always found in the sight of Princes and noble men, which this author here very well showeth, as else were more notably.

But after, &c., he showeth the cause of contempt of poetry to be idleness and baseness of mind.

Pent, shut up in sloth, as in a coop or cage.

Tom Piper, an ironical Sarcasmus, spoken in derision of those rude wits, which make more account of a rhyming ribald than of skill grounded upon learning and judgment.

Ne breast, the meaner sort of men.

Her pieced pinions, imperfect skill: Spoken with humble modesty.

As soote (sweet) as swan: The comparison seemeth to be strange; for the swan hath ever won small commendation for her sweet singing: but it is said of the learned, that the Swan, a little before her death, singeth most pleasantly, as prophesying by a secret instinct her near destiny as well saith the poet elsewhere in one of his Sonnets.

"The silver Swan doth sing before her dying day,

As she that feels the deep delight that is in death, &c."

Immortal mirror. Beauty, which is an excellent object of poetical spirits, as appeareth by the worthy Petrarch, saying,

"Fiorir faceva il mio debile ingegno,
A la sua ombra, et crescer ne giu affanni."

A captive courage, a base and abject mind.

For lofty love, I think this playing with the letter, be rather a fault than a figure, as well in our English tongue, as it hath been always in the Latin, called *Cucuzelon*.

A vacant, imitateth Mantuan's saying, "Vacuum curis divina cerebrum Poscit."

Lavish cups, Resembleth the common verse, "Fœcundi calices quem non forcere disertum."

O if my, &c., he seemeth here to be ravished with a poetical fury. For (if one rightly mark) the members rise so full, and the verse groweth so big, that it seemeth he had forget the meanness of shepherd's state and style.

Wild ivy, for it is dedicate to Bacchus, and therefore it is said, that the Mænades (that is Bacchus' frantic priests) used in their sacrifice to carry Thyrsos, which were pointed staves or javelins, wrapped about with ivy.

In buskin, it was the manner of poets and players in Tragedies to wear buskins, as also in Comedies to use socks and light shoes. So that the buskin in poetry is used for tragical matter, as is said in Virgil, "Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno." And the like in Horace, "Magnum loqui, nitiq; cothurno."

Queint, strange. Bellona the goddess of battle, that is, Pallas, which may therefore we'll be called quaint, for that (as Lucian saith) when Jupiter her father was in travail of her, he caused his son Vulcan with his axe to hew his head: out of which leaped out lustily a valiant Damself armed at all points, whom Vulcan seeing so fair and comely, light'y leaping to her, proffered her some courtesy, which the Lady disdain'd, shook her spear at him, and threatened his sauciness. Therefore such strangeness is well applied to her.

Equipage, order.

T'ides, season,

Charm, temper and order. For charms were wont to be made by verses, as Ovid saith,

"Aut si carminibus."

EMBLEM.

Hereby is meant, as also in the whole course of this Æglogue, that poetry is a divine instinct, and unnatural rage passing the reach of common

reason. Whom Piers answereth Epiphonematicos, as admitting the excellency of the skill, whereof in Cuddie he had already had a taste.

NOVEMBER.

AEGLOGA UNDECIMA.

ARGUMENT.—In this xi. Æglogue he bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether unknown, albeit himself I often required the same. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Louise the French Queen; but far passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the Æglogues of this Book.

THENOT. COLIN.

Thenot. Colin, my dear, when shall it please thee sing,
As thou wert wont, songs of some jousaunce?
Thy Muse too long slumb'reth in sorrowing,
Lull'd asleep through Love's misgovernance.
Now somewhat sing, whose endless sovernaunce
Among the shepherd swains may aye remain,
Whether thee list thy lov'd lass advance,
Or honour Pan with hymns of higher vein.

Col. Thenot, now nis the time of merrimake,
Nor Pan to herrie, nor with Love to play;
Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,
Or summer shade, under the cock'd hay.
But now sad winter welk'd hath the day,
And Phœbus, weary of his yearly task,
Ystabled hath his steeds in lowly lay,
And taken up his Inn in Fishés' haske:
Thilk sullen season sadder plight doth ask,
And loatheth sike delights as thou dost praise:

The mournful Muse in mirth now list ne mask,
As she was wont in youth and summer days;
But if thou algate lust light virelavs,
And looser songs of love to underfong,
Who but thyself deserves sike poet's praise?
Relieve thy eaten pipes that sleepen long.

The. The nightingale is sovereign of song,
Before him sits* the fitmouse silent be;

* *Sis*, that is, it befits.

And I, unfit to thrust in skilful throng,
Should Colin make judge of my foolery:
Nay, better learn of hem than learn'd be,
And han been water'd at the Muses' weil;
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell:
But if sad winter's wrath, and season chill,
Accord not with thy Muses' merriment,
To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
And sing of sorrow and death dreriment;
For dead is Dido, dead, alas! and drent;
Dido! the great shepherd his daughter sheen:
The fairest May she was that ever went,
Her like she has not left behind I ween:
And, if thou wilt bewail my woful teen,
I shall thee give yon cosset for thy pain;
And, if thy rhymes as round and rueful been,
As those that did thy Rosalind complain,
Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gain,
Than kid or cosset, which I thee byncment:
Then up, I say, thou jolly shepherd swain,
Let not my small demand be so content.

Col. Thenot, to that I choose thou dost me tempt;
But ah! too well I wote my humble vein,
And how my rhymes been rugged and unkept;
Yet, as I conne, my conning I will strain.

Up, then, Melpomene! the mournful'st
Muse of Nine,
Such cause of mourning never hadst afore;
Up, grisly ghosts! and up my rueful rhyme!
Matter of mirth now shalt thou have no more;
For dead she is, that mirth thee made of yore.

Dido, my dear, alas ! is dead,
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead.
O heavy herse !
Let streaming tears be poured out in store ;
O careful verse !

" Shepherds, that by your flocks on Kentish
downs abide,

Wail we this woful waste of Nature's wark ;
Wail in the wight, whose presence was our
pride ; [cark ;

Wail we the wight, whose absence is our
The sun of all the world is dim and dark ;
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night,
O heavy herse !

Break we our pipes, that shrill'd as loud
as lark ;
O careful verse !

" Why do we longer live, (ah ! why live we
so long ?)
Whose better days Death hath shut up in
woe ?

The fairest flow'r our garland all among
Is faded quite, and into dust ygo.
Sing now, ye shepherds' daughters, sing no
moe [pra se,

The songs that Colin made you in her
But into weeping turn your wanton lays.
O heavy herse !
Now is time to die : nay, time was long ago :
O careful verse !

" Whence is it, that the flowret of the field
doth fade

And lieth buried long in Winter's bale ;
Yet, soon as Spring his mantle hath dis-
play'd,

It flow'reth fresh, as it should never fail ?
But thing on earth that is of most avail,
As virtue's branch, not beauty's bud,
Reliven not for any good.

O heavy herse ! [must quail ;
The branch once dead, the bud eke needs
O careful verse !

* She, while she was, (that " was," a woful
word to sayne !) [peer ;
For beauty's praise and pleasaunce had no
So well she couth the shepherds entertain
With cakes and cracknels, and such country
cheer : [swain ;

Ne would she scorn the simple shepherds'
For she would call him often heame,
And give him curds and clouted cream.
O heavy herse !

Als Colin Clout she would not once disdain ;
O careful verse !

"But now sike happy cheer is turn'd to heavy
chance, [dint ;
Such pleasaunce now displaced by dolour's
All music sleeps, where death doth lead the
dance,

And shepherds' wonted solace is extinct.
The blue in black, the green in gray, is tinct ;
The gaudy garments deck her grave,
The faded flow'rs her corse embrace.
O heavy herse ! [besprint ;
Mourn now, my Muse, now mourn with tears
O careful verse !

" O thou great Shepherd, Lobbin, how
great is thy grief ! [thee ?
Where been the nose-gays that she dight for
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chief,
The knotted rush-rings, and gilt rosemary ?
For she deem'd nothing too dear for thee.

Ah ! they been all yclad in clay ;
One bitter blast blew all away.
O heavy herse !
Theereof nought remains but the memory ;
O careful verse !

" Ay me ! that dreary Death should strike
so mortal stroke,
That can undo Dame Nature's kindly
course ;

The faded locks fall from the lofty oak,
The floods do gasp, for dried is their source,
And floods of tears flow in their stead per
force :

The mantled meadows mourn,
Their sundry colours turn.
O heavy herse !
The heavens do melt in tears without re-
morse ;
O careful verse !

" The feeble flocks in field refuse their
former food, [to weep ;
And hang their heads as they would learn
The beasts in forest wail as they were wood,
Except the wolves, that chase the wand'ring
sheep,
Now she is gone that safely did them keep :
The turtle in the bar'd branch
Laments the wound that Death did
launch.

O heavy herse !
And Philomele her song with tears doth
steep ;
O careful verse !

“ The water nymphs, that wont with her to
sing and dance,
And for her garland olive branches bear,
Now baleful boughs of cypress doen advance;
The Muses, that were wont green bays to
wear,
Now bringen bitter elder branches sear ;
The Fatal Sisters eke repent
Her vital thread so soon was spent.
O heavy horse ! [heavy cheer,
Mourn now, my Muse, now mourn with
O careful verse ?

“ O trustless state of earthly things, and
slipper* hope [nought,
Of mortal men that swinck and sweat for
And, shooting wide, doth miss the marked
scope ;
Now have I learn'd (a lesson dearly bought)
That nis on earth assurance to be sought ;
For what might be in earthly mould,
That did her buried body hold.
O heavy horse !
Yet saw I on the bier when it was brought ;
O careful verse !

“ But maugre Death, and dreaded Sisters'
deadly spite
And gates of hell, and fiery furies' force,
She hath the bonds broke of eternal night,
Her soul unbodied of the burdenous corse.
Why then weeps Lobbin so without re-
morse ?
O Lobb ! thy loss no longer lament ;
Dido is dead, but into heaven hent.
O happy horse ! [source,
Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrow's
O joyful verse !

“ Why wail we then ? why weary we the
gods with plaints,
As if some evil were to her betight ?
She reigns a goddess now among the saints.
That whylome was the saint of shepherds'
light,
And is installed now in heaven's height.
I see thee, blessed soul ! I see
Walk in Elysian fields so free,
O happy horse !
Might I once come to thee, (O that I
might !)
O joyful verse !

“ Unwise and wretched men, to weet what's
good or ill,

We deem of death as doom of ill desert ;
But knew we, Fools, what it us brings until,
Die would we daily, once it to expert ! *
No danger there the shepherd can assert ;
Fair fields and pleasant lays there been ;
The fields aye fresh, the grass aye green.
O happy horse !
Make haste, ye shepherds, thither to revert,
O joyful verse !

“ Dido is gone afore ; (whose turn shall be
the next ?)
There lives she with the blessed gods in
bliss,
There drinks she nectar with ambrosia mixt,
And joys enjoys that mortal men do miss.
The honour now of highest gods she is,
That whylome was poor shepherds' pride,
While here on earth she did abide.
O happy horse !
Cease now, my song, my woe now wasted is ;
O joyful verse ! ”

The. Ay, frank shepherd, how been thy
verses meynt
With doleful pleasaunce, so as I ne wot
Whethr rejoice or weep for great con-
straint !
Thine be the cosset, well hast thou it got.
Up, Colin up, enough thou mourned hast ;
Now gins to mizzle, hie we homeward fast.

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

La mort ny mord.

GLOSS.

Jouisauunce, mirth.
Sovenauunce, remembrance.
Herrie, honour.
Welked, shortened or impaired. As the
Moon being in the wane is said of Lidgate to
welk.
In lowly lay, according to the season of the
month of November, when the Sun draweth
low in the South toward his Tropic or return.
In fishes' hask, the Sun reigned, that is, in
the sign Pisces all November: a hask is a
wicker pad wherein they use to carry fish.
Virelays, a light kind of song.
Bewatered, for it is a saying of Poets, that
they have drunk of the Muses' Well Castalias,
whereof was before sufficiently said.
Dreeriment, dreary and heavy cheer.
The great shepherd, is some man of high
degree, and not, as some vainly suppose, god

* Slipper is put for Slippery.

* To experience.

Pan. The person both of the shepherd and of Dido is unknown, and closely buried in the Author's conceit. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalind, as some imagine: for he speaketh soon after of her also.

Sheen, fair and shining.

May, for maid.

Teen, sorrow.

Guerdon, reward.

Bynempt, bequeathed.

Coss-et, a lamb brought up without the dam.

Unkempt, Incompti. Not combed, that is, rude and unhandsome.

Melpomene, The sad and wailful Muse, used of Poets in honour of Tragedies: as saith Virg., "Melpomene tragico prociamat mœsta boatu."

Up grisly ghosts, The manner of the tragical Poets, to call for help of Furies and damned ghosts: so is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the rest of the rest.

Herse, is the solemn obsequy in funerals.

Waste of, decay of so beautiful a piece.

Cark, care.

Ah, why, an elegant Epanorthosis, as also soon after. Nay time was long ago.

Floweret, a diminutive for a little flower.

This is a notable and sententious comparison, "A minore ad majus."

Re-live not, live not again, s. not in their earthly bodies: for in heaven they receive their due reward.

The branch, He meaneth Dido, who being as it were the main branch now withered, the buds, that is, beauty (as i.e. said afore) can no more flourish.

With cakes, fit for shepherds' banquets.

Heame, for home, after the Northern pronouncing.

Tinct, dyed or stained.

The gaudy, the meaning is, that the things which were the ornaments of her life are made the honour of her funeral, as is used in burials.

Lobbin, the name of a shepherd which seemeth to have been the lover and dear friend of Dido.

Rushrings, agreeable for such base gifts.

Faded locks, dried leaves. As if Nature herself bewailed the death of the Maid.

Source, spring.

Mantled Meadows, for the sundry flowers are like a mantle or coverlet wrought with many colours.

Pailomele, the Nightingale. Whom the Poets feign once to have been a Lady of great beauty, till, being ravished by her sister's husband, she desired to be turned into a bird of her name, whose complaints be very well set forth of M. George Gascoigne * a witty gentle-

man, and the very Chief of our late rhymers, who and if some parts of learning wanted not (albe it is well known he altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would have attained to the excellency of those famous Poets. For gifts of wit and natural promptness appear in him abundantly.

Cypress, used of the old paynims in the furnishing of their funeral pomp, and properly the sign of all sorrow and heaviness.

The fatal sisters, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Erebus and the Night, whom the Poets feign to spin the life of man, as it were a long thread, which they draw out in length, till his fatal hour and timely death be come; but if by other casualty his days be abridged, then one of them, that is, Atropos, is said to have cut the thread in twain. Hereof cometh a common verse.

"Clotho colum bajulat, Lachesis trahit, Atropos occat."

O trustless, &c. a gallant exclamation moralized with great wisdom, and passionate with great affection.

Bier, a frame, whereon they use to lay the dead corps.

Furies of Poets are feigned to be three, Persephone, Alecto, and Megera, which are said to be the authors of all evil and mischief.

Eternal night, is death or darkness of hell.

Betight, happened.

I see. A lively Icon or representation, as if he saw her in heaven present.

Elysian fields, he devised of Poets to be a place of pleasure like Paradise, where the happy souls do rest in peace and eternal happiness.

Die would, the very express saying of Plato in Phædon.

Astart, befall unawares.

Nectar and Ambrosia, be feigned to be the drink and food of the gods: Ambrosia then likened to Manna in Scripture, and Nectar to be white like cream, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that spilt a cup of it, and stained the heavens as yet appeareth. But I have already discoursed that at large in my Commentary upon the Dreams of the same Author.

Meynt, mingled.

EMBLEM.

Which is as much to say, *as death biteth not*. For although by course of nature we be born to die, and being ripened with age, as with timely harvest, we must be gathered in time, or else of ourselves we fall like rotted ripe fruit from the tree: yet death is not to be coveted for evil, nor (as the Poet said a little before) as doom of ill desert. For though the trespass of the first man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of sin, yet being overcome by the death of One that died for all, it is now made (as Chatter saith) the green pathway of life. So that it agreeth well with that was said, that Death biteth not (that is) hurteth not all.

* Son of Sir John Gascoigne, of Walthamstow, Essex. He wrote dramas, "The Steel Glass," a satire, and other poems.

DECEMBER.

AEGLOGA DUODECIMA.

ARGUMENT.—This Æglogue (even as the first began) is ended with a complaint of Colin to god Pan; wherein, as weary of his former ways, he proportioned his life to the four seasons of the year; comparing his youth to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from love's folly. His manhood to the summer, which, he saith, was consumed with great heat and excessive drouth, caused through a Comet or blazing Star, by which he meaneth love; which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heat. His ripest years he resembleth to an unseasonable harvest, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winter's chill and frosty season, now drawing near to his last end.

THE gentle shepherd sate beside a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy breere,
That Colin hight, which well could pipe and
sing.

For he of Tityrus his songs did here:
There, as he sate in secret shade alone,
Thus gan he make of love his piteous
moan.

"O sovereign Pan! thou god of shepherds
all,
Which of our tender lambkins takest keep,
And, when our flocks into mischance mought
fall,
Dost save from mischief the unwary sheep,
Als of their masters hast no less regard
Than of the flocks, which thou dost watch
and ward;

"I thee beseech (so be thou deign to hear
Rude ditties, turned to Shepherd's oaten
reed,
Or if I ever sonnet sung so clear,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancy
feed,)
Hearken a while, from thy green cabinet,
The rural song of careful Colinet.

"Whylome in youth, when flow'r'd my joy-
ful spring,
Like swallow swift I wand' red here and
there;
For heat of heedless lust me so did sting,
That I oft doubted danger had no fear:
I went the wasteful woods and forest wide,
Withouten dread of wolves to been
espied.

"I wont to range amid the mazy thicket,
And gather nuts to make my Christmas-
game,
And joyed oft to chase the trembling pricket,
Or hunt the heartless hare till she were tame

What reckèd I of wintry age's waste?—
Tho deemèd I my spring would ever last.

"How often have I scaled the craggy oak,
All to dislodge the raven of her nest?
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
For alike to me was liberty and life.

"And for I was in thilk same ooser years,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my
li th,
Or I too much believed my shepherd peers,)
Somedele ybent to song and music's mirsh,
A good old shepherd, Wrenock was his
name,
Made me by art more cunning in the same.

"Fro thence I durst in derring-do compare
With shepherd's swan whatever-fed in field;
And, if that Hobbinoll right judgment bare,
To Pan his own self pipe I need not yield:
For, if the flocking nymphs did follow
Pan,
The wiser Muses after Colin ran.

"But, ah! such pride at length was ill re-
paid;
The shepherds' god (perdy god was he none)
My hurtless pleasaunce did me ill upbraid,
My freedom lorn, my life he left to moan.
Love they him callèd that gave me check-
mate, [Hate.
But better mought they have behote him

"Tho gan my lovely spring bid me farewell,
And summer season sped him to display
(For Love then in the Lion's house did
dwell.)
The raging fire that kindled at his ray.
A comet stirr'd up that unkindly heat,
That reignèd (as men said) in Venus' seat

"Forth was I led, not as I wont afore
 When choice I had to choose my wand'ring
 way, [lore
 But whither Luck and Love's unbridled
 Would lead me forth on Fancy's bit to play;
 The bush my bed, the bramble was my
 bow'r,
 The woods can witness many a woful
 stowre.

"Where I was wont to seek the honey bee,
 Working her formal rooms in waxen frame,
 The griesly toadstools grown there mought
 I see,
 And loathed paddocks lording on the same:
 And, where the chanting birds lull'd me
 asleep, [keep.
 The ghastly owl her grievous inn dotu

"Then as the spring gives place to elder
 Time,
 And bringeth forth the fruit of summer's
 price;
 All so my age, now passèd youthly prime,
 To things of riper season self applied,
 And learn'd of lighter timber cots to
 frame, [shame.
 Such as might save my sheep and me fro

"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 hurtful beasts to hunt?
 I learnèd als the signs of heaven to ken,
 How Phœbe fails, where Venus sets, and
 when.

"And trièd time yet taught me greater
 things;
 The sudden rising of the raging seas,
 The sooth of birds by beating of their wings,
 The pow'r of herbs, both which can hurt
 and ease, [sheep,
 And which be wont t'enrage the restless
 And which be wont to work eternal sleep.

"But, ah! unwise and witless Colin Clout,
 That kidst the hidden kinds of many a weed,
 Yet kidst not one to cure thy sore heart-root,
 Whose rankling wound as yet does rifuly
 bleed,
 Why liv'st thou still, and yet hast thy
 death's wound?
 Why diest thou still, and yet alive art
 found?

* A wicker-net made of sallows.

"Thus is my summer worn away and
 wasted,
 Thus is my harvest hastened all-to rathe;*
 The ear that budded fair is burnt and
 blasted,
 And all my hopèd gain is turn'd to scath.
 Of all the seed, that in my youth was
 sown, [mown.
 Was none but brakes and brambles to be

"My boughs with blooms that crownèd
 were at first,
 And promisèd of timely fruit such store,
 Are left both bare and barren now at erst;
 The slattering fruit is fallen to ground before;
 And rotted ere they were half mellow ripe;
 My harvest, waste, my hope away did wipe.

"The fragrant flow'rs, that in my garden
 grew,
 Been wither'd, as they had been gather'd
 long;
 Their roots been drièd up for lack of dew,
 Yet dew'd with tears they han be ever
 among.
 Ah! who has wrought my Rosalind this
 spite,
 To spill the flow'rs that should her gar-
 land dight?

"And I, that whylome wont to frame my
 pipe
 Unto the shifting of the shepherds' foot,
 Sike follies now have gather'd as too ripe,
 And cast them out as rotten and unsote.
 The looser lass I cast to please no more;
 One if I please, enough is me therefore.

"And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
 Nought reapèd but a weedy crop of care;
 Which, when I thought have thresh'd in
 swelling sheave,
 Cockle for corn, and chaff for barley, bare:
 Soon as the chaff should in the fan be
 fined,
 All was blown away of the wavering wind.

"So now my year draws to his latter term,
 My spring is spent. my summer burnt up
 quite;
 My harvest hastes to stir up Winter stern,
 And bids him claim with rigorous rage his
 right:
 So now he storms with many a sturdy
 stour;
 So now his blust'ring blast each coast
 doth scour.

* Too soon—rather early.

"The careful cold bath nipt my rugged rind,
And in my face deep furrows old bath pight:
My head besprent with hoary frost I find,
And by mine eye the crow his claw doth
write:

Delight is laid abed; and pleasure, past;
No sun now shines; clouds han all over-
cast.

"Now leave, ye Shepherds' Boys, your
merry glee;

My Muse is hoarse and weary of this stound:
Here will I hang my pipe upon this tree,
Was never pipe of reed did better sound:

Winter is come that blows the bitter blast,
And after winter dreary death doth haste.

"Gather together ye my little flock,
My little flock, that was to me so lief;
Let me, ah! let me in your folds ye lock,
Ere the breame winter breed you greater
grief.

Winter is come, that blows the baleful
breath,
And after winter cometh timely death.

"Adieu, Delights, that lullèd me asleep;
Adieu, my Dear, whose love I bought so
dear;

Adieu, my little Lambs and lovèd Sheep;
Adieu, ye Woods, that oft my witness were:
Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true,
Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu."

COLIN'S EMBLEM.

Vivitur ingenio; cætera mortis erunt.

GLOSS.

Tityrus, Chaucer, as hath been oft said.

Lambkins, young lambs.

Als of their, seemingly to express Virgil's verse.

"Pan curat oves oviumque magistros."

Deign, vouchsafe.

Cabinet, *Colinet*, diminutives.

Mazy, For they be like to a maze whence it
is hard to get out again.

Peers, Fellows and companions.

Musick, that is Poetry, as Terence saith, "Qui
artem tractant musicam," speaking of Poets.

Derring do, aforesaid.

Lion's house: he imagineth simply that
Cupid, which is Love, had his abode in the hot
sign Leo, which is in midst of Summer; a
pretty allegory; whereof the meaning is, that
love in him wrought an extraordinary heat of
lust.

His ray, which is Cupid's beam of flames of
love.

A comet, a blazing star, meant of beauty,
which was the cause of his hot love.

Venus, the goddess of beauty or pleasure.
Also a sign in heaven, as it is here taken. So
he meaneth that beauty, which hath always
aspect to Venus, was the cause of his unquiet-
ness in love.

Where I was: a fine description of the
change of his life and liking, for all things now
seemed to him to have altered their kindly
course.

Lording: Spoken after the manner of Pad-
docks* and Frogs sitting, which is indeed
lordly, not moving or looking once aside, unless
they be stirred.

Then as: The second part, that is, his man-
hood.

Cots, Sheepcots, for such be exercises of
shepherds.

Sale or *sallow*, a kind of wood like willow,
fit to wreath and bind in heaps to catch fish
withal.

Phæbe fails, The Eclipse of the Moon, which
is always in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, signs
in heaven.

Venus, s. Venus' star, otherwise called Hes-
perus, and Vesper, and Lucifer, both because
he seemeth to be one of the brightest stars, and
also first riseth, and setteth last. All which
skill in stars being convenient for shepherds to
know, Theocritus and the rest use.

Raging seas: The cause of the swelling and
cbbing of the sea cometh of the course of the
Moon, sometime increasing, sometime waning
and decreasing.

Sooth of birds, a kind of soothsaying used in
the elder times, which they gathered by the
flying of birds: First (as is said) invented by
the Tuscans, and from them derived to the
Romans who, as it is said in Livy, were so
superstitiously rooted in the same, that they
agreed that every noble man should put his son
to the Tuscans, by them to be brought up in
that knowledge.

Of herbs: That wondrous things be wrought
by herbs, as well appeareth by the common
working of them in our bodies, as also by the
wonderful enchantments and sorceries that have
been wrought by them, insomuch that it is said,
that Circe, a famous sorceress, turned men into
sundry kinds of beasts and monsters, and only
by herbs: as the Poet saith,

"Dea sæva potentibus herbis, &c.

Kidst, knowest.

Ear, of corn.

Scath, loss, hindrance.

Ever among, Ever and anon.

And thus: The third part, wherein is set
forth his ripe years as an untimely harvest that
bringeth little fruit.

* Tonds.

The fragrant flowers, sundry studies and laudable parts of learning, wherein our poet is seen : be they witness which are privy to this study.

So now my year : The last part, wherein is described his age, by comparison of wintry storms

Careful cold, for care is said to cool the blood.

Glee, mirth.

Hoary frost, a metaphor of hoary hairs scattered like a gray frost.

Breeme, sharp and bitter.

Adieu delights, is a conclusion of all. Where in six verses, he comprehendeth all that was touched in this book. In the first verse his delights of youth generally : In the second, the love of Rosalind : In the third, the keeping of sheep : which is the argument of all the *Æglogues* : In the fourth, his complaints : And in the last two, his professed friendship and good will to his good friend Hobbinoll.

EMBLEM.

The meaning whereof is, that all things perish and come to their last end, but work of learned wits and monuments abide for ever. And therefore Horace of his *Odes*, a work though full indeed of great wit and learning yet of no so great weight and importance, boldly saith,

“ Exegi monumentum ære perrennium,
Quod nec imber edax, nec aquilo vorax, &c.”

Therefore let [it] not be envied, that this Poet in his Epilogue saith, he made a Calendar that shall endure as long as time, &c., following the example of Horace and Ovid in the like.

“ Grande opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira, nec ignis,

Nec ferum poterit nec edax abolere vetustas,
&c.”

EPILOGUE.

Lo! I have made a Calendar for every
year,
That steel in strength, and time in durance,
shall outwear ;
And, if I markèd well the stars' revolution,
It shall continue till the world's dissolution,
To teach the ruder shepherd how to feed
his sheep,
And from the falsers' * fraud his folded flock
to keep.
Go, little Calendar! thou hast a free
passport ;
Go but a lowly gate amongst the meaner
sort.
Dare not to match thy pipe with Tityrus his
style
Nor with the Pilgrim that the plough-man
play'd awhile ;
But follow them far off, and their high steps
adore ;
The better please, the worse despise ; I ask
no more.

MERCE NON MERCEDE.

* Spenser uses the verb “to false” for “to deceive,” F. Q. ii. v. 9.

COMPLAINTS.

CONTAINING

SUNDRY SMALL POEMS OF THE WORLD'S VANITY.

MUIOPOTMOS :

OR, THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLY.

1590.

TO

THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VIRTUOUS LADY: THE LADY CAREY.*

MOST brave and bountiful Lady: for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet hands, to offer these few leaves as in recompense, should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefits. Therefore I have determin'd to give myself wholly to you, as quite abandoned from myself, and absolutely vowed to your services: which in all right is ever held for tull recompense of debt or damage, to have the person yielded. My person I wot well how little worth it is. But the faithful mind and humble zeal which I bear unto your Ladyship: may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poor service thereof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent parts and noble virtues, and to

spend itself in honouring you; not so much for your great bounty to myself, which yet may not be unminded; nor for the name or kindred's sake by you vouchsafed; being also regardable; as for that honourable name, which ye have by your brave deserts purchased to yourself, and spread in the mouths of all men: with which I have also presumed to grace my verses; and, under your Name, to commend to the world this small Poem. The which beseeching your Ladyship to take in worth, and of all things therein, according to your wonted graciousness to make a mild construction, I humbly pray for your happiness.

Your Ladyship's ever humbly;

E. S.

I SING of deadly dolorous debate,
Stirr'd up through wrathful Nemesis' despite,
Betwixt two mighty ones of great estate,
Drawn into arms, and proof of mortal fight,
Through proud ambition and heart-swelling hate,
Whilst neither could the other's greater might
And 'sclainful scorn endure; that from small jar
Their wrath at length broke into open war.

The root whereof and tragical effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournful'st Muse of nine,
That wont'st the tragic stage for to direct,
In funeral complaints and wailful tunc,
Reveal to me and all the means detect,

* Lady Carey was Elizabeth, one of the six daughters of Sir John Spenser (or Spencer, as the name was also spelt), of Althorpe, Northamptonshire, and was married to Sir George Carey, who became Lord Hunsdon, on the death of his father.

Through which sad Clarion did at last
decline

To lowest wretchedness : And is there then
Such rancour in the hearts of mighty men ?

Of all the race of silver-wingèd Flies
Which do possess the empire of the air,
Betwixt the cent'red earth and azure skies,
Was none more favourable, nor more fair,
Whilst heaven did favour his felicities,
Than Clarion, the eldest son and heir,
Of Muscaroll, and in his father's sight
Of all alive did seem the fairest wight.

With fruitful hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his young toward
years,

Full of brave courage and bold hardihead
Above th' ensample of his equal peers,
Did largely promise, and to him fore-read,
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender
tears,)

That he in time would sure prove such an
one

As should be worthy of his father's throne.

The fresh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustful youth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdain to subject his desire
To loathsome sloth, or hours in ease to
waste,

But joy'd to range abroad in fresh attire,
Through the wide compass of the airy coast:
And, with unwearied wings, each part
t' inquire

Of the wide rule of his renownèd sire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dared to sty
Up to the clouds, and thence with pinions
light

To mount aloft unto the crystal sky,
To view the workmanship of heaven's height:
Whence down descending he along would fly
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to find ;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous
wind.

So on a summer's day, when season mild
With gentle calm the world had quieted,
And high in heaven Hyperion's fiery child
Ascending did his beams abroad dispread,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures
smiled ;

Young Clarion, with vauntful lustihead,
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 heart he firmly bound,
That mought his life from iron death assure,
And ward his gentle corpse from cruel
wound :

For it by art was framèd, to endure
The bit of baleful steel and bitter stound,
No less than that which Vulcan made to
shield

Achilles' life from fate of Trojan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairy hide of some wild beast, whom he
In savage forest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoil his ornament to be ;
Which, spreading all his back with dreadful
view,

Made all, that him so horrible did see,
Think him Alcides with the Lion's skin,
When the Næniéan conquest he did win.

Upon his head his glistening buganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous
device,

And curiously engraven, he did set:
The metal was of rare and passing price ;
Not Bilbo steel, nor brass from Corinth fet,
Nor cestly oricalche* from strange Phœnice;
But such as could both Phœbus' arrows
ward,

And th' hailing darts of heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fix'd he bore,
Strongly outlancèd towards either side,
Like two sharp spears, his enemies to gore :
Like as a warlike brigantine, applied
To fight, lays forth her threatful pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death do
hide

So did this Fly outstretch his fearful horns,
Yet so as him their terror more adorns.

Lastly his shiny wings as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours passing far
All painter's skill, he did about him dight :
Not half so many sundry colours are
In Iris' bow ; ne heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguishèd with many a twinkling star ;
Nor Juno's bird, in her eye spotted train,
So many goodly colours doth contain.

Ne (may it be withouten peril spoken)
The Archer god, the son of Cytheree,
That joys on wretched lovers to be wroken,

* Oricalche. A kind of oriental brass, the most sonorous of metals.

And heapèd spoils of breeding hearts to see,
Wears in his wings so many a changeful
token.

Ah! my liege Lord, forgive it unto me,
If ought against thine honour I have told;
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a Lady fair, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly envied,
And wish'd that two such fans, so silken
soft,

And golden fair, her Love would her provide;
Or that, when them the gorgeous Fly had
doft,

Some one, that would with grace be grati-
fied,

From him would steal them privily away,
And bring to her so precious a prey.

Report is that dame Venus on a day,
In spring when flow'rs do clothe the fruitful
ground,

Walking abroad with all her nymphs to
Bade her fair damsels flocking her around
To gather flow'rs, her forehead to array;
Amongst the rest a gentle Nymph was
found,

Hight Astery, excelling all the crew
In courteous usage and unstainèd hue.

Who being nimbler jointed than the rest,
And more industrious, gatherèd more store
Of the fields' honour, than the others' best;
Which they in secret hearts envying sore,
Told Venus, when her as the worthiest
She praised, that Cupid (as they heard
before.

Did lend her secret aid, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the goddess gathering jealous fear,
Not yet unmindful, how not long ago
Her son to Psyche secret love did bear,
And long it close conceal'd till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and many a rueful tear;
Reason with sudden rage did overgo;
And, giving hasty credit to th' accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that Damsel, by her heavenly
might,

She turn'd into a wingèd Butterfly,
In the wide air to make her wand'ring flight;
And all those flow'rs, with which so plen-
teously

Her lap she fillèd had, that bred her spite,
She placèd in her wings, for memory

Of her pretended crime, though crime none
were: [bear.
Since which that Fly them in her wings doth

Thus the fresh Clarion, being ready dight,
Unto his journey did himself address,
And with good speed began to take his
flight:

Over the fields, in his frank lustiness,
And all the champaign o'er he soared light;
And all the country wide he did possess,
Feeding upon their pleasures bounteously,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envy.

The woods, the rivers, and the meadows
green, [wide,

With his air-cutting wings he measured
Ne did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
Nor the rank grassy fens' delights untried.
But none of these, however sweet they been,
Mote please his fancy, nor him cause t'
abide:

His choiceful sense with every change doth
flit,

No common things may please a wavering
wit.

To the gay gardens his unstaïd desire
Him holly carried to refresh his sprights:
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Pours forth sweet odours, and alluring
sights;

And Art, with her contending, doth aspire,
T' excel the natural with made delights:
And all, that fair or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
From bed to bed, from one to other border;
And takes survey, with curious busy eye,
Of every flow'r and herb there set in order;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly.
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feet their silken leaves deface;
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore with most variety, [sweet,)
And change of sweetness, (for all change is
He casts his glutton sense to satisfy,
Now sucking of the sap of herb most meet,
Or of the dew, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feet:
And then he percheth on some branch
thereby,

To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

And then again he turneth to his play,
To spoil the pleasures of that Paradise;

The wholesome sage, and lavender still gray,
Rank smelling rue, and cummun good for
eyes,

The roses reigning in the pride of May,
Sharp hyssop good for green wounds'
remedies,

Fair marigolds, and bees-alluring thyme,
Sweet marjoram, and daisies decking Prime :

Cool violets and orpine growing still,
Embathèd balm, and cheerful galingale,
Fresh costmary and beautiful camomile,
Dull poppy, and drink-quick'ning setuale,
Vein-healing vervain, and head-purging dill,
Sound savory, and basil hearty-hale,
Fat coleworts and comforting perseline,
Cold lettuce, and refreshing rosmarine.

And whatso else of **virtue** good or ill
Grow in this Garden, fetch'd from far away,
Of every one he takes, and tastes at will,
And on their pleasures greedily doth prey.
Then when he hath both play'd, and fed his
fill,

In the warm sun he doth himself embay,
And there him rests in riotous suffisaunce
Of all his gladfulness, and kingly joyaunce.

What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be lord of all the works of Nature,
To reign in th' air from th' earth to highest
sky,

To feed on flow'rs and weeds of glorious
feature,

To take whatever thing doth please the eye?
Who rests not pleasèd with such happiness,
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 fair may bring foul evening
late,

And least mishap the most bliss alter may!
For thousand perils lie in close await
About us daily, to work our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them avoid, or remedy provide.

And whatso heavens in their secret doom
Ordainèd have. how can frail fleshy wight
Forecast, but it must needs to issue come?
The sea. the air, the fire, the day, the night,
And th' armies of their creatures all and
some [might

Do serve to them, and with importune
War against us the vassals of their will.

Who then can save what they dispose to
spill?

Not thou, O Clarion, though fairest thou
Of all thy kind, unhappy liappy Fly,
Whose cruel fate is woven even now
Of Jove's own hand, to work thy misery!
Ne may thee help the many hearty vow,
Which thy old sire with sacred piety
Hath pourèd forth for thee, and th' altars
sprent: [ment!
Nought may thee save from heaven's avengè-

It fortunèd (as heavens had beight)
That in this Garden, where young Clarion
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of fair things, th' author of con-
fusion,
The shame of Nature, the bondslave of
spite,

Had lately built his hateful mansion;
And, lurking closely, in await now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he spied the joyous Butterfly
In this fair plot dispaing to and fro,
Fearless of foes and hidden jeopardy,
Lord! how he gan for to best r him tho,
And to his wicked work each part apply!
His heart did yearn against his hated foe,
And bowels so with rankling poison swell'd,
That scarce the skin the strong contagion
held.

The cause, why he this Fly so malicèd,
Was (as in stories it is written found)
For that his mother, which him bore and
bred,

The most fine fing'red workwoman on
ground,

Arachne, by his means was vanquishèd
Of Pallas, and in her own skill confound,
When she with her excellence contended,
That wrought her shame, and sorrow never
ended.

For the Tritonian goddess having hard
Her blazèd fame, which all the world had
fill'd, [ward
Came down to prove the truth, and due re-
For her praise-worthy workmanship to yield:
But the presumptuous Damsel rashly dared
The goddess' self to challenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of works with loom, with needle, and with
quill.

Minerva did the challenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make;
So to their work they sit, and each doth
choose

What story she will for her tapet take.

Arachne figured how Jove did abuse
Europa like a Bull, and on his back
Her through the Sea did bear; so lively
seen,
That it true Sea, and true Bull, ye would
ween.

She seem'd still back unto the land to look,
And her play-fellows' aid to call, and fear
The dashing of the waves, that up she took
Her dainty feet, and garments gathered
near :

But (Lord !) how she in every member shook,
When as the land she saw no more appear,
But a wild wilderness of waters deep :
Then gan she greatly to lament and weep.

Before the Bull she pictured wingèd Love,
With his young brother Sport, light flut-
tering

Upon the waves, as each had seen a Dove ;
The one his bow and shafts, the other,
Spring

A burning teade about his head did move,
As in their sire's new love both triumphing :
And many Nymphs about them flocking
roun'd,

And many Tritons which their horns did
sound.

And, round about, her work she did empale
With a fair border wrought of sundry
flow'rs,

Enwoven with an ivy winding trail :
A goodly work, full fit for kingly bow'rs ;
Such as dame Pallas, such as Envy pale,
That all good things with ven'mous tooth
devours,

Could not accuse. Then gan the goddess
bright

Herself likewise unto her work to dight.

She made the story of the old debate,
Which she with Neptune did for Athens
try :

Twelve gods do sit around in royal state,
And Jove in midst with awful majesty,
To judge the strife between them stirrèd
late ;

Each of the gods, by his like visnomy
Eath to be known; but Jove above them
all,

By his great looks and power imperial.

Before them stands the god of Seas in place,
Claiming that sea-coast City as his right,
And strikes the rocks with his three-forkèd
mace ;

Whence forth issues a warlike steed in sight,
The sign by which he challengeth the place ;
That all the gods, which saw his wondrous
might,
Did surely deem the victory his due :
But seldom seen, forejudgment proveth
true.

Then to herself she gives her Ægide shield,
And steel-head spear, and morion on her
head,

Such as she oft is seen in warlike field :
Then sets she forth, how with her weapon
dread

She smote the ground, the which straight
forth did yield

A fruitful Olive tree, with berries spread,
That all the gods admired ; then all the
story

She compass'd with a wreath of Olives
hoary.

Amongst these leaves she made a Butterfly,
With excellent device and wondrous slight,
Flut'ring amongst the Olives wantonly,
That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight :
The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The silken down with which his back is
dight,

His broad outstretchèd horns, his hairy
thighs,
His glorious colour and his glistering eyes.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid,
And masterèd with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gainsaid ;
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare
And by her silence sign of one dismay'd
The victory did yield her as her share,
Yet did she inly fret and felly burn,
And all her blood to poisonous rancour turn.

That shortly from the shape of womanhead,
Such as she was when Pallas she attempted
She grew to hideous shape of derihed,
Pinèd with grief of folly late repented :
Eftsoones her white strait legs were alterèd
To crooked crawling shanks, of marrow
emptied ; [hue,
And her fair face to foul and loathsome
And her fine corpse to a bag of venom grew.

This cursed creature mindful of that old
Infested the grudge which his mother felt,
So soon as Clarion he did behold,
His heart with vengeful malice inly swelt ;

And weaving straight a net with many a fold

About the cave in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine small cords about it stretchèd wide,

So finely spun, that scarce they could be spied.

Not any damsel, which her vaunteth most
In skilful knitting of soft silken twine ;

Nor any weaver, which his work doth boast
In diaper, in damask, or in line ;*

Nor any skill'd in workmanship emboss'd ;

Nor any skill'd in loops of fing'ring fine :

Might in their divers cunning ever dare

With this so curious network to compare.

Ne do I think that that same subtle gin,

The which the Lemnian god framed craftily,

Mars sleeping with his wife to compass in,

That all the gods with common mockery

Might laugh at them and scorn their

shameful sin,

Was like to this. This same he did apply

For to entrap the careless Clarion,

That rang'd eachwhere without suspicion.

Suspicion of friend, nor fear of foe,

That hazarded his health, had he at all,

But walk'd at will, and wand' red to and fro,

In the pride of his freedom principal :

Little wist he his fatal future woe,

But was secure ; the liker he to fall.

He likest is to fall into mischance,

That is regardless of his governance.

Yet still Aragnoll (so his foe was hight)

Lay lurking covertly him to surprise ;

And all his gins, that him entangle might,

Dress'd in good order as he could devise.

At length, the foolish Fly without foresight,

As he that did all danger quite despise,

Towards those parts came flying carelessly,

Where hidden was his hateful enemy.

Who, seeing him, with secret joy therefore

Did tickle inwardly in every vein ;

And his false heart, fraught with all treasons' store,

Was fill'd with hope his purpose to obtain :

Himself he close upgather'd mor: and more

Into his den, that his deceitful, tayne

By his there being might not be bewray'd,
Ne any noise, ne any motion made.

Like as a wily fox, that, having spied
Where on a sunny bank the lambs do play,

Full closely creeping by the hinder side,

Lies in ambushment of his hopèd prey,

Ne stirreth limb ; till, seeing ready tide,

He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away

One of the little younglings unawares :

So to his work Aragnoll him prepares.

Who now shall give unto my heavy eyes

A well of tears, that all may overflow ?

Or where shall I find lamentable cries,

And mournful tunes, enough my grief to show ?

Help, O thou tragic Muse, me to devise

Notes sad enough, t' express this bitter throw :

For lo, the dreary stound is now arrived,

That of all happiness hath us deprived.

The luckless Clarion, whether cruel Fate

Or wicked Fortune faultless him misled,

Or some ungracious blast out of the gate

Of Æole's* rayne perforce him drove on head,

Was (O sad hap and hour unfortunate !)

With violent swift flight forth carrièd

Into the cursèd cobweb, which his foe

Had framèd for his final overthrow.

There the fond Fly, e-entangled, struggled long,

Himself to free thereout ; but all in vain.

For, striving more, the more in laces strong

Himself he tied, and wrapt his wings twain

In limy snares the subtle loops among ;

That in the end he breathless did remain,

And, all his youthly forces idly spent,

Him to the mercy of th' avenger lent.

Which when the grisly tyrant did espy,

Like a grim lion rushing with fierce might

Out of his den, he seizèd greedily

On the resistless prey ; and, with fell spite,

Under the left wing struck his weapon sly

Into his heart, that his deep groaning sprite

In bloody streams forth fled into the air,

His body left the spectacle of care.

* Line is linen.

* Out of the gate of Æclus's kingdom.

THE RUINS OF TIME.

1591.

DEDICATED TO THE

RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFUL LADY, THE LADY MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.*

MOST Honourable and beautiful Lady, there be long sithens deep sowed in my breast the seeds of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave Knight, your noble brother deceased; which, taking root, began in his lifetime somewhat to bud forth, and to show themselves to him, as then in the weakness of their first spring; and would in their riper strength (had it pleased High God till then to draw out his days) spired forth fruit of more perfection. But since God hath disdained the world of that most noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muses; together with him both their hope of any further fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet, sithens my late coming into England, some friends of mine, (which might much prevail with me, and indeed command me,) knowing with how strait bands of duty I was tied to him, as also

bound unto that noble House, (of which the chief hope then rested in him,) have sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not showed any thankful remembrance towards him or any of them; but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulness. Whom chiefly to satisfy, or else to avoid that foul blot of unthankfulness, I have conceived this small Poem, intituled by a general name of *The World's Ruins*, yet specially intended to the renouwing of that noble Race, from which both you and he sprung, and to the eternizing of some of the chief of them late deceased. The which I dedicate unto your Ladyship as whom it most specially concerneth; and to whom I acknowledge myself bounden by many singular favours and great graces. I pray for your Honourable happiness: and so humbly kiss your hands.

Your Ladyship's ever humbly at command,
E. S.

It chancèd me one day beside the shore
Of silver-streaming Thamesis to be,
Nigh where the goodly Ver'lam stood of
yore,
Of which there now remains no memory,
Nor any little monument to see,
Ly which the traveller, that fares that way,
This once was she, may warnèd be to say.

There, on the other side, I did behold
A Woman sitting sorrowfully wailing,
Rending her yellow locks, like wiry gold
About her shoulders carelessly down trail-
ing,

* The sister of Sir Philip Sidney: she in many respects resembled her brother.

And streams of tears from her fair eyes forth
rolling:

In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heaven she seemed on high
to weld.

Whether she were one of that River's
Nymphs,

Which did the loss of some dear Love lament,
I doubt; or one of these three fatal Imps,
Which draw the days of men forth in extent;
Or th' ancient Genius of that City bent:
But, seeing her so piteously perplex'd,
I (to her calling) ask'd what her so vex'd.

"Ah, what delight (quoth she) in earthly
thing,
Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have?"

Whose happiness the heavens envying,
From highest stair to lowest step me drave,
And have in mine own bowels made my
grave,
That of all nations now I am forlorn,
The world's sad spectacle, and fortune's
scorn."

Much was I movèd at her piteous plaint,
And felt my heart nigh riven in my breast
With tender ruth to see her score constraint;
That, shedding tears awhile, I still did rest,
And, after, did her name of her request.
"Name have I none (quoth she) nor any
being,
Bereft of both by Fate's unjust decreeing.

"I was that City, which the garland wore
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
By Roman Victors, which it won of yore;
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in mine own ashes, as you see:
Ver'lam I was; what boots it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and wasteful grass?"

"O vain world's glory, and unsteadfast state
Of all that lives on face of sinful earth!
Which, from their first until their utmost
date,
Taste no one hour of happiness or mirth;
But like as at the ingate of their birth
They crying creep out of their mother's
womb,
So wailing back, go to their woful tomb.

"Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of
breath,
Hunt after honour and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring death,
With so great labour and long lasting pain,
As if his days for ever should remain?
Sith all, that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapour vanish, and decay.

"Look back, who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become:
Where be those learnèd wits and antique
sages,
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum?
Where those great warriors, which did over-
come [main,
The world with conquest of their might and
And made one meare of th' earth and of their
rayne?"

"What now is of th' Assyrian Lioness,
Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
What of the Persian Bear's outrageousness,
Whose memory is quite worn out with years?"

Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought
hears,
That over-ran the East with greedy pow'r,
And left his whelps their kingdoms to
devour?"

"And where is that same great seven-headed
Beast,
That made all nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feet at her behest,
And in the neck of all the world did ride?
Where doth she all that wondrous wealth
now hide? [lies,
With her own weight down pressèd now she
And by her heaps her hugeness testifies.

"O Rome, thy ruin I lament and rue,
And in thy fall my fatal overthrow,
That why'ome was, whilst heavens with
equal view
Deign'd to behold me and their gifts bestow,
The picture of thy pride in pompous show:
And of the whole world as thou wast the
Empress,
So I of this small Northern world was
Princess.

To tell the beauty of my buildings fair,
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 believe,
And, with rehearsing, would me more
aggrieve.

"High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepul-
chres,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries;
All those (O pity!) now are turn'd to dust,
And overgrown with black oblivion's rust.

"Thereto for warlike power, and people's
store,
In Britanny was none to match with me,
That many often did aby full sore:
Ne Troynovant, though elder sister she,
With my great forces might comparèd be;
That stout Pendragon to his peril felt,
Who in a siege seven years about me dwelt.

"But long ere this, Bunduca, Britonness
Her mighty host against my bulwarks
brought,
Fanduca, that victorious conqueress,

That, lifting up her brave heroic thought
 'Bove women's weakness, with the Romans
 fought,
 Fought, and in field against them thrice
 prevailed;
 Yet was she foil'd, when as she me assail'd.

"And though at last by force I conquer'd
 were
 Of hardy Saxons, and became their thrall;
 Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full
 dear,
 And priced with slaughter of their General;
 The monument of whose sad funeral,
 For wonder of the world, long in me lasted;
 But now to nought through spoil of time is
 wasted.

'Wasted it is, as if it never were;
 And all the rest, that me so honour'd made
 And of the world admir'd ev'ry where,
 Is turn'd to smoke that doth to nothing
 fade;
 And of that brightness now appears no
 shade,
 But grisly shades, such as do haunt in hell
 With fearful fiends, that in deep darkness
 dwell.

"Where my high steeples whylome used to
 stand,
 On which the lordly falcon wont to tow'r,
 There now is but a heap of lime and sand
 For the shrive owle to build her baleful
 bow'r: [pour
 And where the nightingale wont forth to
 Her restless plaints, to comfort wakeful
 lovers, [plover.
 There now haunt yelling mews and whining

"And where the crystal Thamis wont to
 slide
 In silver channel, down along the lea,
 About whose flow'ry banks on either side
 A thousand Nymphs, with mirthful jollity,
 Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
 There now no river's course is to be seen,
 But moorish fens, and marshes ever green.

"Seems, that that gentle river for great grief,
 Of my mishaps, which oft I to him plain'd;
 Or for to shun the horrible mischief,
 With which he saw my cruel foes me pain'd,
 And his pure streams with guiltless blood
 oft stain'd;
 From my unhappy neighbourhood far fled,
 And his sweet waters away with him led.

"There also, where the winged ships were
 seen
 In liquid waves to cut their foamy way,
 And thousand fishers numb'rd to have been,
 In that wide lake looking for pious prey
 Of fish, which they with baits used to betray,
 Is now no lake, nor any fisher's store,
 Nor ever ship shall sail there any more.

"They all are gone, and all with them is
 gone!
 Ne ought to me remains, but to lament
 My long decay, which no man else doth
 moan,
 And mourn my fall with doleful dreriment.
 Yet it is 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 shedeth tears from lamentable eye:
 Nor any lives that mentioneth my name
 To be remembered of posterity,
 Save One that, maugre Fortune's injury,
 And Time's decay, and Envy's cruel tort,
 Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

"Camden! the nourice of antiquity,
 And lantern unto late succeeding age,
 To see the light of simple verity
 Buried in ruins, through the great outrage
 Of her own people led with warlike rage:
 Camden! though Time all monuments ob-
 scure,
 Yet thy just labours ever shall endure.

"But why (unhappy wight!) do I thus cry,
 And grieve that my remembrance quite is
 razed
 Out of the knowledge of posterity,
 And all my antique monuments defaced?
 Sith I do daily see things highest placed,
 So soon as Fates their vital thread have
 shorn,
 Forgotten quite as they were never born.

"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 sue to gain his grace;
 Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
 Sate in the bosom of his Sovereign,
 And *Right and Loyal*† did his word main-
 tain.

* Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

† *Right and Loyal*. Leicester's motto.

"I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the mean people, and brought forth can
bier;

I saw him die, and no man left to moan
His doleful fate, that late him lovèd dear:
Scarce any left to close his eyelids near;
Scarce any left upon his lips to lay
The sacred sod, or requiem tosay.

"O trustless state of miserable men,
That build your bliss on hope of earthly
thing,
And vainly think yourselves half happy
t'ien,

When painted faces with smooth flattering
Do fawn on you, and your wide praises sing;
And, when the courting masker louteth low,
Him true in heart and trusty to you trow!

"All is but feignèd, and with ochre dyed,
That every shower will wash and wipe away
All things do change that under heaven
abide,

And after death all friendship doth decay.
Therefore, whatever man bear'st worldly
sway,

Living, on God and on thyself rely;
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

"He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Save what in heaven's storehouse he up-
laid:

His hope is fail'd, and come to pass his
dread,

And evil men (now dead) his deeds upbraid:
Spite bites the dead, that living never bay d.
He now is gone, the whiles the Fox is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

"He now is dead, and all his glory gone,
And all his greatness vapourèd to nought,
That as a glass upon the water shone,
Which vanish'd quite, so soon as it was
sought:

His name is worn already out of thought,
Ne any Poet seeks him to revive;
Yet many Poets honour'd him alive.

"Ne doth his Colin, careless Colin Clout,
Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise,
Ne tell his sorrow to the list'ning rout
Of shepherd grooms, which wont his songs
to praise:

Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
Until he quit him of his guilty blame:
Wake, shepherd's boy, at length awake for
shame.

"And whoso else did goodness by him gain,
And whoso else his bounteous mind did try,
Whether he shepherd be, or shepherd's
swain,

(For many did, which do it now deny,)
Awake, and to his Song a part apply:
And I, the whilst you mourn for his de-
cease,

Will with my mourning plaints your plaint
increase.

"He died, and after him his brother died,*
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peer,
That whilst he livèd was of none envied,
And dead is now, as living, counted dear,
Dear unto all that true affection bear:
But unto thee most dear, O dearest Dame,
His noble spouse and Paragon of Fame.†

"He, whilst he livèd, happy was through
thee,

And, being dead, is happy now much more;
Living, that linkèd chanced with thee to be,
And dead, because him dead thou dost adore
As living, and thy lost dear Love deplore,
So whilst that thou, fair flower of chastity,
Dost live, by thee thy Lord shall never die.

"Thy Lord shall never die, the whiles this
verse

Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever:
For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
His worthy praise and virtues dying never,
Though death his soul do from his body
sever:

And thou thyself herein shalt also live;
Such grace the heavens do to my verses
give.

"Ne shall his Sister, ne thy Father die,
Thy Father, that good Earl‡ of rare renown,
And noble Patron of weak poverty;
Whose great good deeds in country, and in
town, [crown:

Have purchased him in heaven a happy
Where he now liveth in eternal bliss,
And left his son t' ensue those steps of his.§

"He, noble Bud, his Grandsire's lively heir,
Under the shadow of thy countenance
Now 'gins to shoot up fast, and flourish fair
In learnèd arts and goodly governance,

* Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick.

† Lady Anne Russell, his wife.

‡ The Earl of Bedford.

§ To follow in his steps.

That him to highest honour shall advance.
Brave Imp of Bedford, grow apace in
bounty,
And count of wisdom more than of thy
country!

"Ne may I let thy husband's Sister die,
That goodly Lady,* sith she eke did spring
Out of his stock and famous family,
Who praises I to future age do sing;
And forth out of her happy womb did bring
The sacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heavens poured all their gifts
upon her.

"Most gentle spirit † breathed from above,
Out of the bosom of the Maker's bliss,
In whom all bounty and all virtuous love
Appear'd in their native properties,
And did enrich that noble breast of his
With treasure passing all his worldes worth.
Worthy of heaven itself which brought it
forth.

"His blessed spirit, full of power divine
And influence of all celestial grace,
Loathing this sinful earth and earthly slime,
Fled back too soon unto his native place.
Too soon for all that did his love embrace,
Too soon for all this wretched world whom
he
Robb'd of all right and true nobility.

"Yet ere his happy soul to heaven went
Out of this flesh gaol, he did devise
Unto his heavenly Maker to present
His body, as a spotless sacrifice;
And chose, that guilty hands of enemies
Should pour forth th' offering of his guilt-
less blood:
So life exchanging for his country's good.

"O noble spirit, live there ever bless'd,
The world's late wonder, and the heavens'
new joy; [tress'd
Live ever there, and leave me here dis-
With mortal cares and cumbrous world's
annoy!

But, where thou dost that happiness enjoy,
Bid me, O bid me quickly come to thee,
That happy there I may thee always see!

"Yet, whilst the Fates afford me vital
breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,

* Lady Mary Sidney, Philip Sidney's
mother.

† Sir Philip Sidney.

And sing to thee until that timely death
By heaven's doom do end my earthly days:
Thereto do thou my earthly 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
Than thine own Sister,* peerless Lady
bright, [rowing,
Which to thee sings with deep heart's sor-
Sorrowing temper'd with dear delight,
That her to hear I feel my feeble spright
Robb'd of sense, and ravish'd with joy,
O sad joy made of mourning and annoy!

"Yet will I sing; but who can better sing
Than thou thyself, thine own self's valiance,
That, whilst thou livedst, madest the forests
ring, [dance,
And fields resound, and flocks to leap and
And shepherds leave their lambs unto mis-
chance,
To run thy shrill Arcadian pipe to hear:
O happy were those days, thrice happy were I

"But now more happy thou, and wretched
we, [voice,
Which want the wonted sweetness of thy
Whiles thou now in Elysian fields so free,
With Orpheus, and with Linus and the
choice
Of all that ever did in rhymes rejoice,
Conversest, and doth hear their heavenly
lays,
And they hear thine, and thine do better
praise.

"So there thou livest, singing evermore,
And here thou livest, being ever song
Of us, which living lov'd thee afore. [through
And now thee worship mongst that blessed
Of heavenly Poets and Heroës strong.
So thou both here and there immortal art,
And everywhere through excellent desert.

"But such as neither of themselves can
sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing
Which never was, ne ever with regard
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rusty darkness ever lie,
Unless they mention'd be with infamy.

* Mary, Countess of Penbrooke.

"What booteth it to have been rich alive?
 What to be great? what to be gracious?
 When after death no token doth survive
 Of former being in this mortal house,
 But sleeps in dust dead and inglorious, [is,
 Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrils
 And hath no hope of happiness or bliss.

"How many great ones may rememb'ed be,
 Which in their days most famously did
 flourish;
 Of whom no word we hear, nor sign now see,
 But as things wiped out with sponge do
 perish,
 Because they living cared not to cherish
 No gentle wits, through pride or covetise,
 Which might their names for ever memorise!

"Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilst ye
 live,
 That of the Muses ye may friended be,
 Which unto man eternity do give;
 For they be daughters of Dame Memory
 And Jove, the father of Eternity,
 And do those men in golden thrones repose,
 Whose merits they to glorify do choose.

"The seven-fold iron gates of grisly Hell,
 And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
 They able are with power of mighty spell
 To break, and thence the souls to bring
 away
 Out of dread darkness to eternal day,
 And them immortal make which else would
 die
 In foul forgetfulness, and nameless lie.

"So whylome raised they the puissant brood
 Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merit,
 Out of the dust, to which the Oetæan wood
 Had him consumed, and spent his vital
 spirit,
 To highest heaven, where now he doth in-
 herit
 All happiness in Hebe's silver bow'r,
 Chosen to be her dearest Paramour.

"So raised they eke fair Leda's warlike
 twins,
 And interchanged life unto them lent,
 That, when th' one dies, the other then be-
 gins
 To show in heaven his brightness orient;
 And they, for pity of the sad wayment,
 Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
 Her back again to life sent for his sake.

"So happy are they, and so fortunate,
 Whom the Pierian sacred Sisters love,
 That freed from bands of implacable fate,
 And power of death, they live for aye above,
 Where mortal wrecks their bliss may not
 remove:
 But with the gods, for former virtues' meed,
 On Nectar and Ambrosia do feed.

"For deeds do die, however nobly done,
 And thoughts of men do as themselves decay:
 But wise words taught in numbers for to run,
 Recorded by the Muses, live for aye;
 Ne may with storming show'rs be washed
 away, [blast,
 Ne bitter breathing winds with harmful
 Nor age, nor envy, shall them ever waste.

"In vain do earthly Princes then, in vain,
 Seek with Pyramides, to heaven aspired;
 Or huge Colosses, built with costly pain;
 Or brazen Pillars, never to be fired;
 Or Shrines, made of the metal most desired;
 To make their memories for ever live.
 For how can mortal immortality give?

"Such one Mausolus made, the world's
 great wonder,
 But now no remnant doth thereof remain:
 Such one Marcellus, but was torn with
 thunder.
 Such one Lysippus, but is worn with rain:
 Such one King Edmund, but was rent for
 gain.
 All such vain monuments of earthly mass,
 Devour'd of Time, in time to nought do pass.

"But Fame with golden wings aloft doth fly,
 Above the reach of ruinous decay,
 And with brave plumes doth beat the azure
 sky,
 Admired of base-born men from far away:
 Then who so will with virtuous deeds aspire
 To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
 And with sweet Poets' verse be glorified.

"For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,
 Could save the son of Thetis from to die:
 But that blind Bard did him immortal make
 With verses, dipt in dew of Castaly:
 Which made the Eastern Conqueror to cry,
 O fortunate young-man whose virtue found
 So brave a trump, thy noble acts to sound.

"Therefore in this half happy I do read
 Good Melibæ, that hath a Poet got
 To sing his living praises being dead,
 Deserving never here to be forgot,

In spite of envy, that his deeds would spot :
 Since whose decease, learning lies unre-
 garded,
 And men of arms do wander unrewarded.

“ Those two be those two great calamities
 That long ago did grieve the noble spright
 Of Solomon with great indignities :
 Who whylome was alive the wisest wight.
 But now his wisdom is disprovèd quite ;
 For he, that now wields all things at his will,
 Scorns th’one and th’other in his deeper
 skill.*

“ O grief of griefs ! O gall of all good hearts !
 To see that virtue should despisèd be
 Of him, that first was raisèd for virtuous
 parts,

And now, broad spreading like an agèd tree,
 Lets none shoot up that nigh him planted be.
 O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorn’d,
 Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adorn’d !

“ O vile world’s trust ! that with such vain
 illusion

Hath so wise men bewitch’d, and overkest,
 That they see not the way of their confusion :
 O vainness ! to be added to the rest,
 That do my soul with inward grief infest :
 Let them behold the piteous fall of me,
 And in my case their own example see.

“ And who so else that sits in highest seat
 Of this world’s glory, worshippèd of all,
 Ne feareth change of time, nor fortune’s
 threat,

Let him behold the horror of my fall,
 And his own end unto remembrance call ;
 That of like ruin he may warnèd be,
 And in himself be movèd to pity me.”—

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint,
 With doleful shrieks sho vanishèd away,
 That I through inward sorrow waxen faint,
 And all astonishèd with deep dismay,
 For her departure, had no word to say ;
 But sate long time in senseless sad affright,
 Looking still, if I might of her have sight.

Which, when I missèd, having lookèd long
 My thought returnèd grievèd home again,
 Renewing her complaint with passion strong
 For ruth of that same woman’s piteous pain ;
 Whose words recording in my troubled brain,
 I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,
 That frozen horror ran through every part.

* Is this a scoff at Lord Burleigh ? If so it is
 not wonderful that he did not care for Spenser.

So inly grieving in my groaning breast,
 And deeply musing at her doubtful speech,
 Whose meaning much I laboured forth to
 wrest,

Being above my slender reason’s reach ;
 At length, by demonstration me to teach,
 Before mine eyes strange sights presented
 were,
 Like tragic Pageants seeming to appear.

I.

I Saw an Image, all of massy gold,
 Placèd on high upon an Altar fair,
 That all, which did the same from far behold,
 Might worship it, and fall on lowest stair.
 Not that great Idol might with this compare,
 To which th’ Assyrian Tyrant would have
 made

The holy brethren falsely to have pray’d.
 But th’ Altar, on the which this Image stay’d
 Was (O great pity) built of brickle clay,
 That shortly the foundation decay’d,
 With show’rs of heaven and tempests worn
 away ;

Then down it fell, and low in ashes lay,
 Scornèd of every one, which by it went
 That I, it seeing, dearly did lament.

II.

Next unto this a stately Tow’r appear’d,
 Built all of richest stone that might be found,
 And nigh unto the Heavens in height up-
 rear’d

But placèd on a plot of sandy ground :
 Not that great Tow’r, which is so much re-
 nown’d

For tongues’ confusion in Holy Writ,
 King Ninus’ work, might be comparèd to it.
 But O vain labours of terrestrial wit,
 That builds so strongly on so frail a soil,
 As with each storm does fall away, and flit,
 And gives the fruit of all your travail’s toil,
 To be the prey of Time and Fortune’s spoil !
 I saw this Tow’r fall suddenly to dust,
 That nigh with grief thereof my heart was
 brust.

III.

Then did I see a pleasant Paradise,
 Full of sweet flow’rs and daintiest delights,
 Such as on earth man could not more devise,
 With pleasures choice to feed his cheerful
 sprights :

Not that, which Merlin by his magic sleights
 Made for the gentle Squire, to entertain
 His fair Belphebe, could this garden stain.
 But O short pleasure bought with lasting
 pain !

Why will hereafter any flesh delight
In earthly bliss and joy in pleasures vain,
Since that I saw this garden wasted quite,
That where it was scarce seem'd any sight?
That I, which once that beauty did behold,
Could not from tears my melting eyes withhold.

IV.

Soon after this a Giant came in place,
Of wondrous pow'r, and of exceeding stature,
That none durst view the horror of his face,
Yet was he mild of speech, and meek of nature:

Not he, which in despite of his Creator
With railing terms defied the Jewish host,
Might with this mighty one in hugeness boast;

For from the one he could to th' other coast
Stretch his strong thighs, and th' ocean overstride,

And reach his hand into his enemies' host.
But see the end of pomp and fleshy pride!
One of his feet unwares from him did slide,
That down he fell into the deep abyss,
Where down'd with him is all his earthly bliss.

V.

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of gold,
Over the sea from one to other side,
Withouten prop or pillar it t' uphold,
But like the colour'd rainbow arch'd wide;
Not that great Arch, which Trajan edified,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equal viewing.
But (ah!) what boots it to see earthly thing
In glory, or in greatness to excel,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruin bring?
This goodly Bridge, one foot not fast'ned well,

Gan fail, and all the rest down shortly fell,
Ne of so brave a building ought remain'd,
That grief thereof my spirit greatly pain'd.

VI.

I saw two Bears, as white as any milk,
Lying together in a mighty cave,
Of mild aspect, and hair as soft as silk,
That savage nature seem'd not to have,
Nor after greedy spoil of blood to crave;
Two fairer beasts might not elsewhere be found,
Although the compass'd world were sought around.

But what can long abide above this ground
In state of bliss or steadfast happiness?

The Cave, in which these Bears lay sleeping
sound

Was but of earth, and with her weightiness
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppress:
That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all world's felicity I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heavy
spright,

At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereav'd quite,
And I in mind remain'd sore aghast,
Distraught twixt fear and pity; when at last
I heard a voice, which loudly to me call'd,
That with the sudden shrill I was appall'd.
Behold (said it) and by ensample see,
That all is vanity and grief of mind,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclined;

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 spied.

I.

UPON that famous River's other shore,
There stood a snowy Swan of heavenly hue,
And gentle kind, as ever Fowl aforesaid;
A fairer one in all the goodly crew
Of white Strymonian brood might no man view:

There he most sweetly sung the prophecy
Of his own death in doleful Elegy.
At last, when all this mourning melody
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,

Feeling the fit that him forewarn'd to die,
With lofty flight above the earth he bounded,
And out of sight to highest heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly sign;
There now the joy is his, here sorrow mine.

II.

Whilst thus I look'd, lo I down the Lea
I saw an Harp strung all with silver twine,
And made of gold and costly ivory,
Swimming, that whylome seem'd to have been

The Harp, on which Dan Orpheus was seen
Wild beasts and forests after him to lead,
But was th' Harp of Philisides now dead.
At length out of the river it was rear'd
And borne above the clouds to be divin'd,*
Whilst all the way most heavenly noise was heard

* Made divine.

Of the strings, stirrèd with the warbling
wind,
That wrought both joy and sorrow in my
mind :
So now in heaven a sign it doth appear,
The Harp well known beside the Northern
Bear.

III.

Soon after this I saw on th' other side,
A curious Coffèr made of ebon wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser world's good :
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almost drownèd was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much grievèd my pensive
thought.

At length, when most in peril it was brought,
Two Angels, down descendìng with swift
flight,

Out of the swelling stream it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessèd arms it carried quite
Above the reach of any living sight :
So now it is transform'd into that star,
In which all heavenly treasures lockèd are.

IV.

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,
Adornèd all with costly cloth of gold,
That night for any Prince's couch be read,
And deck'd with dainty flow'rs, as if it should
Be for some Bride, her joyous night to hold :
Therein a goodly Virgin sleeping lay ;
A fairer wight saw never summer's day.
I heard a voice that callèd far away,
And her awaking bade her quickly dight,
For lo ! her Bridegroom was in ready ray
To come to her, and seek her love's delight :
With that she started up with cheerful sight,
When suddenly both Bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

V.

Still as I gazèd, I beheld where stood
A Knight all arm'd, upon a wingèd steed,
Th' same that bred was of Medusa's blood,
On which Dan Perseus, born of heavenly
seed,

The fair Andromeda from peril freed :
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That streams of blood forth flowèd on the
grass :

Yet was he deck'd (small joy to him alas !)
With many garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoils, which late he did pur-
chase

Through brave achievements from his ene-
mies :

Fainting at last through long infirmities,
He smote his steed, that straight to heaven
him bore,
And left me here his loss for to deplore.

VI.

Lastly I saw an Ark of purest gold
Upon a brazen pillar standing high,
Which th' ashes seem'd of some great Prince
to hold.

Enclosed therein for endless memory
Of him, whom all the world did glorify :
Seemèd the heavens with th' earth did dis-
agree,

Whether should of those ashes keeper be.
At last me seem'd wing-footed Mercury,
From heaven descending to appease their
strife,

The Ark did bear with him above the sky,
And to those ashes gave a second life,
To live in heaven, where happiness is rife :
At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.*

L'ENVOY.

Immortal spirit of Philisides,
Which now art made the heaven's ornament,
That whylome was the world's chief'st riches ;
Give leave to him that loved thee to lament
His loss, by lack of thee to heaven hent,
And with last duties of this broken verse,
Broken with sighs, to deck thy sable Hearse !
And ye, fair Lady ! 'th honour of your days,
And glory of the world, your high thoughts
scorn ;

Vouchsafe this monument of his last praise
With some few silver-dropping tears t'
adorn ;

And as ye be of heavenly offspring born,
So unto heaven let your high mind aspire,
And loathe this dross of sinful world's de-
sire !

* The whole of this beautiful passage is a lament for his dear friend Sidney. The swan is an image of Sidney's pure life ; the harp of his poetical talent ; the "coffer of precious treasure," his soul. The call of the bridegroom needs no explanation ; nor the death of 'the brave night in battle, which was Sidney's fate. The ark of purest gold, and the ashes that had a second life, relate surely to the final resurrection of the body.

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

1591.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY STRANGE.*

MOST brave and noble Lady; the things, that make ye so much honoured of the world as ye be, are such, as (without my simple lines' testimony) are thoroughly known to all men; namely, your excellent beauty, your virtuous behaviour, and your noble match with that most honourable Lord, the very pattern of right Nobility: But the causes, for which ye have thus deserved of me to be honoured, (if honour it be at all,) are, both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinity, which it hath pleased your Ladyship to acknowledge. Of which whenas I found myself in no part worthy, I devised this last slender

means, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladyship, and also to make the same universally known to the world; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honour you. Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of yourself, yet such, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof ye may hereafter call out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts. So recommending the same to your Ladyship's good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your La: humbly ever.

ED. SP.

REHEARSE to me, ye Sacred sisters nine,
The golden brood of great Apolló's wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorrowful sad
tine,

Which late ye pourèd forth as ve did sit
Beside the silver springs of Helicon,
Making your music of heart-breaking moan!
For since the time that Phœbus' foolish son
Ythunderèd, through Jove's avengeful wrath,
For traversing the chariot of the Sun
Beyond the compass of his 'pointed path,
Of you his mournful Sisters was lamented,
Such mournful tunes were never since in-
vented.

* Lady Strange was Alice, the sixth daughter of Sir John Spencer; she married Ferdinand, Lord Strange, who became by his father's death Sir Thomas Egerton, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. For this lady, Milton wrote the "Arcades;" it was performed at her house by the children of the Earl of Bridgewater, who was her stepson, and married her daughter, Lord Derby's child. For the children of Lord Bridgewater "Comus" was also composed. In this dedication Spenser claims the lady as his relative.

Nor since that fair Calliope did lose
Her lovèd Twins, the darlings of her joy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes,
The Fatal Sisters, did for spite destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewail long space;
Was ever heard such wailing in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly
noises [sound,
Of their sweet instruments were wont to
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver
voices
Were wont redoubled echoes to rebound.
Did now redound with nought but rueful
cries,
And yelling shrieks thrown up into the skies.

The trembling streams which wont in chan-
nels clear

To rumble gently down with murmur soft,
And were by them right tuneful taught to
bear,

A base's part amongst their concerts oft;
Now, forced to overflow with brackish tears,
With troublous noise did dull their dainty
ears.

The joyous Nymphs and lightfoot Faeries
Which thither came to hear their music
sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learn to move their nimble-shifting feet;
Now, hearing them so heavily lament,
Like heavily lamenting from they went.

And all that else was wont to work delight
Through the divine infusion of their skill,
And all that else seem'd fair and fresh in
sight,
So made by nature for to serve their will,
Was turn'd now to dismal heaviness,
Was turn'd now to dreadful ugliness.

Ay me! what thing on earth that all thing
breeds,
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What fury, or what fiend, with felon deeds
Hath stirr'd up so mischievous despite?
Can grief then enter into heavenly hearts,
And pierce immortal breasts with mortal
smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom only it concerns,
To me those secret causes to display;
For none but you, or who of you it learns,
Can rightfully aread so doleful lay.
Begin, thou eldest Sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensue.

CLIO.

HEAR, thou great Father of the gods on
high, [darts;
That most are dreaded for thy thunder
And thou our Sire, that reign'st in Castaly
And Mount Parnasse, the god of goodly
Arts:

Hear, and behold the miserable state
Of us thy daughters, doleful desolate.

Behold the foul reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day unto us wrought
By such as bate the honour of our name.
The foes of learning and each gentle thought;
They, not contented us themselves to scorn,
Do seek to make us of the world forlorn.

Ne only they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sons of darkness and of ignorance;
But they, whom thou, great Jove, by doom
unjust
Didst to the type of honour erst advance;
They now, puff'd up with 'sdainful insolence,
Despise the brood of bless'd Sapience.

The sectaries of my celestial skill,
That wont to be the world's chief ornament,
And learn'd lumps that wont to shoot up
still, [ment,
And grow to height of kingdoms' govern-
They underkeep, and with their spreading
arms [harms.
Do beat their buds, that perish through their

It most behoves the honourable race
Of mighty Peers true wisdom to sustain,
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learn'd foreheads, without gilts or gain:
Or rather learn'd themselves behoves to be;
That is the garland of Nobility.

But (ah!) all otherwise they do esteem
Of th' heavenly gift of wisdom's influence,
And to be learn'd it a base thing deem;
Base minded they that want intelligence:
For God Himself for wisdom most is
praised,
And men to God thereby are nightest raised.

But they do only strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanity;
In th' eyes of people they put all their
praise,
And only boast of Arms and Ancestry:
But virtuous deeds, which did those arms
first give
To their grandsires, they care not to achieve.

So I, that do all noble feats profess
To register, and sound in trump of gold;
Through their bad doings, or base slothful-
ness,
Find nothing worthy to be writ, or told:
For better far it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their
blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light
Of things forepast, nor monuments of time;
And all that in this world is worthy high
Shall die in darkness, and lie hid in slime!
Therefore I mourn with deep heart's sor-
rowing,
Because I nothing noble have to sing.—

With that she rain'd such store of streaming
tears,
That could have made a stony heart to
weep;
And all her Sisters rent their golden hairs,
And their fair faces with salt humour steep.

So ended she; and then the next anew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth ensue.

MELPOMENE.

O! WHO shall pour into my swollen eyes
A sea of tears that never may be dried,
A brazen voice that may with shrilling cries
Pierce the dull heavens and fill the æther
wide,

And iron sides that sighing may endure,
To wail the wretchedness of world impure?

Ah! wretched world, the den of wicken-
ness.

Deform'd with filth and foul iniquity;
Ah! wretched world, the house of heaviness,

Fill'd with the wrecks of mortal misery;
Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein,
The vassals of God's wrath, and slaves to
sin.

Most miserable creature under sky
Man without Understanding doth appear;
For all the world's affliction he thereby.
And Fortune's freaks, is wisely taught to
bear:

Of wretched life the only joy She is,
And th' only comfort in calamities.

She arms the breast with constant patience
Against the bitter throws of Dolour's darts:
She solaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midst of worldly
smarts: [merry,
When he is sad, she seeks to make him
And doth refresh his sprights when they be
weary.

But he that is of reason's skill bereft,
And wants the staff of wisdom him to stay,
Is like a ship in midst of tempest left
Withouten helm or pilot her to sway:
Full sad and dreadful is that ship's event;
So is the man that wants intendment.

Why then do foolish me so much despise
The precious store of this celestial riches?
Why do they banish us that patronise
The name of learning? Most unhappy
wretches!

The which lie drownèd in deep wretched-
ness,

Yet do not see their own unhappiness.

My part it is and my professèd skill
The Stage with Tragic Buskin to adorn,

And fill the Scene with plaint and outcries
shrill

Of wretched persons, to misfortune born:
But none more tragic matter I can find
Than this, of men deprived of sense and
mind.

For all man's life me seems a tragedy,
Full of sad sights and sore catastrophies;
First coming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his days, like dolorous trophies,
Are heap with spoils of Fortune and of fear
And he at last laid forth on baleful bier.

So all with rueful spectacles is filled,
Fit for Magæra or Persephone;
But I that in true tragedies am skill'd,
The flow'r of wit, find nought to busy me:
Therefore I mourn and pitifully moan,
Because that mourning matter I have none.—

Then gan she wofully to wail, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise;
And all her Sisters, thereto answering,
Threw forth loud shrieks and dreary doleful
cries.

So rested she: and then the next in row
Began her grievous plaint as doth ensue.

THALIA.

WHERE be the sweet delights of learning's
treasure,

That wont with Comic sock to beautify
The painted Theatres, and fill with pleasure
The list'ners eyes and ears with melody;
In which I late was wont to reign as Queen,
And mask in mirth with Graces well beseen?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is laid abed, and no where now to see;
And in her room unseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow brows and grisly countenance,
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarism,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of dread darkness of the deep abyss,
Where being bred, he light and heaven does
hate:

They in the minds of men now tyrannise,
And the fair scene with rudeness foul dis-
guise.

All places they with folly have possess'd,
And with vain toys the vulgar entertain;
But me have banishèd, with all the rest
That wylome wont to wait upon my train,

Fine Counterfesance, and unhurtful Sport,
Delight and Laughter, deck'd in seemly
sort.

All these, and all that else the Comic Stage
With season'd wit and goodly pleasaunce
graced,

By which man's life in his likest imàge
Was linnèd forth, are wholly now defaced ;
And those sweet wits, which wont the like
to frame, [game.
Are now despised, and made a laughing

And he, the man whom Nature' self had
made *

To mock herself, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under mimic shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah ! is dead of late :
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deadèd, and in dolour drent.

Instead thereof scoffing Scurrility,
And scornful Folly with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rhymes of shameless ribaldry
Without regard, or due Decorum kept ;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learnèd's task upon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar
flow,

Scorning the boldness of such base-born
men,

Which dare their follies forth so rashly
throw ;

Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himself to mockery to sell.

So am I made the servant of the many,
And laughing stock of all that list to scorn ;
Not honourèd nor carèd for of any,
But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorn :
Therefore I mourn, and sorrow with the rest
Until my cause of sorrow be redress'd.—

Therewith she loudly did lament and shriek,
Pouring forth streams of tears abundantly ;
And all her Sisters, with compassion like,
The breaches of her singulds did supply.
So rested she : and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

EUTERPE.

LIKE as the darling of the Summer's pride,
Fair Philomel, when Winter's stormy wrath

* Shakespeare, who had probably not written
anything very lately.

The goodly fields, that erst so gay were dyed
In colours diverse, quite despoilèd hath,
All comfortless doth hide her cheerless head
During the time of that her widowhead :

So we, that erst were wont in sweet accord
All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
Whilst favourable times did us afford
Free liberty to chant our charms at will ;
All comfortless upon the barèd bough,
Like woful culvers, do sit wailing now.

For far more bitu. storm than winter's
stowre

The beauty of the world hath lately wasted,
And those fresh buds, which wont so fair to
flow'r,

Hath marr'd quite, and all their blossoms
blasted :

And these young plants, which wont with
fruit t' abound,

Now without fruit or leaves are to be found.

A stony coldness hath benumb'd the sense
And lively spirits of each living wight,
And dimm'd with darkness their intelligen'ce,
Darkness more than Cimmerian's daily
night :

And monstrous Error, flying in the air,
Hath marr'd the face of all that seemèd fair.

Image of hellish horror, Ignorance,
Born in the bosom of the black abyss,
And fed with Furies' milk for sustenance
Of his weak infancy, begot amiss
By yawning Sloth on his own mother Night ;
So he his son's both sire and brother light.

He, arm'd with blindness and with boldness
stout, [faced ;

(For blind, is bold,) hath our fair light de-
And, gathering unto him a ragged rout

Of Fauns and Satyrs, hath our dwellings
razed ; [reign'd,

And our chaste bowers, in which all virtue
With brutishness and beastly filth hath
stain'd.

The sacred springs of horsefoot Helicon,
So oft bedewèd with our learnèd lays,
And speaking streams of pure Castalian,
The famous witness of our wonted praise,
They trampled have with their foul footings'
trade,* [made.

And like to troubled puddles have them

* Tread—altered for the rhyme.

Our pleasant groves, which planted were
with pains,
That with our music wont so oft to ring,
And arbours sweet, in which the shepherds'
swains
Were wont so oft their Pastorals to sing,
They have cut down, and all their pleasance
marr'd,
That now no Pastoral is to be hard.*

Instead of them, foul goblins and shriek-
owls
With fearful howling do all places fill ;
And feeble Echo now laments, and howls,
The dreadful accents of their outcries shrill.
So all is turnèd into wilderness,
Whilst Ignorance the Muses doth oppress.

And I, whose joy was erst with spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft,
(My spirits now dismay'd with sorrow dull,
Do moan my misery with silence soft,
Therefore I mourn and wail incessantly,
Till please the heavens afford me remedy.—

Therewith she wailèd with exceeding woe,
And piteous lamentation did make ;
And all her Sisters, seeing her do so,
With equal plaints her sorrow did partake.
So rested she : and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

TERPSICHORE.

Whoso hath in the lap of soft Delight
Been long time lull'd, and fed with plea-
sures sweet, [tune's spite
Fearless through his own fault or For-
To tumble into sorrow and regret,
If chance him fall into calamity,
Finds greater burthen of his misery.

So we that erst in joyance did abound,
And in the bosom of all bliss did sit,
Like Virgin Queens, with laurel garlands
crown'd,
For virtue's meed and ornament of wit ;
Sith Ignorance our Kingdom did confound,
Be now become most wretched wights on
ground,

And in our royal thrones, which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath plac'd his accurs'd brood,
By him begotten of foul Infamy ;

* Heard—altered for rhyme.

Blind Error, scornful Folly, and base Spite,
Who hold by wrong that we should have by
right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
And make them merry with their fooleries ;
They cheerly chant, and rhymes at random
fling,
The fruitful spawn of their rank fantasies ;
They feed the ears of fools with flattery,
And good men blame, and losels magnify.

All places they do with their toys possess,
And reign in liking of the multitude ;
The Schools they fill with fond new-fangle-
ness, [rude ;
And sway in Court with pride and rashness
Mongst simple Shepherds they do boast
their skill, [quill,
And say their music matcheth Phæbus'

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but
vain ; [impure,
Fair Ladies' loves they spot with thoughts
And gentle minds with lewd delights disdain ;
Clerks they to loathly idleness entice,
And fill their books with discipline of vice.

So everywhere they rule, and tyrannise,
For their usurp'd kingdom's maintenance,
The whiles we silly Maids, whom they des-
pise
And with reproachful scorn dis-countenance,
From our own native heritage exiled,
Walk through the world of every one reviled.

Nor any one doth care to call us in,
Or one vouchsafeth us to entertain,
Unless some one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pity's sake, compassion our pain,
And yield us some relief in this distress ;
Yet to be so relieved is wretchedness.

So wander we all careful comfortless,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all ;
So seek we help our sorrow to redress,
Yet none vouchsafes to answer to our call ;
Therefore we mourn and pitiless complain,
Because none living pitieth our pain.—

With that she wept and wofully waymented'
That naught on earth her grief might pacify'
And all the rest her doleful din augmented
With shrieks, and groans, and grievous
agony.

So ended she : and then the next in rew
Began her piteous plaint, as doth ensue.

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits ! breathing from above,
Where ye in Venns' silver bow'r were bred,
Thoughts half divine, full of the fire of love,
With beauty kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in security possess,
Forgetful of your former heaviness ;

Now change the tenor of your joyous lays,
With which ye use your loves to deify.
And blazon forth an earthly beauty's praise
Above the compass of the archèd sky :
Now change your praises into piteous cries,
And Eulogies turn into Elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter
 stounds
Of raging love first gan you to torment,
And lance your hearts with lamentable
 wounds
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your Loves did take you unto grace ;
Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I that rule, in measure moderate,
The tempest of that stormy passion,
And use to paint in rhymes the troublous
 state
Of lovers' life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindly skill,
Banish'd by those that Love with lewdness
 fill.

Love wont to be schoolmaster of my skill,
And the deviceful matter of my song ;
Sweet Love devoid of villainy or ill,
But pure and spotless, as at first he sprong
Out of th' Almighty's bosom, where he nests ;
From thence infused into mortal breasts.

Such high conceit of that celestial fire,
The base-born brood of Blindness cannot
 guess,
Ne ever dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Unto so lofty pitch of perfectness,
But rhyme at riot, and do rage in love ;
Yet little wot what doth thereto behove.

Fair Cytheree, the mother of Delight,
And queen of Beauty, now thou mayst go
 pack ;
For lo ! thy Kingdom is defacèd quite,
Thy sceptre rent, and power put to wrack ;
And thy gay son, the wingèd god of Love,
May now go prune his plumes like ruffèd
 dove.

And ye three Twins, to light by Venu
 brought,
The sweet companions of the Muses late,
From whom whatever thing is goodly
 thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancy to aggrate ;
Go beg with us, 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 School :
For that, which was accounted heretofore
The learnèd's meed, is now lent to the fool ;
He sings of love, and maketh loving lays,
And they him hear, and they him highly
 praise.—

With that she pourèd forth a brackish flood
Of bitter tears, and made exceeding moan ;
And all her Sisters, seeing her sad mood,
With loud laments her answer'd all at one.
So ended she : and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensue.

CALLIOPE

To whom shall I my evil case complain,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedy my pain,
Or deigns to pity a perplexèd heart ;
But rather seeks my sorrow to augment
With foul reproach, and cruel banishment !

For they, to whom I usèd to apply
The faithful service of my learnèd skill,
The goodly offspring of Jove's progeny,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill ;
Whose living praises in heroic style,
It is my chief profession to compile ;

They, all corrupted through the rust of time,
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through un noble sloth, or sinful crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race ;
Have both desire of worthy deeds forlorn,
And name of learning utterly do scorn.

Ne do they care to have the ancestry
Of th' old Heroës memorized anew ;
Ne do they care that late posterity
Should know their names, or speak their
 praises due,
But die forgot from whence at first they
 sprong,
As they themselves shall be forgot ere long.

What boots it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bred ?
What odds twixt Irus and old Inachus,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are
 dead ;

If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake ?

Or who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in virtue others to excel ;
If none should yield him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well ?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodness of his own
freewill.

Therefore the Nurse of Virtue I am hight,
And golden Trumpet of Eternity,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heaven's
height,

And mortal men have pow'r to deify :
Bacchus and Hercules I raised to heaven,
And Charlemagne amongst the starris seven.

But now I will my golden clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more ;
Sith I no more find worthy to commend
For prize of value, or for learnèd lore :
For noble Peers, whom I was wont to raise,
Now only seek for pleasure, nought for
praise.

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they
may spare ;

And the rich fee, which Poets wont divide,
Now Parasites and Sycophants do share :
Therefore I mourn and endless sorrow make,
Both for myself and for my Sisters' sake.—

With that she loudly gan to wail and shriek,
And from her eyes a sea of tears did pour ;
And all her Sisters, with compassion like,
Did more increase the sharpness of her
show'r.

So ended she : and then the next in rew
Began her plaint, as doth herein ensue.

URANIA.

WHAT wr. th of gods, or wicked influence
Of stars conspiring wretched men t' afflict,
Hath pour'd on earth this noyous pestilence,
That mortal minds doth inwardly infect
With love of blindness and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkness without sovenaunce ?

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
When th' heavenly light of Knowledge is
put out,

And th' ornaments of Wisdom are bereft ?
Then wand'reth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger he is in,
Through flesh's frailty and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they, wretches,
stray,
It is the only comfort which they have,
It is their light, their loadstar, and their day ;
But hell, and darkness, and the grisly grave,
Is Ignorance, the enemy of Grace,
That minds of men born heavenly doth
debase.

Through Knowledge we behold the world's
creation,
How in his cradle first he fost' red was ;
And judge of Nature's cunning operation,
How things she formèd of a formless mass :
By Knowledge we do learn ourselves to
know,
And what to man, and what to God, we owe.

From hence we mount aloft unto the sky,
And look into the crystal firmament ;
There we behold the heaven's great Hier-
archy,
The Stars' pure light, the Spheres' swift
movement,
The Spirits and Intelligences fair,
And Angels waiting on th' Almighty's chair.

And there, with humble mind and high in-
sight,
Th' Eternal Maker's majesty we view,
His love, His truth, His glory, and His
might,

And mercy more than mortal men can view.
O sovereign Lord, O sovereign happiness,
To see Thee, and Thy mercy measureless !

Such happiness have they, that do embrace
The precepts of my heavenly discipline ;
But shame and sorrow and accursèd case
Have they, that scorn the school of Arts
divine,

And banish me, which do profess the skill
To make men heavenly wise through
humbled will.

However yet they me despise and spite,
I feed on sweet contentment of my thought,
And, please myself with mine own self de-
light,

In contemplation of things heavenly
wrought :

So, loathing earth, I look up to the sky,
And, being driven hence, I thither fly.

Thence I behold the misery of men,
Which want the bliss that Wisdom would
them breed,
And like brute beasts do lie in loathsome den
Of ghostly darkness, and of ghostly dread :

For whom I mourn, and for myself complain,
And for my Sisters eke whom they disdain.—

With that she wept and wail'd so piteously,
As if her eyes had been two springing wells ;
And all the rest, her sorrow to supply,
Did throw forth shrieks and cries and dreary
yells.

So ended she ; and then the next in rew
Began her mournful plaint, as doth ensue.

POLYHYMNIA.

A DOLEFUL case desires a doleful song,
Without vain art or curious compliments ;
And squalid Fortune, into baseness flong,
Doth scorn the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fittest are these ragged rhymes for me,
To tell my sorrows that exceeding be.

For the sweet numbers and melodious mea-
sures,

With which I wont the wingèd words to tie,
And make a tuneful Diapose of pleasures,
Now being let to run at liberty
By those which have no skill to rule them
right,

Have now quite lost their natural delight.

Heaps of huge words upboarded hideously,
With horrid sound though having little sense,
They think to be chief praise of Poëtry ;
And, thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have marr'd the face of goodly Poësy,
And made a monster of their fantasy.

Whylome in ages past none might profess
But Princes and high Priests that secret
skill ;

The sacred laws therein they wont express,
And with deep Oracles their verses fill :
Then was she held in sovereign dignity,
And made the nursling of Nobility.

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her
maintain,

But suffer her profanèd for to be
Of the base vulgar, that with hands unclean

Dares to pollute her hidden mystery ;
And treadeth under foot her holy things,
Which was the care of Kaisers and of Kings.

One only lives, her age's-ornament,
And mirror of her Maker's majesty,
That with rich bounty, and dear cherish-
ment,

Supports the praise of noble Poësy ;
Ne only favours them which it profess.
But is herself a peerless Poetess.*

Most Peerless-Prince, most peerless Poetess,
The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,
Divine Elisa, sacred Emperress !
Live she for ever, and her royal p'laces
Be fill'd with praises of divinest wits,
That her eternize with their heavenly writs !

Some few beside this sacred skill esteem,
Admirers of her glorious excellence ;
Which, being light'ned with her beauty's
beam ;

Are thereby fill'd with happy influence ;
And lifted up above the world's gaze,
To sing with Angels her immortal praise.

But all the rest, as born of savage brood,
And having been with acorns always fed ;
Can no whit savour this celestial food,
But with base thoughts are into blindness
led,

And kept from looking on the lightsome
day :

For whom I wail and weep all that I may.—

Eftsoones such stores of tears she forth did
pour,

As if she all to water would have gone ;
And all her Sisters, seeing her sad stowre,
Did weep and wail, and made exceeding
moan,

And all their learnèd instruments did break :
The rest untold no living tongue can speak.

* Elizabeth.

VIRGIL'S GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD, THE EARL OF LEICESTER,

LATE DECEASED. 1591.

WRONG'D, yet not daring to express my pain.
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In cloudy tears my case I thus complain
Unto yourself, that only privy are.

But if that any Œdipus unware [spright,
Shall chance, through power of some divining
To read the secret of this riddle rare,

And know the purport of my evil plight ;
Let him rest pleased with his own insight,
Ne further seek to gloss upon the text :
For grief enough it is to grievèd wight
To feel his fault, and not be further vex'd.

But what so by myself may not be shown,
May by this Gnat's complaint be easily known.

WE now have play'd, Augustus, wantonly,
Turning our songs unto a tender muse,
And, like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
Have only play'd : let thus much then excuse

This Gnat's small poem, that th' whole history

Is but a jest, though envy it abuse : [blame,
But who such sports and sweet delights doth
Shall lighter seem than this Gnat's idle
name.

II.

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 poesy :
The golden offspring of Latona pure,
And ornament of great Jove's progeny,
Phœbus, shall be the author of my song,
Playing on ivory harp with silver strong.*

II.

He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood
Of poet's prince, whether he wonne beside
Fair Xanthus sprinkled with Chimæra's
blood ;

Or in the woods of Astery abide ; [brood,
Or whereas mount Parnasse, the muses'
Doth his broad forehead like two horns
divide,

And the sweet waves of sounding Castaly
With liquid foot doth slide down easily.

* Strung.

IV.

Wherefore ye sisters, which the glory be
Of the Pierian streams, fair Naiades,
Go too ; and dancing all in company,
Adorn that god : and thou holy Pales,
To whom the honest care of husbandry
Returneth by continual success,
Have care for to pursue his footing light
Through the wide woods, and groves, with
green leaves dight.

V.

Professing thee I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forest wide and starry sky :
And thou, most dread Octavius, which oft
To learnèd wits giv'st courage worthilv,
O come, thou sacred Child, come sliding
soft,
And favour my beginnings graciously :
For not these leaves do sing that dreadful
stound, [ground.
When giants' blood did stain Phlegrean

VI.

Nor how th' half horsey people, Centaurs
hight,
Fought with the bloody Lapithæas at board ;
Nor how the East with tyrannous despite
Burnt th' Attic tow'rs, and people slew with
sword ; [might
Nor how mount Athos through exceeding
Was diggèd down ; nor iron bands aboard
The Pontic sea, by their huge navy cast ;
My volume shall renown, so long since past.

VII.

Nor Hellepont trampled with horses' feet,
When flocking Persians did the Greeks
affray:

But my soft muse, as for her power more
meed, [play
Delights (with Phœbus' friendly leave) to
An easy running verse with tender feet.
And thou, dread sacred Child, to thee alway
Let everlasting lightsome glory strive,
Through the world's endless ages to survive.

VIII.

And let an happy room remain for thee
Mongst heavenly ranks, where blessed souls
do rest;

And let long lasting life with joyous glee,
As thy due meed that thou deservest best,
Hereafter many years rememb' red be
Amongst good men, of whom thou oft art
blest;

Live thou for ever in all happiness!
But let us turn to our first business.

IX.

The fiery sun was mounted now on height
Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each
where

Out of his golden charet glistering light;
And fair Aurora, with her rosy hair,
The hateful darkness now had put to flight;
When as the shepherd, seeing day appear,
His little goats gan drive out of their stalls,
To feed abroad, where pasture best befalls.

X.

To an high mountain's top he with them
went, [hills:
Where thickest grass did clothe the open
They now amongst the woods and thickets
ment,

Now in the valleys wand'ring at their wills,
Spread themselves far abroad through each
descent; [fills;

Some on the soft green grass feeding their
Some, clamb'ring through the hollow cliffs
on high, [by.

Nibble the bushy shrubs which grow there-

XI.

Others the utmost boughs of trees do crop,
And browse the woodbine twigs that freshly
bud;

This with full bite doth catch the utmost
top

Of some soft willow, or new growen stud;
This with sharp teeth the bramble leaves
doth lop,

And chew the tender prickles in her cud;
The whiles another high doth overlook
Her own like image in a crystal brook.

XII.

O the great happiness which shepherds have,
Who so loathes not too much the poor
estate,

With mind that ill use doth before deprave.
Ne measures all things by the costly rate
Of riotise, and semblants outward brave!
No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedy minds of covetous men,
Do ever creep into the shepherd's den.

XIII.

Ne cares he if the fleece which him arrays,
Be not twice steepèd in Assyrian dye;
Ne glistering of gold, which underlays
The summer beams, do blind his gazing eye,
Ne pictures' beauty, nor the glancing rays
Of precious stones, whence no good cometh
by;

Ne yet his cup emboss'd with imagery
Of Bœtus, or of Alcon's vanity.

XIV.

Ne aught the whelky pearls esteemeth he.
Which are from Indian seas brought far
away;

But with pure breast from careful sorrow
free,

On the soft grass his limbs doth oft display,
In sweet spring time, when flow'rs' variety
With sundry colours paints the sprinkled
lay;

There, lying all at ease from guile or spite
With pipe of fenny reeds doth him delight.

XV.

There he, lord of himself, with palm bedight:
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine,
There his milk-dropping goats be his delight,
And fruitful Pales, and the forest greer.

And darksome caves in pleasant valleys
pight,

Whereas continual shade is to be seen,
And where fresh springing wells, as crystal
neat,

Do always flow, to quench his thirsty heat.

XVI.

O! who can lead then a more happy life
Than he, that with clean mind, and heart
sincere,

No greedy riches knows nor bloody strife,
 No deadly fight of warlike fleet doth fear ;
 Ne runs in peril of foes' cruel knife,
 That in the sacred temples he may rear
 A trophy of his glittering spoils and treasure,
 Or may abound in riches above measure.

XVII.

Of him his God is worshipp'd with his
 scythe,
 And not with skill of craftsman polishèd :
 He joys in groves, and makes himself full
 blithe
 With sundry flowers in wild fields gatherèd,
 Ne frankincense he from Panchæa buy'th :
 Sweet Quiet harbours in his harmless head,
 And perfect Pleasure builds her joyous
 bow'r,
 Free from sad cares, that rich men's hearts
 devour.

XVIII.

This all his care, this all his whole endea-
 vour,
 To this his mind and senses he doth bend,
 How he may flow in quiet's matchless trea-
 sure,
 Content with any food that God doth send ;
 And how his limbs, resolved through idle
 leisure,
 Unto sweet sleep he may securely lend,
 In some cool shadow from the scorching
 heat,
 The whites his flocks their chewèd cuds do
 eat.

XIX.

O flocks, O fauns, and O ye pleasant springs
 Of Tempe, where the country nymphs are
 rife,
 Through whose not costly care each shep-
 herd sings,
 As merry notes upon his rustic fife,
 As that Acræan bard, whose fame now rings
 Through the wide world, and leads as joyful
 life ;
 Free from all troubles and from worldly
 toil,
 In which fond men do all their days tur-
 moil.

XX.

In such delights whilst thus his careless
 time
 This shepherd drives, upleaning on his bat,
 And on shrill reeds chanting his rustic
 rhyme,
 Hyperion, throwing forth his beams full hot,

Into the highest top of heaven gan climb,
 And, the world parting by an equal lot,
 Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
 As the great Ocean doth himself divide.

XXI.

Then gan the shepherd gather into one
 His straggling goats, and drave them to a
 ford,
 Whose cerule stream, rumbling in pebble
 stone,
 Crept under moss as green as any gourd.
 Now had the sun half heaven overgone,
 When he his herd back from that water-ford
 Drave, from the force of Phœbus' boiling ray,
 Into thick shadows, there themselves to lay.

XXII.

Soon as he them placed in thy sacred wood
 (O Delian goddess) saw, to which of yore
 Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus'
 brood,
 Cruel Agavè, flying vengeance sore
 Of King Nyctelius for the guilty blood,
 Which she with cursèd hands had shed
 before ;
 There she half frantic, having slain her son,
 Did shroud herself like punishment to shun.

XXIII.

Here also playing on the grassy green,
 Woodgods, and satyrs, and swift dryades,
 With many fairies oft were dancing seen.
 Not so much did Dan Orpheus repress
 The streams of Hebrus with his songs, I
 ween,
 As that fair troop of woody goddesses
 Stay'd thee, O Peneus, pouring forth to thee,
 From cheerful looks, great mirth and glad-
 some glee.

XXIV.

The very nature of the place, resounding
 With gentle murmur of the breathing air,
 A pleasant bow'r with all delight abounding
 In the fresh shadow did for them prepare,
 To rest their limbs with weariness redound-
 ing.
 For first the high palm-trees with branches
 fair
 Out of the lowly valleys did arise,
 And shoot up their heads into the skies.

XXV.

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew,
 Wicked, for holding guilefully away
 Ulysses' men, whom rapt with sweetness
 new,
 Taking to host, it quite from him did stay ;

And eke those trees, in whose transformèd
hue
The Sun's sad daughters wail'd the rash
decay
Of Phaeton, whose limbs with lightening
rent
They gathering up, with sweet tears did
lament.

XXVI.

And that same tree, in which Demophoon,
By his disloyalty lamented sore,
Eternal hurt left unto many one :
Whom als accompanied the oak, of yore
Through fatal charms transform'd to such
an one ;
The oak, whose acorns were our food, before
That Ceres' seed of mortal men were known
Which first Triptoleme taught how to be
sown.

XXVII.

Here also grew the rougher-rinded pine,
The great Argoan ship's brave ornament,
Whom golden fleece did make an heavenly
sign ;
Which coveting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountains touch the stars
divine,
Decks all the forests with embellishment ;
And the black holm that loves the wat'ry
vale ;
And the sweet cypress, sign of deadly bale.

XXVIII.

Amongst the rest the clamb'ring ivy grew,
Knetting his wanton arms with grasping
hold,
Lest that the popular happely should rue
Her brother's strokes, whose boughs she
doth enfold [view,
With her lithe twigs, till they the top sur-
And paint with pallid green her buds of gold.
Next did the mirtle tree to her approach,
Not yet unmindful of her old reproach.

XXIX.

But the small birds, in their wide boughs
embow'ring [sent :
Chanted their sundry tunes with sweet con-
And under them a silver spring, forth pour-
ing
His trickling streams, a gentle murmur sent :
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimy scouring
Of the moist moors, their jarring voices bent ;
And shrill grasshoppers chirpèd them
around :
All which the airy echo did resound.

XXX.

In this so pleasant place this shepherd's flock
Lay everywhere, their weary limbs to rest,
On every bush, and every hollow rock,
Where breathe on them the whistling wind
mote best ; [stock.
The whiles the shepherd' self, tending his
Sate by the fountain' side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumb'ring sleep oppressèd
him
Display'd on ground, and seizèd every limb.

XXXI.

Of treachery or traynes nought took he keep,
But loosely on the grassy green dispread,
His dearest life did trust to careless sleep ;
Which, weighing down his drooping drowsy
head,
In quiet rest his molten heart did steep,
Devoid of care, and fear of all falsehead :
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischance his quietness to spill.

XXXII.

For at his wonted time in that same place
An huge great serpent, all with speckles
pied, [trace.
To drench himself in moorish slime did
There from the boiling heat himself to hide :
He, passing by with rolling wreathèd pace,
With brandish'd tongue the empty air d d
gride, [spite,
And wrapt his scaly boughts with full de-
That all things seem'd appallèd at his sight.

XXXIII.

Now, more and more having himself enroll'd,
His glittering breast he liftefth up on high,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth
hold ;
His crest above, spotted with purple dye,
On every side did shine like scaly gold,
And his bright eyes, glancing full dreadfullv
Did seem to flame out flakes of flashing fire
And with stern looks to threaten kindled ire

XXXIV.

Thuswise long time he did himself d'space
There round about, when at last he spied,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flock's grand captain and most trusty
guide :
Eftsoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his fiery eyes on every side,
He cometh on, and all things in his way
Full sternly rends, that might his passage
stay.

XXXV.

Much he disdains, that any one should dare
 'To come unto his haunt; for which intent
 He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
 The weapons which nature to him hath lent;
 Felly he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
 And hath his jaws with angry spirits rent,
 That all his track with bloody drops is
 stain'd, [strain'd.
 And all his folds are now in length out-

XXXVI.

Whom, thus at point preparèd, to prevent,
 A little nursling of the humid air,
 A gnat, unto the sleepy shepherd went;
 And, marking where his eyelids twinkling
 rare [lent,
 Show'd the two pearls, which sight unto him
 Through their thin coverings appearing fair,
 His little needle there infixing deep,
 Warn'd him awake, from death himself to
 keep.

XXXVII.

Wherewith enraged, he fiercely gan upstart,
 And with his hand him rashly bruising slew
 As an avengement of his heedless smart,
 That straight the spright out of his senses
 flew,
 And life out of his members did depart:
 When suddenly casting aside his view,
 He spied his foe with felonous intent,
 And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.

XXXVIII.

All suddenly dismay'd, and heartless quite,
 He fled aëck, and catching hasty hold
 Of a young alder hard beside him pight,
 It rent, and straight about him gan behold
 What god or fortune would assist his
 might.
 But whether god or fortune made him bold
 It's hard to read: yet hardly will he had
 To overcome, that made him less adrad.

XXXIX.

The scaly back of that most hideous snake
 Enwrappèd round, oft feigning to retire,
 And oft him to assail, he fiercely strike
 Whereas his temples did his crest-front tire;
 And, for he was but slow, did sloth off-shake
 And gazing ghastly on; (for fear and ire
 Had bent so much his sense, that less he
 fear'd;) [cheer'd.
 Yet, when he saw him slain, himself he

XL.

By this the Night forth from the darksome
 bow'r
 Of Erebus her teemèd steeds gan call,
 And lazy Vesper in his timely hour
 From golden Cæta gan proceed withal;
 Whenas the shepherd after this sharp
 stowre,
 Seeing the doubled shadows low to fall,
 Gathering his straying flock, does home-
 ward fare,
 And unto rest his weary joints prepare.

XLI.

In whose sense so soon his lighter sleep
 Was enter'd, and now losing every limb,
 Sweet slumb'ring dew in carelessness did
 steep;
 The image of that gnat appear'd to him,
 And in sad terms gan sorrowfully weep,
 With grisly countenance and visage grim,
 Wailing the wrong which he had done of
 late,
 Instead of good, hast'ning his cruel fate.

XLII.

Said he, "What have I, wretch, deserved,
 that thus
 Into this bitter bale I am outcast,
 Whilst that thy life more dear and precious
 Was than mine own, so long as it did last!
 I now, in lieu of pains so gracious,
 Am toss'd in th' air with every windy blast:
 Thou, safe deliverèd from sad decay,
 The carless limbs in loose sleep dost dis-
 play.

XLIII.

"So livest thou; but my poor wretched
 ghost
 Is forced to ferry over Lethe's river,
 And spoil'd of Charon to and fro am toss'd,
 Seest thou not how all places quake and
 quiver,
 Light'ned with deadly lamps on every post?
 Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiver
 Her flaming fier-brand, encount'ring me,
 Whose locks uncombèd cruel adders be.

XLIV.

"And Cerberus, whose many mouths do bay
 And bark out flames, as if on fire he fed;
 Adown whose neck, in terrible array,
 Ten thousand snakes crawling about his
 head
 Do hang in heaps, that horrible affray,
 And bloody eyes do glisten fiery red;
 He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten
 With painful torments to be sorely beaten.

XLV.

"Ay me! that thanks so much should fail
of meed;
For that I thee restored to life again,
Even from the door of death and deadly
 read
Where then is now the guerdon of my pain?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed?
The praise of pity vanish'd is in vain,
And th' antique faith of justice long agone
Out of the land is fled away and gone.

XLVI.

"I saw another's fate approaching fast,
And left mine own his safety to tender:
Into the same mishap I now am cast,
And shunn'd destruction doth destruction
 render:
Not unto him that never hath trespass'd,
But punishment is due to the offender.
Yet let destruction be the punishment,
So long as thankful will it may relent.

XLVII.

"I carried am into waste wilderness,
Waste wilderness amongst Cimmerian
 shades,
Where endless pains and hideous heaviness
Is round about me heap'd in darksome
 glades.
For there huge Otus sits in sad distress,
Fast bound with serpents that him oft in-
 vades;
Far off beholding Ephialtes tied, [wide.
Which once assay'd to burn this world so

XLVIII

"And there is mournful Tityus, mindful
yet
Of thy displeasure, O Latona fair;
Displeasure too implacable was it, [fair:
That made him meat for wild fowls of the
Much do I fear among such fiends to sit;
Much do I fear back to them to repair,
To the black shadows of the Stygian shore,
Where wretched ghosts sit wailing ever-
 more.

XLIX.

"There, next the utmost brink doth he
 abide,
That did the banquets of the gods bewray,
Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh
 being dried,
His sense to seek for ease turns every way.
And he, that in avengement of his pride
For scorning to the sacred gods to pray,

Against a mountain rolls a mighty stone,
Calling in vain for rest, and can have none.

L.

"Go ye with them, go, cursèd damosels,
Whose bridal torches foul Erynnis tynde;
And Hymen, at your spousals sad, foretells
'Tidings of death and massacre unkind,
With them that cruel Colchid mother dwells,
The which conceived in her revengeful
 mind
With bitter wounds her own dear babes to
 slay, [lay.
And murd' red troops upon great heaps to

LI.

"There also those two Pandionian maids,
Calling on Itys, Itys evermore, [blades;
Whom, wretched boy, they slew with guilty
For whom the Thracian king lamenting
 sore,
Turn'd to a lapwing, foully them upbraids,
And fluttering round about them still does
 soar;
There now they all eternally complain
Of others' wrong, and suffer endless pain.

LII.

"But the two brethren born of Cadmus'
 blood,
Whilst each does for the sovereignty con-
 tend,
Blind through ambition, and with vengeance
 wood,
Each doth against the other's body bend
His cursèd steel, of neither well withstood.
And with wide wounds their carcasses doth
 rend,
That yet they both do mortal foes remain,
Sith each with brother's bloody hand was
 slain.

LIII.

"Ah (well-a-day!) there is no end of pain,
For change of labour may intreated be:
Yet I beyond all these am carried fain,
Where other powers far different I see,
And must pass over to the Elysian plain:
There grim Persephone, encount'ring me,
Doth urge her fellow furies earnestly,
With their bright firebrands me to terrify.

LIV.

"There chaste Alceste lives inviolate,
Free from all care, for that her husband's
 days
She did prolong by changing fate for fate:
Lo! there lives also the immortal praise

Of womankind, most faithful to her mate,
Penelope; and from her far away
A ruleless rout of young men, which her
wooded, [blood,
All slain with darts, lie wallow'd in their

LV.

"And sad Eurydice thence now no more
Must turn to life, but there detain'd be
For looking back, being forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee!
Bold sure he was, and worthy spirit bore,
That durst those lowest shadows go to see,
And could believe that anything could
please
Fell Cerberus, or Stygian pow'rs appease.

LVI.

"Ne fear'd the burning waves of Phlegethon,
Nor those same mournful kingdoms, com-
With rusty horror and foul fashion; [passèd
And deep digg'd vaults; and Tartar* co-
With bloody night, and dark confusion;
And judgment seats, whose Judge is deadly
dread.
A Judge, that after death doth punish sore
The faults, which life hath trespassed before.

LVII.

"But valiant fortune made Don Orpheus
bold;
For the swift running rivers still did stand,
And the wild beasts their fury did withhold,
To follow Orpheus' music through the land:
And th' oaks deep grounded in the earthly
mould,
Did move, as if they could him understand;
And the shrill woods, which were of sense
bereaved, [received
Through their hard bark his silver sound

XLVIII.

"And eke the Moon her hasty steeds did
stay,
Drawing in teams along the starry sky;
And didst, O monthly virgin, thou delay
The nightly course, to hear his melody?
The same was able with like lovely lay
The queen of hell to move as easily,
To yield Eurydice unto her fere
Back to be borne, though it unlawful were.

LIX.

"She (lady) having well before approved
The fiends to be too cruel and severe,

* Tartarus.

Observed th' appointed way, as her behoved,
Ne ever did her eyesight turn arear,
Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking moved;
But, cruel Orpheus, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kiss her, brok'st the god's decree,
And thereby mad'st her ever damn'd to be.

LX.

"Ah! but sweet love of pardon worthy is,
And doth deserve to have small faults re-
mitted;
If hell at least things lightly done amiss
Knew how to pardon, when aught is omitted;
Yet are ye both receivèd into bliss.
And to the seats of happy souls admitted:
And you, beside the honourable band
Of great heroës, do in order stand.

LXI.

"There be the two stout sons of Æacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardy Telamon,
Both seeming now full glad and joyous
Through their sire's dreadful jurisdiction,
Being the judge of all that horrid house,
And both of them, by strange occasion,
Renown'd in choice of happy marriage
Through Venus' grace, and virtue's carriage.

LXII.

"For th' one was ravish'd of his own bond-
maid,
The fair Ixione captivèd from Troy
But th' other was with Thetis' love assay'd,
Great Nereus his daughter and his joy.
On this side them there is a young man laid,
Their match in glory, mighty, fierce, and
coy;
That from th' Argolic ships, with furious ire,
Beat back the fury of the Trojan fire.

LXIII.

"O! who would not recount the strong
divorces
Of that great war, which Trojans (ft beheld,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
When Teucrican soil with bloody rivers
swell'd, [corses,
And wide Sigæan shores were spread with
And Simois and Xanthus blood outwell'd;
Whilst Hector ragèd, with outrageous mind,
Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greeks' flect
to have tynde.

LXIV.

"For Ida' self, in aid of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountains minist' red supplies;
And, like a kindly nurse, did yield (for spite)
Store of firebrands out of her nurseries

Unto her foster children, that they might
Inflame the navy of their enemies,
And all the Rhætan shore to ashes turn,
Where lay the ships, which they did seek
to burn.

LXV.

“Gainst which the noble son of Telamon
Opposed himself, and, thwarting his huge
shield, [anon
Them battle bade, gainst whom appear’d
Hector, the glory of the Trojan field :
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encount’red, that their mighty strokes so
shrill’d, [rive
As the great clap of thunder, which doth
The rattling heavens, and clouds asunder
drive.

LXVI.

“So th’ one with fire and weapons did
contend
To cut the ships from turning home again
To Argos ; th’ other strove for to defend
The force of Vulcan with his might and
main.
Thus th’ one Æacide did his fame extend :
But th’ other joy’d, that, on the Phrygian
plain,
Having the blood of vanquish’d Hector
shed,
He compass’d Troy thrice with his body
dead.

LXVII.

“Again great dole on either party grew,
That him to death unfaithful Paris sent ;
And also him that false Ulysses slew,
Drawn into danger through close ambush-
ment ;
Therefore from him Laërtes’ son his view
Doth turn aside, and boasts his good event
In working of Strymonian Rhæsus’ fall,
And oft in Dolon’s subtle surprisal.

LXVIII.

“Again the dreadful Cycones him dismay,
And black Læstrvgones, a people stout :
Then greedy Scylla, under whom there bay
Many great bandogs, which her gird about :
Then do the Ætnean Cyclops him affray,
And deep Charybdis gulging in and out
Lastly the squalid lakes of Tartary,
And grisly fiends of hell him terrify

LXIX.

“There also goodly Agamemnon boasts,
The glory of the stock of Tantalus

And famous light of all the Greekish hosts ;
Under whose conduct most victorious,
The Doric flames consumed the Iliac posts.
Ah ! but the Greeks themselves, more do-
lorous,
To thee, O Troy, paid penance for thy fall ;
In th’ Hellespont being night drownèd all.

LXX.

“Well may appear by proof of their mis-
chance, [stat.
The changeful turning of men’s slippery
That none, whom fortune freely doth ad-
vance,
Himself therefore to heaven should elevate :
For lofty type of honour, through the glance
Of envy’s dart, is down in dust prostrate ;
And all, that vaunts in worldly vanity,
Shall fall through fortune’s mutability.

LXXI.

“Th’ Argolic power returning home again,
Enrich’d with spoils of th’ Ericthonian
tow’r,
Did happy wind and weather entertain,
And with good speed the foamy billows
scour :
No sign of storm, no fear of future pain,
Which soon ensued them with heavy stowre.
Nereis to the seas a token gave, [clave.
The whiles their crokèd keels the surges

LXXII.

