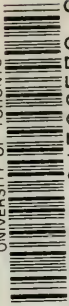


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BOOK I.

EDITED, WITH NOTES AND GLOSSARY,

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INTRODUCTION

I.—LIFE AND WORKS OF SPENSER.

152. Birth of Spenser in London.

There is no direct evidence for this date: it is inferred from *Sonnet 60*, where Spenser declares that the year which he has spent since he fell in love has seemed longer to him

Then al those fourty which my life out-went.

It is tolerably certain that this sonnet was written in 1593; hence Spenser must have been born in 1552. In the *Prothalamion* he refers to London as his birthplace:

mery London, my most kyndly Nurse,
That to me gave this Lifes first native sourse,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient fame.

Nothing is known of Spenser's parents except that his mother's name, like that of his wife, was Elizabeth. They were probably in poor circumstances, but were connected with the Spensers of Althorpe in Northamptonshire, a highly influential family, to the daughters of which Spenser dedicated several of his minor poems. He refers to them as

The honour of the noble family
Of which I meanest boast myself.

1558. *Accession of Elizabeth.* Spenser six years old. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School.
1568. *Battle of Langside and flight of Mary Stuart to England.*
1569. Spenser, at the age of seventeen, was admitted as a sizar (a subordinate position granted to poor scholars) at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. In the same year appeared in *The Theatre of Voluptuous Worldlings*, a book by a Flemish poet and refugee, John Vander Noodt, several translations from the Italian of Petrarch and the French of Du Bellay, certainly made by Spenser, but not signed. The history of this publication has never been unravelled; probably Spenser was acquainted with the Fleming, who employed him to make the translations, and then published them as his own.
1570. Gabriel Harvey, a man of considerable reputation at that time as a scholar and critic, was elected a Fellow of Pembroke. With him Spenser formed a warm and lifelong friendship. What knowledge we have of the poet's life is largely gained from his correspondence with Harvey, who figures in his poems under the pseudonym of "Hobbinol." Another college friend was Edward Kirke, the "E. K." who wrote the commentary on Spenser's first great poem, *The Shepherds Calender*.
1571. Thomas Cartwright, Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was deprived of his office on account of his violent attacks upon the existing order in church and state, and his advocacy of extreme Presbyterian views. The heated and prolonged discussions to which his propaganda gave rise were not without their influence on the young undergraduate. Though never an extreme Puritan, Spenser was inclined at first to sympathize with that party, but ultimately became less favourable to them.
1576. Spenser graduated M.A., having been seven years at the University. During his school

and college career he had gained a good knowledge of French and Italian Literature, and an acquaintance with the Classics, "copious but curiously inaccurate" (Church). He won no great academic distinctions, and leaving the University, went to reside with some relations in Lancashire. Here he spent some two years, and doubtless acquired that familiarity with the Northern dialect of which his poems give evidence. Here too he fell in love with a lady whose real name is unknown, but who figures in the *Shepherds Calender* as "Rosalind," and the "Widows daughter of the Glenne," and later as "Mirabella" in the *Faerie Queene* (Bk. VI. c. vii.). His suit however was disdained, and he found solace for his disappointment in meditating over the *Shepherds Calender*, a poem which was destined to make "Rosalind," and her lover "Colin Clout," famous.

1578. Spenser was introduced to Sir Philip Sidney, and by him to his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. The next two years he spent in the service of these noblemen, partly at Sidney's house at Penshurst, and partly at Leicester House, in the Strand, London.
1579. The *Shepherds Calender* published, and dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney. This work, a collection of twelve Pastorals, was undoubtedly the finest specimen of poetry in English since the death of Chaucer, and caused Spenser to be at once recognized as the leading poet of the day. In the same year appeared Lyly's *Euphues*.
1580. Tasso's '*Jerusalem Delivered*,' published at Venice. Sidney's '*Arcadia*' published. The poet's failure to win the fair Rosalind does not seem, as some biographers have stated, to have left him long disconsolate, for in this year we have allusions in his correspondence to a certain '*altera Rosalindula*,' whom he calls '*corculum meum*,' but concerning whom nothing

further is known. In the same letters he discusses with Harvey his proposed poem of the *Faerie Queene*. Harvey was not at all well disposed to the project, and tried to dissuade the poet from it in favour of his own hobby, English hexameters. Spenser now obtained his first important appointment, and became secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, the new Deputy of Ireland. The remaining nineteen years of his life were almost entirely spent in Ireland.