“Suddenly, whether through the gods’ de-
cree,
Or hapless rising of some froward star,
The heavens on every side encloudèd be :
Black storms and fogs are blown up from
far,
That now the pilot can no loadstar see,
But skies and seas do make most dreadful
war ;
The billows striving to the heavens to reach,
And th’ heavens striving them for to im-
peach.

LXXIII.

“And, in avengement of their bold attempt,
Both sun and stars and all the heavenly
pow’rs [tempt
Conspire in one to wreak their rash con-
And down on them to fall from highest
tow’rs :
The sky, in pieces seeming to be rent,
Throws lightning forth, and hail, and harm-
ful show’rs,
That death on every side to them appears,
In thousand forms, to work more ghastly
fears.

LXXIV.

"Some in the greedy floods are sunk and
drent;
Some on the rocks of Caphareus are thrown;
Some on th' Euboic cliffs in pieces rent;
Some scatt'rd on the Hercæan shores un-
known;
And many lost, of whom no monument
Remains, nor memory is to be shown:
Whilst all the purchase of the Phrygian prey,
Toss'd on salt billows, round about doth
stray.

LXXV.

"Here many other like heroës be;
Equal in honour to the former crew,
Whom ye in goodly seats may placèd see,
Descended all from Rome by lineage due;
From Rome, that holds the world in sove-
reignty,
And doth all nations unto her subdue:
Here Fabii and Decii do dwell,
Horatii that in virtue did excel.

LXXVI.

"And here the antique fame of stout Camill
Doth ever live; and constant Curtius,
Who, stiffly bent his vow'd life to spill
For country's health, a gulf most hideous
Amidst the town with his own corpse did fill,
T' appease the Powers; and prudent Mutius,
Who in his flesh endured the scorching
flame,
To daunt his foe by' ensample of the same.

LXXVII.

"And here wise Curius, companion
Of noble virtues, lives in endless rest;
And stout Flaminius, whose devotion
Taught him the fire's scorn'd fury to detest;
And here the praise of either Scipion
Abides in highest place above the best,
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd,
Trembling their forces, sound their praises
loud.

LXXVIII.

"Live they for ever through their lasting
praise!
But I, poor wretch, am forcèd to return
To the sad lak s that Phœbus' sunny rays
Do never see, where souls do always mourn;
And by the wailing shores to waste my days,
Where Phlegethon with quenchless flames
doth burn; [sever
By which just Minos righteous souls doth
From wicked ones, to live in bliss for ever.

LXXIX.

"Me therefore thus the cruel fi of hell
Girt with long snakes, and thousand iron
chains, [compel
Through doom of that their cruel Judge,
With bitter torture, and impatient pains,
Cause of my death and just complaint to tell.
For thou art he, whom my poor ghost com-
plains
To be the author of her ill unwares,
That careless hear'st my' intolerable cares.

LXXX.

"Them therefore as bequeathing to the
wind,
I now depart, returning to thee never,
And leave this lamentable plaint behind.
But do thou haunt the soft down rolling river,
And wild green woods and fruitful pastures
mind;
And let the fitting air my vain words
sever."
Thus having said, he heavily departed
With piteous cry, that any would have
smarted.

LXXXI.

Now, when the slothful fit of life's sweet
rest [cares
Had left the heavy shepherd, wondrous
His inly grievèd mind full sore oppress'd;
That baleful sorrow he no longer bears
For that Gnat's death, which deeply was
impress'd;
But bends whatever power his aged years
Him lent, yet being such, as though their
might
He lately slew his dreadful foe in fight.

LXXXII.

By that same river lurking under green,
Eftsoues he gins to fashion forth a place;
And, squaring it in compass well beseen,
There plotteth out a tomb by measured
space:
His iron-headed spade tho making clean,
To dig up sods out of the flow'ry grass,
His work he shortly to good purpose
brought,
Like as he had conceived it in his thought.

LXXXIII.

A heap of earth he hoarded up on high,
Enclosing it with banks on every side,
And thereupon did raise full busily
A little mount, of green turfs edified.

And on the top of all, that passers by
Might it behold, the tomb he did provide
Of smoothest marble stone in order set,
That never might his lucky 'scape forget.

LXXXIV.

And round about he taught sweet flow'rs
to grow;
The Rose engrainèd in pure scarlet dye;
The Lily fresh; and Violet below;
The Marigold; and cheerful Rosemary;
The Spartan Myrtle, whence sweet gum
does flow;
The purple Hyacinth; and fresh Costmary;
And Saffron sought for in Cilician soil;
And Laurel, th' ornament of Phœbus' toil.

LXXXV

Fresh Rhododaphne; and the Sabine flow'r,
Matching the wealth of th' ancient Frank-
incense;

And pallid Ivy, building his own bow'r;
And Box, yet mindful of his old offence;
Red Aramantus, luckless paramour;
Oxeye still green; and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale Narcisse, that, in a
well
Seeing his beauty, in love with it fell.

LXXXVI.

And whatsoever other flow'r of worth,
And whatso other herb of lovely hue,
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings
forth,
To clothe herself in colours fresh and new;
He planted there, and rear'd a mount of
earth,
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue
*To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life
saved,
The Shepherd hath thy death's record
engraved.*

PROSOPOPOIA;

OR,

MOTHER HUBBERD'S TALE.

1591.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY COMPTON AND MOUNTEAGLE.

Most fair and virtuous Lady; having
often sought opportunity by some good
means to make known to your Ladyship
the humble affection and faithful duty,
which I have always professed, and am
bound to bear to that House, from whence
ye sprang, I have at length found occasion
to remember the same, by making a simple
present to you of these my idle labours;
which having long sithens composed in the
raw conceit of my youth, I lately amongst
other papers lighted upon, and was by
others, which liked the same, moved to set

them forth. Simple is the device, and the
composition mean, yet carrieth some delight,
even the rather because of the simplicity and
meanness thus personated. The same I be-
seech your Ladyship take in good part, as a
pledge of that profession which I have made
to you, and keep with you until with some
other more worthy labour, I do redeem it out
of your hands, and discharge my utmost
duty. Till then wishing your Ladyship all
increase of honour and happiness, I humbly
take leave. Your La. ever humbly;
ED. SP.

It was the month, in which the righteous
Maid,
That for disdain of sinful world's upbraid

Fled back to heaven, whence she was first
conceived,
Into her silver bow'r the Sun received;

And the hot Syrian Dog on him awaiting,
After the chafed Lion's cruel baiting,
Corrupted had th' air with his noisome
breath, [and death.
And pour'd on th' earth plague, pestilence,
Amongst the rest a wicked malady
Reign'd amongst men, that many did to die,
Deprived of sense and ordinary reason;
That it to leeches seemèd strange and
geason.*

My fortune was, mongst many others moe,
To be partaker of their common woe;
And my weak body, set on fire with grief,
Was robb'd of rest and natural relief.
In this ill plight, there came to visit me
Some friends, who, sorry my sad case to see,
Began to comfort me in cheerful wise,
And means of gladsome solace to devise.
But seeing kindly sleep refuse to do
His office, and my feeble eyes forego,
They sought my troubled sense how to de-
ceive

With talk, that might unquiet fancies reave;
And, sitting all in seats about me round,
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
They cast in course to waste the weary
hours:

Some told of Ladies, and their Paramours;
Some of brave Knights, and their renownèd
Squires; [tires;
Some of the Fairies and their strange at-
And some of Giants, hard to be believed;
That the delight thereof me much relieved.
Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
Hight Mother Hubberd, who did far surpass
The rest in honest mirth, that 'seem'd her
well:

She, when her turn was come her tale to tell,
Told of a strange adventure, that betided
Betwixt the Fox and th' Ape by him mis-
guided; [pleasèd,
The which for that my sense it greatly
All were my spirits heavy and diseasèd,
I'll write in terms, as she the same did say,
So well as I her words remember may.
No Muse's aid me needs hereto to call;
Base is the style, and matter mean withal.

¶ Whylome (said she) before the world
was civil,
The Fox and th' Ape, disliking of their evil
And hard estate, determinèd to seek
Their fortunes far abroad, like with his like:
For both were crafty and unhappy witted;
Two fellows might nowhere be better fitted
The Fox, that first this cause of grief did
find,

* Uncommon.

Gan first thus plain his case with words un-
kind.

" Neighbour Ape, and my gossip eke beside,
(Both two sure bands in friendship to be
tied.)

To whom may I more trustily complain
The evil plight, that doth me sore constrain,
And hope thereof to find due remedy?
Hear then my pain and inward agony.
Thus many years I now have spent and worn
In mean regard, and basest fortunes' scorn,
Doing my country service as I might,
No less I dare say than the proudest wight;
And still I hopèd to be up advanced,
For my good parts; but still it hath mis-
chanced.

Now therefore that no longer hope I see,
But forward fortune still to follow me,
And losels lifted high, when I did look,
I mean to turn the next leaf of the book.
Yet, ere that any way I do betake,
I mean my Gossip privy first to make."
" Ah! my dear Gossip, (answer'd then the
Ape.)

Deeply do your sad words my wits awhape,
Both for because your grief doth great ap-
pear,

And eke because myself am touchèd near:
For I likewise have wasted much good time,
Still waiting to preferment up to climb,
Whist others always have before me stept,
And from my beard the fat away have swept;
That now unto despair I gin to grow
And mean for better wind about to throw.
Therefore to me, my trusty friend, ahead
Thy counsel: two is better than one head."

" Certes (said he) I mean me to disguis:
In some strange habit, after uncouth wise,
Or like a Gipsy, or a Juggeler,
And so to wander to the world's end,
To seek my fortune, where I may it mend:
For worse than that I have I cannot meet.
Wide is the world I wot, and every street
Is full of fortunes, and adventures strange,
Continually subject unto change.
Say, my fair brother now, if this device
Doth like you, or may you to like entice."
" Surely (said th' Ape) it likes me wondrous
well;

And, would ye not poor fellowship expel,
Myselt would offer you t' accompany
In this adventure's chancefull jeopardy:
For, to wax old at home in idleness,
Is disadvent'rous, and quite fortuneless;
Abroad where change is, good may gotten
be."

The Fox was glad, and quickly did agree:

So both resolved, the morrow next ensuing,
So soon as day appear'd to people's viewing,
On their intended journey to proceed;
And over night, whatso thereto did need,
Each did prepare, in readiness to be.
The morrow next, so soon as one might see
Light out of heaven's windows forth to look,
Both their habiliments unto them took,
And put themselves (a God's name) on their
way;

Whenas the Ape, beginning well to weigh
This hard adventure, thus began t' advise:
"Now read Sir Reynard as, ye be right wise,
What course ye ween is best for us to take,
That for yourselves we may a living make.
Whether shall we profess some trade or skill?
Or shall we vary our device at will,
Even as new occasion appears?
Or shall we tie ourselves for certain years
To any service, or to any place?
For it behoves, ere that into the race
We enter, to resolve first hereupon."

"Now surely brother (said the Fox anon)
Ye have the matter motion'd in season:
For every thing that is begun with reason
Will come by ready means unto his end;
But things miscounsell'd must needs mis-
wend.

Thus therefore I advise upon the case,
That not to any certain trade or place,
Nor any man, we should ourselves apply;
For why should he that is at liberty (born;
Make himself bond? sith then we are free
Let us all servile base subjection scorn;
And, as we be sons of the world so wide
Let us our father's heritage divide,
And challenge to ourselves our portions due
Of all the patrimony, which a few
Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
And all the rest do rob of good and land.
For now a few have all, and all have naught.
Yet all be brethren alike dearly bought:
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it so by institution
Or law first, ne by the law of Nature,
But that she gave like blessing to each
creature

As well as worldly liv'd of as of life,
That there might be no difference nor strife,
Nor ought call'd mine or thine, thrice happy
then

Was the condition of mortal men.
That was the golden age of Saturn old,
But this might better be the world of gold:
For without gold now nothing will be got.
Therefore (if please you) this shall be our
plot;

We will not be of any occupation,
Let such vile vassals born to base vocation
Drudge in the world, and for their living
droyle,

Which have no wit to live withouten toil.
But we will walk about the world at pleasure
Like two free men, and make our case a
treasure.

Free men some beggars call, but they be free;
And they which call them so more beggars be:
For they do swink and sweat to feed the
other,
Who live like lords of that which they do
gather,

And yet do never thank them for the same,
But as their due by Nature do claim.
Such will we fashion both ourselves to be,
Lords of the world; and so will wander free,
Whereso us listeth, uncontroll'd of any:
Hard is our hap, if we (amongst so many)
Light not on some that may our state amend
Seldom but some good cometh ere the end.
Well seem'd the Ape to like this ordinance
Yet, well considering of the circumstance,
As pausing in great doubt awhile he stay'd,
And afterwards with grave advisement said;

"I cannot, my lief brother, like but well
The purpose of the plot which ye tell:
For well I wot (compared to all the rest
Of each degree) that beggar's life is best:
And they that think themselves the best of all,
Of times to begging are content to fall.
But this I wot withal, that we shall run
Into great danger like to be undone.
Wildly to wander thus in the world's eye
Withouten passport or good warranty,
For fear lest we like rogues should be re-
puted,

And for ear mark'd beasts abroad be bruted;
Therefore I read, that we our counsels call,
How to prevent this mischief ere it fall,
And how we may, with most security,
Beg amongst those that beggars do defy."
"Right well, dear Gossip, ye advis'd have,
(Said then the Fox,) but I this doubt will
save:

For, ere we further pass, I will devise
A passport for us both in fittest wise,
And by the names of Soldiers us protect;
That now is thought a civil begging sect.
Be you the Soldier, for you likest are
For manly semblance, and small skill in war;
I will but wait on you, and, as occasion
Falls out, myself fit for the same will fashion."
The passport ended, both they forward went;
The Ape clad: oldierlike, fit for th' intent,
In a blue jacket with a cross of red

And many slits, as if that he had shed
Much blood through many wounds therein
received, [reaved;

Which had the use of his right arm be-
Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plume feather all to pieces tore !
His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al' Portuguese, loose like an empty gut ;
And his hose broken high above the heeling,
And his shoes beaten out with travelling.
But neither sword nor dagger did he bear ;
Seems that no foes' revengement he did fear ;
Instead of them a handsome bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one far in eld.

• Shame light on him, that through so false
illusion,

Doth turn the name of Soldiers to abusion,
And that, which is the noblest mystery,*
Brings to reproach and common infamy !
Long they thus travelled, yet never met
Adventure, which might them a working set ;
Yet many ways they sought, and many tried ;
Yet for their purposes none fit espied.

At last they chanced to meet upon the way
A simple husbandman in garments gray ;
Yet, though his venture were but mean and
base,

A good yeoman he was of honest place,
And more for thrift did care than for gay
clothing : [loathing.

Gay without good, is good heart's greatest
The Fox him spying, bade the Ape him dight
To play his part, for lo ! he was in sight,
That (if he err'd not) should them entertain,
And yield them timely profit for their pain.
Eftsoones the Ape himself gan up to rear,
And on his shoulders high his bat to bear,
As if good service he were fit to do
But little thrift for him he did it to :

And stoutly forward he his steps did strain,
That like a handsome swain it him became :
When as they nigh approachèd, that good
man,

Seeing them wander loosely, first began
T' enquire, of custom, what and whence they
were ?

To whom the Ape : " I am a souldier,
That late in wars have spent my dearest
blood,

And in long service lost both limbs and good ;
And now, constrain'd that trade to overgive,
I driven am to seek some means to live :
Which might it you in pity please t' afford,
I would be ready, both in deed and word,
To do you faithful service all my days.

* Profession.

This iron world (that same he weeping says)
Brings down the stoutest hearts to lowest
state :

For misery doth bravest minds abate,
And make them seek for that they wont to
scorn,

Of fortune and of hope at once forlorn."
The honest man, that heard him thus com-
plain,

Was grieved, as he had fe't part of his pain ;
And, well disposed him some relief to show,
Ask'd if in husbandry he aught did know,
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sow,
To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thatch, to
mow ;

Or to what labour else he was prepared ?
For husband's life's laborious and hard.
Whenas the Ape him heard so much to talk
Of labour, that did from his liking balk,

He would have slipt the collar handsomely,
And to him said : " Good Sir, full glad am I,
To take what pains may any living wight :
But my late maimed limbs lack wotèd might
To do their kindly services, as needeth :
Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet
feedeth,

So that it may no painful work endure,
Ne to strong labour can itself enure.

But if that any other place you have, [save,
Which asks small pains but thriftiness to
Or care to overlook, or trust to gather,
Ye may me trust as your own ghostly father."
With that the husbandman gan him advise,
That it for him were fittest exercise
Cattle to keep, or grounds to oversee ;
And askèd him, if he could willing be
To keep his sheep, or to attend his swine,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of
kine ?

" Gladly (said he) whatever such like pain
Ye put on me, I will the same sustain :
But gladliest I of your fleecy sheep [keep.
(Might it you please) would take on me the
For, ere that unto arms I me betook,
Unto my father's sheep I used to look,
That yet the skill thereof I have not lost -
Thereto right well this Curdog, by my cost,*
(Meaning the Fox) will serve my sheep to
gather,

And drive to follow after their bell-wether."
The husbandman was meanly well content
Trial to make of his endeavourment ;
And, home him leading, lent to him the
charge

Of all his flock, with liberty full large,

* Side.

Giving account of th' annual increase
Both of their lambs, and of their woolly
fleece.

Thus is this Ape become a shepherd swain,
And the false Fox his dog : (God give them
pain !)

Fore ere the year have half his course out-
And do return from whence he first begun,
They shall him make an ill account of thrift.
Now whenas Time, flying with winges swift,
Expired had the term, that these two javels
Should render up a reck'ning of their travels
Unto their master, which it of them sought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne vist what answer unto him to frame,
Ne how to scape great punishment, or
shame,

For their false treason and vile thievery :
For not a lamb of all their flocks' supply
Had they to show ; but, ever as they bred,
They slew them, and upon their fleshs
fed :

For that disguisèd Dog loved blood to spill,
And drew the wicked Shepherd to his will.
So twist them both they not a lambkin left ;
And, when lambs fail'd, the old sheeps' lives
they reft ;

That how t' acquit themselves unto their
They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard.
The Fox then counsell'd th' Ape for to re-
quire

Respite ill morrow, t' answer his desire :
For time's delay new hope of help still
breeds.

The good man granted, doubting nought
their deeds,

And bade next day that all should ready be.
But they more subtle meaning had than he :
For the next morrow's meed they closely
meant,

For fear of afterclaps. for to prevent :
And that same evening, when all shrouded
were

In careless sleep, they without care or fear
Cruelly fell upon their flock in fold,
And of them slew at pleasure what they
would :

Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,
For a full complement for all their ill,
They stole away, and took their hasty flight,
Carried in clouds of all concealing night.
So was the husbandman left to his loss,
And they unto their fortune's change to toss.
After which sort they wanderèd long while,
Abusing many through their cloakèd guile ;
That at the last they gan to be descried
Of every one, and all their sleights espied.

So as their begging now them failèd quite,
For none would give, but all men would
them wite ;

Yet would they take no pains to get their
living,

But seek some other way to gain by giving,
Much like to begging but much better
named ;

For many beg, which are thereof ashamed,
And now the Fox had gotten him a gown,
And th' Ape a cassock sidelong hanging
down ;

For they their occupation meant to change
And now in other state abroad to range :

For, since their soldier's pass no better
sped,

They forged another, as for Clerks book-
read.

Who passing forth, as their adventures fell,
Through many haps, which needs not here
to tell ;

At length chanced with a formal Priest to
meet,

Whom they in civil manner first did greet,
And after ask'd an alms for God's dear
love.

The man straightway his choler up did
move,

And with reproachful terms gan them revile,
For following that trade so base and vile ;
And ask'd what license, or what pass they
had ?

" Ah ! " (said the Ape, as sighing wondrous
sad)

" It's an hard case, when men of good de-
serving

Must either driven be perforce to starving,
Or askèd for their pass by every squib,*

That list at will them to revile or snib :
And yet (God wot) small odds I often see
Twixt them that ask, and them that askèd
be.

Nathless because you shall not us misdeem,
But that we are as honest as we seem,
Ye shall our passport at your pleasure see.
And then ye will (I hope) well movèd be."

Which when the Priest beheld, he view'd it
near,

As if therein some text he studying were.
But little else (God wot) could thereof skill :

For read he could not evidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter.

Ne make one tittle worse, ne make one bet-
ter :

Of such deep learning little had he need,

* Any petty fellow.

Ne yet of Latin, ne of Greek, that breed
Doubts amongst Divines, and difference of
texts,

From whence arise diversity of sects,
And hateful heresies, of God abhorr'd :
But this good Sir did follow the plain Word,
Ne meddled with their controversies vain ;
All his care was, his service well to sayne,
And to read Homilies upon holidays :
When that was done, he might attend his
plays ;

An easy life, and fit high God to please.
He, having overlook'd their pass at ease,
Gan at the length them to rebuke again,
That no good trade of life did entertain,
But lost their time in wand'ring loose
abroad ;

Seeing the world, in which they bootless
bode,

Had ways enough for all therein to live ;
Such grace did God unto his creatures give.
Said then the Fox ; " Who hath the world
not tried,

From the right way full eath may wander
wide.

We are but Novices, new come abroad,
We have not yet the track of any troad,
Nor on us taken any state of life,
But ready are of any to make preife,
Therefore might please you, which the world
have proved,

Us to advise, which forth but lately moved,
Of some good course, that we might under-
take ;

Ye shall for ever us your bondmen make."
The Priest gan wax half proud to be so
pray'd,

And thereby willing to afford them aid ;
" It seems (said he) right well that ye be
Clerks,

Both by your witty words, and by your
works.

Is not that name enough to make a living
To him that hath a wit of Nature's giving ?
How many honest men see ye arise
Daily thereby, and grow to goodly prize ;
To Deans, to Archdeacons ; to Commissa-
ries,

To Lord's, to Principals, to Prebendaries ?
All jolly Prelates, worthy rule to bear,
Whoever them envy : yet spite bites near.
Why should ye doubt then, but that ye like-
wise

Might unto some of those in time arise ?
In the mean time to live in good estate,
Loving that love, and hating those that
hate ;

Being some honest Curate, or some Vicar
Content with little in condition sic'her."

" Ah ! but (said th' Ape) the charge is
wondrous great,
To feed men's souls, and hath an heavy
threat."

" To feed men's souls (quoth he) is not in
man :

[can.
For they must feed themselves, do what we
We are but charged to lay the meat before:
Eat they that list, we need to do no more.

But God it is that feeds them with His
grace,
The bread of life pour'd down from heavenly
place.

Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
Did rule the Jews, *All shall be taught of
God.*

That same hath Jesus Christ now to him
raught,

By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught :
He is the Shepherd, and the Priest is He ;
We but his shepherd swains ordain'd to be.
Therefore herewith do not yourself dismay ;
Ne is the pains so great, but bear ye may ;
For not so great, as it was wont of yore,
It's now-a-days, ne half so strait and sore :
They whylome usèd duly every day
Their service and their holy things to say,
At morn and even, besides their Anthems
sweet,

Their penny Masses, and their Complines
meet,

Their Diriges, their Trentals, and their
Shrifts,*

Their memories,† their singings, and their
gifts.

Now all those needless works are laid away ;
Now once a week, upon the Sabbath day,
It is enough to do our small devotion,
And then to follow any merry motion.

Ne are we tied to fast, but when we list :
Ne to wear garments base of woollen twist,
But with the finest silks us to array,
That before God we may appear more gay,
Resembling Aaron's glory in his place :
For far unfit it is, that person base
Should with vile clothes approach God's
Majesty,

Whom no uncleanness may approachen
nigh ;

Or that all men, which any master serve,

* Diriges, diriges.—Trentals, thirty masses
celebrated for thirty days for repose of the souls
of the dead.—Shrifts, confessions.

† In memoriam.

Good garments for their service should deserve ; [High

But he that serves the Lord of Hosts Most
And that in highest place 't approach him
nigh,

And the people's prayers to present
Before His throne, as on ambassage sent
Both to and fro, should not deserve to wear
A garment better, than of wool or hair.

Beside, we may have lying by our sides
Our lovely Lasses, or bright shining Brides :
We be not tied to wilful chastity.

But have the Gospel of free liberty."
By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
The Fox was well induced to be a Parson ;
And of the Priest eftsoones gan to enquire,
How to a benefice he might aspire.

"Marry, there (said the Priest) is art in-
deed :

Much good deep learning one thereout may
read ;

For that the ground-work is, and end of all,
How to obtain a Beneficial.

First therefore, when ye have in handsome
wise

Yourself attirèd, as you can devise,
Then to some Nobleman yourself apply.
Or other great one in the world's eye,
That hath a zealous disposition
To God, and so to his religion :

There must thou fashion eke a godly zeal,
Such as no carpers may contraire reveal :
For each thing feignèd ought more wary be.
There thou must walk in sober gravity,
And seem as saintlike as Saint Radekund :
Fast much, pray oft, look lowly on the
ground,

And unto every one do courtesy meek :
These looks (nought saying) do a benefice
seek,

And be thou sure one not to lack ere long.
But if thee list unto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hopèd prey,
Then must thou thee dispose another way :
For there thou needs must learn to laugh,
to lie,

To face, to forge, to scoff, to company,
To crouch, to please, to be a beetle-stock
Of thy great Master's will, to scorn, or mock :
So mayst thou chance mock out a Benefice,
Unless thou canst one conjure by device,
Or cast a figure for a Bishopric ;
And if one could, it were but a school-trick.
These be the ways, by which without reward
Livings in Court be gotten, though full hard ;
For nothing there is done without a fee :
The Courtier needs must recompensed be

With a Benevolence, or have in gage
The Primitias of your Parsonage :
Scarce can a Bishopric forpass them by,
But that it must be gelt in privy.
Do not thou therefore seek a living there,
But of more private persons seek elsewhere,
Whereas thou mayst compound a better
penny.

Ne let my learning question'd be of any.
For some good Gentleman, that hath the
right

Unto his Church for to present a wight,
Will cope with thee in reasonable wise ;
That if the living yearly doth arise
To forty pound, that then his youngest son
Shall twenty have, and twenty thou hast
won :

Thou hast it won, for it is of frank gift,
And he will care for all the rest to shift ;
Both that the Bishop may admit of thee.
And that therein thou mayst maintained be.
This is the way for one that is unlearn'd
Living to get, and not to be discern'd.
But they, that are great Clerks, have nearer
ways,

For learning's sake to living them to raise :
Yet many eke of them (God wote) are driven
T' accept a Benefice in pieces riven.

How sayst thou (friend) have I got well dis-
coursed [worst ?

Upon this common-place, though plain, not
Better a short tale than a bad long shriving :
Needs any more to learn to get a living ?"
"Now sure, and 'y my halidome, (quoth he)
Ye a great master are in your degree :
Great thanks I yield you for your discipline,
And do not doubt but duly to incline
My wits thereto, as ye shall shortly hear."
The Priest him wish'd good speed, and well
to fare :

So parted they, as either's way them led.
But th' Ape and the Fox ere long so well
them sped, [lately taught,
Through the Priest's wholesome counsel
And through their own fair handling wisely
wrought,

That they a Benefice twixt them obtain'd ;
And crafty Reynard was a Priest ordain'd ;
And the Ape his Parish Clerk procured to
be :

Then made they revel rout and goodly glee.
But, ere long time had passèd, they so ill
Did order their affairs, that th' evil will
Of all their Parish'ners they had constrain'd ;
Who to the Ordinary of them complain'd,
How foully they their offices abused,
And them of crimes and heresies accused ;

That pursuivants he often for them sent :
But they neglected his commandément.

So long pers.ted obstinate and bold,
Till at length he publishèd to hold
A Visitation, and them cited thither :

Then was high time their wits about to
gather ;

What did they then but made a composition
With their next neighbour Priest for light
condition,

To whom their living they resignèd quite
For a few pence, and ran away by night.

So passing through the Country in disguise,
They fled far off, where none might them
surprise,

And after that long strayed here and there,
Through every field and forest far and near ;
Yet never found occasion for their turn,
But, almost starved, did much lament and
mourn.

At last they chanced to meet upon the way
The Mule all deck'd in goodly rich array,
With bells and bosses that full loudly rung,
And costly trappings that to ground down
hung.

Lowly they him saluted in meek wise ;
But he through pride and fastness gan de-
spise

Their meanness ; scarce vouchsafed them
to requite, [spright,

Whereat the Fox deep groaning in his
Said ; " Ah ! Sir Mule, now blessèd be the
day,

That I see you so goodly and so gay
In your attires, and eke your silken hide,
Fill'd with round flesh, that every bone doth
hide.

Seems that in fruitful pastures ye do live,
Or fortune doth yet secret favour give."

" Foolish Fox ! (said the Mule) thy
wretched need

Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow
breed.

For well I ween, thou canst but not envy
My wealth compared to thine own misery,
That art so lean and meagre waxen late,
That scarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gait."

" Ay me ! (said then the Fox) whom evil
hap

Unworthy in such wretchedness doth wrap,
And makes the scorn of beasts to be :

But read, fair Sir, of grace, from whence
come ye ;

Or what of tidings you abroad do hear ;
News may perhaps some good unweeting
bear."

" From royal Court I lately came (said he)

Where all the bravery that eye may see,
And all the happiness that heart desire,
Is to be found ; he nothing can admire,
That hath not seen that heaven's portrait-
ure :

But tidings there is none I you assure,
Save that which common is, and known to
all,

That Courtiers as the tide do rise and fall.

" But tell us (said the Ape) we do you pray,
Who now in Court doth bear the greatest
sway :

That, if such fortune do to us befall,
We may seek favour of the best of all."

" Marry (said he) the highest now in grace,
Be the wild beasts, that swiftest are in chase ;

For in their speedy course and nimble flight
The Lion now doth take the most delight :

But chiefly joys on foot them to behold,
Enchased with chain and circulet of gold :

So wild a beast so tame ytaught to be,
And buxom to his hands, is joy to see ;

So well his golden circlet him beseemeth ;
But his late chain his Liege unmeet es-
teemeth ;

For so brave beasts she loveth best to see
In the wild forest ranging fresh and free,

Therefore if fortune thee in Court to live,
In case thou ever there wilt hope to thrive.

To some of these thou must thyself apply ;
Else as a thistle-down in th' air doth fly,

So vainly shalt thou to and fro be toss'd,
And lose thy labour and thy fruitless cost.

And yet full view, which follow them I see,
For virtue's bare regard advanced be,

But either for some gainful benefit,
Or that they may for their own turns be fit,

Naithless, perhaps ye things may handle so,
That ye may better thrive than thousands
moe."

[come in,
" But (said the Ape) how shall we first
That after we may favour seek to win ?"

" How else (said he) but with a good bold
face,

And with big words, and with a stately pace,
That men may think of you in general,

That to be in you, which is not at all :

For not by that which is, the world now
deemeth, [seemeth,

(As it was wont) but by that same that
Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fashion
Yourselves thereto, according to occasion :

So fare ye well, good Courtiers, may ye be !"
So, proudly neighing, from them parted he,
Then gan this crafty couple to devise,

How for the Court themselves they might
aguse :

For thither they themselves meant to address,

In hope to find there happier success.
So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
Himself had clothed like a Gentleman,
And the sly Fox, as like to be his groom,
That to the Court in seemly sort they come;
Where the fond Ape, himself uprearing high
Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
As if he were some great Magnifico,
And boldly doth amongst the boldest go;
And his man, Keynard, with fine counter-
fesance,

Supports his credit and his countenance,
Then gan the Courtiers gaze on every side,
And stare on him, with big looks basen-
wide,

Wond'ring what master wight he was, and
whence :

For he was clad in strange accoutrements,
Fashion'd with quaint devices never seen
In Court before, yet there all fashions been ;
Yet, he them in new fangledness did pass :
But his behaviour altogeth'er was
Alla Turchesca, much the more admired ;
And his looks lofty, as if he aspired
To dignity, and 'sdain'd the low degree ;
That all, which did such strangeness in him
see,

By secret means gan of his state inquire,
And privily his servant thereto hire : [ture,
Who thoroughly arm'd against such over-
Reported unto all, that he was sure
A noble Gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long
travel fared, [ground :

And seen the manners of all beasts on
Now here arrived, to see if like he found.
Thus did the Ape at first him credit gain,
Which afterwards he wisely did maintain
With gallant show, and daily more augment
Through his fine feats and Courtly compli-
ment ; [spring,

For he could play, and dance, and vault, and
And all that else pertains to revelling,
Only through kindly aptness of his joints.
Besides he could do many other points,
The which in Court him serv'd in good
stead :

For he mongst ladies could their fortunes
read

Out of their hands, and merry leasings tell,
And juggle finely, that became him well .
But he so light was at legiêrdemain,
That what he touch'd, came not to light
again ;

Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly look,

And tell them, that they greatly him mis-
took.

So would he scoff them out with mockery,
For he therein had great felicity ;
And with sharp quips joy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their disgracing did him
grace :

So whilst that other like vain wits he pleased,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly
eased. [lip,

But the right Gentle Mind would bite his
To hear the Javel so good men to nip :
For, though the vulgar yield an open ear,
And common Courtiers love to gibe and flee
At everything, which they hear spoken ill,
And the best speeches with ill meaning spill ;
Yet the brave Courtier, in whose beauteous
thought

Regard of honour harbours more than
aught,

Doth loathe such base condition, to backbite
Any's good name for envy or despite :

He stands on terms of honourable mind,
Ne will be carried with the common wind
Of Courts' inconstant mutability,
Ne after tattling fable fly ;
But hears and sees the follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himself the best :
He will not creep, nor crouch with feign'd
face,

But walks upright with comely steadfast
pace,

As doth unto all doth yield due courtesy ;
But not with kiss'd hand below the knee,

As that same Apish crew is wont to do :
For he disdaineth himself t' embase thereto.

He hates foul leasings, and vile flattery,
Two filthy blots in noble gentry ;

And loathful idleness he doth detest,
The canker-worm of every gentle breast :

The which to banish with fair exercise
Of knightly feats, he daily doth devise :
Now menaging the mouths of stubborn
steeds,

Now practising the proof of warlike deeds,
Now his bright arms assaying, now his spear,

Now the nigh-aim'd ring away to bear ;
At other times he casts to 'sue the chase

Of swift wild beasts, or run on foot a race,
T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in arms
most needful,) [ful,

Or else by wrestling to wax strong and heed-
Or his stiff arms to stretch with yewen bow,

And manly legs still passing to and fro,
Without a gown'd beast him fast beside,

A vain ensample of the Persian pride ;
Who, after he had won th' Assyrian foe,

Did ever after scorn on foot to go.
Thus when this Courty Gentleman * with
toil

Himself hath wearied, he doth recoil
Unto his rest, and there with sweet delight
Of music's skill revives his toiled spright;
Or else with Loves, and Ladies' gentle sports,
The joy of youth, himself he recomforts:
Or lastly, when the body list to pause,
His mind unto the Muses he withdraws;
Sweet Lady Muses, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light!
With whom he close confers with wise dis-
course, [course,

Of Nature's works, of heaven's continual
Of foreign lands, of people different,
Of kingdoms' change, of divers government,
Of dreadful battles, of renowned Knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious
sprights

To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The only upshot whereto he doth aim;
For all his mind on honour fixèd is,
To which he levels all his purposes,
And in his Prince's service spends his days,
Not so much for to gain, or for to raise
Himself to high degree, as for his grace,
And in his liking to win worthy place;
Through due deserts and comely carriage,
In whatso please employ his personage,
That may be matter meet to gain him praise;
For he is fit to use in all assays,
Whether for arms and warlike amenance,
Or else for wise and civil governance,
For he is practised well in policy,
And thereto doth his courting most apply:
To learn the enterdai of Princes strange,
To mark th' intent of counsels, and the
change

Of states, and eke of private men sometime,
Supplanted by fine falsehood and fair guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T' enrich the storehouse of his powerful wit,
Which through wise speeches and grave
conference

He daily ekes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the rightful Courtier in his kind:
But unto such the Ape lent not his mind;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would descry his lewd conditions:
But the young lusty gallants he did choose
To follow, meet to whom he might disclose
His witless pleasaunce, and ill pleasing vain.
A thousand ways he them could entertain,

* Sir Philip Sidney is supposed to be de-
scribed here.

With all the thriftless games that may be
found;

With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with billiards far unfit,
With shuttlecocks, misseeming manly wit,
With courtesans, and costly riotise,
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rise:
Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes
scorn

A pander's coat (so basely was he born);
Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah, for shame,
Let not sweet Poets' praise, whose only
pride

Is virtue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the work of losels' wit defamed,
Ne let such verses Poetry be named!
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most upon;
And with the sug'ry sweet thereof allure
Chaste Ladies' ears to fantasies impure.
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him relieved, and their vain humours
fed

With fruitless follies and unsounded delights.
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honour or brave thought of arms
Did ever creep, then with his wicked charms
And strong conceits he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there half a day.
And whenso love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindly wise desire,
That chiefly doth each noble mind adorn,
Then he would scoff at learning, and eke
scorn

The sectaries thereof, as people base
And simple men, which never came in place
Of world's affairs, but, in dark corners
mew'd, [shew'd,
Mutt' red of matters as their books them
Ne other knowledge ever did attain,
But with their gowns their gravity maintain.
From them he would his impudent lewd
speech

Against God's holy Ministers oft reach,
And mock Divines and their profession:
What else then did he by progression,
But mock High God Himself, whom they
profess?

But what care'd he for God, or godliness?
All his care was himself how to advance,
And to uphold his courtly countenance
By all the cunning means he could devise;
Were it by honest ways, or otherwise,
He made small choice: yet sure his honesty

Got him small gains ; but shameless flattery,
And filthy brocage, and unseemly shifts,
And borrow base, and some good Ladies'
gifts : [tain'd,
But the best help, which chiefly him sus-
Was his man Reynard's purchase which he
gain'd.

For he was school'd by kind in all the skill
Of close conveyance, and each practice ill
Of cozenage and cleanly knavery,
Which oft maintain'd his master's bravery,
Besides he used another slipp'ry sleight,
In taking on himself, in common sight,
False personages fit for every stead,
With which he thousands cleanly cozenèd.
Now like a Merchant, Merchants to de-
ceive,

With whom his credit he did often leave
In gage for his gay Master's hopeless debt ;
Now like a Lawyer, when he land would let,
Or sell fee-simples in his master's name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the
same :

'Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win :
Then would he seem a Farmer, that would
sell

Bargains of wood, which he did lately fell,
Or corn, or cattle, or such other ware,
Thereby to cozen men not well aware :
Of all the which there came a secret fee
To an' Ape, that he his countenance
might be.

Besides all this, he used oft to beguile
Poor suitors, that in Court did haunt some
while :

For he would learn their business secretly,
And then inform his Master hastily,
That he by means might cast them to pre-
vent,

And beg the suit, the which the other ment.
Or otherwise false Reynard would abuse
The simple suitor, and wish him to choose
His Master, being one of great regard
In Court, to compass any suit not hard,
In case his pains were recompensed with
reason :

So would he work the silly man by treason
To buy his Master's frivolous good will,
That had not power to do him good or ill.
So pitiful a thing is suitor's state !

Most miserable man, who wicked fate
Hath brought to Court to sue, for had ywist,
That few have found, and many one hath
miss'd !

Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,

What hell it is, in suing long to bide :
To lose good days, that might be better
spent ;

To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and
sorrow ; [Peers ;

To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her
To have thy asking, yet wait many years ;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares
To eat thy heart through comfortless des-
pairs ;

To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend !
Whoever leaves sweet home, where mean
estate

In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Finds all things needful for contentment
meek,

And will to Court for shadows vain to seek,
Or hope to gain himself upon a claw try :

'That curse God send upon mine enemy !
For none but such, as this bold Ape unblest,
Can ever thrive in that unlucky quest ;
Or such as hath a Reynard to his man,

That by his shifts his master furnish can.
But yet this Fox could not so closely hide
His crafty feats, but that they were descried
At length by such as state in justice' seat,
Who for the same him foully did entreat ;
And, having worthily him punished,

Out of the Court for ever banishèd.
And now the Ape wanting his huckster man,
That wont provide his necessities, gan

To grow into great lack, ne could uphold
His countenance in those his garments old ;
Ne new ones could he easily provide,
Though all men him uncased gan deride,

Like as a puppet placèd in a play,
Whose part oncc past all men bid take away :
So that he driven was to great distress,
And shortly brought to hopeless wretched
ness.

Then closely as he might he cast to leave
The Court, not asking any pass or leave ;
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne ever stay'd in place, ne spake to wight,
Till that the Fox his copesmate he had
found,

To whom complaining his unhappy stound,
At last again with him in travel join'd,
And with him fared some better chance to
find,

So in the world long time they wanderèd,

And mickle want and hardness sufferèd ;
That them repented much so foolishly
To come so far to seek for misery,
And leave the sweetness of contented home,
Though eating hips, and drinking wat'ry
foam.

Thus as they them complainèd to and fro,
Whilst through the forest reckless they
did go, [glade,

Lo! where they spied, how, in a gloomy
The Lion sleeping lay in secret shade,
His Crown and Sceptre lying him beside,
And having doff'd for heat his dreadful hide:
Which when they saw, the Ape was sore
afraid,

And would have fled with terror all dis-
may'd,

But him the Fox with hardy words did stay,
And bade him put all cowardice away ;
For now was time (if ever they should hope)
To aim their counsels to the fairest scope,
And them for ever highly to advance,
In case the good, which their own happy
chance

Them freely off' red, they would wisely take.
Scarce could the Ape yet speak, so did he
quake ; [grow

Yet, as he could, he ask'd how good might
Where nought but dread and death do seem
in show. [sound,

" Now, (said he) whiles the Lion sleepeth
May we his Crown and Mace take from the
ground,

And eke his skin the terror of the wood,
Wherewith we may ourselves (if we think
good) [all,

Make Kings of beasts, and Lords of forests
Subject unto that pow'r imperial."

" Ah! but (said th' Ape) who is so bold a
wretch,

That dare his hardy hand to those out-
stretch ;

When as he knows his meed, if he be spied,
To be a thousand deaths, and shame be-
side?" [breast

" Fond Ape! (said then the Fox) into whose
Never crept thought of honour, nor brave
gest,

Who will not venture life a King to be,
And rather rule and reign in sovereign see,
Than dwell in dust inglorious and base,
Where none shall name the number of his
place?

One joyous hour in blissful happiness,
I choose before a life of wretchedness.
Be therefore counselled herein by me,
And shake off this vile hearted cowardry,

If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may colour it with some pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuse the crime :
Else we may fly ; thou to a tree mayst climb,
And I creep under ground ; both from his
reach :

Therefore be ruled to do as I do teach."
The Ape, that erst did nought but chill and
quake,

Now gan some courage unto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterprize,
Tickled with glory and rash covetise.

But first gan question, whether should assay
Those royal ornaments to steal away ?

" Marry, that shall yourself, (quoth he
thereto)

For ye be fine and nimble it to do ;
Of all the beasts, which in the forests be,
Is not a fitter for this turn than ye :

Therefore, mine own dear brother, take
good heart,

And ever think a kingdom is your part,"
Loth was the Ape, though praised, to ad-
venter,

Yet faintly gan into his work to enter,
Afraid of every leaf that stirr'd him by,
And every stick that underneath did lie :

Upon his tiptoes nicely up he went,
For making noise, and still his ear he lent
To every sound that under heaven blew ;

Now went, now stept, now crept, now back-
ward drew, [eyed :

That it good sport had been him to have
Yet at the last, (so well he him applied,)

Through his fine handling, and his clean-
play,

He all those royal signs had stolen away,
And with the Fox's help them borne aside
Into a secret corner unspied.

Whither whenas they came they fell at
words, [lords :

Whether of them should be the lord of
For th' Ape was strifeful, and ambitious ;
And the Fox guileful, and most covetous ;

That neither pleasèd was, to have the rayne
Twixt them divide into even twain,

But either (algaes) would be lords alone :

For Love and Lordship bide no paragon
" I am most worthy, (said the Ape) sith I
For it did put my life in jeopardy :

Thereto I am in person and in stature
Most like a Man, the Lord of every creature,
So that it seemeth I was made to reign,

And born to be a kingly sovereign."

" Nay (said the Fox) Sir Ape, you are
astray :

For though to steal the Diadem away

Were the work of your nimble hand, yet I
 Did first devise the plot by policy ;
 So that it wholly springeth from my wit :
 For which also I claim myself more fit,
 Than you, to rule : for government of state
 Will without wisdom soon be ruinate.
 And where ye claim yourself for outward
 shape

Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape
 In his chief parts, that is, in wit and spirit ;
 But I therein most like to him do merit,
 For my sly wiles and subtle craftiness,
 The title of the Kingdom to possess.
 Nathless (my brother) since we passèd are
 Unto this point, we will appease our jar ;
 And I with reason meet will rest content,
 That ye shall have both crown and govern-
 ment,

Upon condition, that ye rulèd be
 In all affairs, and counselled by me ;
 And that ye let none other ever draw
 Your mind from me, but keep this as a law :
 And hereupon an oath unto me plight.”
 The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
 And thereto swore : for who would not oft
 swear,

And oft unswear, a Diadem to bear ?
 Then freely up those royal spoils he took,
 Yet at the Lion's skin he inly quoke ;
 But it dissembled, and upon his head
 The Crown, and on his back the skin he did,
 And the false Fox him helpèd to array.
 Then when he was all dight he took his way
 Into the forest, that he might be seen
 Of the wild beasts in his new glory sheen.
 There the two first, whom he encount' red,
 were

The Sheep an th' Ass, who, stricken both
 At sight of him, gan fast away to fly ;
 But unto them the Fox aloud did cry,
 And in the King's name bade them both to
 stay,

Upon the pain that thereof follow may.
 Hardly, nathless, were they restrainèd so,
 Till that the Fox forth toward them did go,
 And there dissuaded them from needless
 fear,

For that the King did favour to them bear ;
 And therefore dreadless bade them come to
 court,

For no wild beasts should do them any
 There or abroad, ne would his Majesty
 Use them but well, with gracious clemency,
 As whom he knew to him both fast and true :
 So he perswaded them, with homage due
 Themselves to humble to the Ape prostrate,
 Who, gently to them bowing in his gait,

Received them with cheerful entertain.
 Thenceforth proceeding with his princely
 train,

He shortly met the Tiger, and the Boar,
 Which with the simple Camel ragèd sore
 In bitter words, seeking to take occasion
 Upon his fleshly corpse to make in a-ion :
 But, soon as they this mock King did espy,
 Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,
 Thinking indeed that it the Lion was.
 He then, to prove whether his pow'r would
 pass

As current, sent the Fox to them straight-
 way,
 Commanding them their cause of strife
 bewray ;

And, if that wrong on either side there were,
 That he should warn the wronger to appear
 The morrow next at Court, it to defend ;
 In the meantime upon the King t' attend.
 The subtle Fox so well his message said,
 That the proud beasts him readily obey'd :
 Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomach wax,
 Strongly encouraged by the crafty Fox ;
 That King indeed himself he shortly thought,
 And all the beasts him fearèd as they ought,
 And followèd unto his palace high ;
 Where taking congé, each one by and by,
 Departed to his home in dreadful awe,
 Full of the fearèd sight, which late they
 saw.

The Ape thus seizèd of the regal throne,
 Eftsoones by counsel of the Fox alone,
 Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
 That so his rule might longer have endur-
 ance.

First to his gate he pointed a strong guard,
 That none might enter but with issue hard :
 Then, for the safeguard of his personage,
 He did appoint a warlike equipage
 Of foreign beasts, not in the forest bred,
 But part by land and part by water fed ;
 For tyranny is with strange aid supported.
 Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted
 Bred of two kinds, as Griffons, Minotaurs,
 Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Cen-
 taurs :

With those himself he strength'ned mightily,
 That fear he need no force of enemy.
 Then gan he rule and tyrannise at will,
 Like as the Fox did guide his graceless skill ;
 And all wild beasts made vassals of his plea-
 sures, [treasures,
 And with their spoils enlarged his private
 No care of justice, nor no rule of reason,
 No temperance, nor no regard of season,
 Did thenceforth ever enter in his mind :

But cruelty, the sign of currish kind,
And 'sdaintful pride, and wilful arrogance ;
Such follows those whom fortune doth advance.

But the false Fox most kindly play'd his part :

For, whatsoever mother-wit or art
Could work, he put in proof : no practice sly,
No counterpoint of cunning policy,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,

But he the same did to his purpose wring.
Nought suffer'd he the Ape to give or grant,
But through his hand alone must pass the Fiaunt.

All offices, all leases by him leapt,
And of them all, whatso he liked, he kept.
Justice he sold injustice for to buy,
And for to purchase for his progeny.

Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was ;
But, so he got it, little did he pass.

He fed his cubs with fat of all the soil,
And with the sweet of others' sweating toil ;
He cramm'd them with crumbs of Benefices,
And fill'd their mouths with meeds of malefices :

He clothed them with all colours save white,
And loaded them with lordships and with might,

So much as they were able well to bear,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were ;

He chaff'rd chairs in which churchmen were set,

And breach of laws to privy fermc did let :
No statue so establish'd might be,
Nor ordinance so neediul, but that he
Would violate, though not with violence

Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape reposed in him alone,
And reck'ned him the kingdom's corner stone.

And ever, when he aught would bring to pass,

His long experience the platform was :
And, when he aught not pleasing would put by,

The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry,
For to increase the common treasures' store ;
But his own treasure he increased more,
And lifted up his lofty tow'rs thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky ;

The whiles the Prince's palaces fell fast
To ruin : (for what thing can ever last ?)
And whilst the other Peers, for poverty,
Were forced their ancient houses to let lie,

And their old castles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers, famous over all,
Had founded for the Kingdom's ornament,
And for their memories' long monument.

But he no count made of Nobility,
Nor the wild beasts whom arms did glorify
The Realm's chief strength and garland of the crown,

All these through feign'd crimes he thrust adown,

Or made them dwell in darkness of disgrace :
For none, but whom he list, might come in place.

Of men of arms he had but small regard,
But kept them low, and strain'd very hard.
For men of learning little he esteem'd ;
His wisdom he above their learning deem'd.

As for the rascal Commons least he cared ;
For not so common was his bounty shared ;
Let God, (said he) if please, care for the many,

I for myself must care before else any :

So did he good to none, to many ill,
So did he all the kingdom rob and pill,
Yet none durst speak, ne none durst of him plain ;

So great he was in grace, and rich through gain.

Ne would he any let to have access

Unto the Prince, but by his own address :
For all that else did come, were sure to fail ;
Yet would he further none but for a vail,

For on a time the Sheep, to whom of yore
The Fox had promis'd of friendship store,
What time the Ape the kingdom first did gain,

Came to the Court, her case there to complain ;

How that the Wolf, her mortal enemy,
Had sithence slain her Lamb most cruelly ;
And therefore craved to come unto the King,
To let him know the order of the thing.

"Soft Goody Sheep ! (then said the Fox)
not so :

Unto the King so rash ye may not go ;
He is with greater matter busied
Than a Lamb, or the Lamb's own mother's head.

Ne, certes, may I take it well in part,
That ye my cousin Wolf so foully thwart,
And seek with slander his good name to blot :

For there was cause, else do it he would not :

Therefore surcease, good Dame, and hence
So went the Sheep away with heavy heart :
So many moe, so every one was used,

That to give largely to the box refused.
Now when high Jove, in whose almighty
hand

The care of Kings and power of Empires
stand,

Sitting one day within his turret high,
From whence he views, with his black-
lidded eye, [ta ns,

Whatso the heaven in his wide vault con-
And all that in the deepest earth remains ;
And troubled kingdom of wild beasts beheld,
Whom not their kindly Sovereign did weld,
But an usurping Ape, with guile suborn'd,
Had all subversed ; he 'sdainfully it scorn'd
In his great heart, and hardly did refrain,
But that with thunder bolts he had him
slain,

And driven down to hell, his duerst meet :
But, him avising, he that dreadful deed
Forbore, and rather choose with scornful
shame

Him to avenge, and blot his brutish name
Unto the world, that never after any
Should of his race be void of infamy ;
And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
To damn to death, or dole perpetual,
From whence he never should be quit, nor
stalled.

Forthwith he Mercury unto him call'd,
And bade him fly with never resting speed
Unto the forest, wher wild beasts do breed,
And there enquiring privily, to learn
What did of late chance to the Lion stern,
That he ruled not the Empire, as he ought ;
And whence were all those complaints unto him
brought

Of wrongs, and spoils, by savage beasts
committed :

Which done, he bade the Lion be remitted
Into his seat, and those same treachours
vile

Be punishèd for their presumptuous guile.
The Son of Maia, soon as he received
That word, straight with his azure wings he
cleaved

The liquid clouds, and lucid firmament ;
Ne stay'd, till that he came with steep de-
scent

Unto the place, where his prescript did show.
There stooping, like an arrow from a bow,
He soft arrivèd on the grassy plain,
And fairly pacèd forth with easy pain,
Till that unto the Palace nigh he came.

Then gan he to himself new shape to frame ;
And that fair face, and that ambrosial hue,
Which wons to deck the god's immortal
crew,

And beautify the shiny firmament,
He doft, unfit for that rude rabblement.
So, standing by the gates in strange disguise,
He gan enquire of some in secret wise,
Both of the King, and of his government,
And of the Fox, and his false blandish-
ment :

And evermore he heard each one complain
Of foul abuses both in realm and reign
Which yet to prove more true, he meant
to see,

And an eye-witness of each thing to be.
Tho on his head his dreadful hat he dight,
Which maketh him invisible in sight,
And mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them think it but a vision.

Through power of that, he runs through
enemies' swords ;

Through power of that, he passeth through
the herds

Of ravenous wild beasts, and doth beguile
Their greedy mouths of the expected spoil ;
Through power of that, his cunning thiever-
ies [espies ;

He wons to work, that none the same
And, through the power of that, he putteth
on

What shape he list in apparition.
That on his head he wore, and in his hand
He took Caduceus his snaky wand,
With which the damnèd ghosts he governeth,
And Furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.
With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes,
And fear the hearts of all his enemies ;
And, when him list, an universal night
Throughout the world he makes on every
wight ;

As when his Sire with Alcumena lay.
Thus dight, into the Court he took his way,
Both through the guard, which never him
descried,

And through the watchmen, who him never
spied :

Thenceforth he pass'd into each secret part
Whereas he saw, that sorely grieved his
heart,

Each place abounding with foul injuries,
And fill'd with treasure rack'd with robber-
ies ;

Each place defiled with blood of guiltless
beasts,

Which had been slain to serve the Ape's
beliests ;

Gluttony, malice, pride, and covertise,
And lawlessness reigning with riotise ;
Besides the infinte extortions,
Done through the Fox's great oppressions,

That the complaints thereof could not be told. [hold,
 Which when he did with youthful eyes be-
 He would no more endure, but came his
 way,
 And cast to seek the Lion, where he may,
 That he might work the avengement for this
 shame
 On those two captives, which had bred him
 blame.
 And, seeking all the forest busily,
 At las he found, where sleeping he did lie :
 The wicked weed, which there the Fox did
 lay,
 From underneath his head he took away,
 And then him waking, forcèd up to rise.
 The Lion looking up gan him advise,
 As one late in a trance, what had of long
 Become of him : for fantasy is strong.
 " Arise, (said Mercury) thou sluggish beast,
 That here liest senseless like the corpse de-
 ceased,
 The whilst thy kingdom from thy head is
 rent,
 And thy throne royal with dishonour blent :
 Arise, and do thyself redeem from shame,
 And be avenged on those that breed thy
 blame."
 Thereat enragèd, soon he gan upstart,
 Grinding his teeth, and grating his great
 heart ;
 And, rousing up himself, for his rough hide
 He gan to reach : but nowhere it espied :
 Therewith he gan full terribly to roar,
 And chafed at that indignity right sore.
 But when his Crown and sceptre both he
 wanted,
 Lord ! how he fumed, and swelled, and raged,
 and panted :
 And threat'ned death, and thousand deadly
 dolours,
 To them that had purloin'd his Princely
 honours.
 With that in haste, disrobèd as he was,
 He toward his own Palace forth did pass :
 And all the way he roarèd as he went,
 That all the forest with astonishment
 Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
 Fled fast away from that so dreadful din.
 At last he came unto his mansion,

Where all the gates he found fast lock'd
 anon,
 And many warders round about them stood :
 With that he roar'd aloud, as he were wood,
 That all the Palace quakèd at the stound,
 As if it quite were riven from the ground,
 And all within were dead and heartless left :
 And th' Ape himself, as one whose wits
 were reft, [sought,
 Fled here and there, and every corner
 To hide himself from his own fear'd thought.
 But the false Fox, when he the Lion heard,
 Fled closely forth, straightway of death
 afraid,
 And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
 With feignèd face, and wat'ry eyne half
 weeping,
 T' excuse his former treason and abuson,
 And turning all unto the Ape's confusion.
 Nathless the Royal Beast forbore believing,
 But bade him stay at ease till further pre-
 ving. [granted,
 Then when he saw no entrance to him
 Roaring yet louder that all hearts it daunted,
 Upon those gates with force he fiercely
 flew,
 And, rending them in pieces, felly slew
 Those warders strange, and all that else he
 met.
 But th' Ape still flying he nowhere might
 get : [he fled
 From room to room, from beam to beam
 All breathless, and for fear now almost dead :
 Yet him at last the Lion spied, and caught,
 And forth with shame unto his judgment
 brought.
 Then all the beasts he caused assembled be,
 To hear their doom, and sad ensample see :
 The Fox, first Author of that treachery,
 He did uncase, and then away let fly.
 But th' Ape's long tail (which then he had)
 he quite
 Cut off, and both ears parèd of their height ;
 Since which, all Apes but half their ears
 have left,
 And of their tails are utterly bereft.
 So Mother Hubberd her discourse did end ;
 Which pardon me, if I amiss have penn'd ;
 For weak was my remembrance it to hold,
 And bad her tongue that it so bluntly told.

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CHAPTER IV

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CHAPTER V

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 The nineteenth was the...
 The twentieth was the...

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE HISTORY OF THE

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[The following text is extremely faint and largely illegible due to the quality of the scan. It appears to be a list of titles or a table of contents for the 'MISCELLANEOUS POEMS' section.]

COLIN CLOUT'S COME HOME AGAIN.

PUBLISHED 1595.

TO

THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NOBLE KNIGHT, SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

CAPTAIN OF HER MAJESTY'S GUARD, LORD WARDEN OF THE STANNARIES, AND LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF CORNWALL.

SIR,—That you may see that I am not always idle as ye think, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutiful, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple Pastoral, unworthy of your higher conceit for the meanness of the style, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of payment of the infinite debt, in which I acknowledge my self

bounden unto you for your singular favours, and sundry good turns, showed to me at my late being in England; and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evil mouths, which are always wide open to carp at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happiness. From my house of Kilcolman, the 27, of December, 1591. Yours ever humbly,

ED. SP.

THE shepherd's boy (best known by that name)

That after Tityrus * first sung his lay,
Lays of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his custom was) upon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe unto his peers,
The shepherd swains that did about him
play :

Who all the while, with greedy listful ears,
Did stand astonish'd at his curious skill,
Like heartless deer, dismay'd with thunder's
sound.

At last, when as he pipèd had his fill,
He rested him : and, sitting then around,
One of those grooms (a jolly groom was he,
As ever pipèd on an oaten reed,
And loved this shepherd dearest in degree,
High Hobbinol :) † gan thus to him aread.

“ Colin, my lief, my life, how great a loss
Had all the shepherds' nation by thy lack !
And I, poor swain, of many, greatest cross !
That, sith thy muse first since thy turning
back

Was heard to sound as she was wont on
high,

Hast made us all so blessèd and so blithe.
Whilst thou wast hence, all dead in dole did
lie :

The woods were heard to wail full many a
And all their birds with silence to complain :
The fields with faded flowers did seem to
mourn,

And all their flocks from feeding to refrain :
The running waters wept for thy return,
And all their fish with languor did lament :
But now both woods and fields and floods
revive,

Sith thou art come, their cause of merriment,
That us, late dead, hast made again alive :
But were it not too painful to repeat
The passèd fortunes, which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat,
Now at thy leisure them to us to tell ”

To whom the shepherd gently answer'd
thus ;

“ Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet :
For of good passèd newly to discuss,
By double usury doth twice renew it.
And since I saw that angel's blessed eye,

* Chaucer.

† Hobbinol is Gabriel Harvey.

Her world's bright sun, her heaven's fairest
light .

My mind, full of my thoughts' satiety,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that
sight :

Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glory bright,
My life's sole bliss, my heart's eternal trea-
sure. [awake ;

Wake then, my pipe ; my sleepy muse,
Til I have told her praises lasting long :
Hobbin desires, thou mayst it not forsake ;—
Hark then, ye jolly shepherds, to my song."

With that they all gan throng about him
near,

With hungry ears to hear his harmony ;
The whiles their flocks, devoid of danger's
fear,

Did round about them feed at liberty.

"One day (quoth he) I sat (as was my
trade)

Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hoar,
Keeping my sheep amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore ;
There a strange shepherd chanced to find
me out,

Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right ;
Whom when I asked from what place he
came,

And how he hight, himself he dih ycleep
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea
deep.*

He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to play some pleasant fit ;
And, when he heard the music which I made,
He found himself full greatly pleased at it :
Yet, emuling my pipe, he took in hond
My pipe, before that emulèd of many,
And play'd thereon ; (for well that skill he
conn'd ;)

Himself as skilful in that art as any.
He piped, I sang ; and, when he sang, I
pipèd ; [merry ;

By change of turns, each making other
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So pipèd we, until we both were weary."

There interrupting him, a bunny swain,
That Cuddy hight, him thus atween bespake :
"And, should it not they ready course re-
strain,

* The Shepherd of the Ocean was Sir Walter
Raleigh.

I would request thee, Colin, for my sake,
To tell what thou didst sing, when he did
play ;

For well I ween it worth recounting was,
Whether it were some hymn, or mora' lay,
Or carol made to praise thy lovèd lass."

"Nor of my love, nor of my lass (quoth he,)
I then did sing, as then occasion fell :
For love had me forlorn, forlorn of me,

That made me in that desert choose to dwell.
But of my river Bregog's love I song,
Which to the shiny Mulla he did bear,
And yet doth bear, and ever will, so long
As water doth within his banks appear."

"Of fellowship (said then that bonny boy)
Record to us that lovely lay again :

The stay whereof shall nought these ears
annoy,

Who all that Colin makes do covet fain."

"Hear then (quoth he) the tenor of my
tale,

In sort as I it to that shepherd told :
No leasing new, nor grandam's fable stale.
But ancient truth confirm'd with credence
old.

"Old father Mole, (Mole hight that
mountain gray

That walls the northside of Armulla dale :)
He had a daughter fresh as flower of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant
vale ;

Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
The nymph, which of that water-course has
charge, [right

That, springing out of Mole, doth run down
To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at
large,

It giveth name unto that ancient city,
Which Kilmullah clespèd is of old ;
Whose ragged ruins breed great ruth and
pity

To travellers, which it from far behold.
Full fain she loved, and was beloved full fain
Of her own brother river, Bregog hight,

So hight because of this deceitful trayne,
Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight
But her old sire more careful of her good,
And meaning her much better to prefer,

Did think to match her with the neighbour
flood,

Which Allo hight, Broad-water callèd far ;
And wrought so well with his continual pain,
That he that river for his daughter won :

The dow'r agreed, the day assignèd plain,
The place appointed where it should be
done.

Nathless, the nymph her former liking held ;

For love will not be drawn, but must be led ;
 And Bregog did so well her fancy weld,
 That her good will he got her first to wed.
 But for her father, sitting still on high,
 Did warily still watch which way she went,
 And eke from far observed, with jealous eye,
 Which way his course the wanton Bregog
 bent ;

Him to deceive, for all his watchful ward,
 The wily lover did devise this sleight :
 First into many parts his stream he shared,
 That, whilst the one was watch'd, the other
 might

Pass unespied to meet her by the way ;
 And then, besides, those little streams so
 broken

He under ground so closely did convey,
 That of their passage doth appear no token,
 Till they into the Mulla's water slide.

So secretly did he his love enjoy :
 Yet not so secret, but it was descried,
 And told her father by a shepherd's boy,
 Who, wondrous wroth, for that so full de-
 spite,

In great avenue dit roll down from his hill
 Huge mighty stones, the which encumber
 might

His passage, and his water-courses spill.
 So of a river, which he was of old, [nought ;
 He none was made, but scatt'red all to
 And, lost among those rocks into him roll'd,
 Did lose his name : so dear his love he
 bought."

Which having said, him Thestylis bespake ;
 " Now by my life this was a merry lay,
 Worthy of Colin' self, that did it make.
 But read now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
 What ditty did that other shepherd sing :
 For I do covet most the same to hear,
 As men use most to covet foreign thing."

" That shall I eke (quote he) to you declare:
 His song was all a lamentable lay
 Of great unkindness, and of usage hard,
 Of Cynthia the Lady of the Sea,* [barr'd.
 Which from her presence faultless him de-
 And ever and anon, with singulfs rife,
 He crièd out, to make his undersong ;
 Ah ! my love's queen, and goddess of my life,
 Who shall me pity, when thou dost me
 wrong ?"

Then gan a gentle bonny lass to speak,
 That Marin hight ; " Right well be sure did
 plain, [break,
 That could great Cynthia's sore displeasure
 And move to take him to her grace again.

* Elizabeth.

But tell on further, Colin, as befell [suade"
 Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dis-

" 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 luckless lot,
 That banish'd had myself, like wight forelore,
 Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
 The which to leave, thenceforth he coun-
 sell'd me, [ful,

Unmeet for man, in whom was aught regard-
 And wend with him, his Cynthia to see ;
 Whose grace was great, and bounty most
 rewardful.†

Besides her peerless skill in making † well,
 And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
 Such as all womankind did far excel ;
 Such as the world admired, and praised it :
 So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
 He me persuaded forth with him to tare.
 Nought took I with me, but mine oaten
 quill : [pare.

Small needments else need shepherd to pre-
 So to the sea we came ; the sea, that is
 A world of waters heaped up on high,
 Rolling like mountains in wide wilderness,
 Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry."

" And is the sea (quoth Coridon) so fear-
 ful ?" [can fear :

" Fearful much more (quoth he) than heart
 Thousand wild beasts with deep mouths
 gaping direful

Therein still wait poor passengers to tear.
 Who life doth loathe, and longs death to
 behold,

Before he die, already dead with fear,
 And yet would live with heart half stony cold,
 Let him to sea, and he shall it there.
 And yet as ghastly dreadful, as it seems,
 Bold men, presuming life for gain to sell,
 Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wand'ring
 streams [hell.

Seek ways unknown, ways leading down to
 For, as we stood there waiting on the strand,
 Behold, an huge great vessel to us came,
 Dancing upon the waters back to land,
 As if it scorn'd the danger of the same ;
 Yet was it but a wooden frame and frail,
 Glued together with some subtle matter.
 Yet had it arms and wings, and head and
 tail,

And life to move itself upon the water.

* There is no doubt that Spenser—like Swift
 regarded his exile in Ireland as a misfortune.

† Making means writing poetry.

Strange thing ! how bold and swift the monster was,
That neither cared for wind, nor hail, nor
Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did pass

So proudly, that she made them roar again.
The same aboard us gen. ly did receive,
And without harm us far away did bear,
So far that land, our mother, us did leave,
And nought but sea and heaven to us appear.
Then heartless quite, and full of inward fear,
That shepherd I besought to me to tell,
Under what sky, or in what world we were,
In which I saw no living people dwell.
Who, me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the regiment
Of a great shepherdess, that Cynthia hight,
His liege, his lady, and his life's regent.—

“ If then (quoth I) a shepherdess she be,
Where be the flocks and herds, which she
doth keep ?

And where may I the hills and pasture see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheep ? ”

“ These be the hills (quoth he) the surges
high,

On which fair Cynthia her herds doth feed :
Her herds be thousand fishes with their fry,
Which in the bosom of the billows breed.
Of them the shepherd which hath charge in
chief,

Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathèd horn :
At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend to and fro at evening and at morn.
And Proteus eke with him does drive his
herd

Of stinking seals and porpoises together,
With hoary hand and dewy dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he list, and
whither.

And, I among the rest, of many least,
Have in the Ocean charge to me assign'd ;
Where it will live or die at her behest,
And serve an I honour her with faithful mind.
Besides an hundred nymphs all heavenly
born,

And of immortal race, do still attend
To wash fair Cynthia's sheep, when they be
shorn, [end.

And fold them up, when they have made an
Those be the shepherds which my Cynthia
serve

At sea, beside a thousand moe at land :
For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
To have in her commandèment at hand.”

Thereat I wond' red much, till, wond'ring
more

And more, at length we land far off descried :

Which sight much gladdèd me ; for much afore
I fear'd, lest land we never should have eyed :
Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had known.

We Lundy pass ; by that same name is
meant

An island, which the first to west was shown.
From thence another world of land we
kenn'd,

Floating amid the sea in jeopardy,
And round about with mighty white rocks
hemm'd,

Against the sea's encroaching cruelty.
Those same, the shepherd told me, were
the fields

In which dame Cynthia her landherds fed ;
Fair goodly fields ; than which Armulla yields
None fairer, nor more fruitful to be read.

The first, to which we nigh approachèd was
An high headland thrust far into the sea,
Like to an horn, whereof the name it has,
Yet seem'd to be a goodly pleasant lea :

There did a lofty mount at first us greet,
Which did a stately heap of stones uprear,
That seem'd amid the surges for to fleet,
Much greater than that frame, which us did
bear ;

There did our ship her fruitful womb unlade,
And put us all ashore on Cynthia's land.

“ What land is that thou mean'st, (then
Cuddy said)

And is there other than whereon we stand : ”
“ Ah ! Cuddy (then quoth Colin) thou's
a fon,*

That hast not seen least part of nature's work:
Much more there is unkenn'd than thou dost
kon, [ledge lurk.

And much more than does from men's know-
For that same land much larger is than this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth
feed : [is,

There fruitful corn, fair trees, fresh herbage
And all things else that living creatures need.
Besides most goodly rivers there appear,
No wit inferior to thy Fanchin's praise,
Or unto Allo, or to Mulla clear : [days.”

Nought hast thou, foolish boy, seen in thy
“ But if that land be there (quoth he) as
here,

And is there heaven likewise there all one ?
And, if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do
wonne ? ”

“ Both heaven and heavenly graces do
much more

(Quoth he) abound in that same land than this.

For there all happy peace and plenteous store
Conspire in one to make contented bliss :

No wailing there nor wretchedness is heard,
No bloody issues nor no leprosies,

No grisly famine, nor no raging sward,
No nightly bodrags, * nor no hue and cries ;
The shepherds there abroad may safely lie,
On hills and downs, withouten dread or danger :

No ravenous wolves the good man's hope
Nor outlaws fell affray the forest ranger.

There learnèd arts do flourish in great honour,

And poets' wits are had in peerless price :
Religion hath lay pow'r to rest upon her,
Advancing virtue and suppressing vice.

For end, all good, all grace there freely grows,

Had people grace it gratefully to use :
For God his gifts there plenteously bestows,
But graceless men them greatly do abuse."

" But say on further (then said Corylas)
The rest of thine adventures, that betided."

" Forth on our voyage we by land did pass,

(Quoth he) as that same shepherd still us
Until that we to Cynthia's presence came :

Whose glory greater than my simple thought,
I found much greater than the former frame :

Such greatness I cannot compare to aught :
But if I her like aught on earth might read,
I would her liken to a crown of lilies

Upon a virgin bride's adornèd head
With roses dight, and golds, and daffodillies ;

Or like the circlèd of a turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow be ;

Or like fair Phebe's garland shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.

But vain it is to think, by paragon
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine :

Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom,
none

Can deem, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I, base shepherd, bold and blind,

Presume the things so sacred to profane ?
More fit it is t' adore, with humble mind,

The image of the heavens in shape humane."
With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,

Saying ; " By wond'ring at thy Cynthia's
praise,

Colin, thyself thou mak'st us more to
wonder,

And her upraising dost thyself upraise.
But let us hear what grace she showed thee,
And how that shepherd strange thy cause
advanced."

" The Shepherd of the Ocean (quoth he)
Unto that goddess' grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe inclined her ear,
That she thenceforth therein gan take de-
light ;

And it desired at timely hours to hear,
All were my notes but rude and roughly
dight ;

For not by measure of her own great mind,
And wondrous worth, she mott my simple
song,

But joy'd that country shepherd aught could
Worth hearkening to, amongst the learned
throng."

" Why ? (said Alexis then) what needeth
That is so great a shepherdess herself,
And hath so many shepherds in her fee,
To hear thee sing, a simple, silly elf ? [lazy,
Or be the shepherds which do serve her
That they list not their merry pipes apply ?
Or be their pipes untunable and crazy,
That they cannot her honour worthily ?"

" Ah ! nay (said Colin) neither so, nor so :

For better shepherds be not under sky,
Nor better able, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorify.

There is good Harpalus, now waxen agèd
In faithful service of fair Cynthia :

And there is Corydan though meanly wagèd,
Yet ablest wit of most I know this day.

And there is sad Alcyon bent to mourn,
Though fit to frame an everlasting ditty,
Whose gentle spright for Daphne's death
doth turn [pity.

Sweet lays of love to endless plaints of
Ah ! pensive boy, pursue that brave conceit
In thy sweet Eglantine of Merifure ;

Lift up thy notes unto their wanted height,
That may thy muse and mates to mirth
allure.

There eke is Palin worthy of great praise,
Albe he envy at my rustic quill :

And there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise
His tunes from lays to matter of more kill.

And there is old Palemon free from spite,
Whose careful pipe may make the hearer
rue :

Yet he himself may ruèd be more right,
That sung so long until quite hoarse he
grew.

And there is Alabaster * thoroughly taught

* Bodrags are incursions on the borders of a country.

* Alabaster was a highly-admired poet of that

In all this skill, though known yet to few ;
Yet, were he known to Cynthia as he ought,
His Elisæis would be read anew.

Who lives that can match that heroic song,
Which he hath of that mighty princess
made?

O dreaded Dread, do not thyself that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade :

But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glory which he hath begun :
That, when he finished hath, as it should be,
No braver poem can be under sun.

Nor Po nor Tiber's swans so much renown'd,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
Can match that muse when it with bays is
crown'd,

And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
And there is a new shepherd late up sprung,
The which doth all afore him far surpass ;
Appearing well in that well tunèd song,
Which late he sung unto a scornful lass.

Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly fly,
As daring not too rashly mount on height,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but try
In love's soft lays and looser thoughts' de-
light.

Then rouse thy feathers quickly Daniel,
And to what course thou please thyself ad-
vance :

But most, me seems, thy accent will excel
In tragic plaints and passionate mischance.
And there that Shepherd of the Ocean is,
That spends his wit in love's consuming
smart :

Full sweetly temp'red is that muse of his,
That can empierce a prince's mighty heart.
There also is (ah no, he is not now !)

But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone, and lies full low,
Having his Amaryllis left to moan.

Help, O ye shepherds, help ye all in this,
Help Amaryllis this her loss to mourn ;
Her loss is yours, your loss Amyntas is,
Amyntas, flow'r of shepherd's pride forlorn:
He whilst he livèd was the noblest swain,
That ever pipèd in an oaten quill : [tain,
Both did he other, which could pipe, main-
And eke could pipe himself with passing
skill.

And there, though last not least is Action,
A gentler shepherd may no where be found :

are. Herrick addressed a poem to him in the Hesperides. Daniel is a poet whose name is generally known to readers of our older poetry. Under the name of Action, it has been supposed that Drayton is complimented.

Whose muse, full of high thoughts' inven-
tion,

Doth like himself heroically sound.
All these, and many others moe remain,
Now, after Astrofel is dead and gone :
But, while as Astrofel did live and reign,
Amongst all these was none his paragon.
All these do flourish in their sundry kind,
And do their Cynthia immortal make :
Yet found I liking in her royal mind,
Not for my skill, but for that shepherd's
sake."

Then spake a lovely lass, hight Lucida :
" Shepherd, enough of shepherds thou hast
told,

Which favour thee, and honour Cynthia :
But of so many nymphs, which she doth
hold

In her retinue, thou hast nothing said ;
That seems, with none of them thou favour
foundest,

Or art ingrateful to each gentle maid,
That none of all their due deserts resound-
est."

" Ah far be it (quoth Colin Clout) for me,
That I of gentle maids should ill deserve :
For that myself I do profess to be
Vassal to one, whom all my days I serve ;
The beam of beauty sparkled from above,
The flow'r of virtue and pure chastity,
The blossom of sweet joy and perfect love,
The pearl of peerless grace and modesty :
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize :
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice : [she,
My thought, my heart, my love, my light is
And I hers ever only, ever one :
One ever I all vowèd hers to be,
One ever I, and others never none." [maid,

Then thus Melissa said ; " Thrice happy
Whom thou dost so enforce to deify :
That woods, and hills, and valleys thou hast
made

Her name to echo unto heaven high.
But say, who else vouchsafèd thee of
grace?"

" They all (quoth he) me gracèd goodly
well,

That all I praise ; but in the highest place,
Urania,* sister unto Astrofel,
In whose brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heavenly gifts and riches lockèd are ;

* Urania was the Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney's sister.

More rich than pearls of Ind, or gold of Ophir,

And in her sex more wonderful and rare.

Ne less praise-worthy I Theana * read,
Whose goodly beams though they be over dight

With mourning stole of careful widowhead,
Yet through that darksome veil do glister bright;

She is the well of bounty and brave mind,
Excelling most in glory and great light:
She is the ornament of womankind, [dight.
And court's chief garland with all virtues
Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest grace

Doth hold, and next unto herself advance,
Well worthy of so honourable place,
For her great worth and noble governance;

Ne less praiseworthy is her sister dear,
Fair Marian, † the Muses' only darling:
Whose beauty shineth as the morning clear,
With silver dew upon the roses pearling.

Ne less praiseworthy is Mansilia, ‡ [train:
Best known by bearing up great Cynthia's
That same is she to whom Daphnaida
Upon her niece's death I did complain:

She is the pattern of true womanhead,
And only mirror of femininity:
Worthy next after Cynthia to tread,
As she is next her in nobility.

Ne less praiseworthy Galatea seems,
Than best of all that honourable crew,
Fair Galatea with bright shining beams,
Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view.
She there then waited upon Cynthia,
Yet there is not her wonne; but here with us

About the borders of our rich Coshma,
Now made of Maa, the nymph delicious.
Ne less praiseworthy fair Neæra § is,
Neæra ours, not theirs, though there she be;
For of the famous Suir, the nymph she is,
For high desert advanced to that degree.
She is the blossom of grace and courtesy,
Adorned with honourable parts;
She is the branch of true nobility,
Beloved of high and low with faithful hearts.
Ne less praiseworthy Stella || do I read,
Though nought my praises of her needed are,

* Theana, was Anne, Countess of Warwick.
She remained a widow.

† Marian was the Countess of Cumberland.

‡ Marchioness of Northampton.

§ Galatea and Neæra were evidently Irish or Anglo-Irish beauties.

|| Lady Rich.

Whom verse of noblest shepherd lately dead
Hath praised, and raised above each other star.

Ne less praiseworthy are the sisters three,*
The honour of the noble family;
Of which I meaneſt boast myself to be,
And most that unto them I am so nigh;
Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis.
Phyllis, the fair, is eldest of the three:
The next to her is bountiful Charillis:
But th' youngest is the highest in degree.
Phyllis, the flow'r of rare perfection,
Fair spreading forth her leaves with fresh delight,

That, with their beauty's amorous reflection,
Bereave of sense each rash beholder's sight.
But sweet Charillis is the paragon
Of peerless price, and ornament of praise,
Admired of all, yet envied of none,
Through the mild temperance of her goodly rays.

Thrice happy do I hold thee, noble swain,
The which art of so rich a spoil possesst,
And, it embracing dear without disdain,
Hast sole possession in so chaste a breast:
Of all the shepherds' daughters which there be,

And yet there be the fairest under sky,
Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,
A fairer nymph yet never saw mine eye:
She is the pride and primrose of the rest,
Made by the Maker' self to be admired;
And like a goodly beacon high address,
That is with sparks of heavenly beauty fired.
But Amaryllis, whether fortunate
Or else unfortunate may I read,
That freed is from Cupid's yoke by fate,
Since which she doth new bands' adventure dread;—

Shepherd, whatever thou hast heard to be
In this or that praised diversely apart,
In her thou mayst them all assembled see,
And seal'd up in the treasure of her heart.
Ne the less worthy, gentle Flavia,
For thy chaste life and virtue I esteem:
Ne thee less worthy, courteous Candida,
For thy true love and loyalty I deem.
Besides yet many moe that Cynthia serve,
Right noble nymphs, and high to be commended:

But, if I all should praise as they deserve,
This sun would fail me ere I half had ended.
Therefore, in closure of a thankful mind,
I deem it best to hold eternally
Their bounteous deeds and noble favours sh'ined,

* The daughters of Sir John Spenser.

Than by discourse them to indignify."

So having said, Aglaura him bespake :
 " Colin, well worthy were those goodly
 favours [make,
 Bestow'd on thee, that so of them dost
 And them requitest with thy thankful
 labours. [grace,

But of great Cynthia's goodness, and high
 Finish the story which thou hast begun."

" More eath (quoth he) it is in such a case
 How to begin, than know how to have done.
 For every gift, and every goodly meed,
 Which she on me bestow'd, demands a day ;
 And every day, in which she did a deed,
 Demands a year in duty to display.

Her words were like a stream of honey
 fleeting,

The which doth softly trickle from the hive :
 Able to melt the hearer's heart unweeting,
 And eke to make the dead again alive.

Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe
 grapes,

Which load the branches of the fruitful vine :
 Off'ring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
 And fill the same with store of timely wine.
 Her looks were like beams of the morning
 sun, [east,

For looking through the windows of the
 When first the fleecy cattle have begun
 Upon the pearlèd grass to make their feast.
 Her thoughts are like the fume of frankin-
 cense,

Which from a golden censer forth doth rise,
 And throwing forth sweet odours mounts
 fro thence

In rolling globes up to the vaulted skies.
 There she beholds, with high aspiring
 thought,

The cradle of her own creation,
 Amongst the seats of angels heavenly
 wrought,

Much like an angel in all form and fashion."

" Colin, (said Cuddy then) thou hast forgot
 Thyself, me seems, too much, to mount so
 high :

Such lofty flight base shepherd seemeth not,
 From flocks and fields, to angels and to
 sky." [cellence,

" True (answer'd he) but her great ex-
 Lifts me above the measure of my might :
 That being fill'd with furious insolence,
 I feel myself like one yrap't in spright.

For when I think of her, as oft I ought,
 Then want I words to speak it fitly forth :
 And, when I speak of her what I have
 thought,

I cannot think according to her worth.

Yet will I think of her, yet will I speak,
 So long as life my limbs doth hold together ;
 And, when as death these vital bands shall
 break,

Her name recorded I will leave for ever,
 Her name in every tree I will endoss,
 That, as the trees do grow, her name may
 grow : [gross,

And in the ground each where will it en-
 And fill with stones, that all men may it
 know. [waters' fall,

The speaking woods, and murmuring
 Her name I'll teach in knowen terns to
 frame : [call,

And eke my lambs, when for their dams they
 I'll teach to call for Cynthia by name.

And, long while after I am dead and rotten,
 Amongst the shepherds' daughters dancing
 round,

My lays made of her shall not be forgotten,
 But sung by them with flow'ry garlands
 crown'd.

And ye, who so ye be, that shall survive,
 When as ye hear her memory renew'd,
 Be witness of her bounty here alive,
 Which she to Colin her poor shepherd
 shew'd." [herds

Much was the whole assembly of those
 Moved at his speech, so feelingly he spake ;
 And stood awhile astonish'd 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 ever leave that happy place,
 In which such wealth might unto thee
 accrue ;

And back returnedst to this barren soil,
 Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
 Here to keep sheep, with hunger and with
 toil ?

Most wretched he that is and cannot tell."

" Happy indeed (said Colin) I him hold,
 That may that blessèd presence still enjoy,
 Of fortune and of envy uncontroll'd,
 Which still are wont most happy states 'l
 annoy :

But I, by that which little while I proved,
 Some part of those enormities did see,
 The which in court continually hove'd,
 And followed those which happy seem'd
 to be.

Therefore I, silly man, whose former days
 Had in rude fields been altogether spent,
 Durst not adventure such unknown ways,
 Nor trust the guile of fortune's blandish-
 ment ;

But rather chose back to my sheep to turn,
Whose utmost hardness I before had tried,
Than, having learn'd repentance late, to
mourn [screed.]

Amongst those wretches which I there de-
"Shepherd (said Thestylis) it seems of
spite

Thou speakest thus gainst their felicity.
Which thou enviest, rather than of right
That aught in them blameworthy thou dost
spy." [will

"Cause have I none (quoth he) of cank'ed
To quite them ill, that me demean'd so well :
But self-regard of private good or ill
Moves me of each, so as I found, to tell.

And eke to warn young shepherds' wand'r-
ing wit, [bliss

Which through report of that life's painted
Abandon quiet home to seek for it,
And leave their lambs to loss, misled amiss.
For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
Where each one seeks with nialice and with
strife

To thrust down other into foul disgrace,
Himself to raise ; and he sooth soonest rise
That best can handle his deceitful wit

In subtle shifts, and finest sleights devise,
Either by slandr'ing his well-deem'd name,
Through leasings lewd, and feign'd forgery :
Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
By creeping close into his secrecy ;

To which him needs a guileful hollow heart,
Masked with fair dissembling courtesy.

And fill'd tongue, furnish'd with terms of art,
No art of school, but courtiers' schoolery.

For arts of school have there small counte-
nance,

Counted but toys to busy idle brains :
And there professors find small maintenance,
But to be instruments of other's gains.

Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Unless to please itself it can apply ;

But should' red is, or out of door quite shut,
As base, or blunt, unmeet for melody.

For each man's worth is measured by his
weed,

As harts by horns, or asses by their ears :
Yet asses been not all whose ears exceed,

Nor yet all harts that horns the highest
bears. [mind,

For highest looks have not the highest
Nor haughty words most full of highest
thoughts,

But are like bladders blown up with wind,
That being prick'd do vanish into noughts,

Even such is all their vaunted vanity,

Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soon
away ;

Such is their glory that in simple eye
Seem greatest when their garments are
most gay. [sell,

So they themselves for praise of fools do
And all their wealth for painting on a wall ;
With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
And purchase highest rooms in bower and
hall :

Whiles single Truth and simple Honesty
Do wander up and down despised of all ;
Their plain attire such glorious gallantry
Disdains so much, that none them in doth
call."

"Oh, Colin!" then said Hobbino!, "the
blame

Which thou imputest, is too general,
As if not any gentle wit of name
Nor honest mind might there be found at all.
For well I wot, sith I myself was there,
To wait on Lobbin, (Lobbin well thou
knowest,)

Full many worthy ones then waiting were,
As ever else in princes' court thou viewest.
Of which, among you many yet remain,

Whose dames I cannot readily now guess :
Those that poor Suitors' papers do retain,

And those that skill of medicine profess,
And those that do to Cynthia expound

The ladden of strange languages in charge :
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound,

And gives to their professors stipends large.
Therefore unjustly thou dost wite them all,

For that which thou mislikedst in a few."

"Blame is (quoth he) more blameless
general,

Than that which private errors doth pursue ;
For well I wot, that there amongst them be

Full many persons of right worthy parts,
Both for report of spotless honesty,

And for profession of all learn'd arts,
Whose praise hereby no whit impair'd is,

Though blame do light on those that faulty
be ;

For all the rest do mostwath fare amiss,
And yet their own misfaring will not see :

For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraught with envy that their galls do swell,

Or they their days to idleness divide,
Or drown'd lie in pleasure's wasteful well,

In which like moldwarps nousing still they
lurk,

Unmindful of chief parts of manliness ;
And do themselves, for want of other work,

Vain votaries of lazy Love profess,
Whose service high so basely they ensue,

That Cupid's self of them ashamed is,
And, must'ring all his men in Venus' view,
Denies them quite for servitors of his."

"And is Love then (said Corylas) once known

In Court, and his sweet lore professèd there?
I weened sure he was our god alone,
And only wonn'd in fields and forests here:"

"Not so, (quoth he,) Love most aboundeth there.

For all the walls and windows there art writ,
All full of love, and love, and love my dear,
And all their talk and study is of it.
Ne any there doth brave or valiant seem,
Unless that some gay mistress' badge he bears:

Ne any one himself doth ought esteem,
Unless he swim in love up to the ears.
But they of Love, and of his sacred here,
(As it should be) a'l otherwise devise,
Than we poor shepherds are accustom'd here,

And him do sue and serve all otherwise.
For with lewd speeches, and licentious deeds,
His mighty mysteries they do profane,
And use his idle name to other needs,
But as a compliment for courting vain.
So him they do not serve as they profess,
But make him serve to them for sordid uses:
Ah! my dread Lord, that dost liege hearts possess,

Avenge thyself on them for their abuses.
But we poor shepherds whether rightly so,
Or through our rudeness into error led,
Do make religion how we rashly go
To serve that god, that is so greatly dread;
For him the greatest of the gods we deem,
Born without sire or couples, of one kind;
For Venus' self doth solely couples seem,
Both male and female through commixture joint'd: [brought,

So pure and spotless Cupid forth she
And in the Gardens of Adonis nursed:
Where growing he his own perfection wrought,

And shortly was of all the gods the first.
Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
In which so fell and puissant he grew,
That Jove himself his pow'r began to dread,
And, taking up to heaven, he godded new,
From thence he shoots his arrows everywhere

Into the world, at random as he will,
On us frail men, his wretched vassals here,
Like as himself us pleaseth save or spill.
So him we worship, so we him adore
With humble hearts to heaven uplifted high,

That to true loves he may us evermore
Prefer, and of their grace us dignify;
Ne is there shepherd, ne yet shepherd's swain,

Whatever feeds in forest or in field,
That dare with evil deed or leasing vain
BlaspHEME his pow'r or terms unworthy yield." [rage

"Shepherd, it seems that some celestial
Of love (quoth Cuddy) is breath'd into thy breast,

That poureth forth these oracles so sage
Of that high pow'r, wherewith thou art possessed

But never wilt I till this present day,
Albe of Love I always humbly deem'd,
That he was such an one, as thou dost say,
And so religiously to be esteem'd.
Well may it seem, by this thy deep insight,
That of that god the priest thou shouldest be:
So well thou wot'st the mystery of his might,
As if his godhead thou didst present see."

"Of Love's perfection perfectly to speak,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed (said Colin) passeth reason's reach,
And needs his priest t' express his pow'r divine.

For long before the world, he was ybore,
And bred above in Venus' bosom dear:
For by his pow'r the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appear.
For how should else things so far from atone
And so great enemies as of them be,
Be ever drawn together into one,
And taught in such accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to covet heat,
And water, fire; the light to mount on high,
And th' heavy down to peise; the hungry t' eat,

And voidness to seek full satiety.
So, being former foes, they waxed friends,
And gan by little learn to love each other:
So, being knit, they brought forth other kinds
Out of the fruitful womb of their great mother.

Then first gan heaven out of darkness dread
For to appear, and brought forth cheerful day:

Next gan the earth to show her naked head,
Out of deep waters which her drown'd alway
And, shortly after, every living wight
Crept forth like worms out of her slimy nature,

Soon as on them the sun's life-giving light
Had poured kindly heat and formal feature,
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,

And like himself desire for to beget ;
The lion chose his mate, the turtle dove
Her dear, the dolphin his own dolphinet ;
But man, that had the spark of reason's
might

More than the rest to rule his passion,
Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
Like as himself was fairest by creation :
For Beauty is the bait which with delight
Doth man allure for to enlarge his kind ;
Beauty, the burning lamp of heaven's light,
Darting her beams into each feeble mind :
Against whose pow'r, nor God nor man can
find

Defence, ne ward the danger of the wound ;
But, being hurt, seek to be medicined
Of her that first did stir the mortal stound.
Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
With prayers loud importuning the sky,
Whence he them hears ; and when he list
show grace, [die.

Does grant them grace that otherwise would
So Love is lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his pow'rful saw :
All being made the vassals of his might,
Through secret sense which thereto doth
them draw.

Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deem :
And with chaste heart so honour him alway :
But who so else doth otherwise esteem,
Are outlaws, and his lore do disobey.
For their desire is base, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of disloyal lust :
Ne mongst true lovers they shall place in-
herit,

But as exiles out of his court be thrust."
So having said, Melissa spake at will ;
" Colin, thou now full deeply hast divined
Of Love and Beauty ; and with wondrous
skill,

Hast Cupid's self depainted in his kind.
To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
That dost their cause so mightily defend ;
But most, all women are thy debtors found,
That dost their bounty still so much com-
mend."

" That ill (said Hobbinol) they him requite.
For having loved ever one most dear :
He is repaid with scorn and foul despite,
That irks each gentle heart which it doth
hear."

" Indeed (said Lucid) I have often heard
Fair Rosalind of divers foully blamed
For being to that swain too cruel hard ;
That her bright glory else hath much de-
famed. [Maid

But who can tell what cause had that fair

To use him so that used her so well ;
Or who with blame can justly her upbraid.
For loving not ? for who can love compel ?
And, sooth to say, it is foolhardy thing,
Rashly to witen creatures so divine ;
For demigods they be, and first did spring
From heaven, though graft in frailness fem-
nine.

And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one that fairest Helen did revile,*
Through judgment of the gods to be yw o-
ken,
Lost both his eyes and so remain'd long
while,

Till he recanted had his wicked rhymes,
And made amends to her with treble praise.
Beware therefore ye grooms, I read betimes,
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise."

" Ah ! shepherds then (said Colin) ye ne
weet

How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make so bold a doom with words unmeet,
Of things celestial which ye never saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepherds' daughters which amongst
you be,

But of divine regard and heavenly hue,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her that scorn'd thing so base,
But to myself the blame that look'd so high ;
So high her thoughts as she herself have
place,

And loathe each lowly thing with lofty eye.
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swain, sith her I may not love :
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit
above. [grief,

Such grace shall be some guerdon for the
And long affliction which I have endured :
Such grace sometimes shall give me some
relief,

And ease of pain which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow shepherds, which do see
And hear the languors of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witness be,
That hers I die, nought to the world deny-
ing,

This simple trophy of her great conquest."—
So, having ended, he from ground did rise ;
And after him uprose eke all the rest :
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warn'd them to draw their bleating flocks
to rest.

* The poet Stesichorus.

ASTROPHEL.

A PASTORAL ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE
AND VALOROUS KNIGHT, SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DEDICATED TO

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND VIRTUOUS LADY, THE COUNTESS OF ESSEX.*

SHEPHERDS, that wont, on pipes of oaten
reed,
Oft times to plain your love's conceal'd smart ;
And with your piteous lays have learn'd to breed
Compassion in a country lass's heart :
Hearken, ye gentle shepherds, to my song,
And place my doleful plaint your plaints among,

To you alone I sing this mournful verse,
The mournfull'st verse that ever man heard
tell :

A GENTLE Shepherd born in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore,
About the grassy banks of Hæmony,
Did keep his sheep, his little stock and
store.

Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields ; and Assrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel, the pride of shepherds'
praise,

Young Astrophel, the rustic lasses' love :
Far passing all the pastors of his days,
In all that seemly shepherd might behove.
In one thing only failing of the best,
That he was not so happy as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph his
mother

Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs
to feed ;

A slender swain, excelling far each other,
In comely shape, like her that did him
breed,

He grew up fast in goodness and in grace,
And doubly fair woxe both in mind and
face.

To you whose soften'd hearts it may empierce
With colour's dart for death of Astrophel.
To you I sing and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rhymes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nicer wit
Shall hap to hear, or covet them to read :
Think he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead.
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be moved to pity such a case.

Which daily more and more he did aug-
ment,

With gentle usage and demeanour mild :
That all men's hearts with secret ravish-
ment

He stole away, and weetingly beguiled.
Ne Spite itself, that all good things doth
spill,

Found ought in him, that she could say was
[fill.

His sports were fair, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without sour, and honey without gall :
And he himself seem'd made for merriment,
Merrily masking both in bower and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightful play,
When Astrophel so ever was away.

For he could pipe, and dance and carol
sweet,

Amongst the shepherds in their shearing
As summer's lark that with her song doth
greet

The dawning day forthcoming from the
And lays of love he also could compose :
Thrice happy she, whom he to praise did
chose.

Full many maidens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe amongst his rhymes to
name,
Or make for them as he was wont to do

* Sidney's widow : she married after his death
the Earl of Essex—she was Frances Walsing-
ham, the daughter of the great statesman.

For her that did his heart with love inflame,
For which they promised to dight for him
Gay chapelets of flowers and garlands trim.

And many a Nymph both of the wood and
brook,

Soon as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
Both crystal wells and shady groves forsook
To hear the charms of his enchanting skill;
And brought him presents, flowers if it were
prime,
Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
Yet Woodgods for them often sigh'd sore:
Ne for their gifts unworthy of his wit,
Yet not unworthy of the country's store.
For one alone he cared, for one he sigh't,
His life's desire, and his dear love's delight.

Stella the fair, the fairest star in sky,
As fair as Venus or the fairest fair,
(A fairer star saw never living eye.)
Shot her sharp pointed beams through
purest air.

Her he did love, her he alone did honour,
His thoughts, his rhymes, his songs were
all upon her.

To her he vow'd the service of his days,
On her he spent the riches of his wit;
For her he made hymns of immortal praise,
Of only her he sang, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of love he worthy deem'd;
For all the rest but little he esteem'd.

Ne her with idle words alone he woo'd,
And verses vain (yet verses are not vain),
But with brave deeds to her sole service
vow'd,

And bold achievements her did entertain,
For both in deeds and words he nurt'ring
was,

Both wise and hardy (too hardy alas)!

In wrestling nimble, and in running swift,
In shooting steady, and in swimming
strong: [lift,
Well made to strike, to throw, to leap, to
And all the sports that shepherds are
among.

In every one he vanquish'd every one,
He vanquish'd all, and vanquish'd was of
none.

Eesides, in hunting such felicity
Or rather infelicity he found,

That every field and forest far away
He sought, where savage beasts do most
abound.

No beast so savage but he could it kill,
No chase so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill, match'd with such courage as he
had, [praise
Did prick him forth with proud desire of
To seek abroad, of danger nought ydrad,
His mistress' name, and his own fame to
raise.

What needeth peril to be sought abroad,
Since, round about us, it doth make abode.

It fortun'd as he that perilous game
In foreign soil pursued far away;
Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of savage prey.
So wide a forest and so waste as this,
Nor famous Ardenne, nor fowl Arlo, is.

There his well woven toils and subtle
traynes,

He laid the brutish nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practice and with
pains,

That he of them great troops did soon en-
trap.

Full happy man (misweening much) was he
So rich a spoil within his power to see.

Eftsoones, all heedless of his dearest hale,*
Full greedily into the herd he thrust,
To slaughter them, and work their fina-
bale, [brust,

Lest that his toil should of their troops be
Wide wounds amongst them many one he
made,

Now with his sharp boar-spear, now with
his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might scape (so partial unto
none):

Ill mind so much to mind another's ill,
As to become unmindful of his own.
But pardon that unto the cruel skies,
That from himself to them withdrew his
eyes.

So as he raged amongst that beastly rout,
A cruel beast of most accurs'd brood
Upon him turn'd (despair makes cowards
stout),

* His safety and welldoing.

And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
Lancèd his thigh with so mischievous
 might,
That it both bone and muscles rivèd quite.

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
And so huge streams of blood thereout did
 flow,
That he endurèd not the direful stound,
But on the cold dear earth himself did
 throw;
The whiles the captive herd his nest did
 rend,
And, having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepherd
 peers,
To whom alive was nought so dear as he:
And ye fair maids, the matches of his years,
Which in his grace did boast you most to
 le!
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had
 need, [bleed!
To stop his wound that wondrously did

Ah! wretched boy, the shape of drerthead,
And sad ensample of man's sudden end:
Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Unpitièd, unplain'd, of foe and friend!
Whilst none is nigh, thine eyelids up to close,
And kiss thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepherds 'suing of the chase,
As they the forest rangèd on a day,
By fate or fortue came unto the place,
Where as the luckless boy yet bleeding lay;
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have
 bled, [led,
Had not good hap those shepherds thither

They stopp'd his wound, (too late to stop it
 was!)
And in their arms then softly did him rear:
Tho (as ñe will'd) unto his lovèd lass,
His dearest love, him dolefully did bear,
The doleful'st bier that ever man did see,
Was Astrophel's, but dearest unto me!

She, when she saw her Love in such a plight,
With cruddled blood and filthy gore de-
 form'd,
That wont to be with flowers and garlands
 dight,
And her dear favours dearly well adorn'd;
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see,
She likewise did deform like him to be.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and
 long,
As sunny beams in fairest summer's day,
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away:
And her fair breast, the treasury of joy,
She spoil'd thereof, and filled with annoy.

His pallid face, impicturèd with death,
She bathed oft with tears and drièd oft:
And with sweet kisses suck'd the wasting
 breath
Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft.
And oft she call'd to him, who auswer'd
 nought,
But only by his looks did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret,
And piteous moan the which she for him
 made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
At last, when pain his vital pow'rs had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she stayèd not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste:
Forthwith her ghost out of her corpse did
 flit,
And followèd her Make like turtle chaste:
To prove that death their hearts cannot di-
 vide,
Which living were in love so firmly tied.

The gods, which all things see, this same
 beheld,
And, pitying this pair of lovers true,
Transformed them there lying on the field
Into one flow'r that is both red and blue:
It first grows red, and then to blue doth
 fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appears,
As fairly form'd as any star in skies:
Resembling Stella in her freshest years,
Forth darting beams of beauty from her
 eyes;
And all the day it standeth full of dew,
Which is the tears, that from her eyes did
 flow.

That herb of some, Starlight is call'd by
 name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well:
But thou, wherever thou dost find the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophiel.

And, whensoever thou it up dost take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepherd's sake.

Hereof when tidings far abroad did pass,
The shepherds all which loved him full
dear,

And sure full dear of all he lovèd was,
Did thither flock to see what they did hear.
And when that piteous spectacle they view'd,
The same with bitter tears they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding moan,
With inward anguish and great grief op-
prest :

And every one did weep and wail, and moan,
And means devised to show his sorrow best.
That from that hour, since first on grassy
green [ing seen.
Shepherds kept sheep, was not like mourn-

But first his sister that Clorinda hight,
The gentlest shepherdess that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and
spright

Her brother dear, began this doleful lay.
Which, lest I mar the sweetness of the
verse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.

THE

DOLEFUL LAY OF CLORINDA.*

AV me, to whom shall I my case complain,
That may compassion my impatient grief !
Or where shall I unfold my inward pain,
That my unriven heart may find relief !
Shall I unto the heavenly pow'rs it show?
Or unto earthly men that dwell below ?

To heavens ? ah ! they alas ! the authors
were,
And workers of my unremèdied woe :
For they foresee what to us happens here,
And they foresaw, yet suff'red this be so.
From them comes good, from them comes
also ill, [to spill !
That which they made, who can them warn

To men ? ah ! they alas like wretched be,
And subject to the heavens' ordinance :
Bound to abide whatever they decree,
Their best redress, is their best sufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, com-
fort me,
The which no less need comforted to be ?

Then to myself will I my sorrow mourn,
Sith none alive like sorrowful remains :

* Mary, Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney's sister. She probably wrote this poem. Spenser seems to have collected the poetical lamentations for his beloved friend in this place, as the five following poems are not his.

And to my self my plaints shall back return,
To pay their usury with doubled pains.
The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall re-
sound [ground.
The mournful accent of my sorrow's

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace ;
And all the fields do wail their widow state,
Sith death their fairest flow'r did late deface,
The fairest flow'r in field that ever grew,
Was Astrophel ; that was, we all may rue.

What cruel hand of cursèd foe unknown,
Hath cropp'd the stalk which bore so fair a
flow'r ?
Untimely cropp'd, before it well were grown,
And clean defacèd in untimely hour.
Great loss to all that ever him did see,
Great loss to all, but greatest loss to me !

Break now your garlands, O ye shepherds'
lasses, [gone :
Sith the fair flow'r, which them adorn'd, is
The flow'r, which them adorn'd, is gone to
ashes,

Never again let lass put garland on.
Instead of garland, wear sad Cypress now,
And bitter Elder broken from the bough.

Ne ever sing the love-lays which he made,
Who ever made such lays of love as he ?

Ne ever read the riddles, which he said
Unto yourselves, to make you merry glee.
Your merry glee is now laid all abed,
Your merrimaker now alas ! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all world's delight,
Hath robbèd you, and reft fro me my joy :
Both you and me, and all the world he quite
Hath robb'd of joyance, and left sad annoy.
Joy of the world, and shepherds' pride
was he !
Shepherds, hope never like again to see !

Oh Death ! that hath us of such riches reft,
Tell us at least, what hast thou wit, it done ?
What is become of him whose flow'r here
left

Is but the shadow of his likeness gone ?
Scarce like the shadow of that which he
was, [pass.
Nought like, but that he like a shade did

But that immortal spirit, which was deck'd
With all the dowries of celestial grace,
By sovereign choice from th' heavenly
quires select,
And lineally derived from angels' race,
Oh ! what is now of it become aread.
Ay me, can so divine a thing be dead ?

Ah ! no : it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aye in blissful Paradise :
Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie,
In bed of lilies wrapt in tender wise ;
And compass'd all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds all of celestial brood,
To him do sweetly carol day and night ;
And with strange notes of him well under-
stood,

Lull him asleep in angelic delight ; [be
Whilst in sweet dream to him presented
Immortal beauties, which no eye may see.

But he them sees and takes exceeding plea-
sure
Of their divine aspects, appearing plain,
And kindling love in him above all measure,
Sweet love still joyous, never feeling pain.
For what so goodly form he there doth see,
He may enjoy from jealous rancour free.

There liveth he in everlasting bliss,
Sweet Spirit never fearing more to die :
Ne dreading harm from any fces of his,
Ne fearing savage beasts more cruelty.
Whilst we here, wretches, wail his private
lack,
And with vain vows do often call him
back.

But live thou there, still happy, happy
Spirit,
And give us leave thee here thus to lament !
Not thee that dost thy heaven's joy inherit,
But our own selves that here in dole are
drent.
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our
eyes,
Mourning, in others, our own miseries.

WHICH when she ended had, another swain
Of gentle wit and dainty sweet device,
Whom Astrophel full dear did entertain,
Whilst here he lived, and held in passing
price,
Hight Thestylis, began his mournful tourne :
And made the Muses in his song to mourn.

And after him full many other moe,
As every one in order loved him best,
Gan dight themselves t' express their inward
woe,
With doleful lays unto the time address.
The which I here in order will rehearse,
As fittest flow'rs to deck his mournful
hearse.

THE
MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.*

COME forth, ye Nymphs, come forth, for-
sake your wat'ry bow'rs, [ment:
Forsake your mossy caves, and help me to la-
Help me to tune my doleful notes to gurg-
ling sound [tears of ours,
Of Liffey's tumbling streams: Come, let salt
Mix with his waters fresh. O come, let one
consent [deadly wound
Join us to mourn with wailful plaints the
Which fatal clap hath made, decreed by
higher pow'rs, [yrent
The dreary day in which they have from us
The noblest plant that might from East to
West be found. [his woful end,
Mourn, mourn, great Philip's fell, mourn we
Whom spiteful death hast pluck'd untimely
from the tree, [worthy fruit.
Whiles yet his years in flow'r did promise
Ah dreadful Mars, why didst thou not thy
knight defend? [mov'd thee
What wrathful mood, what fault of ours, hath
Of such a shining light to leave us destitute?
Thou with benign aspect sometime didst us
behold, [old,
Thou hast in Britons' valour ta'en delight of
And with thy presence oft vouchsafed to at-
tribute [deeds.
Fame and renown to us for glorious martial
But now thy ireful beams have chill'd our
hearts with cold; [not our land:
Thou hast estranged thyself, and deignest
far off to others now thy favour honour
broeds, [clime, (I fear;)
And high disdain doth cause thee shun our
For hadst thou not been wroth, or that time
near at hand, [England made;
Thou wouldst have heard the cry that woful
Eke Zeeland's piteous plaints, and Hol-
land's toren hair, [angry mind:
Would haply have appeased thy divine
Thou shouldst have seen the trees refuse to
yield their shade, [head;
And wailing to let fall the honour of their

And birds in mournful tunes lamenting in
their kind.
Up from his tomb the mighty Corineus
rose, [had bred,
Who, cursing oft the fates that thus mishap
His hoary locks he tare, calling the heavens
unkind. [and eke the Mose,
The Thames was heard to roar, the Rhine
The Scheldt, the Danube's self, this great
mischance did rue,
With torment and with grief: their foun-
tains pure and clear
Were troubled, and with swelling floods
declared their woes.
The Muses comfortless, the Nymphs with
paled hue, [far and near,
Thy Sylvan gods likewise came running
And all with tears bedew'd, and eyes cast
up on high; [to cry.
O help, O help, ye gods, they ghastly gan
O change the cruel fate of this so rare a
wight,
And grant that nature's course may measure
sure out his age. [fearfully,
The beasts their food forsook, and, trembling
Each sought his cave or den, this cry did
them so fright. [stirr'd to rage,
Out from amid the waves, by storm, then
This cry did cause to rise th' old father
Ocean hoar, [in sight,
Who grave with eld, and full of majesty
Spake in this wise. "Refrain (quoth he)
your tears and plaints,
Cease these your idle words, and make vain
requests no more.
No humble speech, nor moan, may move
the fixed stint [paints
Of destiny or death: Such is His will that
The earth with colours fresh; the darkest
skies with store [heart of flint
Of starry lights: And though your tears a
Might tender make, yet nought herein they
will prevail." [gan to feel
Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who
His vital force to faint, and death with cruel
dint
Of direful dart this mortal body to assail,

* Written by Lodowick Bryskett, an intimate friend of Spenser's, who was with him in Ireland, and succeeded him as Clerk of the Council of Munster.

With eyes lift up to heav'n, and courage
 frank as steel, [express,
 With cheerful face, where valour lively was
 But humble mind, ne said: "O Lord, if
 aught this frail [t' advance;
 An earthly carcass have Thy service sought
 If my desire have been still to relieve th'
 opprest ;
 If justice to maintain that valour I have spent
 Which thou me gav'st ; or if henceforth I
 might advance [if Thou think best ;
 Thy name, Thy truth, then spare me (Lord,
 Forbear these unripe years. But if thy will
 be bent, [hast set ;
 If that prefixed time be come which Thou
 Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now
 to be placed [precious blood
 In th' everlasting bliss, which with Thy
 Thou purchase didst for us." With that a
 sigh he set, [cast ;
 And straight a cloudy mist his senses over-
 His lips wax'd pale and wan, like damask
 rose's bud [flow'r,
 Cast from the stalk, or like in field to purple
 Which languisheth being shred by coulter
 as it pass'd. [veins, which were
 A trembling chilly cold ran through their
 With eyes brimful of tears to see his fatal
 hour, [did declare,
 Whose blust'ring sighs at first their sorrow
 Next, murmuring ensued ; at last they not
 forbear [enviously
 Plain outcries, all against the heav'ns that
 Deprived us of a spright so perfect and so
 rare.
 The Sun his lightsome beams did shroud,
 and hide his face [eternally :
 For grief whereby the earth fear'd night
 The mountains eachwhere shook, the rivers
 turn'd their streams, [apace ;
 And the air gan winterlike to rage and fret
 And grisly ghosts by night were seen, and
 fiery gleams, [did seem
 Amid the clouds with claps of thunder, that
 To rend the skies, and made both man and
 beast afraid : [foretold,
 The birds of ill-presage this luckless chance
 By dernel noise ; and dogs with howling
 made man deem [esteem
 Some mischief was at hand : for such they do
 As tokens of mishap, and so have done of
 old.
 Ah ! that thou hadst but heard his lovely
 Stella plain [ing cheer,
 Her grievous loss, or seen her heavy mourn-
 Whilst she, with woe opprest, her sorrows
 did unfold.

Her hair hung loose, neglect, about her
 shoulders twain :
 And from those two bright stars, to him
 sometime so dear [poison down
 Her heart sent drops of pearl, which fell in
 Twixt lily and the rose. She wrung her
 hand with vain, [ful fere,
 And piteously gan say : " My true and faith-
 Alas, and woe is me, why should my fortune
 frown
 On me thus frowardly to rob me of my joy !
 What cruel envious hand hath taken thee
 away, [my stay ?
 And with thee my content, my comfort and
 Thou only wast the ease of trouble and
 annoy,
 When they did me assail ; in thee my hopes
 did rest. [and day
 Alas, what now is left but grief, that night
 Afflicts this woful life, and with continual
 rage
 Torments ten thousand ways my miserable
 breast ! [to have
 O greedy envious heav'n, what needed thee
 Enrich'd with such a jewel this unhappy
 age ;
 To take it back again so soon ! Alas, when
 shall [since thy grave,
 Mine eyes see aught that may content them,
 My only treasure hides, the joys of my poor
 heart !
 As here with thee on earth I lived, even so
 equal
 Methinks it were with thee in heav'n I did
 abide : [part,
 And as our troubles all we here on earth did
 So reason would that there of thy most happy
 state [guide
 I had my share. Alas, if thou my trusty
 Were wont to be, how canst thou leave me
 thus alone [solate,
 In darkness and astray ; weak, weary, de-
 Plunged in a world of woe, refusing for to
 take
 Me with thee to the place of rest where thou
 art gone ! [her tongue ;
 This said, she held her peace, for sorrow tied
 And instead of more words, seem'd that
 her eyes a lake [therefro :
 Ot tears had been, they flowed so plenteously
 And, with her sobs and sighs, th' air round
 about her rung. [slain.,
 If Venus, when she wail'd her dear Adonis
 Aught moved in thy fierce heart compassion
 of her woe,
 His noble sister's plaints, her sig's and
 tears among,

Would sure have made thee mild, and inly
rue her pain :

Aurora half so fair herself did never show,
When from old Tithon's bed, she weeping
did arise. [of rain,

The blind archer-boy, like lark in show'r
Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time
did spend [her fair eyes ;

Under those crystal drops, which fell from
And at their brightest beams him preen'd
in lovely wise. [amend,

Yet sorry for her grief, which he could not
The gentle boy can wipe her eyes, and clear
those lights,

Those lights through which his glory and
his conquests shine.

The Graces tuck'd her hair, which hung like
threads of gold, [lights.

Along her ivory breast, the treasure of de-
All things with her to weep, it seem'd, did
incline, [stones so cold.

The trees, the hills, the dales, the caves, the
The air did help them mourn, with dark
clouds, rain, and mist

Forbearing many a day to clear itself again ;
Which made them eftsnoons fear the days
of Pyrrha should [threads untwist.

Of creatures' spoil the earth, their fatal
For Phœbus' gladsome rays were wish'd for
in vain, [ter fair,

And with her quivering light Latona's daugh-
And Charles-wain eke refused to be the
shipman's guide. [his train,

On Neptune war was made by Æolus and
Who, letting loose the winds, toss'd and
tormented th' air, [abide,

So that on ev'ry coast men shipwreck did
Or else were swallow'd up in open sea with
waves, [with despair.

And such as came to shore were beaten
The Medway's silver streams, that wont so
still to slide, [hidden hollow caves,

Were troubled now and wroth ; whose
Along his banks with fog then shrouded from
man's eye, [cry.

Aye Philip did resound, aye Philip they did
His Nymphs were seen no more (though
custom still it craves) [bathe or sport,

With hair spread to the wind themselves to

Or with the hook or net, borefooted wantonly,
The pleasant dainty fish to entangle or de-
ceive. [resort,

The shepherds left their wonted places of
Their bagpipes now were still ; their loving
merry lay [men might perceive

Were quite forgot ; and now their flocks
To wander and to stray, all carelessly neglect.

And, in the stead of mirth and pleasure,
nights and days [plaints, and moan.

Nought else was to be heard, but woes, com-
But thou (O blessèd soul!) dost haply not
respect [pure affect,

These tears we shed, though full of loving
Having affix'd thine eyes on that most
glorious throne, [reigns ;

Where full of majesty the High Creator
In Whose bright shining face thy joys are all
complete. [happy—always one,

Whose love kindles thy spright ; where,
Thou liv'st in bliss that earthly passion never
stains ; [Nectar sweet

Where from the purest spring the sacred
Is thy continual drink ; where thou dost
gather now

Of well employèd life th' inestimable gains.
There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives
thee place, [virtue bow,

And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy
And decks his fiery sphere, to do the honour
most. [grace,

In highest part whereof, thy valour for to
A chair of gold he sets to thee, and there
doth tell [boast

Thy noble acts arow, whereby even they that
Themselves of ancient fame, as Pyrrhus,
Hannibal, [excel

Scipio, and Cæsar, with the rest that did
In martial prowess, high thy glory do admire.

All hail, therefore, O worthy Philip im-
mortal, [thy name !

The flower of Sidney race, the honour of
Whose worthy praise to sing, my Muses not
aspire,

But sorrowful and sad these tears to thee
let fall, [thy fame

Yet wish their verses might so far and wide
Extend, that envy's rage, nor time, might
end the same

A PASTORAL ECLOGUE,

UPON THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KT., &c.

LYCON. COLIN.

COLIN, well fits thy sad cheer this sad stound,
This woful stound, wherein all things complain

This great mishap, this grievous loss of ours,
Hear'st thou the Orown? how with hollow sound

He slides away, and murmuring doth plain,
And seems to say unto the fading flow'rs.
Along his banks, into the barèd trees;
"Phillisides is dead." Up, joly swain,
Thou that with skill canst tune a doleful lay,
Help him to mourn. My heart with grief
doth freeze,

Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part
Sure would I bear, though rude: But, as
I may,

With sobs and sighs I second will thy song,
And so express the sorrows of my heart.

Colin. Ah Lycon, Lycor, what need skill,
to teach [long

A grievèd mind pour forth his plaints! how
Hath the poor turtie gone to school (weenest
thou) [each

To learn to mourn her lost Make! No, no,
Creature by nature can tell how to wail.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander
now? [tunes

Seemeth their leader's bell their bleating
In doleful sound. Like him, not one doth fail
With hanging head to show a heavy cheer,
What bird (I pray thee) hast thou seen, that
preens

Himself of late? did any cheerful note
Come to thine ears, or gladsome sight appear
Unto thine eyes, since that same fatal hour?
Hath not the air put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing tears?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing to his pow'r
Doth us invite to make a sad concert;
Come, let us join our mournful song with
theirs.

Grief will indite, and sorrow will enforce,
Thy voice; and echo will our words report.