1581. New edition of the *Shephards Calender*. Spenser obtained a post as clerk in the Irish Court of Chancery, Dublin.

Revolt of the Desmonds in Munster. Spanish invasion to assist the rebels. Massacre of Smerwick.

1582. Lord Grey charged with cruelty and maladministration and recalled. Spenser, at a later date, defended and justified the action of his chief in his *Present State of Ireland*, and celebrated him in the *Faerie Queene* as *Sir Artegall*, the embodiment of Righteous Justice.

1586. New edition of the *Shephards Calender*. Death of Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen. Spenser mourns his loss in *Astrophel*.

Shakespeare comes to London.

1588. Spenser appointed Clerk to the Council of Munster. About this time, but at what exact date is not known, Spenser became possessed of a portion of the confiscated Desmond estates—the castle and lands of Kilcolman, near Cork.

Defeat of the Armada.

1589. Sir Walter Raleigh “the Shepherd of the Ocean,” paid a visit at Kilcolman to Spenser, who read to him the *Faerie Queene*, and thus describes the result :

He gan to cast great liking to my lore,
And great dislyking to my luckless lot,
That banisht had my selfe like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot,

The which to leave, thenceforth he counsell'd mee,
 Unmeet for man in whom was ought regardfull,
 And wend with him, his Cynthia to see ;
 Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardfull.

* * * *

So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
 He me perswaded forth with him to fare.
 Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill :
 Small needments else need shepheard to prepare.¹

1590. Spenser in London. Raleigh presents him to the Queen, and, encouraged by her, he publishes the first three books of the *Faerie Queene*,

Rude rymes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
 In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount.²

1591. *Daphnaida*, an elegy, written before his return to Ireland. The *Minor Poems* published under the title of 'Complaints.' They are : *The Ruines of Time, The Teares of the Muses, Virgil's Gnat, Prosopopoia or Mother Hubbard's Tale, The Ruines of Rome, Muiopotmos, Visions of the Worlds Vanitie, Bellayes Visions, Petrarches Visions. Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, a description of his visit to court, was written in this year, but not published till 1595.
1592. Towards the end of this year Spenser's courtship of his future wife, Elizabeth Boyle, begins.
1593. The *Amoretti*, a series of sonnets celebrating the progress of his love suit, written. *Shakespeare's first poem 'Venus and Adonis' published.*
1594. Spenser's marriage (June). The *Epithalamium*, 'the most glorious love-song in the English tongue,' registered in November.
1595. Spenser again in London.
1596. Publication of Books IV.—VI. of the *Faerie Queene*, the *Hymns to Love and Beautie*, and the *Prothalamion*. In the latter Spenser represents himself (in lines which set syntax at defiance) as a disappointed suitor for further promotion, —

¹ Colin Clouts Come Home Againe.

² Sonnet to Lord Grey.

Whom sullen care
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In Princes Court, and expectation wayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne.

James VI. demands the prosecution of Spenser for his alleged allusions to the Queen of Scots.

1598. *View of the Present State of Ireland* registered and circulated in MSS., but not published till 1633. Spenser appointed Sheriff of Cork. Rebellion of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone. Spenser's house was pillaged and burnt (Oct.), and he was obliged to fly for his life. Next year
1599. (Jan. 16.) Spenser (aged 47) died, in very poor circumstances, at an inn in King Street, Westminster. He was, by his own request, buried in the Abbey beside Chaucer.

II.—THE FAERIE QUEENE.