Lycor. Though my rude rhymes ill with
my verses frame,
That others far excel: yet will I force

Myself 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 cave; vouchsafe (O Pan)
To pardon me, and hear this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pity it.
And eke ye rural Muses, that do dwell
In these wild woods; if ever piteous plaint
We did indite, or taught a woful mind
With words of pure affect his grief to tell,
Instruct me now. Now, Colin, then go on,
And I will follow thee, though far behind.

Colin. Phillisides is dead. O harmful
death,

O deadly harm! Unhappy Albion, [all,
When shalt thou see, among thy shepherds
Any so sage, so perfect? Whom unneath
Envy could touch for virtuous life and skill;
Courteous, valiant, and liberal.

Behold the sacred Pales, where with hair
Untruss'd she sits, in shade of yonder hill.
And her fair face, bent sadly down, doth send
A flood of tears to bathe the earth; and there
Doth call the heav'n's spiteful, envious,
Cruel his fate, that made so short an end
Of that-same life, well worthy to have been
Prolong'd with many years, happy and
famous.

The Nymphs and Oreades her round about
Do sit lamenting on the grassy green;
And with shrill cries, beating their whitest
breasts,

Accuse the dreful dart that death sent out
To give the fatal stroke. The stars they
blame,

That deaf or careless seem at their request.
The pleasant shade of stately groves they
shun; [wont frame

They leave their crystal springs, where they
Sweet bow'rs of mirth twigs and laurel fair,
To sport themselves free from the scorching
sun. [dark

And now the hollow caves where horror
Doth dwell, whence banish'd is the gladsome
air, [their time
They seek; and there in mourning spend

With wailful tunes, while wolves do howl
and bark,

And seem to bear a burden to their plaint.

Lycon. Phillisides is dead. O doleful
rhyme!

Why should my tongue express thee? who
is left

Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do
faint,

Lycon unfortunate! What spiteful fate,
What luckless destiny, hath thee bereft
Of thy chief comfort; of thy only stay!
Where is become thy wonted happy state,
(Alas!) wherein through many a hill and
dale, [known way,

Through pleasant woods, and many an un-
Along the banks of many silver streams,
Thou with him yodest; and with him didst
scale

The craggy rocks of th' Alps and Apennine!
Still with the Muses sporting, while those
beams

Of virtue kindled in his noble breast,
Which after did so gloriously shine!
But (woe is me!) they now quenched are
All suddenly, and death hath them op-
press'd.

Lo Father Neptune, with sad countenance,
How he sits mourning on the strand now
bare;

Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling
waves [chance)

The white feet washeth (wailing this mis-
Of Dover cliffs. His sacred skirt about
The sea-gods all are set; from their moist
caves

All for his comfort gather'd there they be.
The Thamis rich, the Humber rough and
stout,

The fruitful Severn, with the rest are come
To help their lord to mourn, and eke to see
The doleful sight, and sad pomp funeral,
Of the dead corpse passing through his
kingdom. [crown'd,

And all their heads, with cypress garlands
With woful shrieks salute him great and
small.

Eke wailful Echo, forgetting her dear
Narcissus, their last accents doth resound.

Colin. Phillisides is dead. O luckless
age;

O widow world; O brooks and fountains
clear;

O hills, O dales, O woods that oft have rung
With his sweet carolling, which could as-
suage

The fiercest wrath of tiger or of bear:

Ye Sylvans, Fauns, and Satyrs, that among
These thickets oft have danced after his
pipe;

Ye Nymphs and Naiades with golden hair,
That oft have left your purest crystal springs
To hearken to his lays, that coulden wipe
Away all grief and sorrow from your hearts!
Alas! who now is left that like him sings?
When shall you hear again like harmony?
So sweet a sound who to you now imparts?
Lo where engravèd by his hand yet lives
The name of Stella in yonder bay tree.

Happy name! happy tree! fair may you
grow,

And spread your sacred branch, which hon-
our gives

To famous Emperors, and Poets' crown.
Unhappy flock that wander scatt'rd now,
What marvel if through grief ye waxen lean,
Forsake your food, and hang your heads
adown!

For such a shepherd never shall you guide,
Whose parting hath of weal bereft you clean.

Lycon. Phillisides is dead. O happy
spright,

That now in heav'n with blessèd souls dost
bide:

Look down awhile from where thou sit'st
above,

And see how busy shepherds be to endite
Sad songs of grief, their sorrows to declare,
And grateful memory of their kind love.

Behold myself with Colin, gentle swain,
(Whose learnèd Muse thou cherish'dst most
whyleare,)

Where we, thy name recording, seek to ease
The inward torment and tormenting pain,
That thy departure to us both hath bred;

Ne can each other's sorrow yet appease,
Behold the fountains now left desolate,
And with'rd grass with cypress boughs be
spread;

Behold these flowers which on thy grave we
strew;

Which, faded, show the givers' faded state.
(Though eke they show their fervent zeal
and pure,)

Whose only comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whose prayers importune shall the heav'ns

for aye,
That, to thy ashes, rest they may assure:

That learnedst shepherds honour may thy
name

With yearly praises, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest
flowers;

And that for ever may endure thy fame.

Colin. The Sun (lo!) hast'ned hath his
face to steep [show'rs
In western waves; and th' air with stormy
Warns us to drive homewards our silly
sheep:

Lycon. let's rise, and take of them good
keep.

Virtute summa: cætera fortuna.

L(ODOWICK) B(RYSKETT).

AN ELEGY,

OR FRIEND'S PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHEL.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KT.,

LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING.*

As then, no wind at all there blew,
No swelling cloud acclroy'd the air;
The sky, like glass of watchet hue,
Reflected Phœbus' golden hair;
The garnish'd tree no pendant stirr'd,
No voice was heard of any bird.

There might you see the burly Bear
The Lion king, the Elephant;
The maiden Unicorn was there,
So was Acteon's hornèd plant,
And what of wild or tame are found,
Were couch'd in order on the ground.

Alcides' speckled poplar tree;
The palm that Monarchs do obtain;
With love-juice stained the mulberr;
The fruit that dews the poet's brain;
And Phillis' filbert there away,
Compared with myrtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorn,
With stately height threat'ning the sky
And, for the bed of Love forlorn,
The black and doleful Ebony;
All in a circle compass'd were,
Like to an amphitheatre.

Upon the branches of those trees,
The airy-wingèd people sat,

* This poem was written by Matthew Roydon, as we are informed in Nash's Preface to Greene's *Arcadia*, and in *Eng. Parnassus*.—TODD.

Distinguishèd in odd degrees,
One sort is this, another that,
Here Philomel, that knows full well
What force and wit in love doth dwell.

The sky-bred Eagle, royal bird,
Perch'd there upon an oak above;
The Turtle by him never stirr'd,
Example of immortal love.
The Swan that sings, about to die,
Leaving Mæander stood thereby.

And, that which was of wonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet Araby;
And, on a Cedar in this coast,
Built up her tomb of spicery,
As I conjecture, by the same
Prepared to take her dying flame.

In midst and centre of this plot,
I saw one grovelling on the grass:
A man or stone, I knew not that;
No stone; of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image make of stone.

At length I might perceive him rear
His body on his elbow end:
Earthly and pale with ghastly cheer,
Upon his knees he upward tend,
Seeming like one in uncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throws,
As might have torn the vital strings.

Then down his cheeks the tears so flows,
As doth the stream of many springs,
So thunder rends the cloud in twain,
And makes a passage for the rain.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complain;
Such were the accents as might wound,
And tear a diamond rock in twain:
After his throbs did somewhat stay
Thus heavily he gan to say.

O sun! (said he,) seeing the sun,
On wretched me why dost thy shine,
My star is fall'n, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eyne;
Shine upon those possess delight,
And let me live in endless night.

O grief that liest upon my soul,
As heavy as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life control,
Consort me quickly with the dead;
Half of this heart, this spright, and will,
Died in the breast of Astrophil.

And you, compassionate of my woe,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shady trees,
I am assured ye long to know
What be the sorrows me aggrieves:
Listen ye then to that insu'th,
And hear a tale of tears and ruth.

You knew, who knew not Astrophil?
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possession still!
Things known permit me to renew,
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you hear, too much.

Within these woods of Arcadie,
He chief delight and pleasure took,
And on the mountain Parthemie,
Upon the crystal liquid brook,
The Muses met him ev'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended down to the mount,
His personage seem'd most divine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Upon his lovely cheerful eyne:
To hear him speak and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books,

I trow that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was never eye did see that face,
Was never ear did hear that tongue,
Was never mind did mind his grace,
That ever thought the travel long;
But eyes and ears and every thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare deserts did reign,
Desirèd thus, must leave us than,
And we to wish for him in vain!
O could the stars, that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixèd sit!

Then being fill'd with learnèd dew,
The Muses willèd him to love;
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will move;
As Bacchus opes dissembled hearts,
So Love sets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heavenly bliss,
The highest in his fancy stood,
And she could well demerit this:
Tis likely they acquainted soon;
He was a Sun, and she a Moon.

Our Astrophil did Stella love;
O Stella, vaunt of Astrophil,
Albeit thy graces gods may move,
Where wilt thou find an Astrophil!
The rose and lily have their prime,
And so hath beauty but a time.

Although thy beauty do exceed,
In common sight of ev'ry eye,
Yet in his Poesies when we read,
It is apparent more thereby,
He, that hath love and judgment too,
Sees more than any other do

Then Astrophil hath honour'd thee;
For when thy body is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternal be,
And live by virtue of his ink;
For by his verses he doth give
The short-lived beauty aye to live.

Above all others this is he,
Which erst approvèd in his song,
That love and honour might agree,
And that pure love will do no wrong.
Sweet saints! it is no sin or blame,
To love a man of virtuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breathe
 In any mortal breast before,
 Did never Muse inspire beneath
 A Poet's brain with finer store :
 He wrote of love with high conceit,
 And beauty rear'd above her height.

Then Pallas afterward attired
 Our Astrophil with her device,
 Whom in his armour heaven admired,
 As of the nation of the skies ;
 He sparkled in his arms atars,
 As ne were dight with fiery stars.

The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
 (An envious eye doth see afar,)
 Such majesty (quoth he) is seld,*
 Such majesty my mart may mar,
 Perhaps this may a suitor be,
 To set Mars by his deity.

In this surmise he made with speed
 An iron cane, wherein he put
 The thunder that in clouds do breed ;
 The flame and blot together shut
 With privy force burst out again,
 And so our Astrophil was slain.

This word (was slain !) straightway did move
 And nature's inward life strings twitch ;
 The sky immediately above
 Was dimm'd with hideous clouds of pitch,
 The wrestling winds from out the ground
 Fill'd all the air with rattling sound.

The pending trees express'd a groan,
 And sigh'd the sorrow of his fall,
 The forest beasts made ruthful moan,
 The birds did tune their mourning call
 And Philomel for Astrophil
 Unto her notes annex'd a phill.

The turtle dove with tunes of ruth
 Show'd feeling passion of his death,

* Rare from seldom.

Methought she said " I tell thee truth,
 Was never he that drew in breath,
 Unto his love more trusty found,
 Than he for whom our griefs abound,"

The swan that was in presence here,
 Began his funeral dirge to sing, [pear,
 " Good things " (quoth he) " may scarce ap-
 But pass away with speedy wing.
 This mortal life as death is tried,
 And death gives life, and so he died."

The general sorrow that was made,
 Among the creatures of each kind,
 Fir'd the Phoenix where she laid,
 Her ashes flying with the wind,
 So as I might with reason see,
 That such a Phoenix ne'er should be.

Haply the cinders, driven about,
 May breed an offspring near that kind,
 But hardly a peer to that I doubt,
 It cannot sink into my mind,
 That under-branches e'er can be,
 Of worth and value as the tree.

The Eagle mark'd with piercing sight
 The mournful habit of the place,
 And parted thence with mountain flight,
 To signify to Jove the case,
 What sorrow nature doth sustain
 For Astrophil by envy slain.

And, while I follow'd with mine eye,
 The flight the Eagle upward took,
 All things did vanish by and by,
 And dissappear'd from my look ; [gone,
 The trees, beasts, birds, and grove was
 So was the friend that made this moan.

This spectacle had firmly wrought,
 A deep compassion in my spright,
 My melting heart issued methought,
 In streams forth at mine eyes aright :
 And here my pen is forced to shrink,
 My tears discolour so mine ink.

AN EPITAPH,

UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, Kt.

LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING.

To praise thy life, or wail thy worthy death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine,
Is far beyond the pow'r of mortal line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath

Yet rich in zeal, though poor in learning's
lore,
And friendly care obscured in secret breast,
And love that envy in thy life suppress,
Thy dear life done, and death hath doubled
more.

And I, that in thy time, and living state,
Did only praise thy virtues in my thought,
As one that sold the rising sun hath sought,
With words and tears now wail thy timeless
fate.

Drawn was thy race aright from princely
line, [gave,
Nor less than such, (by gifts that nature
The common mother that all creatures have,)
Doth virtue show, and princely lineage shine.

A king gave thee thy name; a kingly mind,
That God thee gave, who found it now too
dear [near,
For this base world, and hath resumed it
To sit in skies, and sort with pow'rs divine.

Kent thy birth days, and Oxford held thy
youth; [years, not time;
The heavens made haste, and stay'd nor
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
Thy will, thy words; thy words the seals
of truth.

Great gifts and wisdom rare employ'd thee
thence, [than kings;
To treat from kings with those more great
Such hope men had to lay the highest things
On thy wise youth, to be transported hence!

Whence to sharp wars sweet honour did
thee call.
Thy country's love, religion, and thy friends.

Of worthy men the marks, the lives, and
ends,
And her defence, for whom we labour all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and
tedious age, [might;
Grief, sorrow, sickness, and base fortune's
Thy rising day saw never woful night,
But pass'd with praise from off this worldly
stage.

Back to the camp by thee that day was
brought, [fame;
First thine own death, and after thy long
Tears to the soldiers, the proud Castillians'
shame,
Virtue exprest, and honour truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace
hath won?
Young years for endless years, and hope
unsure
Of fortune's gifts for wealth that still shall
dure;
Oh! happy race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy limbs that bred the
same,
Flanders thy valour where it last was tried,
The Camp thy sorrow where thy body died,
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vir-
tue's fame,

Nations thy wit, our minds lay up thy love;
Letters thy learning, thy loss, years long to
come;
In worthy hearts sorrow hath made thy tomb;
Thy soul and spright enrich the heavens
above.

Thy liberal heart embalm'd in grateful tears,
Young sighs, sweet sighs, sage sighs, bewail
thy fall;
Envy her sting, and Spite hath left her gall,
Makee herself a mourning garment wears.

<p>That day their Hannibal died, our Scipio fell, Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time!</p>	<p>Whose virtues, wounded by my worthless rhyme, [tell. Let Angels speak, and heaven thy praises</p>
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ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

<p>SILENCE augmenteth grief, writing en- creaseth rage, Staled are my thoughts, which loved, and lost, the wonder of our age, Yet quick'ned now with fire, though dead with frost ere now, Enraged I write, I know not what: dead, quick, I know not how.</p> <p>Hard-hearted minds relent, and Rigour's tears abound, And Envy strangely rues his end, in whom no fault she found; Knowledge her knight hath lost, Valour hath slain her knight; Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the world's delight.</p> <p>Place pensive wails his fall, whose presence was her pride. [was my spring-tide:"] Time crieth out, "My ebb is come; his life Fame mourns in that she lost the ground of her reports; Each living wight laments his lack, and all in sundry sorts.</p> <p>He was (woe worth that word!) to each well thinking mind A spotless friend, a matchless man, whose virtue ever shined, Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ, Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works of wit.</p> <p>He, only like himself, was second unto none, Whose death (though life) we rue, and wrong, and all in vain do moan; Their loss, not him, wail they, that fill the world with cries;</p>	<p>Death slew not him, but he made death his ladder to the skies,</p> <p>Now sink of sorrow I, who live; the more the wrong; Who wishing death, whom death denies, whose thread is all too long, [relief, Who tied to wretched life, who looks for no Must spend my ever dying days in never ending grief.</p> <p>Heartsease and only I, like parallels run on, Whose equal length keep equal breadth, and never meet in one; [sorrow's cell, Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my Shall not run out, though leak they will, for liking him so well.</p> <p>Farewell to you, my hopes, my wont'd waking dreams; [are thy beams! Farewell sometimes enjoyed joy; eclipsed Farewell self pleasing thoughts, which quietness brings forth; And farewell friendship's sacred league, uniting minds of worth.</p> <p>And farewell merry heart, the gift of guilt- less minds, [assigns; And all sports, which, for life's restore, variety Let all, that sweet is, void; in me no mirth may dwell, [content, farewell! Philip, the cause of all this woe, my life's</p> <p>Now rhyme, the son of rage, which art no kin to skill, [knows not how to kill, And endless grief, which deads my life, yet Go, seek that hapless tomb; which if ye hap to find, Salute the stones that keep the limbs that held so good a mind.</p>
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PROTHALAMION;

OR, A SPOUSAL VERSE.

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER,

IN HONOUR OF THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE OF THE TWO HONOURABLE AND VIRTUOUS LADIES, THE LADY ELIZABETH, AND THE LADY KATHERINE SOMERSET, DAUGHTERS TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF WORCESTER, AND ESPOUSED TO THE TWO WORTHY GENTLEMEN, HENRY GILFORD AND WILLIAM PETER, ESQUIRES.

CALM was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay [fair;
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glisten
When I, whom sullen care,
(Through discontent of my long fruitless
stay

In princes' court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain,)
Walk'd forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver streaming Thames;
Whose ruddy bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorn'd with dainty
gems

Fit to deck maidens' bow'rs,
And crown their paramours
Against the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my
song.

There, in a meadow by the river side,
A flock of nymphs I chanced to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untie!^{*}
As each had been a bride;
And each one had a little wicker basket.
Made of fine twigs, entrail'd curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their
flasket,
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalks on high.
Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
They gather'd some; the violet, pallid blue

* It was the custom for maiden brides to wear flowing locks.

The little daisy, that at evening closes,
The virgin lily, and the primrose true,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegrooms' posies
Against the bridal day which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my
song.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the Lea;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
The snow which doth the top of Pindus
strew,
Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle stream, the which them
bare,
Seem'd foul to them, and bade his billows
spare

To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
And mar their beauties bright,
That shone as heaven's light,
Against their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my
song.

Eftsoones the nymphs, which now had
flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the crystal flood;
Whom when they saw, they stood amazed
still,
Their wond'ring eyes to fill:
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fair,

Of fowls, so lovely, that they sure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair
Which through the sky draw Venus' silver
team;

For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,
But rather angels, or of angels' breed;
Yet were they bred of summer's heat, they
say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and
weed

The earth did fresh array;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames I run 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 upon those goodly birds they threw
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem,
When down along by pleasant Tempe's
shore,

Scatt'ered with flow'rs, through Thessaly they
stream, [store,
That they appear, through lilies' plenteous
Like a bride's chamber floor.

Two of those nymphs, meanwhile, two gar-
lands bound [found,
Of freshest flow'rs which in that mead they
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithal they
crown'd,

Whilst one did sing this lay,
Prepared against that day,
Against their bridal day, which was not long:
Sweet Thames I run softly, till I end my
song.

"Ye gentle birds! the world's fair ornament,
And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
Doth lead unto your lover's blissful bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle heart's content
Of your loves' complement;
And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,
With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,
Whose smile they say hath virtue to remove
All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty
guile

For ever to assail.
Let endless peace your steadfast hearts
accord,
And blessed plenty wait upon your board;
And let your bed with pleasures chaste
abound,

That fruitful issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joys redound
Upon your bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames I run softly, till I end my
song."

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their bridal day should not be
long;

And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth these joyous birds did pass along
Adown the Lea, that to them murmur'd low,
As he would speak, but that he lack'd a
tongue,

Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
Making his stream run slow.
And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about these twain, that did excel
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser stars. So they, enrangèd well
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not
long:

Sweet Thames I run softly, till I end my
song.

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native
source,

Though from another piace I take my name,
An house of ancient fame: *

There when they came, whereas those bricky
tow'rs [ride,
The which on Thames' broad aged back do
Where now the studious lawyers have their
bow'rs, [to bide,

There whylome wont the Templar Knights
Till they decay'd through pride:
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gainèd gifts and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein went to
dwell, [case;

Whose want too well now feels my friendless
But ah! here fits now well
Old woes, but joys, to tell

* This passage rather proves that Spenser, though born, by some chance, in London, came by family from the North.

† Lord Leicester's house, where Essex Street now stands. Essex lived there after his uncle's death.

Against the bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my
song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,*
Great England's glory and the world's wide
wonder, [did thunder,
Whose dreadful name late through all Spain
And Hercules' two pillars standing near
Did make to quake and fear :
Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry!
That fillest England with thy triumph's
fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
And endless happiness of thine own name
That promiseth the same ;
That through thy prowess, and victorious
arms, [harms ;
Thy country may be freed from foreign
And great Elisa's glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide
alarms,
Which some brave muse may sing
To ages following,

* Essex who had just conquered the Spaniards at Cadiz.

Upon the bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my
song.

From those high towers this noble lord
issuing,
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair
In th' ocean billows he hath bathed fair,
Descended to the river's open viewing,
With a great train ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to be seen
Two gentle knights of lovely face and fea-
ture,
Beseming well the bower of any queen,
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature, [sight,
That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in
Which deck the baldrick of the heavens
bright ;
They two, forth pacing to the river's side,
Received those two fair brides, their love's
delight ;
Which at th' appointed tide,
Each one did make his bride
Against their bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my
song.

EPITHALAMION.

WRITTEN FOR SPENSER'S OWN WEDDING.

YE learn'd sisters, which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful
rhymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
But joy'd in their praise :
And when ye list your own mishaps to
mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck did
raise,
Your string could soon to sadder tenor turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment :
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside ;
And, having all your heads with garlands
crown'd,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound ;
Ne let the same of any be envied .

So Orpheus did for his own bride !
So I unto myself alone will sing ;
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo
ring.
Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spread,
Having dispersed the night's uncheerful
damp,
Do ye awake ; and, with fresh lustyhead,
Go to the bow'r of my beloved love,
My truest turtle dove ;
Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many
a flake,
And many a bachelor to wait on him,
In their fresh garments trim.

Bid her awake therefore, and soon her dight,
 For lo! the wish'd day is come at last,
 That shall, for all the pains and sorrows past,
 Pay to her usury of long delight:
 And whilst she doth her dight,
 Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
 That all the wood may answer, and your
 echo ring.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can
hear

Both of the rivers and the forests green,
 And of the sea that neighbours to her near:
 All with gay garlands goodly well beseen.
 And let them also with them bring in hand
 Another gay garland,
 For my fair love of lilies and of roses.
 Bound truelove wise, with a blue sick riband.
 And let them make great store of bridal
 posies,

And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
 To deck the bridal bowers. [trear,
 And let the ground whereas her foot shall
 For fear the stones her tender foot should
 wrong,

Be strew'd with fragrant flowers all along,
 And diaper'd like the discolored mead.
 Which done, do at her chamber door await,
 For she will waken straight;
 The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer and your
 echo ring.

Ye nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
 The silver scaly trouts to tend full well,
 The greedy pikes which use therein to feed;
 (Those trouts and pikes all others do excel;
 And ye likewise, which keep the rushy lake,
 Where none do fishes take;
 Bind up the locks, the which hang scatter'd
 light,

And in his waters, which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces, as the crystal bring,
 That when you come whereas my love doth
 lie,

No blemish she may spy. [door,
 And eke, ye lightfoot maids, which keep the
 That on the hoary mountain used to tower;
 And the wild wolves, which seek them to
 devour, [near,

With your steel darts do chase from coming
 Be also present here,
 To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your
 echo ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
 The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,

All ready to her silver coach to climb;
 And Phœbus gins to show his glorious head.
 Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their
 lays

And carol of Love's praise.
 The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
 The thrush replies; the mavis descant piays;
 The ousel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
 So goodly all agree, with sweet concert,
 To this day merriment.

Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus
long,

When meeter were that ye should now
awake,

T' await the coming of your joyous make,
 And hearken to the bird's love-leanèd song,
 The dewy leaves among!

For they of joy and pleasaunce to you sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their
 echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
 And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmèd
 were

With darksome cloud, now show their
 goodly beams [rear,

More bright than Hesperus his head doth
 Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
 Help quickly her to dight:

But first come ye fair Hours, which were
 begot,

In Jove's sweet paradise of day and night;
 Which do the seasons of the year allot,
 And all, that ever in this world is fair,
 Do make and still repair: [Queen,

And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian
 The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
 Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:

And, as ye her array, still throw between
 Some graces to be seen;

And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
 The whiles the woods shall answer, and
 your echo ring.

Now is my Love all ready forth to come:
 Let all the Virgins therefore well await;
 And ye fresh Boys, that tend upon her
 Groom,

Prepare yourselves; for he is coming straight.
 Set all your things in seemly good array,
 Fit for so joyful day:

The joyfull'st day that ever Sun did see.
 Fair Sun! show forth thy favourable ray,
 And let thy life-ful heat not fervent be,
 For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
 Her beauty to disgrace.

O fairest Phœbus! Father of the Muse!

If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse ;
But let this day, let this one day, be mine ;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their
echo ring.

Hark ! how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud
Their merry music that resounds from far,
The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling
crowd,*

That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But, most of all, the Damsels do delight,
When they their timbrels smite,
And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
That all the senses they do ravish quite ;
The whiles the Boys run up and down the
street,

Crying aloud with strong confusèd noise,
As if it were one voice,
Hymen, iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout ;
That even to the heavens their shouting
shrill

Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill ;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
And laud advance her laud ; [sing,
And evermore they, "Hymen, Hymen,"
That all the woods them answer, and their
echo ring.

Lo ! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
Arising forth to run her mighty race.
Clad all in white, that 'seems a Virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that he would ween
Some Angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearly flow'rs
atween,

Do like a golden mantle her attire ;
And, being crownèd with a garland green,
Seem like some Maiden Queen.
Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixèd are ;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do he still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your
echo ring.

* A Welsh musical instrument, or a violin.

Tell me, ye Merchants' daughters, did ye
see

So fair a creature in your town * before ?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beauty's grace and virtue's
store : [bright,
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining
Her forehead ivory white, [rudded,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncruded,
Her paps like lilies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tow'r ;
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up with many a stately stair,
To Honour's seat and Chastity's sweet bow'r.
Why stand ye still, ye Virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze ?
While ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your
echo ring.

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnish'd with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that
sight,

And stand astonish'd like to those which read
Medusa's mazelful head. [Chastity,
There dwells sweet Love, and constant
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty ;
There Virtue reigns as Queen in royal
throne,

And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will ;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tenpt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treas-
ures,

And unrevealèd pleasures,
Then would he wonder, and her praises sing
That all the woods should answer, and your
echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my Love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this Saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view:
Of her ye Virgins learn obedience,

* Cork ; where Spenser was married.

When so ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces :
 Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endless matrimony make ;
 And let the roaring organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
 The whiles, with hollow throats,
 The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their
 echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
 And blessed her with his two happy hands,
 How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
 And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil
 stain,

Like crimson dyed in grain :
 That even the Angels, which continually
 About the sacred altar do remain,
 Forget their service and about her fly,
 Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad eyes, still fasten'd on the ground,
 Are govern'd with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one look to glance awry,
 Which may let in a little thought unsound.
 Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your
 hand,

The pledge of all our band !
 Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluiah sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your
 echo ring.

Now all is done : bring home the Bride
 again ;

Bring home the triumph of our victory ;
 Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
 With joyance bring her and with jollity.
 Never had man more joyful day than this,
 Whom heaven would heap with bliss. [day ;
 Make feast therefore now all this live-long
 This day for ever to me holy is.
 Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
 Pour not by cups, but by the bellyful,
 Pour out to all that wull, [wine,
 And sprinkle all the posts and walls with
 That they may sweat, and drunken be withal.
 Crown ye god Bacchus with a coronal,
 And Hymen also crown with wreaths of
 vine ;

And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
 For they can do it best :
 The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
 To which the woods shall answer, and their
 echo ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the
 town,

And leave your wonted labours for this day :
 This day is holy ; do ye write it down,
 That ye for ever it remember may.
 This day the Sun is in his chiefest height,
 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 ordain'd was,
 To choose the longest day in all the year,
 And shortest night, when longest fitter
 were :

Yet never day so long, but late would pass.
 Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,
 And bonfires make all day : [sing,
 And dance about them, and about them
 That all the woods may answer, and your
 echo ring.

Ah ! when will this long weary day have end,
 And lend me leave to come unto my Love ?
 How slowly do the hours their numbers
 spend !

How slowly does sad Time his feathers
 move !

Haste thee, O fairest Planet, to thy home,
 Within the Western foam :
 Thy tired steeds long since have need of
 rest.

Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
 And the bright Evening-star with golden
 crest

Appear out of the East.
 Fair child of beauty ! glorious lamp of Love !
 That all the host of heaven in ranks dost
 lead,
 And guidest lovers through the night's sad
 drear,

How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
 And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling
 As joying in the sight [light,
 Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their
 echo ring

Now cease, ye Damsels, 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 bow'rs.
 The night is come, now soon her disarray,
 And in her bed her lay ;
 Lay her in lillies and in violets,
 And silken curtains over her display,

And odour'd sheets, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair Love does lie,
In proud humility!
Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flow'ry grass,
Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brook.
Now it is night, ye Damsels may be gone,
And leave my love alone,
And leave 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 day's labour dost at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruel Love col-
lected:

Hast sunn'd in one, and cancell'd for aye,
Spread thy broad wing over my Love and
me,

That no man may us see;

And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril and foul horror free.

Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy

The safety of our joy;

But let the night be calm, and quiet some,
Without tempestuous storms of sad affray:

Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tyrynthian groom:

Or like as when he with thyself did lie,
And begot Majesty. [sing;

And let the maids and young men cease to
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their
echo ring.

Let no lamenting cries, nor doleful tears,

Be heard all night within, nor yet without;

Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,

Break gentle sleep with misconceived doubt,

Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights,

Make sudden sad affrights; [harms,

Ne let house-fires, nor lightnings' helpless

Ne let the pouke,* nor other evil sprights,

Ne let mischievous witches with their
charms, [see not,

Nè let hob-goblins, names whose sense we

Fray us with things that be not; [heard;

Let not the shriek-owl nor the stork be

Nor the night raven, that still deadly yells;

Nor damn'd ghosts, call'd up with mighty
spells;

Nor grisly vultures make us once afear'd:

Ne let th' unpleasant quire of frogs still
croaking

Make us to wish their choking.

Let none of these their dreary accents sing;

Ne let the woods them answer, nor their
echo ring.

But let still Silence true night-watches keep,
That sacred Peace may in assurance reign,
And timely Sleep, when it is time to sleep,
May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant
plain;

The whiles an hundred little wing'd Loves,
Like divers feathered doves,

Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,

And in the secret dark, that none reproves,

Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares
shall spread

To filch away sweet snatches of delight,

Conceal'd through covert night.

Ye Sons of Venus, play your sports at will!

For greedy Pleasure, careless of your toys,

Thinks more upon her paradise of joys,

Than what ye do, albe it good or ill.

All night therefore attend your merry play,

For it will soon be day:

Now none doth hinder you, that say or
sing; [echo ring.

Ne will the woods now answer, nor your

Who is the same, which at my window
peeps?

Or whose is that fair face that shines so
bright?

Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,

But walks about high heaven all the night?

O! fairest goddess, do thou not envy

My Love with me to spy: [unthought,

For thou likewise didst love, though now

And for a fleece of wool, which privily

The Latmian Shepherd once unto thee
brought,

His pleasures with thee wrought.

Therefore to us be favourable now;

And sith of women's labours thou hast
charge,

And generation goodly dost enlarge,

Incline thy will t' effect our wishful vow,

And the chaste womb inform with timely
seed,

That may our comfort breed:

Till which we cease our hopeful hap to sing,

Ne let the woods us answer, nor our echo
ring.

And thou great Juno! which with awful
might

* The household fairy—the Pixy of Devon-
shire, and Puck of Shakespeare.

The laws of wedlock still dost patronise ;
 And the religion of the faith first plight
 With sacred rites has taught to solemnise ;
 And eke for comfort often callèd art
 Of women in their smart ;
 Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
 And all thy blessings unto us impart.
 And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle
 hand

The bridal bow'r and genial bed remain,
 Without blemish of stain ;
 And the sweet pleasures of their love's de-
 light

With secret aid dost succour and supply,
 Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny ;
 Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
 And thou fair Hebe! and thou, Hymen
 free !

Grant that it may so be.

Till which we cease your further praise to
 sing ; [ring.

Ne any woods shall answer, nor your echo

And ye high heavens, the temple of the
 gods,

In which a thousand torches flaming bright
 Do burn, that to us wretchèd earthly clods

In dreadful darkness lend desirèd light ;
 And all ye powers which in the same re-
 main,

More than we men can feign ;
 Pour out your blessing on us plenteously,
 And happy influence upon us rain,
 That we may raise a large posterity,
 Which from the earth which they may long
 possess

With lasting happiness,
 Up to your haughty palaces may mount ;
 And, for the guerdon of their glorious merit,
 May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
 O blessed Saints for to increase the count.
 So let us rest, sweet Love, in hope of this,
 And cease till then our timely joys to sing :
 The woods no more us answer, nor our echo
 ring !

*Song ' made in lieu of many ornaments,
 With which my Love should duly have
 been deck'd,*

*Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
 Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
 But promised both to recompense ;
 Be unto her a goodly ornament,
 And for short time an endless monumen. '*

HYMNS

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MOST VIRTUOUS LADIES, THE LADY MARGARET,
COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND; AND THE LADY MARY,
COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

HAVING, in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymns in the Praise of Love and Beauty, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather suck out poison to their strong passion, than honey to their honest delight. I was moved, by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same; but, being unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and by way of retraction, to reform them, making (instead of those two Hymns of earthly or natural love and beauty) two others of heavenly and celestial; the which I dedicate jointly unto you two honourable sisters, as to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beauty, both in the one and the other kind; humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily show unto me, until such time as I may, by better means, yield you some more notable testimony of my thankful mind and dutiful devotion. And even so I pray for your happiness. Greenwich this first of September, 1596. Your Honours' most bounden ever,

In all humble service,

ED. SP.

AN HYMN IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

LOVE, that long since hast to thy mighty
pow'r
Perforce subdued my poor captivèd heart,
And, raging now therein with restless
stowre,
Dost tyrannize in every weaker part,
Fain would I seek to ease my bitter smart
By any service I might do to thee,
Or aught that else might to thee pleasing be.

And now t' assuage the force of his new
flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I mean to sing the praises of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests to areed,

By which thou madest many hearts to bleed
Of mighty victors, with wide wounds im-
bued,
And by thy cruel darts to thee subdued.

Only I fear my wits enfeebled late,
Through the sharp sorrows which thou hast
me bred, [late
Should faint, and words should fail me to re-
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-
head:
But, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to over-
spread
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy acts to sing.

Come, then, O come, thou mighty God of
Love!

Out of thy silver bow'rs and secret bliss,
Where thou dost sit in Venus' lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosial kiss,
That sweeter far than any nectar is;
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle fury, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet muses! which have often
proved,

The piercing points of his avengeful darts;
And ye, fair nymphs! which oftentimes
have loved

The cruel worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare yourselves, and open wide your
hearts

For to receive the triumph of your glory,
That made you merry oft when ye were
sorry

And ye, fair blossoms of youth's wanton
breed;

Which in the conquests of your beauty
boast,

Wherewith your lovers' feeble eyes you feed,
But starve their hearts that needeth nur-
ture most. [host,

Prepare yourselves to march amongst his
And all the way this sacred hymn do sing,
Made in the honour of your sovereign king.

GREAT GOD OF MIGHT, that reignest in
the mind,

And all the body to thy hest dost frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankind,
That dost the lions and fell tigers tame,
Making their cruel rage thy scornful game,
And in their roaring taking great delight;
Who can express the glory of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancy,
When thy great mother Venus first thee
bare,

Begot of Plenty and of Penury,
Though elder than thine own nativity.
And yet a child, renewing still thy years,
And yet the eldest of the heavenly peers?

For ere this world's still moving mighty
mass

Out of great Chaos' ugly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heaven's view, and in deep darkness
kept,

Love, that had now long tirae securely slept,

In Venus' lap, unarm'd 'then and naked,
Gan rear his head, by Clotho being wak'd:

And taking to him wings of his own heat,
Kindled at first from heaven's life giving
fire,

He gan to move out of his idle seat;
Weakly at first, but after with desire
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount up higher,
And, like fresh eagle, made his hardy flight
Through all that great wide waste, yet want-
ing light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wand'ring
way,

His own fair mother, for all creatures' sake,
Did lend him light from her own 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
sever

The which before had lain confus'd ever.

The earth, the air, the water, and the fire,
Then gan to range themselves in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conspire
Each against other by all means they may,
Threat'ning their own confusion and decay:
Air hated earth, and water hated fire,
Till Love relented their rebellious ire.

He then them took, and, tempering goodly
well

Their contrary dislikes with lov'd means,
Did place them all in order, and compel
To keep themselves within their sundry
reigns,

Together link'd with adamantine chains;
Yet so, as that in every living wight
They mix themselves, and show their kindly
might.

So ever since they firmly have remain'd,
And duly well observ'd his behest;
Through which now all these things that
are contain'd [least,

Within this goodly cope, both most and
Their being have, and daily are increased
Through secret sparks of his infused fire,
Which in the barren cold he doth inspire.

Thereby they all do live, and mov'd are
To multiply the likeness of their kind,
Whilst they seek only, without further care,
To quench the flame which they in burning
find;

But man that breathes a more immortal
mind,
Not for lust's sake, but for eternity,
Seeks to enlarge his lasting progeny ;

For, having yet in his deducted spright
Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fire,
He is enlumined with that goodly light,
Unto like goodly semblant to aspire ;
Therefore in choice of love he doth desire
That seems on earth most heavenly to embrace,
That same is Beauty, born of heavenly race.

For sure of all that in this mortal frame
containèd is, nought more divine doth seem,
Or that resembleth more th' immortal flame
Of heavenly light, than Beauty's glorious
beam.
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Frail men, whose eyes seek heavenly things
to see,
At sight thereof so much enravish'd be ?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy
Doth therewith tip his sharp empois'ned
darts,
Which glancing thro the eyes with countenance
coy [hearts,
Rest not till they have pierced the trembling
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which sucks the blood, and drinketh up the
life,
Of careful wretches with consuming grief.

Thenceforth they 'plain, and make full piteous
moan
Unto the author of their baleful bane :
The days they waste, the nights they grieve
and groan, [disdain ;
Their lives they loathe, and heaven's light
No light but that, whose lamp doth yet remain
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They deign to see, and seeing it still die.

That whilst thou, tyrant Love, dost laugh
and scorn
At their complaints, making their pain thy
play, [lorn,
Whilst they lie languishing like thralls for-
The whiles thou dost triumph in their decay ;
And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,
Thou dost cmmarble the proud heart of her
Whose love before their life they do prefer.

So hast thou often done (ay me, the more!)
To me thy vassal, whose yet bleeding heart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast
so sore,
That whole remains scarce any little part ;
Yet, to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enrozen her disdainful breast,
That no one drop of pity there doth rest.

Why then do I this honour unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou dost show no favour unto me,
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious dame,
Somewhat to slake the rigour of my flame ?
Certes small glory dost thou win hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to die.

But if thou be indeed, as men thee call,
The world's great parent, the most kind
preserver
Of living wights, the sovereign lord of all,
How falls it then that with thy furious fer-
vour
Thou dost afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doth thy lovely hests despise,
And on thy subjects most doth tyrannize ?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee
serve,
That, ere thou dost them unto grace restore,
Thou mayst well try if thou wilt ever
swerve,
And mayst them make it better to deserve,
And, having got it, may it more esteem ;
For things hard gotten men more dearly
deem.

So hard those heavenly beauties he enfired
As things divine, least passions do impress,
The more of steadfast minds to be admired,
The more they stayèd be on steadfastness ;
But baseborn minds such lamps regard the
less,
Which at first blowing take not hasty fire :
Such fancies feel no love, but loose desire

For love is lord of truth and loyalty,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest sky,
Above the reach of loathy sinful lust,
Whose base affect through cowardly distrust
Of his weak wings dare not to heaven fly,
But like a moldwarp in the earth doth lie.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves
enure
To dirty dross, no higher dare aspire,

Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celestial fire
Which kindleth love in generous desire,
And makes him mount above the native
might
Of heavy earth, up to the heavens' height.

Such is the pow'r of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
And the refinèd mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would itself excel,
Which he beholding still with constant
sight,
Admires the mirror of so heavenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
He thereon feeds his hungry fantasy,
Still full, yet never satisfie'd with it ;
Like Tantale, that in store doth starvèd lie,
So doth he pine in most satiety ;
For naught may quench his infinite desire,
Once kindled through that first conceivèd
fire.

Thereon his mind affixèd wholly is,
Ne thinks on aught but how it to attain ;
His care, his joy, his hope, is all on this,
That seems in it all bliesses to contain,
In sight whereof all other bliss seems vain :
Thrice happy man ! might he the same pos-
sess,
He fains himself, and doth his fortune bless.

And though he do not win his wish to end.
Yet thus far happy he himself doth ween,
That heavens such happy grace did to him
lend,
As thing on earth so heavenly to have seen
His heart's enshrined saint, his heaven's
queen,
Fairer than fairest, in his faining eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicity.

Then forth he casts in his inquiet thought,
What he may do, her favour to obtain ;
What brave exploit, what peril hardly
wrought,
What puissant conquest, what adventurous
pain,
May please her best, and grace unto him
gain ;
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune fears,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he bears.

Though art his god, thou art his mighty
god,
gode,

Thou, being blind, let'st-him not see his
fears,
But carriest him to that which he had eyed,
Through seas, through flames, through
thousand swords and spears ;
Ne aught so strong that may his force with-
stand,
With which thou arimest his resistless hand.

Witness Leander in the Euxine waves,
And stout Æneas in the Trojan fire,
Achilles pressing through the Phrygian
glaves,
And Orpheus, daring to provoke the ire
Of damnèd fiends, to get his love retire ;
For both through heaven and hell thou
makest way,
To win them worship which to thee obey.

And if by all these perils and these pains,
He may but purchase liking in her eye.
What heavens of joy then to himself he
feigns !

Eftsoones he wipes quite out of memory
Whatever ill before he did aby :
Had it been death, yet would he die again,
To live thus happy as her grace to gain.

Yet, when he hath found favour to his will,
He nathemore can so contented rest,
But forceth further on, and striveth still
T'approach more near, till in her inmost
breast

He may embosom'd be and lovèd best ;
And yet not best, but to be lovèd alone ;
For love cannot endure a paragon.

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mind with more than hellish
pain !

And to his feigning fancy represent
Sights never seen, and thousand shadows
vain,

To break his sleep, and waste his idle brain :
Thou that hast never lovèd canst not le'ieve
Least part of th' evils which poor lovers
grieve.

The gnawing envy, the heart-fretting fear,
The vain surmises, the distrustful shows,
The false reports that flying tales do bear,
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the
woes,

The feignèd friends, the unassurèd foes,
With thousands more than any tongue can
tell,

Do make a lover's life a wretch's hell.

Yet is there one more cursèd than they all,
That cankerworm, that monster, jealousy,
Which eats the heart, and feeds upon the
gall,

Turning all love's delight to misery,
Through fear of losing his felicity.
Ah, Gods! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle love, that all his joys defaced!

By these, O Love! thou dost thy entrance
make

Unto thy heaven, and dost the more endear
Thy pleasures unto those which them par-
take,

As after storms, when clouds begin to clear.
The sun more bright and glorious doth ap-
pear;

So thou thy folk, through pains of purgatory
Dost bear unto thy bliss, and heaven's glory.

There thou them placest in a paradise
Of all delight and joyous happy rest,
Where they do feed on nectar heavenly-wise,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest
Of Venus' darlings, through her bounty
blest;

And lie like gods in ivory beds array'd,
With rose and lillies over them display'd.

There with thy daughter Pleasure they do
play

blame,
Their hurtless sports, without rebuke or
And in her snowy bosom boldly lay
Their quiet heads, devoid of guilty shame,
After full joyance of their gentle game;
Then her they crown their goddess and their
queen,

And deck with flowers thy altars well beseen.

Ay me! dear Lord! that ever I might hope,
For all the pains and woes that I endure,
I'o come at length unto the wishèd scope
Of my desire, or might myself assure
I'hat happy port for ever to recure!

Then would I think these pains no pains at
all,

And all my woes to be b t penance small.

Then would I sing of thine immortal praise
An heavenly hymn, such as the angels sing,
And thy triumphant name then would I
ra'se

Bove all the gods, thee only honouring;
My guide, my god, my victor, and my king:
Till then, dread Lord! vouchsafe to take of
me

[thee,
This simple song, thus framed in praise of

AN HYMN IN HONOUR OF BEAUTY.

AH! whither, Love! wilt thou now carry
me?

What wantless fury dost 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 de-
sire,

And up aloft above my strength dost raise
The wondrous matter of my fire to praise,

That as I erst, in praise of thine own name,
So now in honor of thy mother dear,
An honourable hymn I eke should frame,
And, with the brightness of her beauty clear,
The ravish'd hearts of gazeful men might
rear

To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds such soul-enchancing
might.

Thereto do thou, great goddess! Queen of
Beauty,

Mother of love, and of all worlds' delight,
Without whose sovereign grace and kindly
duty

Nothing on earth seems fair to fleshly sight,
Do thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling
light,

T'illuminate my dim and dullèd eyne,
And beautify this sacred hymn of thine:

That both to thee, to whom I mean it most,
And eke to her, whose fair immortal beam
Hath darted fire into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woes extreme,
It may so please, that she at length will
stream

Some dew of grace into my wither'd heart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

WHAT TIME THIS WORLD'S GREAT WORK
MASTER DID CAST

To make all things such as we now behold,
It seems that he before his eye had placed

A goodly pattern, to whose perfect mould
He fashion'd them as comely as he could,
That now so fair and seemly they appear,
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous pattern, whereso'er it be,
Whether in earth laid up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinful eyes, for fear it to deflow'r,
Is perfect beauty, which all men adore ;
Whose face and feature doth so much excel
All mortal sense, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Of more or less, by influence divine,
So it more fair accordingly it makes,
And the gross matter of this earthly mine
Which clothed it thereafter doth refine,
Doing away the dross which dims the light
Of that fair beam which therein is empight.

For, through infusion of celestial pow'r,
The duller earth it quick'neth with delight,
And lifeful spirits privily doth pour
Through all the parts, that to the looker's
sight
They seem to please ; that is thy sovereign
might,
O Cyprian queen ! which flowing from the
beam
Of thy bright star, thou into them dost
stream.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
To all things fair, that kindleth lively fire,
Light of thy lamp ; which, shining in the
face,
Thence to the soul darts amorous desire,
And robs the hearts of those which it ad-
mire ;
Therewith thou pointest thy son's poison'd
arrow, [marrow
That wounds the life and wastes the inmost,

How vainly then do idle wits invent,
That beauty is nought else but mixture made
Of colours fair, and goodly temp'rument
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And pass away, like to a summer's shade ;
Or that it is but comely composition
Of parts well measured, with meet dis-
position !

Hath white and red in it such wondrous
pow'r,
That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the
heart,
And therein stir such rage and restless stowre,

As nought but death can stint his colours
smart ?

Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both sense, and reason blind ?

Why do not then the blossoms of the field,
Which are array'd with much more orient
hue,

And to the sense most dainty odours yield,
Work like impression in the looker's view ?
Or why do not fair pictures like pow'r shew,
In which oft-times we nature see of art
'Excell'd, in perfect limning every part ?

But ah ! believe me there is more than so,
That works such wonders in the minds of
men ;

I, that have often proved, too well it know,
And who so list the like assays to ken,
Shall find by trial, and confess it then,
That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward show of things that only seem.

For that same goodly hue of white and red,
With which the cheeks are sprinkled, shall
decay,

And those sweet rosy leaves, so fairly spread
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay :
That golden wire, those sparkling stars so
bright,
Shall turn to dust, and loose their goodly
light.

But that fair lamp, from which celestial ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth lover's
fire,

Shall never be extinguish'd nor decay ;
But, when the the vital spirits do expire,
Unto her native planet shall retire ;
For it is heavenly born and cannot die,
Being a parcel of the purest sky.

For when the soul, the which derivèd was,
At first, out of that Great Immortal Spright,
By whom all live to love, whylome did pass
Down from the top of purest heaven's height
To be embodied here, it then took light
And lively spirits from that fairest star
Which lights the world forth from his fiery
car.

Which pow'r retaining still or more or less,
When she in fleshly seed is eft enraced,
Through every wart she doth the same im-
press,

According as the heavens have her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be
placed,
Fit for herself, adorning it with spoil
Of th' heavenly riches which she robb'd
erewhile.

Thereof it comes that these fair souls, which
have

The most resemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themselves most beautiful and
brave

Their fleshly bow'r, most fit for their delight,
And the gross matter by a sovereign might
Temper so trim, that it may well be seen
A palace fit for such a virgin queen.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Therefore wherever that thou dost behold
A comely corpse, with beauty fair endued,
Know this for certain, that the same doth
hold

A beauteous soul, with fair conditions thew'd,
Fit to receive the seed of virtue strew'd;
For all that fair is, is by nature good;
That is a sign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falls that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deform'd tabernacle drown'd,
Either by chance against the course of kind,
Or through unaptness in the substance found,
Which it assum'd of some stubborn ground,
That will not yield unto her form's direction,
But is deform'd with some foul imperfection.

And oft it falls, (aye me, the more to rue!)
That goodly beauty, albe heavenly born,
Is foul abused, and that celestial hue,
Which doth the world with her delight adorn,
Made but the bait of sin, and sinners' scorn,
Whilst everyone doth seek and sue to have it,
But everyone doth seek but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that fair Beauty's blame,
But theirs that do abuse it unto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty
shame

May be corrupt, and wrested unto ill:
Nathless the soul is fair and beauteous still,
However flesh's fault it filthy make;
For things immortal no corruption take.

But ye, fair dames! the world's dear orna-
ments

And lively images of heaven's light,
Let not your beams with such disparage-
ments

Be dimm'd, and your bright glory dark'n'd
quite;

But, mindful still of your first country's
Do still preserve your first inform'd grace,
Whose shadow yet shines in your beauteous
face.

Loathe that foul blot, that hellish fierbrand,
Disloyal lust fair Beauty's foulest blame,
That base affections, which your ears would
bland,

Commend to you by love's abus'd name,
But is indeed the bondslave of defame;
Which will the garland of your glory mar,
And quench the light of your bright shining
star.

But gentle love, that loyal is and true,
Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
And add more brightness to your goodly hue,
From light of his pure fire; which, by like
way

Kindled of yours, your likeness doth display;
Like as two mirrors, by opposed reflection,
Do both express the face's first impression.

Therefore, to make your beauty more appear
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye bear,
That men the more admire their fountain
may;

For else what booteth that celestial ray,
If it in darkness be enshrin'd ever,
That it of loving eyes be view'd never?

But, in your choice of loves, this well advise,
That likest to yourselves ye them select,
The which your form's first source may
sympathise,

And with like beauty's parts be inly deck'd;
For if you loosely love without respect,
It is not love, but a discordant war,
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do
jar

For love is a celestial harmony
Of likely hearts composed of stars' concent,
Which join together in sweet sympathy,
To work each other's joy and true content,
Which they have harbor'd since their first
descent

Out of their heavenly bow'rs, where they did
And know each other here beloved to be.

Then wrong it were that any other twain
Should in love's gentle band combinèd be,
But those whom heaven did at first ordain,
And made out of one mould the more t'
agree;

For all, that like the beauty which they see,
Straight do not love; for Love is not so light
As straight to burn at first beholder's sight.

But they, which love indeed, look otherwise,
With pure regard and spotless true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes
A more refinèd form, which they present
Unto their mind, void of all blemishment:
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from flesh's frail infection.

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in itself it hath remaining still,
Of that first sun, yet sparkling in his sight,
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill
An heavenly beauty to his fancy's will;
And, it embracing in his mind entire,
The mirror of his own thought doth admire.

Which seeing now so inly fair to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his spirit's proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasy,
And fully setteth his felicity;
Counting it fairer than it is indeed,
And yet indeed her fairness doth exceed.

For lovers' eyes more sharply sighted be
Than other men's, and in dear love's delight
See more than any other eyes can see,
Through mutual receipt of beams bright,
Which carry privy message to the spright,
And to their eyes that inmost fair display,
As plain as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see, through amorous eye-
glances,
Armies of Loves still flying to and fro,
Which dart at them their little fiery lances;
Whom having wounded, back again they go,
Carrying compassion to their lovely foe;
Who, seeing her fair eyes' so sharp effect,
Cures all their sorrows with one sweet
aspect.

In which how many wonders do they read
To their conceit, that others never see!
Now of her smiles, with which their souls
they feed,

Like gods with nectar in their banquets free;
Now of her looks, which like to cordials be;
But when her words embassage forth she
sends,
Lord, how sweet music that unto them lends!

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
A thousand graces masking in delight;
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thousand sweet belgards, which to their
sight
Do seem like twinkling stars in frosty night;
But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
So many millions of chaste pleasures play.

All those, O Cytherea! and thousands more
Thy handmaids be, which do on thee attend,
To deck thy beauty with their dainties' store,
That may it more to mortal eyes commend,
And make it more admired of foe and friend;
That in men's hearts thou mayst thy throne
instal,
And spread thy lovely kingdom over all.

Then, ò, triumph! O great Beauty's Queen,
Advance the banner of thy conquest high,
That all this world, the which thy vassals
be,
May draw to thee and with due fealty
Adore the pow'r of thy great majesty,
Singing this Hymn in honor of thy name,
Compiled by me, which thy poor liegeman
am!

In lieu whereof grant, O great Sovereign!
That she, whose conquering beauty doth
captive
My trembling heart in her eternal chain,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this same life, which first fro me she
reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it received.

And you fair Venus' darling, my dear dread!
Fresh flow'r of grace, great goddess of my
life, [read,
When your fair eyes these fearful lines shall
Deign to let fall one drop of due relief,
That may recure my heart's long pining
grief, [hath
And show what wondrous pow'r your beauty
That can restore a damnèd wight from death.

AN HYMN OF HEAVENLY LOVE.

Love, lift me up upon thy golden wings,
From this base world unto thy heaven's
height,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy sovereign
might,
Far above feeble reach of earthly sight,
That I thereof an heavenly hymn may sing
Unto the God of Love, high heaven's king.

Many lewd lays (ah! woe is me the more!)
In praise of that mad fit which fools call
love,
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did loose affection move;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turn'd have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly praises of True Love to sing.

And ye that wont with greedy vain desire
To read my fault, and, wond'ring at my
flame, [fire,
To warm yourselves at my wide sparkling
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my
blame,
And in her ashes shroud my dying shame;
For who my pass'd follies now pursues,
Begins his own, and my old fault renews.

BEFORE THIS WORLD'S GREAT FRAME, in
which all things
Are now contain'd, found any being-place,
Ere fitting Time could wag his eyes wings
About that mighty bound which doth em-
brace [by space,
The rolling spheres, and parts their hours
That High Eternal Pow'r, which now doth
move
In all these things, moved in itself by love.

It loved Itself, because Itself was fair;
(For fair is loved;) and of Itself begot,
Like to Itself, His eldest son and heir,
Eternal, pure, and void of sinful blot,
The firstling of His joy in whom no jot
Of love's dislike or pride was to be found,
Whom He therefore with equal honor
crown'd.

With Him He reign'd, before all time pre-
scribed,
In endless glory and immortal might,
Together with that Third from them derived,
Most wise, most holy, most almighty Spright!
Whose kingdom's throne do thoughts of
earthly wight [verse
Can comprehend, much less my trembling
With equal words can hope it to rehearse.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit! pure lamp of
light,
Eternal Spring of grace and wisdom true,
Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright
Some little drop of thy celestial dew, [brue,
That may my rhymes with sweet infuse im-
And give me words equal unto my thought,
To tell the marvels by Thy mercy wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with pow'ful grace,
And full of fruitful Love, that loves to get
Things like himself, and to enlarge his race,
His second brood, though not of pow'r so
great,
Yet full of beauty, next He did beget
An infinite increase of angels bright,
All glist'ring glorious in their Maker's light.

To them the heaven's illimitable height
(Not this round heaven, which we from
hence behold, [light,
Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning
And with ten thousand gems of shining gold,)
He gave as their inheritance to hold,
That they might serve him in eternal bliss,
And be partakers of those joys of His.

There they in their trinal triplicities
About Him wait, and on His will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When He them on His message doth send,
Or on His own dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of His light,
And carol hymns of love both day and night.

Both day, and night, is unto them all one;
For He His beams doth still to them extend,
That darkness there appeareth never none;

Ne hath their day, ne hath their bliss, an end,
But there their termless time in pleasure
 spend;

Ne ever should their happiness decay,
Had not they dared their Lord to disobey.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puff them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in God's own seat without commis-
 sion :

The brightest angel, even 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 only breath them blew away
From heaven's height, to which they did
 aspire,

To deepest hell, and lake of damnèd fire,
Where they in darkness and dread horror
 dwell,

Hating the happy light from which they
 fell.

So that next offspring of the Maker's love,
Next to Himself in glorious degree,
Degendering to hate, fell from above
Through Pride; (for pride and love may ill
 agree ;)

And now of sin to all ensample be :
How then can sinful flesh itself assure,
Sith purest angels fell to be impure ?

But that Eternal Fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth His goodness unto all,
Now seeing left a waste and empty place
In his wide palace, through those angels' fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to instal
A new unknown colony therein,
Whose root from earth's base groundwork
 should begin.

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to
 nought, [might,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by His
Accordin' to an heavenly pattern wrought,
Which He had fashion'd in His wise fore-
 sight,

He man did make, and breath'd a living
 spright

Into his face most beautiful and fair,
Endued with wisdom's riches, heavenly, rare.

Such He him made, that he resemble might
Himself, as mortal thing immortal could ;

Him to be lord of every living wight
He made by love out of His own like mould,
In whom He might His mighty self be-
 hold ;

For Love doth love the thing beloved to see,
That like itself in lovely shape may be.

But man, forgetful of his Maker's grace
No less than angels whom he did ensue,
Fell from the hope of promised heavenly
 place,

Into the mouth of death, to sinners due,
And all his offspring into thralldom threw,
Where they for ever should in bonds remain
Of never-dead yet-dying pain ;

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at
 first

Made of mere love, and after likèd well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
In that deep horror of despairing hell, [dwell,
Him, wretch, in dole would let no longer
But cast out of that bondage to redeem,
And pay the price, all were his debt ex-
 treme.

Out of the bosom of eternal bliss,
In which He reignèd with His glorious Sire,
He down descended, like a most demiss,
And abject thrall, in flesh's frail attire,
That He for him might pay sin's deadly hire,
And him restore unto 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 satisfied ;
Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man
 surpass, [guide

Could make amends to God for man's mis-
But only man himself, who self did slide :
So, taking flesh of sacred virgin's womb,
For man's dear sake He did a man become.

And that most blessed body which was born
Without all blemish or reproachful blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torn
Of cruel hands, who with despiteful shame
Reviling Him, that them most vile became,
At length Him nailèd on a gallow tree,
And slew the Just by most unjust decreè.

O huge and most unspeakable impression
Of love's deep wound, that pierced the
 piteous heart

Of that dear Lord with so entire affection,
And, sharply lancing every inner part,
Dolours of death into His soul did dart,

Doing Him die that never it deserved,
To free His foes, that from His hest had
swerved!

What heart can feel least touch of so sore
lanch, [wound?
Or thought can think the depth of so dear
Whose bleeding source their streams yet
never staunch
But still do flow, and freshly still redound,
To heal the sores of sinful souls unsound,
And cleanse the guilt of that infected crime
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slime.

O blessed Well of Love! O Flow'r of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Star! O Lamp of Light!
Most lively image of thy Father's face,
Eternal King of Glory, Lord of Might,
Meek Lamb of God, before all worlds be-
hight,
How can we Thee requite for all this good?
Or what can price that Thy most precious
blood?

Yet nought Thou ask'st in lieu of all this
love,
But love of us, for guerdon of Thy pain;
Ay me! what can us less than that behave?
Had he required life of us again,
Had it been wrong to ask His own with
gain?
He gave us life, He it restorèd lost;
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But He our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessèd that was
bann'd;
Ne aught demands but that we loving be,
As He Himself hath loved us afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him first to love that was so deeply bought,
And next our brethren, to His image
wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is,
Who first to us our life and being gave,
And after, when we farèd had amiss,
Us wretches from the second death did save;
And last, the food of life, which now we
have,
Even He Himself, in His dear sacrament,
To feed our hungry souls, unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren that were
made
Of that self mould, and that self Maker's
hand,

That we,* and to the same again shall fade,
Where they shall have like heritage of land,
However here on higher steps we stand,
Which also were with self-same price re-
deem'd

That we, however of us light esteem'd.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
Commanded us to love them for His sake,
Even for His sake, and for His sacred word,
Which in His last bequest He to us spake,
We should them love, and with their needs
partake;

Knowing that whatso'er to them we give,
We give to Him by whom we all do live.

Such mercy He by His most holy Read
Unto us taught, and to approve it true,
Ensamplèd it by His most righteous deed,
Showing us mercy (miserable crew!)

That we the like should to the wretched
show,

And love our brethren; thereby to approve
How much, Himself that lovèd us, we love.

Then rouse thyself, O Earth! out of thy
soil,

In which thou wallowest like to filthy swine,
And dost thy mind in dirty pleasures moil;
Unmindful of that dearest Lord of thine;
Lift up to Him thy heavy clouded eyne,
That thou His sovereign bounty mayst be-
hold,

And read, through love, His mercies mani-
fold.

Begin from first, where He encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toilful ox and humble ass,
And in what rags, and in how base array,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When Him the silly shepherds came to see,
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest
knee.

From thence read on the story of His life,
His humble carriage, His unfaultry ways,
His cank'rd foes, His fights, His toil, His
strife,

His pains, His poverty, His sharp assays,
Through which He pass'd His miserable
days,

Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being maliced both by great and small.

And look at last, how of most wretched
wights

* "As we," here, and at last verse of stanza,

He taken was, betray'd, and false accused ;
How with most scornful taunts, and fell de-
spites,

He was reviled, disgraced, and foul abused ;
How scourged, how crown'd, how buffeted,
how bruised ;

And lastly, how twixt robbers crucified,
With bitter wounds through hands, through
feet, and side !

Then let thy flinty heart, that feels no pain,
Empiercèd be with pitiful remorse,
And let thy bowels bleed in every vein,
At sight of His most sacred heavenly corse,
So torn and mangled with malicious force ;
And let thy soul, whose sins His sorrows
wrought,

Melt into tears, and groan in grievèd thought.

With sense whereof, whilst so thy soften'd
spirit

Is inly touch'd, and humbled with meek zeal
Through meditation of His endless merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' Author of thy weal,
And to His sovereign mercy do appeal ;
Learn Him to love that lovèd thee so dear,
And in thy breast His blessèd image bear.

With all thy heart, with all thy soul and
mind,

Thou must Him love, and His behests em-
brace ;

All other loves, with which the world doth

Weak fanciès, and stir up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thyself unto Him full and free,
That full and freely gave Himself to thee.

Then shalt thou feel thy spirit so possess'd,
And ravish'd with devouring great desire
Of His dear self, that shall thy feeble breast
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeal, through every part en-
tire,

That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in His sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth all world's desire will in thee die,
And all earth's glory, on which men do gaze,
Seem dirt and dross in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compared to that celestial beauty's blaze,
Whose glorious beams all fleshly sense doth
daze

With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and 'lunning the spright.

Then shall thy ravish'd soul inspirèd be
With heavenly thoughts far above human
skill,

And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' idea of His pure glory present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweet enragement of celestial love,
Kindled through sight of those fair things
above.

AN HYMN OF HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

RAPT with the rage of mine own ravish'd
thought, [sights,
Through contemplation of those goodly
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet
delights

Do kindle love in high conceited sprights ;
I fain to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wits to fail, and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O thou most Almighty
Spright ! [flow,

From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge
To shed into my breast some sparkling light
Of thine eternal truth, that I may show
Some little beams to mortal eyes below
Of that immortal Beauty there with thee,
Which in my weak distraughted mind I see ;

That with the glory, of so goodly sight,
The hearts of men which fondly here admire
Fair seeming shows, and feed on vain delight,
Transported with celestial desire [high'r,
Of those fair forms, may lift themselves up
And learn to love, with zealous humble duty,
Th' eternal fountain of that heavenly Beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easy view
Of this base world, subject to fleshy eye,
From thence to mount aloft, by order due,
To contemplation of th' immortal sky ;
Of the soar falcon so I learn to fly, [beneath,
That flags awhile her fluttering wings
Till she herself for stronger flight can breathe.

Then look, who list thy gazeeful eyes to feed
With sight of that is fair, look on the frame

Of this wide universe, and therein read
The endless kinds of creatures which by
name

Thou canst not count, much less their
nature's aim; [respect,
All which are made with wondrous wise
And all with admirable beauty deck'd.

First, th' earth, on adamantine pillars
founded

Amid the sea, engirt with brazen bands;
Then th' air still flitting, but yet firmly
bounded

On every side, with piles of flaming bran's,
Never consumed, nor quench'd with mortal
hands;

And, last, that mighty shining crystal wall,
Wherewith He hath encompass'd this All.

By view whereof it plainly may appear,
That still as everything doth upward tend,
And further is from earth, so still more clear
And fair it grows, till to this perfect end
Of purest Beauty it as last ascend;

Air more than water, fire much more than
air, [and fair,
And heaven than fire, appears more pure

Look thou no further, but affix thine eye
On that bright, shiny, round, still moving
mass,

The house of bless'd God, which men call
sky,

All sow'd with glist'ring stars more thick
than grass,

Whereof each other doth in brightness pass,
But those two most, which, rolling night and
day, [sway,

As king and queen, the heavens' empire

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seen
That to their beauty may compar'd be,
Or can the sight that is most sharp and keen
Endure their captain's flaming head to see?
How much less those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more than
these,

As these are fairer than the land and seas?

For far above these heavens, which here we
see,

Be others far exceeding these in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same be,
But infinite in largeness and in height,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotless bright,
That need no sun t' illuminate their spheres,
But their own native light far passing theirs.

And as these heavens still by degrees arise,
Until they come to their first Mover's bound,
That in His mighty compass doth comprise,
And carry all the rest with him around;
So those likewise do by degrees redound,
And rise more fair, till they at last arrive,
To the most fair, whereto they all do strive.

Fair is the heaven where happy souls have
place,

In full enjoyment of felicity,
Whence they do still behold the glorious face
Of the Divine Eternal Majesty;
More fair is that, where those Ideas on high
Enrang'd be, which Plato so admired,
And pure intelligences from God inspired.

Yet fairer is that heaven, in which do reign
The sovereign Pow'rs and mighty Potentates,
Which in their high protections do contain
All mortal princes and imperial states;
And fairer yet, whereas the royal Seats
And heavenly Dominations are set,
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Yet far more fair be those bright Cherubim,
Which all with golden wings are overlight,
And those eternal burning Seraphim,
Which from their faces dart out fiery light;
Yet fairer than they both, and much more
bright,

Be th' Angels and Anangels, which attend
On God's own person, without rest or end.

These thus in fair each other far excelling,
As to the Highest they approach more near,
Yet is that Highest far beyond all telling,
Fairer than all the rest which there appear,
Though all their beauties join'd together
were;

How then can mortal tongue hope to express
The image of such endless perfectness?

Cease then, my tongue! and lend unto my
mind

Leave to bethink how great that Beauty is,
Whose utmost parts so beautiful I find;
How much more those essential parts of
His,

His truth, His love, His wisdom, and His
bliss,

His grace, His doom, His mercy, and His
might,
By which His lends us of Himself a sight!

Those unto all He daily doth display,
And show Himself in th' image of His grace,

As in a looking-glass, through which He may
Be seen of all His creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see His face,
His glorious face ! which glistereth else so
bright, [sight,
That th' angels' selves can not endure His

But we, frail wights ! whose sight cannot
sustain [shine,
The sun's bright beams when he on us doth
But that their points rebutted back again
Are dull'd, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glory of that Majesty Divine,
In sight of whom both sun and moon are dark
Compar'd to His least resplendent spark ?

The means, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on His works to look,
Which He hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brazen book,
To read enregist'ed in every nook
His goodness, which His Beauty doth declare ;
For all that's good is beautiful and fair

Thence gathering plumes of perfect specu-
lation,

To imp the wings of thy high-flying mind,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contem-
plation, [do blind,
From this dark world, whose damps the soul
And, like the native brood of eagles' kind,
On that bright Sun of Glory fix thine eyes,
Clear'd from gross mists of frail infirmities.

Humbled with fear and awful reverence,
Before the footstool of His Majesty
Throw thyself down, with trembling inno-
cence,
Ne dare look up with corruptible eye
On the dread face of that Great Deity,
For fear, lest if He chance to look on thee,
'Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded
be.

But lowly fall before His mercy-seat,
Close cover'd with the Lamb's integrity,
From the just wrath of His revengeful threat
That sits upon the righteous throne on high ;
His throne is built upon Eternity,
More firm and durable than steel or brass,
Or the hard diamond which them both doth
pass.

His spectre is the rod of Righteousness,
With which he bruises all His foes to dust,
And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,
Under the rigour of His judgment just ;

His seat is Truth, to which the faithful
trust,
From whence proceed her beams so pure
and bright,
That all about Him sheddeth glorious light :

Light, for exceeding that bright blazing
spark,
Which darted is from Titan's flaming head,
That with his beams enluminaeth the dark
And dampish air, whereby all things are read,
Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
Of mortal wits, that it doth much amaze
The greatest wizards which thereon do gaze.

But that immortal light, which there doth
shine, [clear,
Is many thousand times more bright, more
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortal actions
here, [appear ;
And even the thoughts of men, do plain
For from th' Eternal Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly virtue which her beams
do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his own brightness from the
sight
Of all that look thereon with eyes unsound ;
And underneath His feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous
fire,
The instruments of His avenging ire.

There in his bosom Sapience doth sit,
The sovereign darling of the Deity,
Clad like a queen in royal robes, most fit
For so great power and peerless majesty,
And all with gems and jewels gorgeously
Adorn'd, that brighter than the stars appear,
And make her native brightness seem more
clear.

And on her head a crown of purest gold
Is set, in sign of highest sovereignty ;
And in her hand a sceptre she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on
high,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all
Subjected to her pow'r imperial.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both con-
tain ;

For of her fulness which the world doth fill
They all partake and do in state remain
As their great Maker did at first ordain,
Through observation of her high behest,
By which they first were made, and still in-
creased.

The fairness of her face no tongue can tell ;
For she the daughters of all women's race,
And angels eke, in beauty, doth excel,
Sparkled on her from God's own glorious
face,
And more increased by her own goodly
grace,
That it doth far exceed all human thought,
Ne can on earth comparèd be to aught.

Ne could that painter (had he livèd yet)
Which pictured Venus with so curious quill,
That all posterity admirèd it, [skill ;
Have portray'd this, for all his mast'ring
Ne she herself, had she remainèd still,
And were as fair as fabling wits do feign,
Could once come near this Beauty's sovereign.

But had those wits, the wonders of their
days,

Or that sweet Teian * poet which did spend
His plenteous vein in setting forth her praise,
Seen but a glimpse of this which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face com-
mend,

Above that idol of his faining thought,
That all the world should with his rhymes
be fraught !

How then dare I, the novice of his art,
Presume to picture so divine a-wight,
Of hope t' express her least perfections' part,
Whose beauty fills the heavens with her
light,

And darks the earth with shadow of her
sight ?

Ah, gentle Muse ! thou art too weak and
faint

The portrait of so heavenly hue to paint.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold
And see at will, her sovereign praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that fair love of Mighty Heaven's King ;
Enough is me t' admire so heavenly thing,
And, being thus with her huge love pos-
sess'd,

In th' only wonder of herself to rest.

But whoso may, thrice happyman him hold,
Of all on earth whom God so much doth
grace,

And lets his own Belovèd to behold ;
For, in the view of her celestial face
All joy, all bliss, all happiness, have place ;
Ne aught on earth can want unto the wight
Who of herself can win the wishful sight.

For she, out of her secret treasury,
Plenty of riches forth on him will pour,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden
lie

Within the closet of her chastest bow'r,
Th' eternal portion of her precious dow'r,
Which Mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom she
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receive,
And letteth them her lovely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they con-
ceive.

And sweet contentment, that it doth bereave
Their soul 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 ecstasy,
And hear such heavenly notes and carrol-
lings

Of God's high praise, that fills the brazen
sky ;

And feel such joy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And only think on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things, remain ;
But all that erst seem'd sweet seems now
offence,

And all that pleasèd erst now seems to pain ;
Their joy, their comfort, their desire, their
gain,

Is fixèd all on that which now they see ;
All other sights but feignèd shadows be.

And that fair lamp which useth to enflame
The hearts of men with self-consuming fire,
Thenceforth seems foul and full of sinful
blame ; [aspire

And all that pomp to which proud minds
By name of Honour, and so much desire,
Seems to them baseness, and all riches
dross,

And all mirth sadness, and all lucre loss.

* ANACREON.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
 And senses fraught with such satiety,
 That in nought else on earth they can de-
 light,
 But in th' aspect of that felicity,
 Which they have written in their inward
 eye;
 On which they feed, and in their fasten'd
 mind
 All happy joy and full contentment find.

Ah, then, my hungry Soul! which long hast
 fed
 On idle fancies of thy foolish thought, [led,
 And, with false Beauty's flattering bait mis-
 Hast after vain deceitful shadows sought,

Which all are fled, and now have left thee
 nought
 But late repentance, through thy follies
 prief;
 Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy grief:

And look at last up to that sovereign Light,
 From whose pure beams all perfect Beauty
 springs,
 That kindleth love in every godly spright,
 Even the love of God; which loathing
 brings
 Of this vile world and these gay seeming
 things; [sess'd,
 With whose sweet pleasures being so pos-
 Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever
 rest.

DAPHNAIDA:

AN ELEGY

UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VIRTUOUS DOUGLAS HOWARD, DAUGHTER AND HEIR
 OF HENRY LORD HOWARD, VISCOUNT BYNDON, AND WIFE OF ARTHUR GORGES, ESQ.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND VIRTUOUS LADY, HELENA, MAR-
 CHIONESS OF NORTHAMPTON.*

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little Poem, for that the noble and virtuous gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match near allied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladyship. 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 bear unto her husband Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and virtue, whose house, as your Ladyship by marriage hath honoured, so do I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquity in this

realm, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyalty to their prince and country; besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Anne Howard, eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolk, was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grandmother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges, Knights: and therefore I do assure myself that no due honour done to the White Lion, but will be most grateful to your Ladyship, whose husband and children do so nearly participate with the blood of that noble family. So in all duty I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection.

Your Honour's humbly ever.

ED. SP.

London, this first of January, 1591.

* The lady mourned was niece to Lady Northampton. The White Lion was one of the Duke of Norfolk's supporters; as the lady was a Howard, the White Lioness is easy to understand.

WHATEVER man he be whose heavy mind,
With grief of mournful great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares' increase would find,
Let read the rueful plaint herein exprest,
Of one, I ween, the woful'st man alive,
Even sad Alcyon, whose empièrèd breast,
Sharp sorrow did in thousand pieces rive.

But whose else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be banish'd far away from hence;
Ne let the Sacred Sisters here be hight,
Though they of sorrow heavily can sing;
For even their heavy song would breed de-
light;

But here no tunes, save sobs and groans,

Instead of them, and their sweet harmony,
Let those three Fatal Sisters, whose sad
hands

Do weave the direful threats of Destiny,
And in their wrath break off the vital bands,
Approach hereto; and let the dreadful
Queen [strands,
Of Darkness deep come from the Stygian
And grisly ghosts, to hear this doleful teen.

In gloomy evening, when the weary sun,
After his day's long labor drew to rest,
And sweaty steeds, now having overrun
The compass'd sky, gan water in the west,
I walk'd abroad to breathe the freshing air
In open fields, whose flow'ring pride opprest
With early frosts, had lost their beauty fair.

There came unto my mind a troublous
thought,

Wh'ch daily doth my weaker wit possess,
Ne let it rest until it forth have brought
Her long borne infant, fruit of heaviness,
Which she conceivèd hath through medi-
tation [ness,

Of this world's vainness and life's wretched-
That yet my soul it deeply doth empassion.

So as I musèd on the misery
In which men lived, and I of many most
Most miserable man; I did espy
Where towards me a sorry wight did cost,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And Jacob's staff in hand devoutly cross'd,
Like to some pilgrim come from far away.

His careless locks, uncombèd and unshorn,
Hung long adown, and beard all overgrown,
That well he seem'd to be some wight for-
lorn:

Down to the earth his heavy eyes were

As loathing light; and ever as he went
He sighèd soft, and inly deep did groan,
As if his heart in pieces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I viewèd near,
And by the semblant of his countenance
Me seem'd I had his person seen elsewhere,
Most like Alcyon seeming at a glance;
Alcyon he, the jolly shepherd swain,
That wont full merrily to pipe and dance,
And fill with pleasaunce every wood and
plain.

Yet half in doubt, because of his disguise,
I softly said, "Alcyon!" Therewithal
He look'd aside as in disdainful wise,
Yet stayèd not, till I again did call:
Then, turning back, he said, with hollow
sound,
"Who is it that doth name me, woful thrall,
The wretchedest man that treads this day on
ground?"—

"One, whom like wofulness, impressèd
deep, [hear,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to
And given like cause with thee to wail and
weep; [bear.
Grief finds some ease by him that like doth
Then stay, Alcyon, gentle Shepherd! stay,
(Quoth I) till thou have to my trusty ear
Committed what thee doth so ill appay."

"Cease, foolish Man!" (said he, half wroth-
fully)

"To seek to hear that which cannot be to'd,
For the huge anguish, which doth multiply
My dying pains, no tongue can well unfold;
Ne do I care that any should bemoan
My hard mishap, or any weep that would,
But seek alone to weep, and die alone."

"Then be it so," quoth I, "that thou art
bent

To die alone, unpitièd, unplain'd;
Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cause which thee thereto con-
strain'd, [guilt,
Lest that the world thee dead accuse of
And say, when thou of none shalt be main-
tain'd, [spilt."
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast

"Who life does loathe, and longs to be un-
bound [quoth he,
From the strong shackles of frail flesh,"

" Nought cares at all what they, that live on ground,
Deem the occasion of his death to be ;
Rather desires to be forgotten quite,
Than question made of his calamity ; [light
For heart's deep sorrow hates both life and

" Yet since so much thou seem'st to rue my grief,
And car'st for one that for himself cares
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my relief,
For my relief exceedeth living thought ;) ^{[nought,}
I will to thee this heavy case relate :
Then hearken well till it to end be brought,
For never didst thou hear more hapless fate.

" Whylome I used (as thou right well dost know)
My little flock on western downs to keep,
Not far from whence Sabrina's stream doth flow,
And flow'ry banks with silver liquor steep ;
Nought cared I then for worldly change or chance,
For all my joy was on my gentle sheep,
And to my pipe to carol and to dance.

" It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearless and free, a fair young Lioness,
White as the native rose before the change
Which Venus' blood did in her leaves impress,
I spied playing on the grassy plain
Her youthful sports and kindly wantonness,
That did all other beasts in beauty stain.

" Much was I movèd at so goodly sight,
Whose like before mine eye had seldom seen,
And gan to cast how I her compass might,
And bring to hand that yet had never been :
So well I wrought with mildness and with pain,
That I her caught disporting on the green,
And brought away fast bound with silver chain.

" And afterwards I handled her so fair,
That though by kind she stout and savage were,
For being born an ancient Lion's heir,
And of the race that all wild beasts do fear,
Yet I her framed, and won so to my bent,
That she became so meek and mild of cheer,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went :
" For she in field, wherever 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 required, or else in sleep, if nay,
She would all night by me or watch or sleep ;
And evermore when I did sleep or play,
She of my flock would take full wary keep.

" Safe then, and safest were my silly sheep,
Ne fear'd the wolf, ne fear'd the wildest beast,
All were I drown'd in careless quiet deep ;
My lovely Lioness without behest
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I wakèd, neither most nor least
I found miscarried or in plain or wood.

" Oft did the shepherds which my hap did hear,
And oft their lasses, which my luck envied,
Daily resort to me from far and near,
To see my Lioness, whose praises wide
Were spread abroad ; and when her worthiness
Much greater than the rude report they ^{[tried,}
They her did praise, and my good fortune bless.

" Long thus I joyèd in my happiness,
And well did hope my joy would have no end ;
But oh ! fond Man ! that in world's fickle-
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy friend
That glories most in mortal miseries,
And daily doth her changeeful counsels bend
To make new matter fit for tragedies ;

" For whilst I was thus without dread or doubt,
A cruel Satyr with his murd'rous dart,
Greedy of mischief, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatal wound of deadly smart,
And reft from me my sweet companion,
And reft from me my love, my life, my heart :
My Lioness (ah, woe is me !) is gone !

" Out of the world thus was she reft away,
Out of the world, unworthy such a spoil,
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter prey ;
Much fitter than the Lion, which with toil
Alcides slew, and fix'd in firmament ;
Aer now I seek throughout this earthly soil,
And seeking miss, and missing do lament."

Therewith he gan afresh to wail and weep,
That I for pity of his heavy plight
Could not abstain mine eyes with tears to steep ;
But, when I saw the anguish of his spright

Some deal allay'd, I him bespake again ;
 " Certes, Alcyon, painful is thy plight,
 That it in me breeds almost equal pain.
 " Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
 The riddle of thy lovèd Lioness ;
 For rare it seems in reason to be scann'd,
 That man, who doth the whole world's rule
 possess,
 Should to a beast his noble heart embase,
 And be the vassal of his vassaless ; [case."
 Therefore more plain aread this doubtful

Then sighing sore, " Daphne thou knew'st,"
 quoth he, [say,
 " She now is dead ;" ne more endured to
 But fell to ground for great extremity ;
 That I, beholding it, with deep dismay
 Was much appall'd ; and, lightly him up-
 rearing,
 Revokèd life, that would have fled away,
 All were myself, through grief, in deadly
 drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my best,
 And with mild counsel strove to mitigate
 The stormy passion of his troubled breast,
 But he thereby was more empassionate ;
 As stubborn steed, that is with curb re-
 strain'd,
 Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gait ;
 And, breaking forth at last, thus dernly
 plain'd :

I.

" What man henceforth that breatheth vital
 air [adore,
 Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers
 Which so unjustly doth their judgments
 share

Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore
 The innocent, as those which do transgress,
 And do not spare the best or fairest, more
 Than worst or foulest, but do both oppress ?

" If this be right, why did they then create
 The world so fair, sith fairness is neg'ected ?
 Or why be they themselves immaculate,
 If purest things be not by them respected ?
 She fair, she pure, most fair, most pure she
 was,

Yet was by them as thing impure rejected ;
 Yet she in pureness heaven itself did pass.

" In pureness and in all celestial grace,
 That men admire in goodly womankind,
 She did excel, and seem'd of angel's race,
 Living on earth like angel new divined,
 Adorn'd with wisdom and with chastity,

And all the dowries of a noble mind,
 Which did her beauty much more beautify.

" No age hath bred (since fair Astræa left
 The sinful world) more virtue in a wight ;
 And, when she parted hence, with her she
 reft [quite.
 Great hope, and robb'd her race of bounty
 Well may the shepherd lasses now lament ;
 For double loss by her hath on them light,
 To lose both her and bounty's ornament.

" Ne let Elisa, royal shepherdess,
 The praises of my parted love envy,
 For she hath praises in all plenteousness
 Pour'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
 By her own shepherd, Colin, her own shep-
 herd,
 That her with heavenly hymns doth deify,
 Of rustic Muse full hardly to be better'd.

" She is the rose, the glory of the day,
 And mine the primrose in the lowly shade :
 Mine, ah ! not mine ; amiss I mine did say :
 Not mine, but His, which mine awhile her
 made ;

Mine to be His, with Him to live for aye.
 O that so fair a flow'r so soon should fade,
 An I through untimely tempest fall away !

" She fell away in her first age's spring,
 Whilst yet her leaf was green, and fresh her
 rind, [did bring,
 And whilst her branch fair blossoms forth
 She fell away against all course of kind.
 For age to die is right, but youth is wrong :
 She fell away like fruit blown down with
 wind. [song.
 Weep, Shepherd ! weep, to make my under-

II.

" What heart so stony hard but that would
 weep,

And pour forth fountains of incessant tears ?
 What Timon but would let compassion creep
 Into his breast, and pierce his frozen ears ?
 Instead of tears, whose brackish bitter well
 I wasted have, my heart blood dropping
 wears, [fell.

To think to ground how that fair blossom

" Yet fell she not as one enforced to die,
 Ne died with dread and grudging discontent,
 But as one toil'd with travail down doth lie,
 So lay she down, as if to sleep she went,
 And closed her eyes with careless quietness ;
 The whiles soft Death away her spirit hent
 And soul assoll'd from sinful fleshliness.

“ Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
 She, all resolved, and ready to remove,
 Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake:
 ‘ Alcyon! ah, my first and latest love!
 ‘ Ah! why does my Alcyon weep and mourn!
 ‘ And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him be-
 hove,
 ‘ As if to me had chanced some evil tourne!

‘ I, since the messenger is come for me,
 ‘ That summons souls unto the bridal feast
 ‘ Of his great Lord, must needs depart from
 thee,
 ‘ And straight obey His sovereign behest;
 ‘ Why should Alcyon then so sore lament
 ‘ That I from misery shall be released,
 ‘ And freed from wretched long imprison-
 ment!

‘ Our days are full of dolour and disease,
 ‘ Our life afflicted with incessant pain,
 ‘ That nought on earth may lessen or ap-
 pease;
 ‘ Why then should I desire here to remain!
 ‘ Or why should he, that loves me, sorry be
 ‘ For my deliverance, or at all complain
 ‘ My good to hear, and toward joys to see!

‘ I go, and long desired have to go;
 ‘ I go with gladness to my wishèd rest, [woe
 ‘ Whereas no world’s sad care nor wasting
 ‘ May come their happy quiet to molest;
 ‘ But saints and angels in celestial thrones
 ‘ Eternally Him praise that hath them blest;
 ‘ There shall I be amongst those blessed
 ones.

‘ Yet, ere I go, a pledge I leave with thee
 ‘ Of the late love the which betwixt us pass’d,
 ‘ My young Ambrosia; in lieu of me,
 ‘ Love her; so shall our love forever last.
 ‘ Thus, dear! adieu, whom I expect ere
 long.—
 ‘ So having said, away she softly pass’d:
 Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make mine un-
 dersong.

III.

“ So oft as I record those piercing words,
 Which yet are deep engraven in my breast,
 And those last deadly accents, which like
 swords [chest,
 Did wound my heart, and rend my bleeding
 With those sweet sug’re’d speeches do com-
 pare, [sess’d,
 The which my soul first conquer’d and pos-
 Th: first beginners of my endless care:

“ And when those pallid cheeks and ashy hue
 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 cheerful
 brow,
 Which all the world subduèd unto it,
 How happy was I then, and wretched now!

“ How happy was I when I saw her lead
 The shepherds’ daughters dancing in a
 round!
 How trimly would she trace and softly tread
 The tender grass, with rosy garland crown’d!
 And, when she list, advance her heavenly
 voice,
 Both Nymphs and Muses nigh she made
 astound,
 And flocks and shepherds causèd to rejoice.

“ But now, ye shepherd Lasses! who shall
 lead
 Your wand’ring troops, or sing your virelays?
 Or who shall dight your bow’rs, sith she is
 dead
 That was the lady of your holidays?
 Let now your bliss be turnèd into bale,
 And into plaints convert your joyous plays,
 And with the same fill every hill and dale.

“ Let bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
 That may allure the senses to delight,
 Ne ever shepherd sound his oaten quill
 Unto the many that provoke them might
 To idle pleasaunce; but let ghastliness
 And dreary horror dim the cheerful light,
 To make the image of true heaviness:

“ Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
 And shady woods resound with dreadful yells;
 Let streaming floods their hasty courses stay,
 And parching drought dry up the crystal
 wells; [flow’rs,
 Let th’ earth be barren, and bring forth no
 And th’ air be fill’d with noise of doleful
 knells,
 And wand’ring spirits walk untimely hours.

“ And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
 Let rest herself from her long weariness,
 And cease henceforth things kindly forth to
 bring,
 But hideous monsters full of ugliness;
 For she it is that hath me done this wrong,
 No nurse, but stepdame, cruel, merciless.
 Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my under-
 song.

IV.

“ My little Flock, whom erst I loved so well,
And wont to feed with finest grass that grew,
Fled ye henceforth on bitter astrophel,
And stinking smallage, and unsavoury rue;
And, when your maws are with those weeds
corrupted,

Be ye the prey of wolves ; ne will I rue
That with your carcasses wild beasts be
glutted.

“ Ne worse to you, my silly Sheep ! I pray,
Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to myself, for whose confused decay
To careless Heavens I do daily call ;
But Heavens refuse to hear a wretch's cry ;
And cruel Death doth scorn to come at call,
Or grant his boon that most desires to die.

“ The good and righteous he away doth
take,
To plague th' unrighteous which alive re-
main ;

But the ungodly ones he doth forsake,
By living long to multiply their pain ;
Else surely death should be no punishment,
As the Great Judge at first did it ordain,
But rather riddance from long languishment.

“ Therefore, my Daphne they have ta'en
away ;

For worthy of a better place was she :
But me unworthy will'd here to stay,
That with her lack I might tormented be.
Sith then they so have ord'rd, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghost do service day by day.

“ For I will walk this wand'ring pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waste my better age :
My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,
My drink the tears which fro mine eyes do
rain,

My bed the ground that hardest I may find ;
So will I wilfully increase my pain.

“ And she, my love that was, my saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestial throne
(In which she joyeth in eternal bliss)
My bitter penance, will my case bemoan,
And pity me that living thus do die ;
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortal men, and rue their misery.

“ So when I have with sorrow satisfied
Th' importune Fates, which vengeance on
me seek

And th' Heavens with long languor pacified,
She, for pure pity of my sufferance meek,
Will send for me ; for which I daily long ;
And will till then my painful penance eke.
Weep, Shepherd ! weep, to make my under-
song.

V.

“ Henceforth I hate whatever Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure find,
For they be all but vain, and quickly lade ;
So soon as on them blows the northern wind,
They tarry not, but flit and fall away. [mind,
Leaving behind them nought but grief of
And mocking such as think they long will
stay.

“ I hate the Heaven, because it doth with-
hold
Me from my love, and eke my love from me ;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshy slime and frail mortality ;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flies ;
I hate the air, because sighs of it be ;
I hate the sea, because it tears supplies.

“ I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my love to see ;
I hate the darkness and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad balefulness in me ;
I hate all times, because, all times do fly
So fast away, and may not stayed be,
But as a speedy post that passeth by.

“ I hate to speak, my voice is spent with
crying ; [ears ;
I hate to hear, loud complaints have dull'd mine
I hate to taste, for food withholds my dying ;
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimm'd with
tears ;
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left ;
I hate to feel, my flesh is numb'd with fears ;
So all my senses from me are bereft.

“ I hate all men, and shun all womankind ;
The one, because, as I, they wretched are ;
The other, for because I do not find
My love with them, that wont to be their
star :

And life I hate, because it will not last ;
And death I hate, because it life doth mar ;
And all I hate that is to come or past.

“ So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth ever to and fro,
And never standeth in one certain state,
But, still unsteadfast, round about doth go
Like a mill-wheel in midst of misery,

Driven with streams of wretchedness and
woe,
That dying lives, and living still does die.

"So do I live, so do I daily die,
And pine away in self-consuming pain!
Sith she that did my vital pow'rs supply,
And feeble spirits in their force maintain,
Is tetch'd fro me, why seek I to prolong
My weary days in dolour and disdain;
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my under-
song.

VI.

"Why do I longer live in life's despite,
And do not die then in despite of death;
Why do I longer see this loathsome light
And do in darkness not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,
And cares find quiet! Is it so uneth
To leave this life, or dolorous to die?

"To live I find it deadly dolorous,
For life draws care, and care continual woe;
Therefore to die must needs be joyëous,
And wishful thing this sad life to forego;
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My Daphne hence departing bad: me so;
She bade me stay, till she for me did send.

"Yet, whilst I in this wretched vale do stay,
My weary feet shall ever wand'ring be,
That still I may be ready on my way
When as her messenger doth come for me;
Ne will I rest my feet for feebleness,
Ne will I rest my limbs for frailty,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heaviness.

"But, as the mother of the gods, that sought
For fair Eurydice,* her daughter dear,
Throughout the world, with woful heavy
thought;

So will I travel whilst I tarry here,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne, when as drooping Titan draweth near
To loose his team, will I take up my inn.

"Ne sleep (the harbinger of weary wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more;
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting
sprights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore:
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philumene, my fortune to deplore;
With Philumene, the partner of my plight.

"And ever as I see the stars to fall,
And under ground to go to give them light

* Query Persephone,

Which dwell in darkness, I to mind will call
How my fair star (that shined on me so
bright)

Fell suddenly and faded under ground;
Since whose departure day is turn'd to night,
And night without a Venus' star is found.

"But soon as Day doth show his dewy face,
And calls forth men unto their toilsome
trade,

I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some drear cave, or solitary shade;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weep, Shepherd! weep, to make my under-
song.

VII.

"Henceforth mine eyes shall never more
behold

Fair thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of nought that fram'd is of mortal mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quite;
For all I see is vain and transitory,
Ne will be held in any steadfast plight,
But in a moment lose their grace and glory.

"And ye, fond Men! on Fortune's wheel
that ride,

Or in aught under heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beauty, or honor's pride,
Be sure that they shall have no long endur-
ance,

But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th' only
usage

Of a small time, which none ascertain may.

"And ye, true Lovers! whom disastrous
chance

Hath far exil'd from your ladies' grace,
To mourn in sorrow and sad sufferance,
When ye do hear me in that desert place
Lamenting loud my Daphne's elegy,
Help me to wail my miserable case, [eye.
And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine

"And ye, more happy Lovers! which enjoy
The presence of your dearest loves' delight,
When ye do hear my sorrowful annoy,
Yet pity me in your compassion'd spright,
And think that such mishap, as chanced to
me,

May happen unto the most happiest wight;
For all men's states alike unsteadfast be.

"And ye, my fellow shepherds! which do
feed

Your careless flocks on hills and open plains,

With better fortune than did me succeed,
Remember yet my undeservèd pains ;
And when ye hear that I am dead or slain,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-swains
That sad Alcyon died in life's disdain.

"And ye, fair damsels! shepherds' dear de-
lights, [possess,
That with your loves do their rude hearts
When as my hearse shall happen to your
sights,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with cypares ;
And ever sprinkle brackish tears among,
In pity of my undeserved distress,
The which, I, wretch, endurèd have thus
long.

"And ye, poor pilgrims! that with restless
toil
Weary yourselves in wand'ring desert ways,
Till that you come where ye your vows as-
soil,
When passing by ye read these woful lays,
On my grave written, rue my Daphne's
wrong,
And mourn for me that languish out my
days. [song."—
Cease, Shepherd! cease, and end thy under-

Thus when he ended had his heavy plaint,
The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
His cheeks wax'd pale, and sprights began
to faint,

As if again he would have fallen to ground ;
Which when I saw, I, stepping to him light,
Amovèd him out of his stony swound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nigh,
But casting up a 'sdainful eye at me,
That in his trance I would not let him lie,
Did rend his hair, and beat his blubb'rd
face,
As one disposèd wilfully to die,
That I sore grievèd to see his wretched
case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpast,
And the outrageous passion nigh appeasèd,
I him desired, sith day was overcast,
And dark night fast approachèd, to be
pleasèd

To turn aside unto my cabinet,
And stay with me, till he were better easèd
Of that strong stound which him so sore
beset.

But by no means I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to stav,
But without taking leave him forth did go
With stagg'ring pace and dismal looks'
dismay,

As if that death he in the face had seen,
Or hellish hags had met upon the way :
But what of him became I cannot ween.

POEMS.

POEM I.

In youth, before I waxèd old,
The blind boy, Venus' baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hive to grope for honey :
But, when he saw me stung and cry,
He took his wings and away did fly.

POEM II.

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chanced to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head :
One of his shafts she stole away,

And one of hers did close convey
Into the other's stead :
With that Love wounded my Love's hear,
But Diane beasts with Cupid's dart.

POEM III.

I SAW, in secret to my Dame
How little Cupid humbly came,
And said to her: "All hail, my mother!"
But, when he saw me laugh, for shame
His face with bashful blood did flame,
Not knowing Venus from the other.
"Then, never blush, Cupid, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty."

POEM IV.

UPON a day, as Love lay slumb'ring
 All in his mother's lap;
 A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet mur-
 m'ring,
 About him flew by hap. [noise,
 Whereof when he was waken'd with the
 And saw the beast so small;
 "What's this (quoth he) that gives so great
 a voice,
 That wakens men withal?
 In angry wise he flies about,
 And threatens all with courage stout,"
 To whom his mother closely smiling said,
 "See! thou thyself likewise art little made,
 If thou regard the same.
 And yet thou suff'rest neither gods in sky,
 Nor men in earth, to rest:
 But, when thou art disposèd cruelly,
 Their sleep thou dost molest.
 Then either change thy cruelty,
 Or give like leave unto the fly."
 Nathless, the cruel boy, not so content,
 Would needs the fly pursue;
 And in his hand, with heedless hardiment,
 Him caught for to subdue.
 But, when on it he hasty hand did lay,
 The Bee him stung therefore:
 "Now out alas," he cried, "and wellaway!
 I wounded am full sore:
 The fly, that I so much did scorn,
 Hath hurt me with his little horn."
 Unto his mother straight he weeping came,

And of his grief complain'd:
 Who could not choose but laugh at his fond
 game,
 Though sad to see him pain'd.
 "Think now (quoth she) my son, how great
 the smart
 Of those whom thou dost wound:
 Full many thou hast prickèd to the heart,
 That pity never found;
 Therefore, henceforth some pity take,
 When thou dost spoil of Lovers make."
 She took him straight full piteously lament-
 ing,
 And wrapt him in her smock:
 She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
 That he the fly did mock,
 She dress'd his wound, and it embalm'd
 well
 With salve of sovereign might:
 And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
 The well of dear delight.
 Who would not oft be stung as this,
 I'o be so bath'd in Venus' bliss?
 The wanton boy was shortly well recured
 Of that his malady;
 But he, soon after, fresh and again enured
 His former cruelty.
 And since that time he wounded hath myself
 With his sharp dart of Love:
 And now forgets—the cruel careless elf—
 His mother's hest to prove.
 So now I languish, till he please
 My pining anguish to appease.

VISIONS OF THE WORLD'S VANITY.

1591.

I.

ONE day, whiles that my daily cares did
 sleep,
 My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
 Began to enter into meditation deep
 Of things exceeding reach of common
 reason;
 Such as this age, in which all good is reason,
 And all that humble is, and mean debased,
 Hath brought forth in her last declining
 season,

Grief of good minds, to see goodness dis-
 grace!
 On which when as my thought was thorough-
 ly placed,
 Unto my eyes strange shows presented were,
 Picturing that, which I in mind embraced,
 That yet those sights empassion me full
 near. [worth,
 Such as they were (fair Lady) take in
 That when time serves may bring things
 better forth.

II.

In summer's day, when Phœbus fairly shone,
I saw a Bull as white as driven snow,
With gilden horns embowèd like the moon,
In a fresh flow'ring meadow lying low:
Up to his ears the verdant grass did grow,
And the gay flow'rs did offer to be eaten;
But he with fatness so did overflow,
That he all wallow'd in the weeds down
beaten.

Ne cared with them his dainty lips to
sweeten.

Till that a Bryze, a scornèd little creature,
Through his fair hide his angry sting did
threaten,

And vex'd so sore, that all his goodly feature
And all his plenteous pasture nought him
pleasèd :

So by the small the great is oft dis-easèd.

III.

Beside the fruitful shore of muddy Nile,
Upon a sunny bank outstretchèd lay,
In monstrous length, a mighty Crocodile,
That, cramm'd with guiltless blood and
greedy prey

Of wretched people travelling that way;
Thought all things less than his disdainful
pride.

I saw a little Bird, call'd Tedula,
The least of thousands which on earth
abide,

That forced this hideous beast to open wide
The grisly gates of his devouring hell,
And let him feed, as Nature did provide,
Upon his jaws, that with black venom swell.

Why then should greatest things the least
disdain,

Sith that so small so mighty can constrain?

IV.

The kingly bird, that bears Jove's thunder-
clap,

One day did scorn the simple Scarabee,
Proud of his highest service, and good hap,
That made all other fowls his thralls to be:
The silly Fly, that no redress did see,
Spied where the Eagle built his tow'ring
nest,

And, kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt up his young ones, and himself dis-
trest;

Ne suff'red him in any place to rest,
But drove in Jove's own lap his eggs to lay;
Where gathering also filth him to infest,
Forced with the filth his eggs to fling away:

For which when as the fowl was wroth,
said Jove, [prove."
"Lo! how the least the greatest may re-

v.

Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleep)
That makes the sea before his face to fly,
And with his flaggy fins doth seem to sweep
The foamy waves out of the dreadful deep,
The huge Leviathan, dame Nature's wonder,
Making his sport, that many makes to weep:
A Sword-fish small him from the rest did
sunder,

That, in his throat him pricking softly under,
His wide abyss him forcèd forth to spew,
That all the sea did roar like heaven's
thunder, [lue.

And all the waves were stain'd with filthy
Hereby I learnèd have not to despise
Whatever thing seems small in common
eyes.

VI.

An hideous Dragon, dreadful to behold,
Whose back was arm'd against the dint of
spear [nish'd gold,

With shields of brass that shone like bur-
And forkèd sting that death in it did bear,
Strove with a Spider his unequal peer;
And bade defiance to his enemy.

The subtle vermin, creeping closely near,
Did in his drink shed poison privily;
Which, through his entrails spreading di-
versely, [brust,

Made him to swell, that nigh his bowels
And him enforced to yield the victory,
That did so much in his own greatness trust.
O, how great vainness is it then to scorn

The weak, that hath the strong so oft
forlorn!

VII.

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grew,
Of wondrous length, and straight protection,
That far abroad her dainty odours threw;
Mongst all the daughters of proud Lebanon
Her match in beauty was not any one
Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
A little wicked worm, perceivèd of none,
That on her sap and vital moisture fed:
Thenceforth her garland so much honourèd
Began to die, (O great ruth for the same!)
And her fair locks fell from her lofty head,
That shortly bald and barèd she became

I, which this sight beheld, was much dis-
may'd,

To see so goodly thing so soon decay'd.

VIII.

Soon after this I saw an Elephant,
 Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,
 That on his back did bear (as batteilant) :
 A gilden tow'r, which shone exceedingly :
 That he himself through foolish vanity,
 Both for his rich attire, and goodly form,
 Was puff'd up with passing surquedry,
 And shortly gan all other beasts to scorn.
 Till that a little Ant, a silly worm,
 Into his nostrils creeping, so him pain'd,
 That, casting down his tow'rs, he did deform
 Both borrow'd pride, and native beauty
 stain'd. [glory,
 Let therefore nought, that great is, therein
 Sith so small thing his happiness may vary.

IX.

Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
 A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,
 And flag in her top-gallant, I espied
 Through the main sea making her merry
 flight :
 Fair blew the wind into her bosom right ;
 And th' heavens look'd lovely all the while ;
 That she did seem to dance, as in delight,
 And at her own felicity did smile.
 All suddenly there clove unto her keel
 A little fish, that men call Remora,
 Which stopt her course, and held her by the
 heel, [away.
 That wind nor tide could move her thence
 Strange thing, me seemeth, that so small
 a thing
 Should able be so great an one to wring.

X.

A mighty Lion, lord of all the wood,
 Having his hunger thoroughly satisfied
 With prey of beasts and spoil of living
 blood, [hide :
 Safe in his dreadful den him thought to
 His sternness was his praise, his strength his
 pride,
 And all his glory in his cruel claws.

I saw a Wasp, that fiercely him defied,
 And bade him battle even to his jaws ;
 Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth
 draws,
 And his proud heart is fill'd with fretting ire :
 In vain he threatens his teeth, his tail, his paws,
 And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire ;
 That dead himself he wisheth for despite.
 So weakest may annoy the most of might !

XI.

What time the Roman Empire bore the reign
 Of all the world, and flourish'd most in
 might,
 The nations gan their sovereignty disdain,
 And cast to quit them from their bondage
 quite :
 So, when all shrouded were in silent night,
 The Gauls were, by corrupting of a maid,
 Possess'd nigh of the Capitol through sleight,
 Had not a Goose the treachery bewray'd :
 If then a Goose great Rome from ruin stay'd,
 And Jove himself, the patron of the place,
 Preserved from being to his foes betray'd ;
 Why do vain men mean things so much
 deface, [surance,
 And in their might repose their most as
 Sith nought on earth can challenge long
 endurance ?

XII.

When these sad sights were overpast and
 gone,
 My spright was greatly mov'd in her rest,
 With inward ruth and dear affection,
 To see so great things by so small distrest :
 Thenceforth I gan in my engrieved breast
 To scorn all difference of great and small,
 Sith that the greatest often are oppress,
 And unawares do into danger fall,
 And ye, that read these ruins tragical,
 Learn, by their loss, to love the low degree :
 And, if that Fortune chance you up to ca'l
 To honour's seat, forget not what you be :
 For he, that of himself is most secure,
 Shall find his state most fickle and unsecure

THE RUINS OF ROME.

BY BELLAY.* 1596.

I.

YE heavenly spirits, whose ashy cinders lie
Under deep ruins, with huge walls oppress,
But not your praise, the which shall never die
Through your fair verses, ne in ashes rest ;
If so be shrilling voice of white alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkest
hell,

Then let those deep abysses open rive,
That ye may understand my shrieking yell !
Thrice having seen under the heaven's veil
Your tombs' devoted compass over all,
Thrice unto you with loud voice I appeal,
And for your antique fury here do call,

The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glory, fairest of all earthly thing !

II.

Great Babylon her haughty walls will praise,
And sharp'd steeples high shot up in air ;
Greece will the old Ephesian buildings blaze ;
And Nilus' nurslings their pyramids fair ;
The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the
story

Of Jove's great image in Olympus placed ;
Mausolus' work will be the Carians' glory ;
And Crete will boast the Labyrinth now
razed :

The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
The great Colosse, erect to Memory ;
And what else in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learn'd wit will magnify.

But I will sing above all monuments

Seven Roman hills, the world's seven
wonderments.

III.

Thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome
here seekest, [all,
And nought of Rome in Rome perceiv'st at
These same old walls, old arches, which
thou seest,

* Cardinal Jean du Bellay was a great encourager of learning. He was ambassador to England in Henry the Eighth's reign, and wrote Latin Poems and a Defence of Francis the First, of France.

Old palaces, is that which Rome men call.
Behold what wreak, what ruin, and what
waste, [pow'r
And how that she, which with her mighty
Tamed all the world, hath tamed herself at
last ; [devour !
The prey of Time, which all things doth
Rome now of Rome is th' only funeral,
And only Rome of Rome hath victory ;
Ne aught save Tiber last'ning to his fall
Remains of all : O world's inconstancy !
That which is firm doth flit and fall away,
And that is fitting doth abide and stay.

IV.

She, whose high top above the stars did soar,
One foot on Thetis, th' other on the morning,
One hand on Scythia, th' other on the Moor,
Both heaven and earth in roundness compassing ;

Jove fearing, lest if she should greater grow,
The giants old should once again arise,
Her whelm'd with hills, these seven hills
which be now [the skies :

Tombs of her greatness which did threat
Upon her head he heap'd Mount Saturnal,
Upon her belly th' antique Palatine,
Upon her stomach laid Mount Quirinal,
On her left hand the noisome Esquiline,
And Cælian on the right ; but both her feet
Mount Viminal and Aventine do meet.

V.

Who lists to see, whatever nature, art,
And heaven, could do, O Rome, thee let
him see,

In case thy greatness he can guess in heart,
By that which but the picture is of thee !
Rome is no more : but if the shade of Rome
May of the body yield a seeming sight,
It's like a corpse drawn forth out of the tomb
By magic skill out of eternal night :

The corpse of Rome in ashes is entomb'd,
And her great spirit, rejoind'd to the spirit
Of this great mass, is in the same enwomb'd ;
But her brave writings, which her famous
merit

In spite of time out of the dust doth rear,
Do make her idol through the world
appear.

VI.

Such as the Berecynthia goddess bright,
In her swift charet with high turrets crown'd,
Proud that so many gods she brought to
light;

Such was this city in her good days found;
This city, more than that great Phrygian
mother

Known'd for fruit of famous progeny,
Whose greatness by the greatness of none
other,

But by herself, her equal match could see;
Rome only might to Rome compar'd be,
And only Rome could make great Rome to
tremble;

So did the gods by heavenly doom decree,
That other earthly power should not re-
semble

Her that did match the whole earth's
puissance, [vance.

And did her courage to the heavens ad-

VII.

Ye sacred ruins, and ye tragic sights,
Which only do the name of Rome retain,
Old monuments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes do maintain;
Triumphant acres, spires, neighbours to the
sky;

That you to see doth th' heaven itself appal;
Alas, by little ye to nothing fly,
The people's fable, and the spoil of all!
And though your frames do for a time make
war

Gainst Time, yet Time in time shall ruinate
Your works and names, and your last relics
mar

My sad desires, rest therefore moderate!
For if that time make end of things so sure
It als will end the pain which I endure.

VIII.

Through arms and vassals Rome the world
subdued, [strength,
That one would ween that one sole city's
Both land and sea in roundness had sur-
view'd,

To be the measure of her breadth and
length:

This people's virtue yet so fruitful was
Of virtuous nephews, that posterity,
Striving in power their grandfathers to pass
The lowest earth joined to the heaven high;

To th' end that, having all parts in their
power, [quite;
Nought from the Roman Empire might be
And that though time doth commonwealths
devour,

Yet no time should so low embase their
height, [deep
That her head earth'd in her foundations
Should not her name and endless honour
keep.

IX.

Ye cruel stars, and eke ye gods unkind,
Heaven envious, and bitter stepdame Na-
ture!

Be it thy fortune, or by course of kind,
That ye do wield th' affairs of earthly crea-
ture; [vail'd

Why have your hands long sithence tra-
To frame this world, that doth endure so
long?

Or why were not these Roman palaces
Made of some matter no less firm and
strong?

I say not, as the common voice doth say,
That all things which beneath the moon
have being

Are temporal, and subject to decay:
But i say rather, though not all agreeing

With some that ween the contrary in
thought, [nought,

That all this whole shall one day come to

X.

As that brave son of Æson, which by charms
Achieved the golden fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the earth engend'ed men of arms
Of dragons' teeth, sown in the sacred sand;
So this brave town that in her youthful days
An hydra was of warriors glorious,
Did fill with her renown'd nurslings' praise
The fiery sun's both one and other house:
But they at last, there being then not living
An Hercules so rank seed to repress.
Amongst themselves with cruel fury striving,
Mow'd down themselves with slaughter
merciless;

Renewing in themselves that rage unkind,
Which whylome did those earthborn
brethren blind.

XI.

Mars, shaming to have given so great head
To his offspring, that mortal puissance,
Puff'd up with pride of Roman hardy-head,
Seem'd above Heaven's pow'r itself to ad-
vance;

Cooling again his former kindled heat,
 With which he had those Roman spirits
 fill'd,
 Did blow new fire, and with enflamèd
 breath,
 Into the Gothic cold, hot rage instill'd :
 Then gan that Nation, th' earth's new Giant
 brood,
 To dart abroad the thunderbolts of war,
 And, beating down these walls with furious
 mood
 Into her mother's bosom all did mar ;
 To th' end that none, ail were it Jove his
 sire, [pire.
 Should boast himself of the Román Em-

XII.

Like as whylome the children of the Earth
 Heap'd hills on hills to scale the starry sky,
 And fight against the gods of heavenly birth,
 Whiles Jove at them his thunderbolts let fly ;
 All suddenly with lightning overthrow'n,
 The furious squadrons down to ground did
 fall, [did groan,
 That th' Earth under her children's weight
 And th' Heavens in glory triumph'd over
 all :
 So did that haughty front, which heapèd was
 On these Seven Roman hills, itself uprear
 Over the world, and lift her lofty face
 Against the heaven, that gan her force to
 fear.
 But now these scornèd fields bemoan her
 fall,
 And gods secure fear not her force at all.

XIII.

Nor the swift fury of the flames aspiring,
 Nor the deep wounds of victors' raging
 blade, [siring,
 Nor ruthless spoil of soldiers' blood de-
 The which so oft thee, Rome, their conquest
 made ;
 Ne stroke on sticke of fortune variable,
 Ne rust of age hating continuance, (stab'le,
 Nor wrath of gods, nor spite of men un-
 Nor thou opposed against thine own puis-
 sance ; [ing,
 Nor th' horrible uproar of winds high blow-
 Nor swelling streams of that god snaky-
 paced,
 Which hath so often with his overflowing
 Thee drenchèd, have thy pride so much
 abased ;
 But that this nothing, which they have
 thee left, [thee reft
 Makes the world wonder what they from

XIV.

As men in Summer fearless pass the ford,
 Which is in Winter lord of all the plan,
 And with his tumbling streams doth bear
 abroad [labour vain :
 The ploughman's hope and shepherds'
 And as the coward beasts use to despise
 The noble Lion after his life's end, [dise
 Whetting their teeth, and with vain foolhar-
 Daring the foe that cannot him defend :
 And as at Troy most dastards of the Greeks
 Did brave about the corpse of Hector cold :
 So those, which whylome wont with pallid
 cheeks
 The Roman triumphs' glory to behold,
 Now on these ashy tombs show boldness
 vain, [dain.
 And conquer'd, dare the Conqueror dis-

XV.

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashy ghosts,
 Which, joying in the brightness of your day,
 Brought forth those signs of your presump-
 tuous boasts
 Which now their dusty relics do bewray ;
 Tell me, ye spirits! (sith the darksome river
 Of Styx, not passable to souls returning,
 Enclosing you in thrice three wards for ever,
 Do not res.r.in your images still mourning,)
 Tell me then, (for perhaps some one of you
 Yet here above him secretly doth hide,)
 Do ye not feel your torments to accrue,
 When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
 Of these old Roman works built with your
 hands, [sands !
 Now to become nought else but heapèd

XVI.

Like as ye see the wrathful sea from far
 In a great mountain heap'd with hideous
 noise, [fnar.
 Eftsoones of thousand billows should'rd
 Against a rock to break with dreadful pois :
 Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharp blast
 Tossing huge tempests through the troubled
 sky, [waste,
 Eftsoones having his wide wings spent in
 To stop his weary cãriere suddenly :
 And as ye see huge flames spread diversely,
 Gather'd in one up to the heavens to spire,
 Eftsoones consumed to fall down feebly :
 So whylome did this Monarchy aspire
 As waves, as wind, as fire, spread over all,
 Till, it by fatal doom adown did fall.

XVII.

So long as Jove's great bird did make his flight,
 Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us
 Heaven had not fear of that presumptuous
 might,

With which the giants did the gods assay.
 But all so soon, as scorching sun had brent
 His wings which wont the earth to overpread,
 The Earth out of her massy womb forth sent
 That antique horror, which made heaven
 adread.

Then was the German Raven in disguise
 That Roman Eagle seen to cleave asunder
 And towards heaven freshly to arise
 Out of these mountains, now consumed to
 powder; [l'g' tning,
 In which the fowl, that serves to bear the
 Is now no more seen flying, nor alighting.

XVIII.

These heaps of stones, these old walls, which
 ye see,
 Were first enclosures but of savage soil;
 And these brave palaces, which mast'red be
 Of Time, were shepherds' cottages some-
 while.

Then took the shepherds kingly ornaments
 And the stout hind arm'd his right hand
 with steel:

Eftsoones their rule of yearly Presidents
 Grew great, and six months greater a great
 deal; [might,

Which, made perpetual, rose to so great
 That thence th' Imperial Eagle rooting took,
 Till th' heaven itself, opposing gainst her
 might,

Her power to Peter's successor betook;
 Who, shepherd-like, (as fates the same
 foreseeing,) [first being.
 Doth show that all things turn to their

XIX.

All that is perfect, which th' heaven beauti-
 fies;

All that's imperfect, born below the Moon;
 All that doth feed our spirits and our eyes;
 And all that doth consume our pleasures
 soon,

All the mishap, the which our days outwears;
 All the good hap of the oldest times afore;
 Rome, in the time of her great ancestors,
 Like a Pandora, lock'd long in store.
 But Destiny this huge Chaos turmoiling,
 In which all good and evil was enclosed,

Their heavenly virtues from these woes as-
 soiling, [loosed:
 Carried to heaven, from sinful bondage
 But their great sins, the causers of their
 pain,
 Under these antique ruins yet remain.

XX.

No otherwise than rainy cloud, first fed
 With earthly vapours gather'd in the air,
 Eftsoones in compass arch'd, to steep his
 head,

Doth plunge himself in Thetis' bosom fair;
 And, mounting up again from whence he
 came, [world,

With his great belly spread the dimm'd
 Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame,
 In rain, or snow, or hail, he forth is hur'l'd;
 This City, which was first but shepherds'
 shade,

Uprising by degrees, grew to such height,
 That Queen of land and sea herself she
 made,

At last, not able to bear so great weight,
 Her power, dispersed, through all the
 world did vade; [fade.

To show that all in th' end to nought shall

XXI.

The same, which Pyrrhus and the puissance
 Of Afric could not tame, that same brave
 City, [mischance,

Which, with stout courage arm'd against
 Sustain'd the shock of common enmity;
 Long as her ship, toss'd with so many freaks,
 Had all the world in arms against her bent,
 Was never seen, that any fortunes' wrecks
 Could break her course begun with brave
 intent.

But, when the object of her virtue fail'd,
 Her power itself against itself did arm;
 As he that having long in tempest sail'd,
 Fain would arrive, but cannot for the
 storm, [drive,

If too great wind against the port him
 Doth in the port itself his vessel rive.

XXII.

When that brave honour of the Latin name,
 Which mear'd* her rule with Africa, and
 Byze,

With Thames' inhabitants of noble fame,
 And they which see the dawning day arise;
 Her nurslings did with mutinous uproar

* Measured, or bounded.

Hearten against herself, her conquer'd spoil,
Which she had won from all the world atore,
Of all the world was spoil'd within a while :
So, when the compass'd course of the universe
In six and thirty thousand years is run,
The bands of th' elements shall back reverse
To their first discord, and be quite undone :
The seeds, of which all things at first were
bred,
Shall in great Chaos' womb again be hid.

XXIII.

O wary wisdom of the man, that would
That Carthage tow'rs from spoil should be
forborne,

To th' end that his victorious people should
With cank'ring leisure not be overworn !
He well foresaw, how that the Roman
courage,

Impatient of pleasure's faint desires,
Through idleness would turn to civil rage,
And be herself the matter of her fires.

For, in a people given all to ease,
Ambition is engend'red easily ;
As, in a vicious body, gross disease
Soon grows through humours' superfluity.

That come to pass, when, swoll'n with
plenty's pride, [abide.
Nor prince, nor peer, nor kin, they would

XXIV.

If the blind Fury, which wars breedeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equal
beasts.

Whether they fare on foot, or fly aloft,
Or arm'd be with claws, or scaly crests ;
What fell Erinny's, with hot burning tongs,
Did gripe your hearts with noisome rage
imbued,

That, each to other working cruel wrongs,
Your blades in your own bowels you em-
bued ?

Was this (ye Romans) your hard destiny ?
Or some old sin, whose unappeas'd guilt
Pour'd vengeance forth on you eternally ?
Or brother's blood, the which at first was
spilt

Upon your walls, that God might not
endure

Upon the same to set foundation sure ?

XXV.

O that I had the Thracian Poet's harp,
For to awake out of th' infernal shade
Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in dark,
The which this ancient City whylome made !
Or that I had Amphion's instrument,

To quicken with his vital notes' accord,
The stony joints or these old walls now rent,
By which th' Ansonian light might be
restored !

Or that at least I could, with pencil fine,
Fashion the portraits of these palaces,
By pattern of great Virgil's spirit Divine !
I would assay with that which in me is,
To build, with level of my lofty style,
That which no hands can evermore com-
pile.

XXVI.

Who list the Roman greatness forth to figure,
Him needeth not to seek for usage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or square, to ineas-
sure [her height ;

Her length, her breath, her deepness, or
But him behoves to view in compass round
All that the Ocean grasp in his long arms ;
Be it where the yearly star doth scorch the
ground,

Or where cold Boreas blows his bitter storms.
Rome was th' whole world, and all the world
was Rome ;

And if things named their names do equalise,
When land and sea ye name, then name ye
Rome ; [prise :

And, naming Rome, yet land and sea com-
For th' ancient plot of Rome, displayed
plain, [tain.

The map of all the wide world doth con-

XXVII.

Thou that at Rome astonish'd dost behold
The antique pride, which menaced the sky,
These haughty heaps, these palaces of old,
These walls, these arcs, these baths, these
temples high ;

Judge, by these ample ruins' view, the rest
The which injurious Time hath quite out-
worn,

Since of all workmen held in reck'ning best ;
Yet these old fragments are for patterns
borne :

Then also mark, how Rome, from day to day,
Repairing her decay'd fashion,
Renews herself with buildings rich and gay ;
That one would judge, that the Roman
Demon

Doth yet himself with fatal hand enforce,
Again on foot to rear her powd'red corpse.

XXVIII.

He that hath seen a great oak dry and dead,
Yet clad with relics of some trophies old,
Lifting to heaven her aged hoary head,

Whose foot in ground hath left but feeble hold,

But half disbowell'd lies above the ground,
Showing her wreathèd roots and naked arms,
And on her trunk all rotten and unsound
Only supports herself for meat of worms ;
And, though she owe her fall to the first wind,

Yet of the devout people is adored, [rind ;
And many young plants spring out of her
Who such an oak hath seen let him record

That such this city's honour was of yore.
And amongst all cities flourishèd much more.

XXIX.

All that which Egypt whylome did devise ;
All that which Greece their temples to embrace,

After th' Ionic, Attic, Doric guise ;
Or Corinth skill'd in curious works to grave ;
All that Lysippus' practice art could form ;
Apelles' wit : or Phidias his skill ;
Was wont this ancient city to adorn,
And the heaven itself with her wide wonders fill.

[wise ;

All that which Athens ever brought forth
All that which Afric ever brought forth strange ;

All that which Asia ever had of price ;
Was here to see. O marvellous great change !

[ment ;

Rome, living, was the world's sole ornament.
And, dead, is now the world's sole monument.

XXX.

Like as the seeded field green grass first shows,

[spring,

Then from green grass into a stalk doth
And from a stalk into an ear forth grows,
Which ear the fruitful grain doth shortly bring ;

And as in season due the husband mows
The waving locks of those fair yellow hairs,
Which bound in sheaves, and laid in comely rows,

Upon the naked fields in stalks he rears :

So grew the Roman empire by degree,
Till that barbarian hands it quite did spill,
And left of it but these old marks to see,
Of which all passers by do somewhat pill :

As they, which glean the relics use to gather,

[to scatter.

Which th' husbandman behind him chanced

XXXI.

That same is now nought but a champaign wide,

Where all this world's pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, whosever dost abide
By Nile, or Gange, or Tigris, or Euphrate ;
Ne Afric thereof guilty is, nor Spain,
Nor the bold people by the Thamis' brinks,
Nor the brave warlike brood of Alemaine,
Nor the born soldier which Rhine running drinks :

Thou only cause, O Civil Fury, art !
Which sowing in th' Aemathian fields thy spite,

Didst arm thy hand against thy proper heart ;
To th' end that when thou wast in greatest height

To greatness grown, through long prosperity,

[horribly.

Thou then adown might'st fall more

XXXII.

Hope ye, my verses, that posterity
Of age ensuing shall you ever read ?
Hope ye, that ever immortality
So mean harp's work may challenge for her meed ?

If under heaven any endurance were,
These monuments, which not in paper writ,
But in porphyre and marble do appear,
Might well have hoped to have obtained it.
Nathless my lute, whom Phœbus deign'd to give,

Cease not to sound these old antiquities :
For if that time do let thy glory live,
Well mayst thou boast, however base thou be,

[song

That thou art first, which of thy nation
Th' old honour of the people gownèd long.

L' Envoy.

Bellay, first garland of free poesy
That France brought forth, though fruitful
of brave wits,

Well worthy thou of immortality,
That long hast travail'd, by thy learnèd writs,
Old Rome out of her ashes to revive,
And give a second life to dead decays !

Needs must he all eternity survive,
That can to other give eternal days :
Thy days therefore are endless, and thy praise
Excelling all, that ever went before.

And, after thee, gins Bartas * high to raise
His heavenly muse, th' Almighty to adore.

Live, happy spirits, th' honor of your name,

And fill the world with never dying fame !

* De Bartas was a name of noble family, who wrote a poem called "The Creation."

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

1591.

I.

It was the time, when Rest, soft sliding
down

From heaven's height into men's heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulness of sleep doth drown
The careful thoughts of mortal miseries ;
Then did a Ghost before in ne eyes appear,
On that great river's bank, that runs by
Rome ;

Which, calling me by name, bade me to rear
My looks to heaven whence all good gifts do
come,

And crying loud, " Lo ! now behold " (quoth
" What under this great temple placèd is :

Lo, all is nought but flying vanity ! "
So I, that know this world's inconstancies,
Sith only God surmounts all time's decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

II.

On high hill's top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by just assize,
With hundred pillars fronting fair the same,
All wrought with diamond after Doric wise :
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining crystal, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
One hundred steps of Afric gold's enchase :
Gold was the parget ; and the ceiling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of gold ;
The floor of jasp and emerald was dight.
O world's vainness ! Whiles thus I did be-
hold,

An earthquake shook the hill from lowest
seat,
And overthrow this frame with ruin great.

III.

Then did a sharpèd spire of diamond bright,
Ten feet each way in square, appear to me,
Justly proportion'd up unto his height,
So far as archer might his level see :
The top thereof a pot did seem to bear,
Made of the metal which we most do honor ;
And in this golden vessel couchèd were
The ashes of a mighty Emperor :
Upon four corners of the base were pight,

To bear the frame, four great Lions of gold ;
A worthy tomb for such a worthy wight.
Alas this world doth nought but grievance
hold !

I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
Which this brave monument with flash did
rend.

IV.

I saw raised up on ivory pillars tall,
Whose bases were of richest metal's wark,
The chapters alabaster, the friezes crystal,
The double front of a triumphal ark :
On each side portray'd was a Victory,
Clad like a Nymph, that wings of silver wears,
And in triumphant chair was set on high,
The ancient glory of the Roman Peers.
No work it seem'd of earthly craftsman's wit,
But rather wrought by his own industry,
That thunder-darts for Jove his sire doth fit.
Let me no more see fair thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have seen so fair a
sight

With sudden fall to dust consumèd quite.

V.

Then was the fair Dodonian tree far seen,
Upon seven hills to spread his gladsome
gleam,

And conquerors bedeckèd with his green,
Along the banks of the Ausonian stream :
There many an ancient trophy was addrest,
And many a spoil, and many a goodly show,
Which that brave race's greatness did attest,
That whylome from the Trojan blood did
flow.

Ravish'd I was so rare a thing to view ;
When lo ! a barbarous troop of clownish
fone [threw :
The honor of these noble boughs down
Under the wedge I heard the trunk togroan ;
And, since, I saw the root in great disdain
A twin of forkèd trees send forth again.

VI.

I saw a Wolf under a rocky cave
Nursing two whelps ; I saw her little ones

In wanton dalliance the teat to crave,
While she her neck wreath'd from them for
the nonce :

I saw her range abroad to seek her food,
And roaming through the field with greedy
rage [warm blood

T' imbrue her teeth and claws with luke-
Of the small herds, her thirst for to assuage.
I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
Down from the mountain bord'ring Lom-

barly, [rended.

That with an hundred spears her flank wide
I saw her on the plain outstretchèd lie,

Throwing out thousand throbs in her own
soil ;

Soon on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoil.

VII.

I saw the Bird, than can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings assay to mound on height ;
By more and more she gan her wings t' as-
sue

Following th' ensample of her mother's sight:
I saw her rise, and with a larger flight

To pierce the clouds, and with wide pinions
To measure the most haughty mountain's
height,

Until she raught the gods' own mansions :
There was she lost ; when sudden I beheld,
Where, tumbling through the air in fiery fold,
All flaming down she on the plain was fell'd,
And soon her body turn'd to ash & cold.

I saw the fowl, that doth the light despise,
Out of her dust like to a worm arise.

VIII.

I saw a river swift, whose foamy billows
Did wash the ground-work of an old great
wall ;

I saw it cover'd all with grisly shadows,
That with black horror did the air appal :
Thereout a strange Beast with seven heads
arose,

That towns and castles under her breast did
coure,

And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer
foes

Alike with equal ravine to devour.

Much was I mazed, to see this monster's kind
In hundred forms to change his fearful hue ;
When as at length I saw the wrathful wind,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scy-
thian mew, [as thought,

That 'sperst these clouds ; and, in so short
This dreadful shape was vanishèd to nought.

IX.

Then all astonied with this mighty ghost,
As hideous body big and strong I saw,
Was side-long beard, and locks down hang-
ing loost,*

Stern face, and front full of Satúrnlike awe ;
Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pour'd forth a water, whose out-gushing
flood

Ran bathing all the creaky shore afloat,
Whereon the Trojan prince spilt Turnus'
blood ;

And at his feet a bitch wolf suck did yield
To two young babes : His left the Palm tree
stout,

His right hand did the peaceful Olive wield ;
And head with Laurel garnish'd was about.

Sudden both Palm and Olive fell away,
And fair green Laurel branch did quite
decay.

X.

Hard by a river's side a Virgin fair, [throbs,
Folding her arms to heaven with thousand
And outraging her cheeks and golden hair,
To falling river's sound thus tuned her sob.
"Where is (quoth she) this whylome ho-
nour'd face ?

Where the great glory and the ancient praise,
In which all world's felicity had place,
When gods and men my honour up did raise?
Sufficed it not that civil wars me made
The whole world's-spoil, but that this Hydra
new,

Of hundred Hercules to be assay'd, [anew,
With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes
So many Neroes and Caligulas [raise ?"
Out of these crookèd shores must daily

XI.

Upon an hill a bright flame I did see
Waving aloft with triple point to sky,
Which, like incense of precious Cedar tree,
With balmy odours fill'd the air far and nigh,
A Bird all white well feather'd on each wing,
Hereout up to the throne of gods did fly,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing.
Whilst in the smoke she unto heaven did sty.
Of this fair fire the scatter'd rays forth
threw

On every side a thousand shining beams :
When sudden dropping of a silver dew
(O grievous chance !) gan quench those pre-
cious flames ; [y'eld.

That it, which erst so pleasant scent did
Of nothing now but noious sulphur smel'd.

* Loose—altered for rhyme.

XII.

I saw a spring out of a rock forth raye,
 As clear as crystal gainst the sunny beams,
 The bottom yellow, like the golden grail
 That bright Pactolus washeth with his
 streams ;
 It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
 All pleasure there, for which man's heart
 could long ;
 And there a noise alluring sleep soft trembled,
 Of many accords more sweet than Mer-
 maid's song :

The seats and benches shone as ivory,
 And hundred Nymphs sate side by side
 about

When from nigh hills, with hideous outcry,
 A troop of Satirs in the place did rout,
 Which, with their villain feet the stream
 did ray, [Nymphs away.
 Threw down the seats, and drove the

XIII.

Much richer than that vessel seem'd to be,
 Which did to that sad Florentine appear,
 Casting mine eyes far off, I chanced to see
 Upon the Latin Coast herself to rear :
 But suddenly arose a tempest great,
 Bearing close envy to these riches rare,
 Which gan assail this ship with dreadful
 threat, [pare :
 This ship, to which none other might com-
 And finally the storm impetuous
 Sunk up these riches, second unto none,
 Within the gulf of greedy Nereus.
 I saw both ship and mariners each one,
 And all that treasure drown'd in the main:
 But I the ship saw after raised again.

XIV.

Long having deeply grown'd these Visions
 sad,
 I saw a City like unto that same,
 Which saw the messenger of tidings glad ;
 But that on sand was built the goodly frame :
 It seem'd her top the firmament did raise,
 And, no less rich than fair, right worthy
 sure
 (If aught here worthy) of immortal days,
 Or if aught under heaven might firm endure.
 Much wond' red I to see so fair a wall :
 When from the Northern coast a storm arose
 Which, breathing fury from his inward gull
 On all which did against his course oppose,
 Into a cloud of dust 'spersed in the air
 The weak foundations of this City fair.

XV.

At length, even at the time, when Morpheus
 Most truly doth unto our eyes appear.
 Weary to see the heavens still wavering thus,
 I saw Typhæus' sister coming near ;
 Whose head, full bravely with a morion hid,
 Did seem to match the gods in majesty.
 She, by a river's bank that swift down slid,
 Over all the world did raise a Trophy high ;
 An hundred vanquish'd Kings under her lay,
 With arms bound at their backs in shameful
 wise ;
 Whilst I thus mazèd was with great affray,
 I saw the heavens in war against her rise :
 Then down she stricken fell with clap of
 thunder, [wonder.
 That with great noise I waked in sudden

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH,

FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

I.

BEING one day at my window all alone,
 So many strange things happen'd me to see,
 As much it grieveth me to think thereon.
 At my right hand a Hind appear'd to me,
 So far as mote the greatest god delight ;
 Two eager dogs did her pursue in chase,
 Of which the one was black, the other white ;

With deadly force so in their cruel race
 They pinch'd the haunches of that gentle
 beast,
 That at the last, and in short time, I spied,
 Under a rock, where she, alas, oppress,
 Fell to the ground, and there untimely died.
 Cruel death vanquishing so noble beauty,
 Oft makes me wail so hard a destiny.

II.

After, at sea a tall ship did appear,
 Made all of ebon and white ivory;
 The sails of gold, of silk the tackle were :
 Mild was the wind, calm seem'd the sea to
 be, [fair :
 The sky eachwhere did show full bright and
 With rich treasures this gay ship freighted
 was :
 But sudden storm did so turmoil the air,
 And tumbled up the sea, that she (alas)
 Strake on a rock, that under water lay,
 And perished past all recovery.
 O ! how great ruth, and sorrowful assay,
 Doth vex my spirit with perplexity,
 Thus in a moment to see lost and drown'd,
 So great riches as like cannot be found.

III.

The heavenly branches did I see arise
 Out of the fresh and lusty laurel tree,
 Amidst the young green wood of Paradise ;
 Some noble plant I thought myself to see :
 Such store of birds therein yshrouded were,
 Chanting in shade their sundry melody,
 That with their sweetness I was ravish'd
 near.
 While on this laurel fix'd was mine eye,
 The sky gan everywhere to overcast,
 And dark'ned was the welkin all about,
 When sudden flash of heaven's fire out brast,
 And rent this royal tree quite by the root :
 Which makes me much and ever to com-
 plain ;
 For no such shadow shall be had again.

IV.

Within this wood, out of a rock did rise
 A spring of water, mildly rumbling down,
 Whereto approach'd not in any wise
 The homely shepherd, nor the ruder clown ;
 But many Muses, and the nymphs withal,
 That sweetly in accord did tune their voice
 To the soft sounding of the water's fall :
 That my glad heart thereat did much rejoice,
 But, while hearing I took my chief delight,
 I saw (alas) the gaping earth devour
 The spring, the place, and all clean out of
 sight ; [hour,
 Which yet aggrieves my heart even to this
 And wounds my soul with rueful memory,
 To see such pleasures gone so suddenly.

V.

I saw a Phœnix in the wood alone,
 With purple wings, and crest of golden hue ;
 Strange bird he was, whereby I thought
 anon,
 That of some heavenly wight I had the view ;
 Until he came unto the broken tree,
 And to the spring, the late devour'd was.
 What say I more ? each thing at last we see
 Doth pass away : the Phœnix there, alas,
 Spying the tree destroy'd, the water dried,
 Himself smote with his back, as in disdain,
 And so forthwith in great despite he died ;
 That yet my heart burns, in exceeding pain,
 For ruth and pity of so hapless plight :
 O ! let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

VI.

At last so fair a lady did I spy,
 That thinking yet on her I burn and quake ;
 On herbs and flow'rs she walk'd pensively,
 Mild, but yet Love she proudly did forsake :
 White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they
 were, [wrought :
 As snow and gold together had been
 Above the waist a dark cloud shrouded her,
 A stinging serpent by the heel her caught ;
 Wherewith she languish'd as the gather'd
 flower ;
 And, well assured, she mounted up to joy.
 Alas, on earth no thing doth endure,
 But bitter grief and sorrowful annoy :
 Which make this life wretched and miser-
 able,
 Toss'd with storms of fortune variable.

VII.

When I beheld this tickle trustless state
 Of vain world's glory, flitting to and fro,
 And mortal men toss'd by troublous fate
 In restless seas of wretchedness and woe :
 I wish I might this weary life forego,
 And shortly turn unto my happy rest,
 Where my free spirit might not any moe
 Be vex'd with sights, that do her peace
 molest.
 And ye, fair lady, in whose bounteous breast
 All heavenly grace and virtue shrined is,
 When ye these rhymes do read, and view
 the rest, [bliss :
 Loathe this base world, and think of heaven's
 And though ye be the fairest of God's
 creatures, [goodly features.
 Yet think, that death shall spoil your

AMORETTI, OR SONNETS.

TO THE AUTHOR.

DARK is the day, when Phœbus' face is
shrouded,
And weaker sights may wander soon astray ;
But, when they see his glorious rays unclouded,
With steady steps they keep the perfect way .
So, while this Muse in foreign land doth stay ,
Invention weeps, and pens are cast aside ;
The time, like night, deprived of cheerful day ;
And few do write, but (ah !) too soon may'slide,
Then, hie thee home, thou art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate England's fame,
Daunting thereby our neighbours' ancient pride,
That do, for Poesy, challenge chiefest name :
So we that live, and ages that succeed,
With great applause thy learned works shall
read.

G. W. SENIOR.

AH ! Colin, whether on the lowly plain,
Piping to shepherds thy sweet roundelays ;
Or whether singing, in some lofty vein
Heroic deeds of past or present days ;
Or whether, in the lovely Mistress' praise,
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill ;
Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to
please
With rare invention, beautified by skill,
As who therein can ever joy their fill !
O ! therefore let that happy Muse proceed
To climb the height of Virtue's sacred hill,
Where endless honour shall be made thy need :
Because no malice of succeeding days
Can raise those records of thy lasting praise.

SONNET I.

HAPPY, ye leaves ! when as those lily hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing
might, [bands,
Shall handle you, and hold in love's soft
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight.
And happy lines ! on which, with starry
light, [to look,
Those laming eyes willodeign sometimes
And read the sorrows of my dying spright,
Written with tears in heart's close bleeding
book. [brook
And happy rhymes ! bathed in the sacred
Of Helicon, whence she derivèd is ;
When ye behold that Angel's blessèd look,
My soul's long lackèd food, my heaven's
bliss ; [please alone,
Leaves, lines, and rhymes, seek her to
Whom if ye please, I care for other none !

SONNET II.

UNQUIET thought ! whom at the first I bred
Of th' inward bale of my love-pinèd heart ;
And sithens have with sighs and sorrows
fed.
Till greater than my womb thou waxen art :
Break furth at length out of the inner part,
In which thou lurkest like to viper's brood ;
And seek some succour both to ease my
smart,

And also to sustain thyself with food.
But, if in presence of that fairest Proud
Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet ;
And, with meek humblesse and afflicted
mood,
Pardon for thee, and grace for me, intreat :
Which if she grant, then live, and my
love cherish : [perish.
If not, die soon : and I with thee will

SONNET III.

THE sovereign beauty which I do admire,
Witness the world how worthy to be praised !
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire
In my frail spirit, by her from baseness
raised ;
That being now with her huge brightness
dazed,
Base thing I can no more endure to view :
But, looking still on her, I stand amazed
At wondrous sight of so celestial hue.
So when my tongue would speak her praises
due,
It stoppèd is with thought's astonishment ;
And, when my pen would write her titles
true.
It ravish'd is with fancy's wonderment ;
Yet in my heart I then both speak and
write
The wonder that my wit cannot indite.

SONNET IV.

NEW year, forth looking out of Janus' gate
Doth seem to promise hope of new delight :
And, bidding th' old adieu, his passèd date
Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish
spright :

And, calling forth out of sad Winter's night
Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerless
bower,

Wills him awake, and soon about him dight,
Him wonton wings and darts of deadly power.
For lusty Spring now in his timely hour
Is ready to come forth, him to receive ;
And warns the Earth with diverse colour'd
flow'r

To deck herself, and her fair mantle weave.
Then you, fair flow'r! in whom fresh
youth doth reign,
Prepare yourself new love to entertain.

SONNET V.

RUDELY thou wrongest my dear heart's
desire,

In find fault with her too portly pride :
The thing which I do most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envied :
For in those lofty looks is close implied,
Scorn of base things, and 'sdain of foul dis-
honour ;

Threat'ning rash eyes which gaze on her so
wide,

That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.
Such pride is praise ; such portliness is
honour ;

That bold'ned innocence bears in her eyes :
And her fair countenance like a goodly ban-
ner,

Spreads in defiance of all enemies.

Was never in this world aught worthy
tried, [pride,

Without some spark of such self-pleasing

SONNET VI.

BE nought dismay'd that her unmovèd mind
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride :

Such love, not like to lusts of baser kind,
The harder won, the firmer will abide.

The dureful oak, whose sap is not yet dried,
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fire ;
But, when it once doth burn, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven
aspire.

So hard it is to kindle new desire

In gentle breast, that shall endure for ever :
Deep is the wound, that diints the parts entire

With chaste affects, that nought but death
can sever.

Then think not long in taking little pain,
To knit the knot, that ever-shall remain.

SONNET VII.

FAIR eyes! the mirror of my mazèd heart,
What wondrous virtue is contain'd in you,
The which both life and death forth from
you dart

Into the object of your mighty view ?

For, when ye mildly look with lovely hue,
Then is my soul with life and love inspired :
But when ye lour, or look on me askew,
Then do I die, as one with lightning fired.

But, since that life is more than death
desired,

Look ever lovely, as becomes you best ;

That your bright beams, of my weak eyes
admired,

May kindle living fire within my breast.

Such light should be the honour of your
light, [might.

Such death the sad ensample of your

SONNET VIII.

MORE than most fair, full of the living fire,
Kindled above unto the Maker near ; [spire,
No eyes but joys, in which all powers con-
That to the world nought else be counted
dear : [blinded guest

Through your bright beams doth not the
Shoot out his darts to base affection's
wound ;

But Angels come to lead frail minds to rest
In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.

You frame my thoughts, and fashion me
within : [speak ;

You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to
You calm the storm that passion did begin,
Strong through your cause, but by your
virtue weak. [never

Dark is the world, where your light shinè

Well is he born, that may behold you eve

SONNET IX.

LONG-WHILE I sought to what I might com-
pare [spright :

Those pow'rful eyes, which lighten my dark
Yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare
Resemble th' image of their goodly light.

Not to the Sun ; for they do shine by night ;
Nor to the Moon ; for they are changèd
never :

Nor to the Stars ; for they have purer sight ;
Nor to the Fire ; for they consume not ever :

Nor to the Lightning; for they still persevere;
 Nor to the Diamond; for they are more
 tender; [sever;
 Nor unto Crystal; for nought may them
 Nor unto Glass; such baseness might
 offend her.

Then to the Maker' self they likest be,
 Whose light doth lighten all that here we
 see.

SONNET X.

UNRIGHTEOUS Lord of love, what law is
 this,

That me thou makest thus tormented be,
 The whiles she lordeth in licentious bliss
 Of her free-will, scorning both thee and me?
 See! how the Tyranness doth joy to see
 The huge massacres which her eyes do
 make;

And humbled hearts brings captive unto
 thee,

That thou of them mayst mighty vengeance
 take.

But her proud heart do thou a little shake,
 And that high look with which she doth
 control

All this world's pride bow to a baser make,
 And all her faults in thy black book enrol:

That I may laugh at her in equal sort,
 As she doth laugh at me, and makes my
 pain her sport.

SONNET XI.

DAILY when I do seek and sue for peace,
 And hostages do offer for my truth;
 She, cruel warrior, doth herself address
 To battle, and the weary war renew' th;

Ne will be moved with reason, or with ruth,
 To grant small respite to my restless toil;

But greedily her fell intent pursueth
 Of my poor life to make unpitied spoil.

Yet my poor life all sorrows to assail,
 I would her yield, her wrath to pacify;

But then she seeks with torment and tur-
 moil,

To force me live, and will not let me die.
 All pain hath end, and every war hath
 peace; [cease.

But mine, no price nor prayer may sur-

SONNET XII.

ONE day I sought with her heart-thrilling
 eyes

To make a truce, and terms to entertain;
 All fearless then of so false enemies,

Which sought me to entrap in treason's
 trayne.

So, as I then disarm'd did remain,
 A wicked ambush which lay hidden long,
 In the close covert of her guileful even,
 Thence breaking forth, did thick about me
 throng.

Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,
 Was forced to yield myself into their hands;
 Who, me captiving straight with rigorous
 wrong,

Have ever since kept me in cruel bands.

So, Lady, now to you I do complain.

Against your eyes, that justice I may gain.

SONNET XIII.

IN that proud port, which her so goodly
 graceth,

Whiles her fair face she rears up to the sky,
 And to the ground her eyelids low em-
 baseth,

Most goodly temperature ye may descry;
 Mild humblesse, mix'd with awful majesty.

For, looking on the earth whence she was
 born,

Her mind rememb'reth her mortality,

Whatso is fairest shall to earth return.

But that same lofty countenance seems to
 scorn

Base thing, and think how she to heaven
 may climb; [florn,

Treading down earth as loathsome and for
 That hinders heavenly thoughts with drowsy
 slime.

Yet lowly still vouchsafe to look on me;
 Such lowliness shall make you lofty be.

SONNET XIV.

RETURN again, my forces late dismay'd,
 Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite.

Great shame it is to leave, like one afraid,
 So fair a piece, for one repulse so light.

'Gainst such strong castles needeth greater
 might

Than those small forts which ye were wont
 to belay:

Such haughty minds, inured to hardy fight,
 Disdain to yield unto the first assay.

Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
 And lay incessant battery to her heart;

Plaints, prayers, vows, ruth, sorrow, and
 dismay;

Those engines can the proudest love con-
 vert:

And, if those fail, fall down and die be-
 fore her;

So dying live, and living do adore her.

SONNET XV.

YE tradeful Merchants, that with weary toil
Do seek most precious things to make your
gain ;
And both the Indias of their treasures spoil ;
What needeth you to seek so far in vain ?
For lo, my Love doth in herself contain
All this world's riches that may far be found ;
If Sapphires, lo, her eyes be Sapphires plain,
If Rubies, lo, her lips be Rubies sound :
If Pearls, her teeth be Pearls, both pure and
round :
If Ivory, her forehead Ivory ween ;
If Gold, her locks are finest Gold on ground ;
If Silver, her fair hands are Silver sheen :
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adorn'd with virtues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

ONE day as I unwarily did gaze
On those fair eyes, my love's immortal light ;
The whiles my 'stonish'd heart stood in
amaze,
Through sweet illusion of her looks' delight ;
I mote perceive how, in her glancing sight,
Legions of Loves with little wings did fly ;
Darting their deadly arrows, fiery bright,
At every rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
Aiming his arrow at my very heart :
When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
The Damsel broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so done, sure I had been
slain ;
Yet as it was, I hardly 'scaped with pain.

SONNET XVII.

THE glorious portrait of that Angel's face,
Made to amaze weak men's confusèd skill,
And this world's worthless glory to embase,
What pen, what pencil, can express her fill ?
For though he colours could devise at will,
And eke his learnèd hand at pleasure guide,
Lest, trembling, it his workmanship should
spill ;
Ye many wondrous things there are beside :
The sweet eye-glances, that like arrows glide ;
The charming smiles, that rob sense from
the heart ;
The lovely pleasure ; and the lofty pride ;
Cannot expressèd be by any art. [need
A greater craftsman's hand thereto doth
That can express the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

THE rolling wheel that runneth often round,
The hardest steel, in track of time doth tear ;
And drizzling drops, that often do redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance wear :
Yet cannot I, with many a drooping tear
And long intreaty, soften her hard heart ;
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to
hear,
Or look with pity on my painful smart.
But, when I plead, she bids me play my part ;
And, when I weep, she says "Tears are
but water ;" [art :"
And, when I sigh, she says, "I know t.c
And, when I wail, she turns herself to
laughter,
So do I weep, and wail, and plead in vain,
Whiles she as steel and flint doth still
remain.

SONNET XIX.

THE merry Cuckoo, messenger of Spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already
sounded,
That warns all Lovers wait upon their king,
Who now is coming forth with garland
crownèd. [soundèd
With noise whereof the quire of Birds re-
Their anthems sweet, devisèd of love's
praises, [boundèd
That all the woods their echoes back re-
As if they knew the meaning of their lays.
But mongst them all, which did Love's
honour raise, [ought ;
No word was heard of her that most it
But she his precept proudly disobeys,
And doth his idle message set at nought.
Therefore, O Love, unless she turn to thee
Ere Cuckoo end, let her a rebel be !

SONNET XX.

IN vain I seek and sue to her for grace,
And do mine humbled heart before her pour ,
The whiles her foot she in my neck doth place,
And tread my life down in the lowly floor.
And yet the lion that is lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,
In his most pride disdaineth to devour
The silly lamb that to his might doth yield.
But she, more cruel, and more savage wild,
Than either lion or the lioness ;
Shames not to be with guiltless blood defiled,
But taketh glory in her cruelty.
Fairer than fairest ! let none ever say,
That ye were blooded in a yielded prey.

SONNET XXI.

WAS it the work of Nature or of Art,
 Which temp' red so the feature of her face,
 That pride and meekness, mix'd by equal
 part,
 Do both appear t' adorn her beauty's grace ?
 For with mild pleasance, which doth pride
 displace,
 She to her love doth lookers' eyes allure ;
 And, with stern countenance, back again
 doth chase
 Their looser looks that stir up lusts impure ;
 With such strange terms her eyes she doth
 inure,
 That, with one look, she doth my life dismay ;
 And with another doth it straight recure ;
 Her smile me draws, her frown me drives
 away. [her looks ;
 Thus doth she train and teach me with
 Such art of eyes I never read in books !

SONNET XXII.

THIS holy season, fit to fast and pray,
 Men to devotion ought to be inclined :
 Therefore I likewise, on so holy day,
 For my sweet Saint some service fit will find.
 Her temple fair is built within my mind,
 In which her glorious image placèd is ;
 On which thy thoughts do day and night
 attend,
 Like sacred Priests that never think amiss :
 There I to her, as th' author of my bliss,
 Will build an altar to appease her ire ;
 And on the same my heart will sacrifice,
 Burning in flames of pure and chaste desire :
 The which vouchsafe, O Goddess to accept,
 Amongst thy dearest relics to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PENELOPE, for her Ulysses' sake,
 Devised a Web her woovers to deceive ;
 In which the work that she all day did make,
 The same at night she did again unweave :
 Such subtle craft my Damsel doth conceive,
 Th' importune suit of my desire to shun :
 For all that I in many days do weave,
 In one short hour I find by her undone.
 So, when I think to end that I begun,
 I must begin and never bring to end :
 For, with one look, she spills that long I
 spun ; [doth rend.
 And with one word, my whole year's work
 Such labour like the spider's web I find,
 Whose fruitless work is broken with least
 wind.

SONNET XXIV.

WHEN I behold that beauty's wonderment,
 And rare perfection of each goodly part ;
 Of Nature's skill the only complement ;
 I honour and admire the Maker's art.
 But when I feel the bitter baleful smart,
 Which her fair eyes unawares do work in me,
 That death out of their shiny beams do dart ;
 I think that I a new Pandora see,
 Whom all the gods in counsel did agree
 Into this sinful world from heaven to send ;
 That she to wicked men a scourge should be,
 For all their faults with which they did offend.
 But, since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
 That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

How long shall this like dying life endure,
 And know no end of her own misery,
 But waste and wear away in terms unsure,
 'Twill fear and hope depending doubtfully !
 Yet better were at once to let me die,
 And show the last ensample of your pride ;
 Than to torment me thus with cruelty,
 To prove your pow'r, which I too well have
 tried.
 But yet if in your hard'ned breast ye hide
 A close intent at last to show me grace ;
 Then all the woes and wrecks, which I abide,
 As means of bliss I gladly will embrace ;
 And wish that more and greater they
 might be,
 That greater meed at last may turn to me.

SONNET XXVI.

SWEET is the Rose, but grows upon a brere ;
 Sweet is the Juniper, but sharp his bough ;
 Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh near ;
 Sweet is the Firbloom, but his branches
 rough ;
 Sweet is the Cypress, but his rind is tough ;
 Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill ;
 Sweet is the Broom-flow'r, but yet sour
 enough ;
 And sweet is Molv, but his root is ill.
 So every sweet with sour is temp' red still,
 That maketh it be coveted the more :
 For easy things, that may be got at will,
 Most sorts of men do set but little store.
 Why then should I account of little pain,
 That endless pleasure shall unto me gain !

SONNET XXVII.

FAIR Proud ! now tell me, why should fair
 be proud,
 Sith all world's glory is but dross unclean,

And in the shade of death itself shall shroud,
 However now thereof ye little ween !
 That goodly Idol, now so gay beseen,
 Shall doff her flesh's borrow'd fair attire ;
 And be forgot as it had never been ;
 That many now much worship and admire !
 Ne any then shall after it inquire,
 Ne any mention shall thereof remain,
 But what this verse, that never shall expire,
 Shall to you purchase with her thankless
 pain !

Fair! be no longer proud of that shall
 perish ; [cherish.
 But that, which shall you make immortal,

SONNET XXVIII.

THE laurel-leaf, which you this day do wear,
 Gives me great hope of your relenting mind :
 For since it is the badge which I do bear,
 Ye, bearing it, do seem to me inclined :
 The pow'r thereof, which oft in me I find,
 Let it likewise your gentle breast inspire
 With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
 Of that proud Maid, whom now those leaves
 attire :

Proud Daphne, scorning Phœbus' lovely fire,
 On the Thessalian shore from him did fly :
 For which the gods, in their revengful ire,
 Did her transform into a Laurel-tree.

Then fly no more, fair Love, from Phœbus'
 chase, [brace.
 But in your breast his leaf and love em-

SONNET XXIX.

SEE! how the stubborn Damsel doth de-
 prave

My simple meaning with disdainful scorn ;
 And by the bay, which I unto her gave,
 Accounts myself her captive quite forlorn.

"The bay," quoth she, "is of the victors
 borne, [meeds,

Yielded them by the vanquish'd as their
 And they therewith do Poets' heads adorn,
 To sing the glory of their famous deeds."

But sith she will the conquest challenge needs
 Let her accept me as her faithful thrall ;
 That her great triumph, which my skill ex-
 ceeds,

I may in trump of fame blaze over all.

Then would I deck her head with glorious
 bays, [praise.

And fill the world with her victorious

SONNET XXX.

MY Love is like to ice, and I to fire ;
 How comes it then that this her cold so great

Is not dissolved 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 heart-frozen cold ;
 But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
 And feel my flames augmented manifold !
 What more miraculous thing may be told,
 That fire, which all things melts, should
 harden ice ;
 And ice, which is congeal'd with senseless
 cold,

Should kindle fire by wonderful device ;
 Such is the pow'r of love in gentle mind,
 That it can alter all the course of kind.

SONNET XXXI.

AH ! why hath Nature to so hard a heart
 Given so goodly gifts of beauty's grace !
 Whose pride depraves each other better part,
 And all those precious ornaments deface.

Sith to all other beasts, of bloody race,
 A dreadful countenance she given hath ;
 That with their terror all the rest may chase,
 And warn to shun the danger of their wrath.
 But my proud one doth work the greater
 scath,

Through sweet allurements of her lovely hue ;
 That she the better may, in bloody bath
 Of such poor thralls, her cruel hands imbrue.

But, did she know how ill these two ac-
 cord,
 Such cruelty she would have soon abhorrd.

SONNET XXXII.

THE painful smith, with force of fervent
 heat,

The hardest iron soon doth mollify ;
 That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
 And fashion to what he it list apply.

Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,
 Her heart more hard than iron soft a whit ;
 Ne all the plaints and prayers, with which I

Do beat on th' anvil of her stubborn wit :

But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,
 The more she freezeth in her wilful pride ;

And harder grows, the harder she is smit
 With all the plaints which to her be applied.

What then remains but I to ashes burn,
 And she to stones at length all frozen turn!

SONNET XXXIII.

GREAT wrong I do, I can it not deny,
 To that most sacred Empress, my dear
 dread,

Not finishing her Queen of Faërv.
 That mote enlarge her living praises, dead :

But Lodwick,* this of grace to me aread ;
Do ye not think th' accomplishment of it,
Sufficient work for one man's simple head,
All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ?
How shen should I, without another wit,
Think ever to endure so tedious toil!
Sith that this one is toss'd with troublous fit
Of a proud Love, that doth my spirit spoil.

Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grant me
rest;
Or lend you me ar other living breast.

SONNET XXXIV.

LIKE as a ship, that through the ocean wide;
By conduct of some star, doth make her way;
Whenas a storm hath dimm'd her trusty
guide,

Out of her course doth wander far astray!
So I, whose star, that wont with her bright
ray

Me to direct, with clouds is over-cast,
Do wander now, iu darkness and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me
placed:

Yet hope I well that, when this storm is past,
My Helice, the loadstar of my life,
Will shine again, and look on me at last,
With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief.

Till then I wander careful, comfortless,
In secret sorrow, and sad pensiveness.

SONNET XXXV.

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetise
Still to behold the object of their pain,
With no contentment can themselves suffice;
But, having, pine: and, having not, complain.

For, lacking it, they cannot life sustain;
And, having it, they gaze on it the more;
In their amazement like Narcissus vain,
Whose eyes him starved: so plenty makes
me poor.

Yet are mine eyes so fillèd with the store
Of that fair sight, that nothing else they
brook, [before,

But loathe the things which they did like
And can no more endure on them to look.

All this world's glory seemeth vain to me,
And all their shows but shadows, saving
she.

SONNET XXXVI.

TELL me, when shall these weary woes have
end,

* Lodowick Dryskett.

Or shall their ruthless torment never cease;
But all my days in pining languor spend,
Without hope of assuagement or releas:?

Is there no means for me to purchase peace,
Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes;
But that their cruelty doth still increase,
And daily more augment my miseries?

But, when ye have show'd all extremities,
Then think how little glory ye have gain'd
By slaying him, whose life, though ye despise,
Mote have your life in honour long main-
tain'd. [moan.

But by his death, which some perhaps will
Ye shall condemn'd be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

WHAT guile is this, that those her golden
tresses

She doth attire under a net of gold;
And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
That which is gold, or hair, may scarce be
told? [bold,

Is it that men's frail eyes, which gaze too
She may entangle in that golden snare;
And, being caught, may craftily enfold
Their weaker hearts, which are not well
aware? [stare

Take heed therefore, mine eyes, how ye do
Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net,
In which if ever ye entrapp'd are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.

Fondness it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be!

SONNET XXXVIII.

ARION, when, through tempest's cruel
wrack,

He forth was thrown into the greedy seas;
Through the sweet music, which his harp
did make,

Allured a dolphin him from death to ease.
But my rude music, which was wont to please
Some dainty ears, cannot, with any skill,
The dreadful tempest of her wrath appease.

Nor move the dolphin from her stubborn will;
But in her pride she doth perséver still,
All careless how my life for her decays:
Yet with one word she can it save or spill.

To spill were pity, but to save were praise!
Choose rather to be praised for doing good,
Than to be blamed for spilling guiltless
blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

SWEET smile! the daughter of the Queen of
Love,

Expressing all thy mother's pow'rful art,
With which she wouls to temper angry Jove,
When all the gods he threats with thund'ring
dart :

Sweet is thy virtue, as thyself sweet art.
For, whence on me thou shinedst late in
sadness,

A melting pleasure ran through every part,
And me revived with heart-robbing gladness.
Whilst rapt with joy resembling heavenly
madness,

My soul was ravish'd quite as in a trance ;
And, feeling thence no more her sorrow's
sadness,

Fed on the fulness of that cheerful glance.
More sweet than nectar, or ambrosial meat,
Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did
eat.

SONNET XL.

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheer,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it ;
When on each eyelid sweetly do appear
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fair sunshine in summer's day ;
That, with a dreadful storm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his
goodly ray ;

At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head.

So my storm-beaten heart likewise is
cheer'd [cleared.

With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are

SONNET XLI.

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
To be so cruel to an humble foe ?
If nature ; then she may it mend with skill :
If will ; then she at will may will forego.

But if her nature and her will be so,
That she will plague the man that loveth her
most,

And take delight t' increase a wretch's woe ;
Then all nature's goodly gifts are lost ;
And that same glorious beauty's idle boast
Is but a bait such wretches to beguile,
As, being long in her love's tempest toss'd,
She means at last to make her piteous spoil.

O fairest fair ! let never it be named,
That so fair beauty was so foully shamed.

SONNET XLII.

THE love, which me so cruelly tormenteth,
So pleasing is in my extremest pain,

That, all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
The more I love and do embrace my bane.
Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vain)
To be acquit for my continual smart ;
But joy, her thrall for ever to remain,
And yield for pledge my poor and captivèd
heart ;

The which, that if from her may never start,
Let her, if please her, bind with adamant
chain ;

And from all wand'ring loves, which mote
pervert

His safe assurance, strongly it restrain.
Only let her abstain from cruelty,
And do me not before my time to die.

SONNET XLIII.

SHALL I then silent be, or shall I speak ?

And, if I speak, her wrath renew I shall ;
And, if I silent be, my heart will break,
Or chokèd be with overflowing gall.

What tyranny is this, both my heart to thrall,
And eke my tongue with proud restraint to
tie ;

That neither I may speak nor think at all,
But like a stupid stock in silence die !

Yet I my heart with silence secretly
Will teach to speak, and my just cause to
plead ;

And eke mine eyes, with meek humility,
Love-learnèd letters to her eyes to read ;

Which her deep wit, that true heart's
thought can spell, [well.

Will soon conceive, and learn to construe

SONNET XLIV.

WHEN those renownèd noble Peers of
Greece, [did jar,

Through stubborn pride, among themselves
Forgetful of the famous golden fleece :
Then Orpheus with his harp their strife did
bar.

But this continual, cruel, civil war.
The which myself against myself do make ;
Whilst my weak pow'rs of passions warrèd
are ;

No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake.

But, when in hand my tuneless harp I take,
Then do I more augment my foe's despite ;
And grief renew, and passion do awake
To battle, fresh against myself to fight.

Mongst whom the more I seek to settle
peace,

The more I find their malice to increase.

SONNET XLV.

LEAVE, Lady! in your glass of crystal clean,
 Your goodly self for evermore to view:
 And in myself, my inward self, I mean,
 Most lively like behold your semblant true.
 Within my heart, though hardly it can shew
 Th'ng so divine to view of earthly eye,
 The fair idea of your celestial hue
 An! every part remains immortally:
 An! were it not that, through your cruelty,
 With sorrow dimmèd and deform'd it were,
 The goodly image of your visnomy,
 Clearer than crystal, would therein appear.
 But, if yourself in me ye plain will see,
 Remove the cause by which your fair
 beams dark'ned be.

SONNET XLVI.

WHEN my abode's prefixèd time is spent,
 My cruel fair straight bids me mend my way:
 But then from heaven most hideous storms
 are sent,
 As willing me against her will to stay.
 Whom then shall I, or heaven or her, obey?
 The heavens know best what is the best for
 me:
 But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,
 My lower heaven, so it perforce must be.
 But ye high heavens, that all this sorrow see,
 Sith all your tempests cannot hold me back,
 Assuage your storms; or else both you, and
 she,
 Will both together me too sorely wrack.
 Enough it is for one man to sustain
 The storms, which she alone on me doth
 rain.

SONNET XLVII.

TRUST not the treason of those smiling looks,
 Until ye have their guiltful trains well tried:
 For they are like but unto golden hooks,
 That from the foolish fish their baits do hide;
 So she with flatt'ring smiles weak hearts
 doth guide
 Unto her love, and tempt to their decay;
 Whom, being caught, she kills with cruel
 pride,
 And feeds at pleasure on the wretched prey:
 Yet, even whilst her bloody hands them slay,
 Her eyes look lovely, and upon them smile;
 That they take pleasure in their cruel play,
 And, dying, do themselves of pain beguile.
 O mighty charm! which makes men love
 their bane, [pain.
 And think they die with pleasure, live with

SONNET XLVIII.

INNOCENT paper! whom too cruel hand
 Did make the matter to avege her ire;
 And, ere she could thy cause well under-
 stand,
 Did sacrifice unto the greedy fire.
 Well worthy thou to have found better hire,
 Than so bad end for heretics ordain'd;
 Yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
 But plead thy Master's cause, unjustly
 pain'd,
 Whom she, all careless of his grief, con-
 strain'd
 To utter forth the anguish of his heart:
 And would not hear, when he or her com-
 plain'd
 The piteous passion of his dying smart.
 Yet live for ever, though against her will,
 And speak her good, though she requite
 it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

FAIR Cruel! why are ye so fierce and cruel?
 Is it because your eyes have pow'r to kill?
 Then know that mercy is the Mighty's
 jewel;
 And greater glory think to save than spill.
 But if it be your pleasure, and proud will,
 To show the pow'r of your imperious eyes;
 Then not on him that never thought you ill,
 But bend your force against your enemies:
 Let them feel the utmost of your cruelties;
 And kill with looks, as cockatrices do:
 But him, that at your footstool humbled lies,
 With merciful regard give mercy to. [be;
 Such mercy shall you make admired to
 So shall you live, by giving life to me.

SONNET L.

LONG languishing in double malady
 Of my heart's wound, and of my body's
 grief; [ap ply
 There came to me a Leech, that would
 Fit med'cines for my body's best relief.
 Vain man, quoth I, that hast but little prife
 In deep discovery of the mind's disease;
 Is not the heart of all the body chief,
 And rules the members as itself doth please?
 Then, with some cordials, seek for to ap-
 pease
 The inward languor of my wounded heart;
 And then my body shall have shortly ease:
 But such sweet cordials pass Physician's art.
 Then, my life's Leech! do you your skill
 reveal; [heal.
 And, with one salve, both heart and body

SONNET LI.

Do 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 do I, untrain'd in Lovers' trade,
Her hardness blame, which I should more
commend?
Sith never aught was excellent assay'd
Which was not hard t' achieve and bring to
end.

Ne aught so hard, but he, that would attend,
Mote soften it and to his will allure:
So do I hope her stubborn heart to bend,
And that it then more steadfast will endure,
Only my pains will be the more to get her;
But, having her, my joy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
I go like one that, having lost the field,
Is prisoner led away with heavy heart,
Despoil'd of warlike arms and known
shield.

So do I now myself a prisoner yield
From presence of my dearest dear exiled,
Long-while alone in languor to remain.
There let no thought of joy, or pleasure vain,
Dare to approach that may my solace breed;
But sudden dumps, and dreary sad disdain
Of all world's gladness, more my torment
feed.

So I her absence will my penance make,
That of her presence I my meed may take

SONNET LIII.

THE panther, knowing that his spotted hide,
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks
them fray;

Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide,
To let them gaze, whilst he on them may
prey:

Right so my cruel fair with me doth play.
For, with the goodly semblance of her hue,
She doth allure me to mine own decay,
And then no mercy will unto me shew.
Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,
Made for to be the world's most ornament,
To make the bait her gazers to imbue:
Good shames to be to ill an instrument!

But mercy doth with beauty best agree,
As in their Maker ye them best may see.

SONNET LIV.

OF this world's Theatre in which we stay,
My Love, like the Spectator, idly sits;

Beholding me, that all the Pageants play,
Disguising diversely my troubled wits.
Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
And mask in mirth like to a Comedy:
Soon after, when my joy to sorrow flits,
I wail, and make my woes a Tragedy.
Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my mirth, nor rues my
smart: [I cry,
But, when I laugh, she mocks; and, when
What then can move her? if nor mirth, nor
moan,
She is no woman, but a senseless stone.

SONNET LV.

So oft as I her beauty do behold,
And therewith do her cruelty compare,
I marvel of what substance was the mould,
The which her made at once so cruel fair.
Not earth; for her high thoughts more
heavenly are:

Not water; for her love doth burn like fire:
Not air; for she is not so light or rare:
Not fire; for she doth freeze with faint de-
sire.

Then needs another Element inquire
Whereof she mote be made; that is, the
sky.

For, to the heaven her haughty looks aspire;
And eke her love is pure immortal high.

Then, sith to heaven ye liken'd are the
best,

Be like in mercy as in all the rest.

SONNET LVI.

FAIR ye be sure, but cruel and unkind,
As is a tiger, that with greediness
Hunts after blood; when he by chance doth
find

A feeble beast, doth felly him oppress.
Fair be ye sure, but proud and pit'less,
As is a storm, that all things doth prostrate:
Finding a tree alone all comfortless,
Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.

Fair be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
As is a rock amidst the raging floods;
Gainst which, a ship, of succour desolate,
Doth suffer wreck both of herself and goods
That ship, that tree, and that same beast,
am I,

Whom ye do wreck, do ruin, and destroy.

SONNET LVII.

SWEET warrior! when shall I have peace
with you?
High time it is this war now ended were;

Which I no longer can endure to sue,
 No your incessant batt'ry more to bear :
 So weak my pow'rs, so sore my wounds,
 appear,
 That wonder is how I should live a jot,
 Seeing my heart through-lancèd everywhere
 With thousand arrows, which your eyes
 have shot :
 Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
 But glory think to make these cruel stoures.
 Ye cruel one ! what glory can be got,
 In slaying him that would live gladly yours !
 Make peace therefore, and grant me
 timely grace,
 That all my wounds will heal in little
 space.

SONNET LVIII.

BY HER THAT IS MOST ASSURED TO HERSELF.

WEAK is th' assurance that weak flesh re-
 poseth

In her own pow'r, and scorneth others' aid ;
 That soonest falls, whenas she most sup-
 poseth

Herself assured, and is of nought afraid.
 All flesh is frail, and all her strength un-
 stay'd.

Like a vain bubble blown up with air
 Devouring time and changeful chance have
 prey'd,

Her glorious pride that none may it repair.
 Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fair,
 But faileth, trusting on his own assurance :
 And he, that standeth on the highest star,
 Falls lowest : for on earth nought hath en-
 durance. [far,

Why then do ye, proud fair, misdeem so
 That to yourself you most assurèd are !

SONNET LIX.

THRICE happy she ! that is so well assured
 Unto herself, and settled so in heart,
 That neither will for better be allured,
 Ne fear'd with worse to any chance to start ;
 Bet, like a steady ship, doth strongly part
 The raging waves, and keeps her course
 aright ;

Ne aught for tempest doth from it depart,
 Ne aught for fairer weather's false delight.
 Such self-assurance need not fear the spite
 Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends :
 But, in the stay of her own steadfast might,
 Neither to one herself nor other bends.

Most happy she, that most assured doth
 rest ;

But he most happy, who such one loves
 best.

SONNET LX.

THEY, that in course of heavenly spheres are
 skill'd,

To every planet 'point his sundry year :
 In which her circle's voyage is fulfill'd,
 As Mars in threescore years doth run his
 sphere.

So, since the wingèd god his planet clear
 Began in me to move, one year is spent :
 The which doth longer unto me appear.
 Than all those forty which my life out-went.
 Then by that count, which lovers' books
 invent,

The sphere of Cupid forty years contains :
 Which I have wasted in long languishment,
 That seem'd the longer for my greater pains.

But let my Love's fair planet short her
 ways,

This year ensuing, or else short my days.

SONNET LXI.

THE glorious image of the Maker's beauty,
 My sov'reign saint, the idol of my thought,
 Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of
 duty,

T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for aught.
 For, being as she is, divinely wrought,
 And of the brood of angels heavenly born ;
 And with the crew of blessèd saints up-
 brought,

Each of which did her with their gifts adorn ;
 The bud of joy, the blossom of the morn,
 The beam of light, whom mortal eyes admire ;
 What reason is it then but she should scorn
 Base things, that to her love too bold aspire !
 Such heavenly forms ought rather wor-
 shipp'd be,

Than dare be loved by men of mean degree.

SONNET LXII.

THE weary year his race now having run,
 The new begins his compass'd course anew :
 With show of morning mild he hath begun,
 Betokening peace and plenty to ensue.

So let us, which this change of weather view,
 Change eke our minds, and former lives
 amend ;

The old year's sins forepast let us eschew,
 And fly the faults with which we did offend.
 Then shall the new year's joy forth freshly
 send,

Into the glooming world, his gladsome ray ;
 And all these storms, which now his beauty
 blend,

Shall turn to calms, and timely clear away.
 So, likewise, Love! cheer you your heavy
 spright, [delight.
 And change old year's annoy to new

SONNET LXIII.

AFTER long storms and tempests' sad assay,
 Which hardly I endured heretofore,
 In dread of death, and dangerous dismay,
 With which my silly bark was tossed sore ;
 I do at length descry the happy shore,
 In which I hope ere long for to arrive :
 Fair soil it seems from far, and fraught with
 store
 Of all that dear and dainty is alive.
 Most happy he ! that can at last achieve
 The joyous safety of so sweet a rest ;
 Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
 Remembrance of all pains which him opprest.
 All pains are nothing in respect of this ;
 All sorrows short that gain eternal bliss.

SONNET LXIV.

COMING to kiss her lips, (such grace I found,)
 Me seem'd, I smelt a garden of sweet flow'rs,
 That dainty odours from them threw around,
 For damselfs fit to deck their lovers' bow'rs.
 Her lips did smell like unto gillyflowers ;
 Her ruddy cheeks, like unto roses red ;
 Her snowy brows, like budded bellamours ;
 Her lovely eyes, like pinks but newly spread ;
 Her goodly bosom, like a strawberry bed ;
 Her neck, like to a bunch of columbines ;
 Her breast, like lilies, ere their leaves be shed ;
 Her nipples, like young blossom'd jessamines :
 Such fragment flow'rs do give most odorous
 But her sweet odour did them all excel.

SONNET LXV.

THE doubt which ye misdeem, fair Love, is
 vain,
 That fondly fear to lose your liberty ;
 When losing one, two liberties ye gain,
 And make him bond that bondage erst did fly.
 Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth
 tie
 Without constraint, or dread of any ill :
 The gentle bird feels no captivity
 Within her cage ; but sings, and feeds her fill.
 There pride dare not approach, nor discord
 spill [bound :
 The league twixt them, that loyal love hath
 But simple Truth, and mutual Good-will,
 Seeks, with sweet peace, to salve each other's
 wound :

There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen
 tow'r, [bow'r.
 And spotless Pleasure, builds her sacred

SONNET LXVI.

To all those happy blessings, which ye have
 With plenteous hand by heaven upon you
 thrown ;
 This one disparagement they to you gave,
 That ye your love lent to so mean a one.
 Ye, whose high worth's surpassing paragon
 Could not on earth have found one fit for
 mate,
 Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
 Why did ye stoop unto so lowly state ?
 But ye thereby much greater glory gate,*
 Than had ye sorted with a Prince's peer :
 For, now your light doth more itself dilate,
 And, in my darkness, greater doth appear.
 Yet, since your light hath once enlumined
 me,
 With my reflex yours shall increased be.

SONNET LXVII.

LIKE as a huntsman after weary chase,
 Seeing the game from him escaped away,
 Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
 With panting hounds beguiled of their
 prey :
 So, after long pursuit and vain assay,
 When I all weary had the chase forsook,
 The gentle deer return'd the self-same way,
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next
 brook :
 There she, beholding me with milder look,
 Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide ;
 Till I in hand her yet half trembling took,
 And with her own goodwill her firmly tied,
 Strange thing, me seem'd, to see a beast
 so wild,
 So goodly won, with her own will be-
 guiled.

SONNET LXVIII.

MOST glorious Lord of life! that, on this
 day,
 Didst make Thy triumph over death and
 sin ;
 And, having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
 Captivity thence captive, us to win :
 This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin ;
 And grant that we, for whom Thou didest
 die,
 Being with Thy dear blood clean wash'd
 from sin,

* Gate, got ; spelt for the rhyme 'gate.'

May live for ever in felicity !
 And that thy love we weighing worthily,
 May likewise love thee for the same again ;
 And for thy sake, that all like dear didst
 buy,
 With love may one another entertain !
 So let us love, dear Love, like as we
 ought :
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us
 taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THE famous warriors of the antique world
 Used trophies to erect in stately wise ;
 In which they would the records have en-
 roll'd
 Of their great deeds and valorous emprise.
 What trophy then shall I most fit devise,
 In which I may record the memory
 Of my love's conquest, peerless beauty's
 prize,
 Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity !
 Even this verse, vow'd to eternity,
 Shall be thereof immortal monument ;
 And tell her praise to all posterity,
 That may admire such world's rare wonder-
 ment ;
 The happy purchase of my glorious spoil,
 Gotton at last with labour and long toil.

SONNET LXX.

FRESH Spring, the herald of Love's mighty
 king,
 In whose coat-armour richly are display'd
 All sorts of flow'rs, the which on earth
 do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously array'd ;
 Go to my Love, where she is careless laid,
 Yet in her winter's bow'r not well awake ;
 Tell her the joyous time will not be stay'd,
 Unless she do him by the forelock take ;
 Bid her therefore herself soon ready make,
 To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew ;
 Where every one, that misseth then her
 make,
 Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
 Make haste therefore, sweet Love, whilst
 it is prime ;
 For none can call again the passèd time.

SONNET LXXI.

I JOY to see how, in your drawn work,
 Yourself unto the Bee ye do compare ;
 And me unto the Spider, that doth lurk
 In close await, to catch her unaware :

Right so yourself were caught in cunning
 snare
 Of a deaf foe, and thrall'd to his love ;
 In whose strait hands ye now captivèd are
 So firmly that ye never may remove.
 But as your work is woven all about
 With Woodbind flowers and fragrant Eglan-
 tine ;
 So sweet your prison you in time shall
 prove,
 With many dear delights bedeck'd fine.
 And all thenceforth eternal peace shall
 see
 Between the Spider and the gentle Bee.

SONNET LXXII.

OFt, when my spirit doth spread her bolder
 wings,
 In mind to mount up to the purest sky ;
 It down is weigh'd with thought of earthly
 things,
 And clogg'd with burden of mortality ;
 Where, when that sov'reign beauty it doth
 spy,
 Resembling heaven's glory in her light,
 Drawn with sweet pleasure's bait, it back
 doth fly,
 And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
 There my frail fancy, fed with full delight,
 Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most at
 ease ;
 Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
 Her heart's desire with most contentment
 please.
 Heart need not wish none other happi-
 ness,
 But here on earth to have such heaven's
 bliss.

SONNET LXXIII.

BEING MYSELF captivèd here in care.
 My heart, (whom none with servile bands
 can tie,
 But the fair tresses of your golden hair.)
 Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.
 Like as a bird, that in one's hand doth spy
 Desirèd food, to it doth make his flight :
 Even so my heart, that wont on your fair
 eve
 To feed his fill, flies back unto your sight.
 Do you him take, and in your bosom bright
 Gently engage, that ye may be your thrall :
 Perhaps he there may learn, with rare de-
 light,
 To sing your name and praises over all :
 That it hereafter may you not repent.
 Him lodging in your bosom to have lent.

SONNET LXXIV.

Most happy letters! framed by skilful
trade,
With which that happy name was first
design'd. [made,
The which three times thrice happy hath me
With gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The first my being to me gave by kind,
From Mother's womb derived by due de-
scend. [kind,
The second is my sovereign Queen most
That honour and large riches to me lent:
The third, my Love, my life's last ornament,
By whom my spirit out of dust was raised:
To speak her praise and glory excellent,
Of all alive most worthy to be praised.
Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.

SONNET LXXV.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand;
But came the waves, and wash'd it away:
Again, I wrote it with a second hand;
But came the tide, and made my pains his
prey. [assay
"Vain man," said she, "that dost in vain
A mortal thing so to immortalize;
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wip'd out likewise."
"Not so," quoth I; "let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your virtues rare shall éternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious
name. [subdue,
Where, when as death shall all the world
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

SONNET LXXVI.

FAIR bosom! fraught with virtue's richest
treasure,
The nest of love, the lodging of delight,
The bow'r of bliss, the paradise of pleasure,
The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright;
How was I ravish'd with your lovely-sight.
And my frail thoughts too rashly led astray!
Whiles diving deep through amorous in-
sight,
On the sweet spoil of beauty they did prey;
And twixt her paps (like early fruit in May,
Whose harvest seem'd to hasten now apace),
They loosely did their wanton wings dis-
play, [place,
And there to rest themselves did boldly
Sweet thoughts! I envy your so happy
rest, [blest.
Which oft I wish'd, yet never was so

SONNET LXXVII.

WAS it a dream, or did I see it plain;
A goodly table of pure ivory,
All spread with junkets, fit to entertain
The greatest Prince with pompous royalty:
Mongst which, there in a silver dish did lie
Two golden apples of unvalued price;
Far passing those which Hercules came by,
Or those which Atalanta did entice;
Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinful vice;
That many sought, yet none could ever
taste;
Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Para-
dise
By Love himself, and in his garden plac'd.
Her breast that table was, so richly
spread;
My thoughts the guests, which would
thereon have fed.

SONNET LXXVIII.

LACKING my Love, I go from place to
place,
Like a young fawn, that late hath lost the
hind; [face,
And seek each where, where last I saw her
Whose image yet I carry fresh in mind
I seek the fields with her late footing sign'd;
I seek her bow'r with her late presence
deck'd;
Yet nor in field nor bow'r I can her find;
Yet field and bow'r are full of her aspect:
But, when mine eyes I thereunto direct,
They idly back return to me again:
And, when I hope to see their true object,
I find myself but fed with fancies vain.
Cease then, mine eyes, to seek herself to
see;
And let my thoughts behold herself in me.

SONNET LXXIX.

MEN call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that yourself ye daily such do see:
But the true fair, that is the gentle wit,
And virtuous mind, is much more praised o
me:
For all the rest, however fair it be,
Shall turn to nought and lose that glorious
hue;
But only that is permanent and free
From frail corruption, that doth flesh ensue.
That is true beauty: that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed;
Derived from that fair Spirit, from whom
all true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed:

He only fair, and what he fair hath made ;
All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

SONNET LXXX.

AFTEE so long a race as I have run
Through Faery land, which those six books
compile,

Give leave to rest me being half foredonne,
And gather to myself new breath awhile.
Then, as a steed refreshèd after toil,
Out of my prison, I will break anew ;
And stoutly will that second work assoil,
With strong endeavour and attention due.
Till then give leave to me, in pleasant mew
To sport my Muse, and sing my Love's
sweet praise ;

The contemplation of whose heavenly hue,
My spirit to an higher pitch will raise.

But let her praises yet be low and mean,
Fit for the handmaid of the Faery Queen.

SONNET LXXXI.

FAIR is my Love, when her fair golden
hairs

With the loose wind ye waving chance to
mark ;

Fair, when the rose in her red cheeks ap-
pears ;

Or in her eyes the fair of love does spark.
Fair, when her breast, like a rich laden
bark,

With precious merchandise she forth doth
lay ;

Fair, when that cloud of pride, which oft
doth dark

Her goodly light, with smiles she drives
away.

But fairest she, when so she doth display
The gate with pearls and rubies richly
dight ;

Through which her words so wise do make
their way

To bear the message of her gentle spright.
The rest be works of Nature's wonder-
ment ;

But this the work of heart's astonishment.

SONNET LXXXII.

Joy of my life ! full oft for loving you
I bless my lot, that was so lucky placed :

But then the more your own mishap I rue,
That are so much by so mean love enibased.

For, had the equal heavens so much you
graced

In this as in the rest, ye mote invent
Some heavenly wit, whose verse could have
enchased

Your glorious name in golden monument.
But since ye deign'd so 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 praises forth :
Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

LET not one spark of filthy lustful fire
Break out, that may her sacred peace
molest ;

Ne one light glance of sensual desire
Attempt to work her gentle mind's unrest :
But pure affections bred in spotless breast,
And modest thoughts breathed from well-
temp'red sprights,

Go visit her, in her chaste bow'r of rest,
Accompanied with angelic delights.

There fill yourself with those most joyous
sights,

The which myself could never yet attain :
But speak no word to her of these sad
plights,

Which her too constant stiffness doth con-
strain.

Only behold her rare perfection,
And bless your fortune's fair election.

SONNET LXXXIV.

THE world that cannot deem of worthy
thirgs,

When I do praise her, say I do but flatter :
So does the cuckoo, when the mavis sings,
Begin his witless note apace to clatter.

But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
All that they know not, envy or admire ;

Rather than envy, let them wonder at her,
But not to deem of her desert aspire.

Deep, in the closet of my parts entire,
Her worth is written with a golden quill,

That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
And my glad mouth with her sweet praises
fill,

Which when as Fame in her shrill trump
shall thunder.

Let the world choose to envy or to won-
der.

SONNET LXXXV.

VENOMOUS tongue, tipp'd with vile adder's
sting,

Of that self kind with which the Furies fell
Their snaky heads do comb, from which a
spring

Of poison'd words and spiteful speeches
well ;

Let all the plagues, and horid pains, of hell
 Upon thee fall for thine accursed hire ;
 That with false forgèd lies, which thou didst
 tell,
 In my true Love did stir up coals of ire ;
 The sparks whereof let kinde thine own
 fire,
 And, catching hold on thine own wicked
 head,
 Consume thee quite, that didst with guile
 conspire [bred !
 In my sweet peace such breaches to have
 Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy
 reward,
 Due to thyself, that it for me prepared !

SONNET LXXXVI.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my Love,
 Many long weary days I have outworn ;
 And many nights, that slowly seem'd a to
 move
 Their sad protract from evening until morn
 For, when as day the heaven doth adorn,
 I wish that night the noyous day would
 end :
 And, when as night hath us of light forlorn.
 I wish that day would shortly reascend.
 Thus I the time with expectation spend,
 And fain my grief with changes to beguile,
 That further seems his term still to extend,
 And maketh every minute seem a mile.
 So sorrow still doth seem too long to last
 But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

SONNET LXXXVII.

SINCE I have lack'd the comfort of that
 light,

The which was wont to lead my thoughts
 astray ;
 I wander as in darkness of the night,
 Afraid of every danger's least dismay.
 Ne aught I see, though in the clearest day,
 When others gaze upon their shadows vain,
 But th' only image of that heavenly ray,
 Whereof some glance doth in mine eye re-
 main.
 Of which beholding the idea plain,
 Through contemplation of my purest part,
 With light thereof I do myself sustain,
 And thereon feed my love-affamish'd heart.
 But, with such brightness whilst I fill my
 mind,
 I starve my body, and mine eyes do blind.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

LIKE as the culver, on the barèd bough,
 Sits mourning for the absence of her mate ;
 And, in her songs, sends many a wishful
 vow
 For his return that seems to linger late :
 So I alone, now left disconsolate,
 Mourn to myself the absence of my Love ;
 And, wand'ring here and there all desolate,
 Seek with my plaints to match that mourn-
 ful dove : [hove,
 Ne joy of aught, that under heaven doth
 Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight :
 Whose sweet aspect both God and man can
 move,
 In her unspottèd pleasance to delight.
 Dark is my day whiles her fair light I
 miss, [bliss.
 And dead my life that wants such lively

SONNETS.

COLLECTED FROM THE ORIGINAL PUBLICATIONS IN WHICH
 THEY APPEARED.

1.*

TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL, MY SING-
 ULAR GOOD FRIEND, M. GABRIEL HAR-
 VEY, DOCTOR OF THE LAWS.
 HARVEY, the happy above happiest men
 I read ; that, sitting like a Looker-on

* 1. From "Four Letters, and certain Son-
 nets, especially touching Robert Greene, and
 other parties by him abused, &c. 1592."
 —TODD.

Of this world's stage, dost note with critic
 pen
 The sharp dislikes of each condition :
 And, as one careless of suspicion,
 Ne fawnest for the favour of the great ;
 Ne fearest foolish reprehension
 Of faulty men, which danger to thee threat :
 But freely dost, of what thee list, entreat,
 Like a great lord of peerless liberty ;
 Lifting the Good up to high Honour's seat,
 And the Evil damning evermore to die :

For Life, and Death, is in thy doomful
writing!

So thy renown lives ever by enditing.
Your devoted friend, during life,
EDMUND SPENCER.

Dublin, this xvij. of July, 1586.

II.*

WHOSO will seek, by right deserts, t' attain
Unto the type of true nobility:
And not by painted shows, and titles vain,
Derivèd far from famous ancestry:
Behold them both in their right visnomy
Here truly portray'd, as they ought to be,
And striving both for terms of dignity,
To be advanced highest in degree.

And, when thou dost with equal insight see
The odds twixt both, of both them deem
aright,

And choose the better of them both to thee;
But thanks to him, that it deserves, be-
hight;

To Nenna first, that first this work
created,

And next to Jones, that truly it trans-
lated.

ED. SPENCER.

III.†

"UPON THE HISTORY OF GEORGE CAS-
TRIOT, ALIAS SCANDERBEG, KING OF
THE EPIROTS, TRANSLATED INTO ENG-
LISH."

WHEREFORE doth vain Antiquity so vaunt
Her ancient monuments of mighty peers,
And old heroes, w^hch their world did daunt

* II. Prefixed to "Nennio, or A Treatise of
Nobility, &c. Written in Italian by that
famous Doctor and worthy Knight Sir John
Baptista Nenna of Bari. Done into English
by William Jones, Gent. 1595."—TODD.

† III. Prefixed to the "History of George
Castriot, alias Scanderbeg, King of Albania:
Containing his famous acts, &c. Newly trans-
lated out of French into English by Z. J.
Gentleman. 1596."—TODD.

With their great deeds and fill'd their
children's ears? [praise,

Who, rapt with wonder of their famous
Admire their statues, their colossoes great:
Their rich triumphal arcs which they did
raise,
Their huge pyramids, which do heaven
threat.

Lo! one, whom Later Age hath brought to
light,

Matchable to the greatest of those great;
Great both by name, and great in power
and might,

And meriting a mere triumphant seat,
The scourge of Turks, and plague of in-
fidels,

Thy acts, O Scanderbeg, this volume tells.
ED. SPENCER.

IV.*

THE antique Babel, Empress of the East,
Uprear'd her buildings to the threat'ned
sky:

And second Babel, Tyrant of the West.
Her airy towers upraisèd much more high.
But, with the weight of their own surque-
dry.

They both are fallen, that all the earth did
fear,

And buried now in their own ashes lie;
Yet showing, by their heaps, how great they
were.

But in their place doth now a third appear,
Fair Venice, flower of the last world's de-
light;

And next to them in beauty draweth near,
But far exceeds in policy of right.

Yet not so fair her buildings to behold
As Lewkenor's style that hath her beauty
told.

EDM. SPENCER.

* IV. Prefixed to "The Commonwealth and
Government of Venice, Written by the Cardi-
nal Gaspar Contareno, and translated out of
Italian into English, by Lewes Lewkenor,
Esquire. 1599."—TODD.

1. The first part of the report is devoted to a general
 description of the country and its resources. It
 is followed by a detailed account of the
 various industries and occupations of the
 people.

2. The second part of the report is devoted to a
 description of the various industries and
 occupations of the people. It is followed by
 a detailed account of the various
 industries and occupations of the people.

3. The third part of the report is devoted to a
 description of the various industries and
 occupations of the people. It is followed by
 a detailed account of the various
 industries and occupations of the people.

4. The fourth part of the report is devoted to a
 description of the various industries and
 occupations of the people. It is followed by
 a detailed account of the various
 industries and occupations of the people.

5. The fifth part of the report is devoted to a
 description of the various industries and
 occupations of the people. It is followed by
 a detailed account of the various
 industries and occupations of the people.

6. The sixth part of the report is devoted to a
 description of the various industries and
 occupations of the people. It is followed by
 a detailed account of the various
 industries and occupations of the people.

7. The seventh part of the report is devoted to a
 description of the various industries and
 occupations of the people. It is followed by
 a detailed account of the various
 industries and occupations of the people.

GLOSSARY.

A

Abashment, fear
Abear, to behave, conduct
Abject, to throw or cast down
Aboard, from the bank, astray
Aborde, harbour
Abraid, awake, awoke
Abray out of sleep, raise, awake
Abrayed, awaked
Abusion, fraud, abuse
Accloy, to cloy, fill up, to choke up
Accoste, to approach, to go side by side
Accosting, in falconry, to crouch or stoop
Accourage, to encourage
Accousting, entertaining
Accoy, to soothe, to appease, caress
Accoyl, to stand round, to gather together
Accrew, to increase
Achates, 1st and 2d quartos. In the folios
Cates—provisions
Acquite, to deliver, to release
Acrates, intemperance
Adaw, to daunt. Sometimes signifies to abate
Admire, to wonder at
Adore, a spelling of adorn for the rhyme
Adred, *Adrad*, frightened, to be afraid, to dread
Advauce, to extol, to impel
Advanced, incited, inflamed
Adver, to consider
Advise, to consult, deliberate, consider
Adviseiment, counsel, advice, circumspection
To Affray, to terrify
Affret, encounter, hasty meeting
Affriended, made friends
Affronting, opposing front to front; meeting face to face
Aggrace, favour, kindness
Aggrate, to gratify, to please
Aglets. See *Agulets*
Apraste, showed so much grace and favour
Agrise, to dread and fear greatly; to astonish, to cause abhorrence
Aguise, to put on an appearance; to set off after a new manner
Albe, albeit, although
Alcates, by ail means, any way, wholly, nevertheless
All, sometimes used for although, "all as," &c.
Allege, to alleviate, lighten
Aliegeance, alleviation, ease, comfort

Alew, howling, lamentation
Als, also
Amate. 1. to subdue, to daunt, to distress, to terrify. 2. To associate with, to keep company
Amenage, manage, carriage
Amenance, carriage, behaviour
Annoys, annoyances, injury, mischief, hurt
Antics, antique odd figures of men, beasts, birds, &c.
Appay, to satisfy, to please, to pay
Appeach, impeach, accuse, censure
Appele, it seems to be used for *accuse*
Arboret, a little grove
Aread, show, advise, declare, tell
Areads, advices, discourses
Areed, to declare or give an opinion
Arew, in a row together, all together
Arranght, did reach, seize on; reached, snatched, seized
Askance, enviously, obliquely
Aslake, to appease
Assay, proof, trial, attempt, attack
Assoil, to free, to quit. *Assoiled*, absolved, discharged, paid
Assot, to besot, deceive, make a fool of
Assotted, stupified
Assure, measure, promise
Astart, to startle
Astoud, *Astouted*, *Astound*, astonished
At earst, instantly
Atone, i. e. friends again; at one; *Atoned*, reconciled
Attaint, it did attain; it seemed to absorb it, and to put it out by its superior splendour
Attempt, to tempt
Attoue, reconciled: together, at one
Attrapt, *Attrapped*, adorned
Atween, between
Aumayed, enamelled
Avale, to lower, abate, bring down, descend
Avauiting, according to Hughes it signifies advancing boastfully
Aventred, it seems to be of the same signification with *couched*; also, pushing forward
Avise, to perceive, to consider. To behold, to observe, to be sensible of
Avoure, confession, acknowledgment; to make avoure, to justify
Awhape, to astonish, to terrify
Aye, ever
Ayer, air
Agulets, tagged points

B

Bafful, disgraced as a recreant knight
Baillie, power, a limit, a bound
Baisemains, compliments, respects
Baldrick of the heavens, the zodiac, in which are the twelve signs
Bandog, a mastiff
Banneral, a little flag worn by knights on the top of their lances
Bar'ed, embossed, adorned as the trappings
Barbican, an outer work, gate, or watch-tower
Barbs, bosses or ornaments in the trappings of a horse
Basen, as, big looks basen wide, *i. e.* extended as with wonder
Basenet, a helmet
Bases, any covering for the legs
Basted, wrought slightly, sewed
Battill, to grow fat
Bay, to bark, Faery Queen, Book i. Canto 7, Stanza 3, it signifies to bathe, cherish, or foment. To hold or keep at *bay*, is the hunter's phrase of the stag, when the hounds are *baying*, or barking at him
Head-men, prayer-men
Beadroll, properly a catalogue of prayers, but used for a catalogue in general
Beard him, affront him to his face; brave him
Beathed in fire, hardened in the fire
Beavers, equals, fair companions
Bedight, dressed, adorned
Edyde, dyed
Behight, or *behote*, called, named; and sometimes bid, promised, gave
Be'anuy, fair friend
Belamour, a lover, a flower so called
Belayed, laid over
Be'dame, good lady, good dame
Bell-accoyle, fair reception, kind salutation
Bellgards, beautiful looks
Bellibone, fair maid
Bends, bars placed crossways, a term in heraldry
Benempt, bequeathed, named
Bents, rushes, bent grass, bulrushes
Bere, sometimes signifies weight, pressure or bearing
Beseck, beseech
Beseen well beseen, *i. e.* bearing a good aspect, handsome treatment, becoming to a person
Besils, becomes
Besprint, or *Besprent*, besprinkled
Bestad, ill-used, distressed
Bestad, situated, placed
Bestead, beset, oppressed: *Ill bestead*, bad plight, condition
Bet, did beat
Beteem, deliver, bestow
Bickerment, contention, strife
Bidding h's beads, saying his prayers
Biggen, a cap
Bilive, *Blive*, forthwith, immediately

Bittur, a bittern
Blanked, put out of countenance
Blatant beast, detraction represented as a monster
Blaze, to divulge or spread abroad
Blend, not only to mix, but to spoil with mixing, to confound. It also sometimes signifies to blind
Bless, Spenser has used this word to signify the waving or brandishing of a sword
Blin, to cease, give over
Blist for *Blest*, blessed, B. iv. C. 7, St. 46
 But in B. vi. C. 8, St. 13, *all about so blest*, *i. e.* injured, wounded
Blive, forthwith, presently
Bolt, an arrow
Bond, bound; kept as bond-slaves
Bonniel, a fair maid
Bord, to, to accost, to approach
Bord, a jest
Bordragings, ravagings or incursions on the borders
Borrel, rude, clownish
Bosse, a protuberance in the middle of a shield
Bouget, a budget
Boughts, circular folds or windings
Boulted, sifted
Bourgeon, to bud
Bousing can, a large drinking pot
Bower, often used for an inner chamber or private apartment
Boavrs, muscles of the shoulder
Brag, proudly
Brakes, bushes, brambles, fern
Brame, vexation; *Breem*, fierce
Brand, sometimes a fire-brand, sometimes a sword
Branles, brawls, a sort of tune
Brast, burst
Brawned bowrs, well sinewed arms
Bray, sound shrill
Breme, chill, bitter, boisterous
Brenne, to burn
Brent, burnt
Brickle, brittle
Brigandine, a coat of mail
Brigantine, a swift vessel for sea
Brocage, pimping
Brandes, turfs
Bronzes, twigs
Brush, small wood, brush-wood
Brust, burst
Bruteness, sottishness, stupidity, brutishness
Buckle, to, to buckle on armour; to prepare for battle
Buegle, or *Bugle*, the wild ox
Buffe, a blow, buffet
Bug, a bugbear
Burganet, a helmet
Buskets, little bushes
Buxom, obedient, yielding
B'live. See *Blive*, *Blive*
Bynempt, named
bryze, the gadfly

C

Cabinet, a little cottage
Cærule, azure
Caitiff, a rogue
Camis, *Camus*, a thin gown
Can, is often used as *gan*, began
Capias, a special warrant
Caprefole, woodbine, honeysuckle
Cark, care
Carle, a clown, a churl
To Cast in one's mind, to think, to contrive.
Cast is also used for time, or a throw
A Cast of falcons, a set of falcons
Castory, a colour
Causen, to argue or debate
Caved, made hollow
Captive, *Caitive*, mean, vile, captive
Certes, certainly
Cesure, a cutting off,
Chamelot, stuff mixed with camel's-hair, camlet
Chamfred, bent, crooked, wrinkled
Chanticleer, so named from *chanting* or *singing* with a clear and silver voice
Chayre, charily, with great care and caution
Charet, a chariot, or carriage
Checklaton, a rich cloth, sometimes cloth of gold
Chevisaunce, a knightly achievement, enterprise, feat, performance
Chiefric, principality
Childed, brought forth
Cleped, called, named
Clinck, a latch
Clouch, clutch
Clay'd, wounded
Colled, embraced
Commen, commune, discourse together. Also to come
Comment, devise, feign
Compare, procure, collect
Compass crest his crest compassed around, or well-rounded; proportioned, or framed
Comportance, behaviour, carriage
Compiled, brought together
Concent, harmony
Coucrew, to grow together
Condign, worthy
Congt, bow, reverence, leave
Conned, learned
Conteck, contention
Convenable, agreeable
Convent, to summon to appear
Convience, to convict
Coportion, a portion or share with another
Cor's, crooked
Cor's, ornaments in buildings, brackets, or shoudering pieces in wood work
Corduain, Spanish leather, so called from Cor'luba in Spain
Corpse, is often used, as is also *corse*, for a living body
Cosset, a lamb brought up without the ewe
Cost, to approach

Costmary, a species of tansy, a genus of the composite plant *Balsamita*
Cotes, sheep-folds
Cott, floating cottage, a little boat
Could, as *Could his good to all*; i. e. dispensed his bounty
Countercast, a counter contrivance or cunning
Counterfeisaunce, counterfeiting, dissimulation
Counterprise, counterpoise, weigh equally
Countervail, sweet *countervail*, i. e. pleasing requital
Complement, union, marriage, coupling together
Coured, for covered, hurr' over, leant over
Couth, to know or be skilful in
Cragg, neck
Crakes, boastings
Cranch, rusty, courageous
Cranks, same as *Crankles*, i. e. turnings, windings
Crapples, claws
Cremostin, crimson
Crook, gailows
Crudly-blood, curd'ed, coagulated
Crunenal, purse
Culver (Saxon word), dove, pigeon
Culverin, a piece of ordnance
Curlets, armour for the back and breast
Curtaxe, cutiass

D

Dædale, skilful, artificial
Daint, dainty, delicate
Dair^hhouse, dairy-house
Dan, an old title signifying master
Darraye, or *Darraine*, to hazard, venture, attempt, or prepare to fight
Day's-man, umpire, arbitrator
Death, death, gives
Dearnly, *Dernly*, eagerly, earnestly
Dearnly, sadly, sorrowfully.
Debonaire, sprightly, courteous, good, kind
Decetto, deceit
Decretals, a volume of the Canon Law. or books containing the decrees of sundry popes. — *Blount's Dict.*
Decrewed, decreased
Deem, to doom
Deemen, deem, suppose
Demiss, humble
Defeisaunce, defeating
Defeature, destruction
Defetto, defamation
Defly, dèily
Define, to end, determine. or decide
Defouled, defiled or brought to shame
Defray'd, furnished
Delay'd, put away, removed
Delices, delights, pleasure
Delve, a pit or hollow place
Demeane, treatment
Demeane, *Demayne*, demeanour, carriage, behaviour; sometimes it signifies to debate

Dempt, deemed, adjudged, supposed, doomed
Dent or Dint, blow
Depeintent, depicted, painted
Demful, sad, mournful
Derring-do, bold deeds, manhood, chivalry
Describe, describe
Desse, dais
Designment, plot, conspiracy
Deviseful, full of rare devices or invention
Diapase, a term in music including all tones
Die Chance, one of two dice
Dight, to order, prepare, dress, adorn
Dirk, dark, or to darken
Disavance, to withdraw, to stop
Disaventrous, ill adventurous, unhappy, unlucky
Disclosed, disengaged, untied
Discure, discovered
Discust, shaken off, to remove, or put away
Disease, for uneasiness
Disentrayled, drawn along floatingly
Disleal, perfidious, traitorous
Disloined, remote, far
Dispence, consumption, expence, profusion
Dispiteous, spiteful, malicious
Disple, discipline, correction
Dispredden, spread, diffused around
Dispurveyance, want of provision
Disseized, made to quit or relinquish, dispossessed of
Dissolute, languid, broken, B. i. C. 7, St. 51
Distraîne, *i. e.* draw it, or break it asunder
Distraught, drawn aside, distracted
Dites, orders, directions
A Ditt, a ditty, a song
Dole, a dealing out
Dole, sorrow
Do, do him not to die, put hi n not to death
Do, to do on, to put on
Dortours, dormitories or lodgings for monks
Doted, doting, impaired
Dread, dread, dreaded; to be feared, honoured, revered
Drapets, linen clothes
Draught, a military detachment, B. ii. C. 20, St. 51, resemblance
Dreare, *Dreer*, sorrow, sadness
Drent, drenched or drowned
Dreiment, heaviness, sorrowfulness
Dreihedd, a sorrowful and dreary state
Drevill, a driveller, a fool
Drowsyhed, drowsiness
Droyle, to work sluggishly
Duresse, confinement, imprisonment, hardship

E

Earne, to yearn, to be moved with compassion
Earst, *Erst*, first, first of all, at first, before, formerly
Easely, gently
Easterlings, the Germans so called by the Britens

Eath, easy
Eeke, *Eke*, also; it signifies likewise to add, to increase, to augment
Effierced, made fierce and mad
Efforce, to force open, also to violate
Eft, again, likewise, soon
Eftsoones, again, presently, quickly, forthwith
Embattled cart, a warlike chariot
Embay, to bathe; also to cherish and delight
Embayld, inclosed; also made up into bales or packs
Embosome, entertain
Emboss, has different significations—*Arms embost*, arms of embossed work. *Emboss with gold*, raised as in relieve. *Emboss with pearls*, raised or overlaid. *To emboss h's spear in his body*, *i. e.* to lodge, to inclose. But the most difficult place seems in B. iii. C. 1. St. 64. *Emboss themselves in so glorious spoil*, probably from the Italian *Imboscarsi*, *i. e.* by ambuscade to avail themselves of so glorious a spoil.—*Upton*.
Emboved, arched; covered archwise
Emboyled, emboying wrath, B. ii. C. 5, St. 18, the same as *Boiled*, *Boiling*
Eme, an uncle by the mother's side
Empar lance a law term used in petitioning the court for a respite
Empeach, to hinder
Emperil, *Imperil*, endanger
Empight, placed, fixed
Emprise, enterprize, undertaking
Enaunter, lest that
Encheason, occasion, accident, cause or reason wherefore anything is done
Endlong, continuously
Endosse, to write on the back, to engrave
Endure, to harden
Enduren, *e. dure*, continue
Enfeloned, hurried on by wicked and felonious intents; become fierce
Enfould red smoke, smoke mixed with flame
Englut, satiate, glut
Engorged ire, anger rising to the very gorge or throat; anger which cannot be suppressed
Engroste, made thick
Enhauust, raised, lifted up
Enrace, *Enroot*, implant
Enriven, toru asunder
Enseams, *i. e.* encloses
Ensnarl, insnare, intangle as a skein of silk
Ensure, to follow
Entayle, engraving
Entayled with antics, engraven or carved with images
Enterdeale, mediation, negotiation
Enterprize, sometimes signifies to give reception to one
Entertake, to entertain
Entrailed, intermingled, interlaced, interwoven
Enure, accustom to, make use of, practise
Enured, effected, committed

Envy, to vie with, emulate, refuse to give
Esloyne, withdraw to a distance; separate
Essoyne, excuse for not appearing
Evangelij, gospel
Exanimate, lifeless, dead
Excreat, extraction, drawing out
Eyas Hawk, a term in falconry, signifying a
 young hawk newly fledged, and fit for flight
Eyne, eyes

F

Fade, to vanish, to perish, to go away
Fain, *dost fain*, are desirous
Fains, takes pleasure in
Fare, to go. *Faring*, going on
Fatal read, prophetic advice. *Fatal error*,
 a wandering voyage ordered by the Fates
Fay, faith, truth; sometimes it signifies a
 fairy
Faylor, or *Faitor*, doer. *Fals Faitor*, a de-
 ceiver
Feculent, foul, full of dregs
Fell, fierce, cruel; also gall. *Felly*, fiercely,
 cruelly
Fellonest, most fierce
Fere, a companion. *Ferres*, companions
Ferme, as *fleshy ferme*, fleshly prison
Fest, feast, for the rhyme
Fet, *Fett*, fetch
Fentre d his spaer, to set his spear in his rest
Fiaunt, warrant
Fine, end
Firms his eye, keeps his eye steady and firm
Flating, flat
Flight, arrow
Flit, *Fleet*, swift.—*Upton*. To fluctuate, to
 be in motion.—*Hughes*
Foil, leaf. *Golden foil*, leaf gold
Foin'd, pushed
Folke-mote, a meeting or assembly of folk or
 people
Fon, fool. *Fona*, foolish
Fond, did find, for the rhyme
Fone, foes
Food, feud
Forby, near to
Fordo, undo, destroy ruin
Foregone, lost, neglected, forsaken
Forehent, seized, caught hold of
Forelent, lent beforehand
Foresay, renounce.—*Upton*. *Foresaid*, for-
 bid.—*Hughes*
Forestall, to interrupt
Forethink, to repine or be concerned at any
 thing
Forewent, forsook, went out of their way
Forlore, *Forlorn*, lost, forsaken, wretched
Forpined, much pined, consumed
Forstaked, delayed
Forstow, delay
Forswat, exhausted with sweat
Forewonk, weary, over-laboured
Fortky, therefore, wherefore
Fortilage, fort

Forworn, much worn
Foster, for forester
Fould'ring, thundering, blasting with light-
 ning
Foisen, plenty
Franchise, to free or set at liberty
Franion, one of too free or loose behavio
Franklin, a freeman or a gentleman
Fray, to frighten
Frenne, stranger
Frett, to eat, consume. It is used in another
 sense: to *fret*, to adorn; *fretted*, adorned
Frory, frosty, frozen
Frounce, curl, crisp
Frowy, frowsy, mossy, musty
Furniment, furnishing, furniture
Fyle, to polish

G

Gage, pledge, pawn, security
Galage, a wooden shoe
Galingale, sweet cypress.—*Chaucer*
Gan, for began
Garres, or *Gars*, causes; as, *gars thee greet*
Gate, a way
Gazement, gazing
Gear, stuff, attie, furniture, equipage, dress
Geason, uncommon, perplexing, rare
Gentlesse, the behaviour of a gentleman
German, brother, or near kinsman
Gerne, yawn
Gests, deeds, actions, exploits, feats
Giambeaux, boots, greaves, armour for the legs
Gibe, joke
Gin, begin; *Gin*, engine, contrivance
Glade, a passage; generally for a passage cut
 through a wood
Glaiue, a sword
Glee, fee property
Glister, to glitter
Glib, a curled bush of hair hanging down over
 the eyes
Glitteraud, glittering
Glode, did glide, glance, or swiftly pass
Glozing speeches, flattering, deceitful
Gnarre, to snarl or bark
Gondelay, properly a gondola
Goodlyhead, godliness
Gorge, throat
Gorget, armour defending the throat
Grayle, *Grail*, some particles of gravel. Also
 used in Book ii. C. 10, St. 53, for the sacred
 dish in the last supper of our Saviour
Greave, for grove
Gree, liking, satisfaction, pleasure
Greet, to grieve, to exclaim, cry out, complain.
 Still used in Scotland
Gri-le, to strike, wound, pierce, or cut through
Grief-ful, full of grief
Griesly or *Grieslie*, grey, horrible
Grippe, one that snatches greedily, a griping
 miser
Groom, shepherd, herdsman

Graynd, grunted
Guarish, to garnish, to dress out gorgeously, to hear
Gu'lers, cheats
Guise, *Guize*, way, fashion, manner—*Upton*.
 Form, habit, condition.—*Hughes*
Gyre, circling, turning round

H

Habergeon, armour covering the neck and breast.—*Upton*. Armour covering the head and shoulders.—*Hughes*
Yacqueton, a piece of armour
Yafendeale, in partition
Yalidom, Holy Dame; an oath by the Virgin Mary
Han, for have
Harborough, a looping on iron
Hardy, brave, bold. *Hardiment*, courage, boldness
Hardyhood, *Hardyhead*, a brave state of mind
Harrow, to lay waste, to destroy
Harrow! an interjection and exclamation, showing distress
Hask, a wicker basket to carry fish
Haulst, embraced
Hest, raised, threw
Heud, to take hold of
Hent, seized,
Herbars, herbs, plants
Herried, *Heried*, to praise. to celebrate, to honour
Hersal, rehearsal
Hest, or *Behest*, command, precept
Hight, named, called
Hild, covered
Hiding, a term of reproach
Hold, B. ii. C. 2, St. 44, the hold of the castle is put for the castle itself
Hood, condition, state. Frequently used in compounds, as knighthood, priesthood, widowhood, &c
Hot, *Hote*, from *Hight*, was named, called
Housling fire, sacramental fire
Hoving, hovering, floating
Humbleste, humility
Hurilen forth, rush forth
Hurtle, to rush with violence
Hurting, rushing, thrusting

I

Idlesse, idleness
Impeach, sometimes used by Spenser in the sense of the French word *empecher*, to hinder
Implies, envelopes; hides.—*Church*
Importable, not to be borne
Incontinent, immediately, instantly, forthwith
Indigne, unworthy
Infant, the Prince, B. ii. C. 8, St. 56, &c
Inferr'd, brought on

Infest, deadly
Ingate, entrance
Ingoves, ingots
Intendemant, attention, understanding, thought
Interesse, interest
Intreat, speak of, treat of
Intuse, contusion, bruise

J

Javel, a wandering or dirty fellow
Jollyhead, a state of jollity
Jouissance, *Joyance*, rejoicing, diversion

K

Kays, keys
Keight, caught
Ken, to know, to spy, to discover
Kerns, countrymen or boors
Kest, cast
Kestrel, a sort of hawk of the baser breed
Kinded, begotten
Kine, cows or herds
Kirtle, a woman's gown

L

Lad, led, did lead
Latched, caught
Lay, a song
Lay, the earth or ground
Laystall, a place to lay dung or rubbish
Lazars, leprous persons
Lear, *Leares*, *Leres*, doctrine, learning, science
Leasing, lying
Leavi'd, levied, raised
Ledden, language, dialect
Leech, surgeon or physician
Leese, lost
Legierdemain, sleight of hand
Leman, sweetheart, concubine, mistress
L'Envoy, the epilogue after a copy of verses
Lere, lore, or to team
Let, to hinder
Lets, hindrances
Lewdly, ignorantly
Libbard, leopard
Lich, like
Lief, dear. *Liejer*, *Lever*, dearer. *Liefest*, dearest
Lief, willing. *As lief*, more willing
Lig, or *Liggen*, to lie
Lime-hound, a blood-hound
Limiter, one that goes about selling indulgences
Lim, to lean, give way. Sometimes to cease or give over, to end
Livel'od, livelihood, maintenance
Livelihed, liveliness, life, spirit
Livery and seisin, law phrases
Loord, as *Lazy Loord*, idle fellow
Loos, fame
Lore, for *Lorn*, left, lost

Lorel, Lose?, a liar, cheat, a loose fellow
Lout, to bow servilely, to crouch
Lugs, perches of land
Lusk, Luskish, Luskishness, a lazy disposition
Lustlesse, listlessly
Lwlesse, weak, not lusty
Lustyhed, lustiness, vigour
Lytke, soft

M

Mage, magician, enchanter
Magnes stone, the loadstone
Mahoune, Mahomet. By *Mahoune*, a Saracen oath
Maintenance, behaviour
Make, a mate, consort. To *make* (verb), to compose verses
Malefices, evil deeds
Malicing, bearing of malice
Malign, maliciously to abuse
Maltalent, ill-will, spite
Mantleth, displayeth his wings. A term in falconry
Many, company, B. iii. C. 9, St. 11, &c
Mark-white, the white mark
Martelled, hammered, beat
Mated, conquered, subdued
Maugre, in spite of, against one's will, notwithstanding
Mazer bowl, properly a bowl of maple
Melth, melteth
Mean, means, conditions, occasion
Meare, a limit, or boundary
Medawort, meadow-wort
Midle, to mingle
Melampede, black hellebore
Mell, to intermeddle
Ment, mingled
Merciabile, merciful
Mercifyde, pitied
Merrinake, merriment
Mesprise, neglect, contempt, scorn
Mew, a place to mew hawks; any place shut up
Meynt, mingled
Mickle, much
Mieve, move
Mincing, finical, affected
Minim, a trifling song
Miniments, toys, trifles
Mrk, dark, obscure
Mirksome air, obscure, foul
Misceant, originally signifies infidel, or one of a wrong belief
Miscreated, created amiss, ill-begotten
Misfare, misfortune
Misleeke, dislike
Mist. r. manner of, as what "mister wight" sort of person, art mystery
Mistereth not, needs not
Misween, to misjudge, interpret wrongly
Miswent, gone astray
Moe, more
Moldwarps, moles

Mome, stupid fellow
Mohastare, a monastery
Mote, must, might
Mott, did meet or measure
Mou'ds, grows mouldy
Mountenance, the amount of any thing, quality, distance
Mowis, making of mouths
Muckel, much
Munificence, fortifications, subsidies, aid, benevolence
Mured, inclosed
Muze, to wonder
Must, new wine

N

Nar, near, or nearer
Nas, has not
Nathemore, Nathemoe, never the more
Nathless, not the less, nevertheless
Ne, neither, not
Needments, necessities
Nempt, named
Nett, neat, clean
Newell, novelty
Newfangleness, a love of novelty and changes
Nil, will not. Cont. for *ne will*
Nimblese, nimbleless
Noblesse, nobility
Nouce, for the *nouce*, for the occasion
Not, Note, know not. Cont. for *ne wot*
Nould, would not
Noule, the crown of the head
Nourice, nurse
Nouriture, nurture, education
Noursle, to nurse
Noyance, harm
Noyous, hurtful or baleful

O

Obliquid, oblique
Ordeal, a trial by fire, water, or combat
Origane, a species of marjoram
Orpine, a name of several plants
Ought, owned, possesses
Out of hand, forthwith
Out-well, flow out, yield out, discharge
Out-win, get out, win the way out
Overcrow, to crow over, to insult
Overgrast, overgrown with grass
Overhent, overtook
Overkest, overcast
Overraught, reaching over
Overread, did read it over
Overweening, self-conceited, opinionated
Overwent, overwhelmed
Owches, bosses of gold

P

Pain, labour, "Did him pain," "Took pains"
Paled part per part, a phrase in heraldry, meaning parted longitudinally

Pall, a robe of rich material
Pannacea, an universal medicine
Pannickell, the skull, the crown of the head
Paragon, an example, pattern; companion, or fellow
Paramour, a lover
Paravaunt, peradventure, by chance
Parbreake, vomit
Pardale, panther
Pas, go. Also surpass, exceed
Pase, B. iii C. 1, St. 19, signifies here, country, land, region
Pauance, a pansy, or violet
Pavone, peacock
Payse, to poise; still used in Scotland
Peark, brisk
Peaze, a blow
Peregal, equal
Perforce, by force
Perk, pert, brisk
Perulous, perilous, dangerous
Persawnt, piercing
Persue, pursuing, pursuit, or chace
Pert, open, plain
Pheer, companion
Physonomy, physiognomy
Picturals, paintings
Piece, a fort, a strong place, a castle, B. i. C. 10, St. 59, &c
Pight, placed, pitched, fixed
Pill, to rob, to pillage
Pionings, works of pioneers
Pleasance, pleasure
Point, armed completely.—*Hughes*. *Cared not for God or man a point*, not at all, not a tittle.—*Upton*. Armed at all points.—*Ibid*.
Poise, weight
Polaxe, or battle-axe
Portaunce, compartment, carriage
Portcullis, a falling gate; a gate to let down or draw up at pleasure
Portesse, a breviary, or prayer-book
Pouldred, reduced to powder
Pounce, claws, talons
Pousse, pease
Practicke pain, the cunning practice, plot, and endeavour
Prank, *Some prank their ruffles*, i. e. exhibit forth, and proudly show. *Prank'd in reason's garb*, pompously set forth, arrogantly tricked out
Preve, or *Preasse*, press, throng, crowd
Prest, prepared, ready at hand. Sometimes for pressed
Pricking on the plain, riding on the plain
Priefe, prof
Prime, spring or morning
Prise, scuffle, fight
Protense, extension, drawing out
Prou, brave; *Prower*, braver; *Prowest*, bravest
Puissance, valour, power, might; *Puissant*, powerful, mighty
Purpled, flourished with a needle.—*Hughes*.

Embroidered or decorated as with embroidery.—*Upton*
Purpose, discourse, talk, words
Purvey, provide
Puttocks, bitterns, kites. So Gloss to Chaucer

Q

Quadrate, a square
Quail, to subdue, to quell.—*Upton*. *Quail*, to languish.—*Hughes*.
Quaint, nice, curious
Quarle, B. ii. C. 11. St. 33, contracted from *Quarrel*, shaft, arrow.
Quarry, prey
Quart, the fourth part
Quayd, subdued
Quean, a worthless woman
Queen, or *Quam*, please
Queint, quenched and quaint
Queint elect, quaintly or oddly chosen
Quell, sometimes used for *to die*
Quest, adventure, exploit
Quich, to quicken, to stir
Quight, to deliver, to free
Quip, taunt, flout
Quite, to requite
Quited, requitted, returned
Quook, did quake, did shake, did tremble

R

Rad, for did read; or guessed
Raft, *Rest*, bereaved.—*Upton*. *Rent*, tore.—*Hughes*.
Raid, rigged or dressed
Raile, *adown their sides did raile*, i. e. flow or run along
Raine, region. *Rayne*, rule or kingdom
Ramp, to paw, to fly out, like a mad horse
Rank, in order
Rapt, in rapture.
Rash, *maills did rash*, did break, did shiver in pieces
Rathe, early
Rather, earlier
Raught, reached, did reach
Ravine, rapine, soil, ravening
Ray, to discolour, bewray
Ray, for *Array*, ornament, furniture. Also for in ray, in array, in order and rank
Rayne, kingdom
Read, *Reed*, to advise, warn, pronounce, declare, interpret, guess, divine. Likewise counsel, advice, prophecy
Reave, to bereave, to take away violently
Rebut, rebound, recoil, repel
Recoure, recover
Recoyle, to retire, to retreat
Recrout, out of hope, untrusty, cowardly
Recule, to recoil, go back, or give way
Redounding tears, abounding and flowing over
Regiment, rule, government
Relate, bring back
Relent his pace, to slacken, to stay
Reliven, to live again

Remercied, thanked
Renconner, accidental fight or adventure
Reinforced, reinforced
Renferced, reinforced, again made fierce and bold
Renns, for runs
Renverst, turned upside down, overturned
Reprise, reproof
Reprize, to make reprisals
Requere, require
Reseized, reinstated in possession again
Resiant, lodged, placed, resident
Retrate, retreat, fall back, give ground
Reverse, recall, return
Revest, dress again, to clothe again
Row, a row. In a *Row*, in a row
Ribald, a debauched fellow
Riddes, conducts
Rife, frequent; fully, abundantly
Rock, a distaff
Rode, inroad
Rood, a crucifix
Rosiere, a rose-tree
Rote, harp, or crowd
Rove, *didst rove*, i. e. didst shoot thy roving arrows
Rowndell, a round bubble
Royne, to mutter
Ruffs, ornaments for the neck, of plain or ruffled muslin or cambric
Ruth, pity

S

Salved, saluted
Saliance, sally or assault
Salve his hurts, to cure to remedy
Salved, saluted
Samite, satin
Say, a sort of silk stuff. *A sword of better say*, of better proof assay
Sayne, said
Scarmoges, skirmishings
Scath, harm, mischief
Scatterlings, scat and rovers or ravagers
Scolopendra, a fish with many feet
Scorse, exchange, chase
Scryne, chest, coffer, desk for papers
Scrnze, squeeze out, press out
Seely, silly
Selcouth, uncommon
Selcouth, rare, strange
Sell, saddle
Semb'ant, show, pretence, appearance
Seminary, a nursery
Seneschal, a president, governor, or steward
Shallop, a boat
Shamefast, modest
Shamefastness, modesty
Shard, division, boundary
Shawmes, musical instruments, Psalm xcvi. 7. *Shawm*, is thought to signify a hautboy
Shayres, shires
Sheen, B. ii. C. 1. St. 10, bright
Sheer, pure, clear
Shend, to disgrace, to blame, to spoil
Shriche, *Shriech*, shriek
Shrive, to, to act the part of a confessor.
Shrift, or *Shriving*, confession
Shright, shrieked. *Shrights*, shriekings
Shroud, to, to shelter. *Shrouded in sleep*, covered, sheltered
Sib, related, of kin
Sich, for such
Siege, seat, bench, throne
Sient, a graff, sprig, or young shoot
Silly, simple, innocent
Sin, used for since
Singulfs, sighs, sobbings, singults
Sith, since that
Sithes, times
Sithens, since that time
Skippet, a little boat
Slug, to grow sluggish
Smouldry, hot, sweltering
Snag, a knot
Snaggy, covered with knots
Snar, to snarl
Snarled hair, i. e. entangled, as a skein of silk
Snubbes, knobs or knots in wood
Sods, turfs, clods of earth
Sold, salary, hire; a soldier's pay
Sodan, an eastern king
Solein, dismal, sorrowful
Somedele, somewhat
Somme, the sum, substance
Soote, sweet
Soothlich, soothingly, true
Sousing, plunging, falling
Souvenance, remembrance, recollection
Sowndes, inlets of the sea between headlands
Sowne, sound. *With shrieking sowne*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 30
Soyle, the prey, the soiled heast
Space, walk about, range about
Spalles, shoulders
Spangs, spangles
Sparre the gate, bar or shut the gate
Sparres, bars
Spersed air, for dispersed air
Spials, spies
Spill, to spoil, to destroy
Split, shed, scattered over
Spire, to breathe
Spire, it doth spire forth, or grow up
Sprent, sprinkled
Springal, a youth, a stripling
Stadle, staff
Stales, incitements, devices, tricks, decoy
Stanck, weary or faint
Stark, stiff with cold
Star-read, doctrine of the stars, astronomy
Stead, place, seat, station, situation
Steam, to exhale. *Steemed*, had exhaled
Stern, tail
Starve, to perish, to die, to starve
Stole, a long robe
Stound, *Stownd*, space, moment, season, hour, time, a blow

Stoup, in falconry, when the hawk on wing strikes at the fowl
Stour, *Stowre*, fight, stir, trouble, misfortune, fit, danger
Strain, *Strene*, race, descent, family, origin
Strayt, B. ii. C. 7. St. 40, a street
Stud, shrub, bush, stock
Sty, to ascend, to mount up
Successes, succession
Sue, pursue
Sueing, pursuing
Suffused eyes, bedewed, suffused with tears
Suppressing, keeping under
Supprest, ravished
Surbate, to barter
Surbet, wearied
Surcease, stop
Surquedry, pride, presumption
Swart, swarthy, black
Swarving, swerving, giving way, going from
Swelt, burnt, suffocated with heat. fainted
Swerved, moved, wandered out of his place
Swink, labour
Swoound, a swoon or fainting fit

T

Tassel, *Tossel*, a twisted or bushy ornament of silk, gold, or silver. *Tassel gent*, a gentle, tame male hawk
Tapets, tapestry
Teade, a torch
Teene, *Tine*, *Tyne*, trouble, mischief, injury
Tenor, the middle part next the base
Terebinth, the turpentine tree
Thee, thrive, prosper. *Well mote ye thee*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 33
Thewes, manners, qualifications, customs
Thilk, this, that
Tho, then
Thralled, enslaved
Thralls, slaves
Thrill, to pierce through
Thrist, thirst
Throws. *So mighty throws*, strokes, blows.
To sleep a throw, a small while or space
Thrust, thirst
Tickle, slippery, unstable, ticklish
Tide, awhile, time, season, an hour
Tight, tied
Tind, kindled, excited
Tire, rank, row, as a tire of ordnance
Tort, wrong, injury
Totty, dizzy, tottering
Tournament, *Tournement*, *Tourney*, a sort of single combat on horseback, commonly with lances
Towad, tugged and hauled about
Tract by tract, by tracing, by track and footing
Trade, tread, trace, or footstep. *Do trade*, do walk
Train, *Trayne*, the train or tail. Likewise used for treachery, deceit
Tramels, nets
Translated, turned them to

Transmew, to transform, transmute
Transverse, awry, out of order
Trast, followed as by tract or footing
Travail, labour
Treachour, *Treachetour*, traitor
Treague, a truce, cessation of arms; agreement
Treen, of a tree, wooden
Trenchand, *Trenchant*, cutting, sharp
Troad, path, footing
Troov, believe, imagine, conceive
Truss to, a term in falconry, when the hawk raises his prey aloft, and then descends with it to the ground
Turribant, a turban
Tway, two. *In tway*, in two. *His Twaine*, his couple
Tweight, twit, upbraid
Twilit, to blame, to upbraid
Twyfold, twofold

U

Umbriere, visor of a helmet
Unbid, without prayers
Unblest, unwounded
Uncouth, strange, unusual, odd, deformed
Underfong, to circumvent
Undertime, afternoon, towards evening
Undight, to undress, take off ornaments, unloose
Uneath, difficult, scarcely, sometimes, almost
Unfilde, u polished
Unhele, to expose, uncover
Unkempt, uncombed
Until, sometimes used for *unto*
Unwares, unexpectedly
Unweeting, not knowing
Unwist, not thought of, unknown
Uprast, burst open
Uprays, to upbraid
Uprays, reproaches
Urchin, hedgehog
Utter, sometimes for outer

V

Vade, to go, to vanish
Vail, to lay down
Valew, courage
Vauncing, advancing
Venery, hunting
Ventail, the fore part of the helmet, to give vent or air to the face by lifting it up
Venturous, bold, adventurous
Vild, vile
Villain, base born
Virelays, light songs
Visnomy, visage

W

Wage, a pledge; likewise reward, wages
Waft, a stray
Wain, chariot
Ware, wary, cautious. *Ware*, did wear
Wareless, stupified

War-old, old in war or strife
Warray, to make war upon, to harrass with war
Warre, worse
Wasserman, a sea monster in shape like a man.—*Mr. Hales*.
Wastness, waste places
Wax, to grow
Wayment, to bewail, lament
Ween, *Weenen*, imagine, judge
Weened, imagine
Weet, to know. *Weeten*, to wit
Weetless, unknowing
Weft, wafted. *Weft*, waved, avoided, put off
Weft (noun), a stray: whatever wanders and is lost
Weld, to, to move, to wield, to govern
Welke, to, to set, decrease, wither; to grow faint
Well, did well, spring, flow
Well-away, alas!
Weller, to wallow
Wend, to go. *Wend*, for
Went, way, journey.—*Upton*. Going, course.—*Hughes*.
West, to, to set in the west
Whally, full of streaks
Whist, hushed, silenced
Whyleare, erewhile, sometime before
Whylome, formerly, some while ago
Wield, *Weld*, manage, handle, govern, direct, turn, sway, &c.
Wight, creature, person
Wimpled, folded over like a veil
Wise, guise, appearance
Wis, to, to know. *Wist*, thought, knew
Wite, blame, reproach
Withhault, withholden, withdrew
Woe begone, far gone in woe, overwhelmed
Wonne, to dwell, to inhabit, from the German *wohnen*
Wonne, to use, or to be wont
Wonned, lived, dwelt
Wood, mad. *Woodness*, madness
Wot, to know. *Woolest*, knowest

Woxed, waxed
Wrust, wrest, for the rhyme
Wreak, to revenge. *Wroke*, revenged
Wreakful, revengeful
Wrest, wrist for the rhyme
Wrized, wrinkled
Wroken, wreaked, revenged

Y

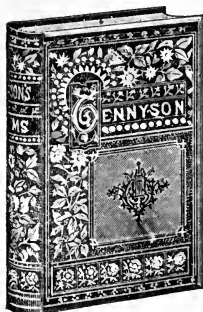
The prefix of the *Y* from the Anglo-Saxon does not in any way alter the meaning of the words; but it must be retained in Spenser, as it forms an additional syllable which, suppressed, would cause the line or verse not to scan.

Ybet, beaten
Ybent, bent, inclined, addicted
Yblent, blinded, or confounded
Ybrent, burnt
Yclad, clad, clothed
Ycleeped, called, named
Ydrad, *Ydred*, dreaded, feared
Yede, *Yeed*, *Yeade*, to go
Yeven, given
Yfere, in company, together
Yfostered, fostered, nourished, brought up
Yfraught, freighted, laden
Yfretted, the same as fretted
Ygo, ago
Ylike, alike
Ymolt, mo'ten, melten
Ympt, grafted on, fixed on as a graff
Yod. Vide *Yeed*
Yold, yielded
Yond, outrageous, terrible
Younler, a lusty young man
Ypaid. Vide *Apaid*
Ypight, placed
Yrived, rived, riven
Yroke, *Ywreaken*, *Ywroken*, wreaked, revenged
Ysame, together
Yshend, to spoil, to disgrace

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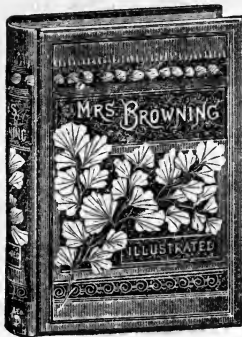
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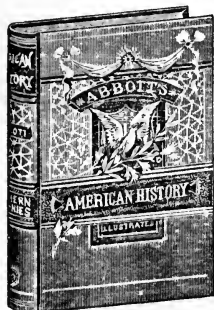
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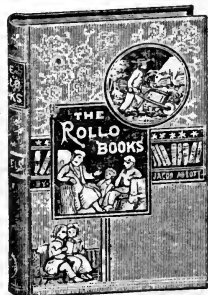
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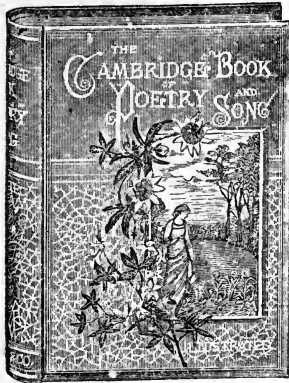
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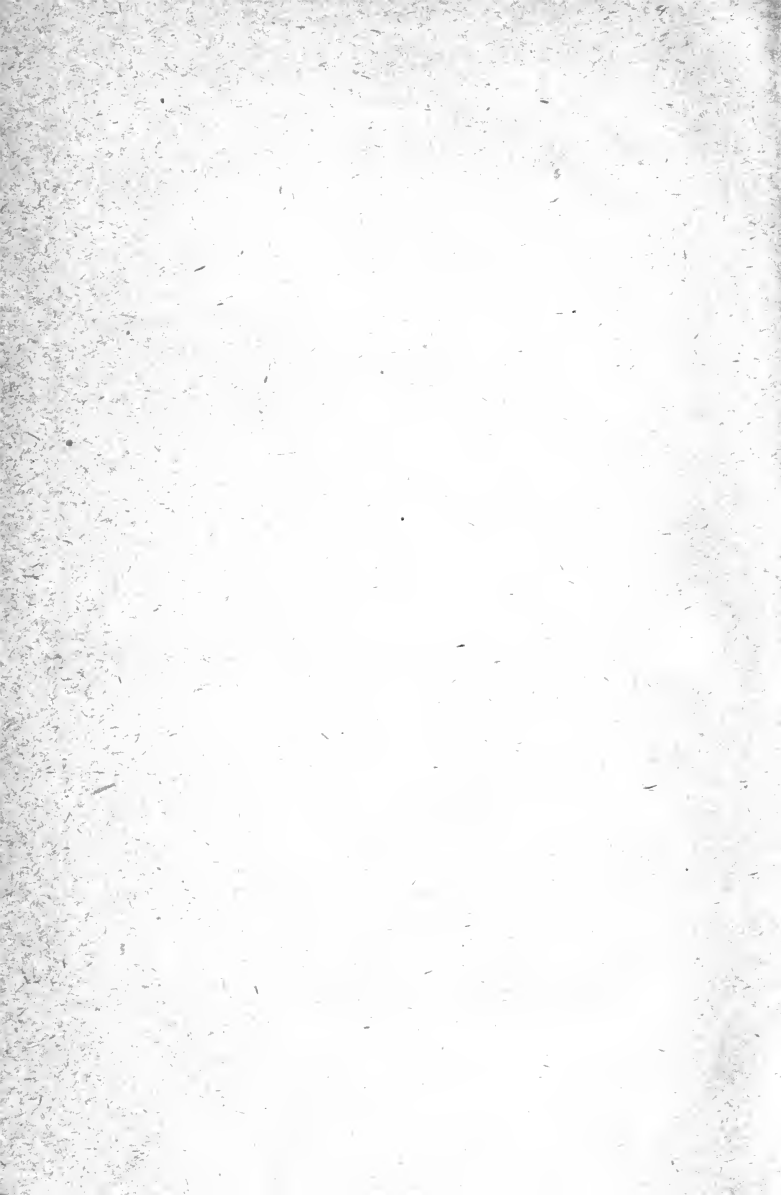
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