1. **General Criticism.**—During the period of more than three half-centuries which elapsed between the death of Chaucer (1400) and the publication of the *Shepherds Calender* (1579) no great poet arose in England. With the single exception of the *Canterbury Tales*, there is no poem of earlier date worthy to be mentioned along with the *Faerie Queene*. In forming an estimate of Spenser's genius this fact must not be forgotten: he was a pioneer engaged in the arduous enterprize of creating epic poetry in a rough and still unformed language, with no other guide than the partial and already archaic model of the fourteenth-century poet. It was from Italy, the birthplace of the Renaissance, that Spenser drew the original ideas of his greatest work, though the amount to which he is indebted to the Italian poets may be easily over-estimated. In his youth the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto (first published in complete form in 1532) was the most popular poem of European fame, and it was this which Spenser set himself deliberately "to emulate and overgo" (Letter of Harvey to Spenser, April 1580). The opening lines of the *Faerie*

Queene challenge comparison with the Italian poet's work by an intentional imitation of his first stanza, and the points of resemblance in general form and minor details are manifold. But the resemblance is a superficial one merely. Both poets take as their theme the chivalrous legends of the Middle Ages, both sing of 'fierce wars and faithful loves'; there, however, the likeness ceases. To Ariosto, as later to Cervantes (*Don Quixote*, 1605), these legends and the ideals which they embodied appeared worthy of ridicule alone, and beneath the seeming seriousness of their narrative lurks the smile of the satirist. Not so with Spenser. The spirit which the Renaissance aroused in England was, in the main, different from that to which it gave birth in Italy. There it produced an Epicurean scepticism: here its chief result was a quickening of faith, and a puritanic straitening of morals. In Spenser's poem, which more than any other single work gives us the 'form and pressure' of the English Renaissance in its highest developments, this difference is very plainly seen. He is not content, like his Italian forerunner, merely to use the stories of olden times as subjects for glowing pictorial treatment; still less do they strike him as in any way fit subjects of ridicule. On the contrary, they appeal to his deepest sympathies, and he sees in them fitting symbols with which to shadow forth the sublimest and most sacred truths. He will 'moralize' them, and make knight-errant and distressed damsel, giant, dragon, and enchanter, teach ethical and spiritual lessons. And in this apparently hazardous enterprize, he succeeded so much to the satisfaction of his own age that Milton, surely no mean judge, could speak of him as "our sage and serious Spenser, whom I dare to name a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas."

Later generations have cared less about Spenser's allegory than about his genius as an artist in words, and this is indeed the real basis of his fame. So obscure and shadowy is the main thread of the allegory that some critics have said, its existence would never have been guessed had not Spenser himself given the clue to it. It is at least certain that the poem can be read and enjoyed

without any reference to it. It has been further objected that the plan of the poem is faulty and confusing, that the poet is sometimes prolix to the degree of tediousness, and that we do not often meet in him those flashing gems of original thought or expression which abound in Shakespeare and are found here and there in poets of much less fame than Spenser. But if we concede all this, and it must be conceded, the claim of Spenser to rank third amongst English poets, with only Milton and Shakespeare above him, may be safely based on the genius which could draw elaborate word-pictures, whose vigour of outline and sweet richness of colouring have never been surpassed, and which raised a new and formless language at one bound to the highest perfection of music and melody. When to these qualities is added the fine ethical tone which breathes throughout his poetry—the truly ‘virtuous’ or manly spirit which, whilst never ceasing to ardently admire natural beauty, yet always succeeds in subordinating its charm to that beauty which is of the spirit, and in making his readers, by sheer enthusiasm of conviction, acquiesce in such subordination—the position which Spenser holds in English Literature is fully accounted for. Not only is he the first supremely great writer of narrative poetry in the Modern English tongue, but, putting aside Shakespeare as *hors concours*, there is no other who has exercised so great an influence on those who have come after him. He has been called, and not without reason, ‘the poet’s poet,’ for to each succeeding generation of the Singers of England, down to the present day, he has been a source of inspiration. He was Milton’s acknowledged master. The future bard of Hell and Paradise loved in his youth to listen to Spenser’s tales

Of turneys and of trophies hung ;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.¹

Spenser’s spirit lives again in *Lycidas* and in *Comus* ; and in the later visions of Stygian abysses and ambrosial palm groves his influence is still felt. Even Pope, the

¹ *Il Penseroso*, ll. 117 sq.

arch-priest of 'correct' and 'classic' conventionalism, delighted in the *Faerie Queene*. It inspired Thompson, the first of the Nature Poets. Gray tells us that he never sat down to compose without preparing his mind by a perusal of some pages of the great Elizabethan; Collins and Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson have all been indebted in varying degrees to the music of the fairy lay which Raleigh was the first to hear

amongst the coolly shade
Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore.

2. Sources.—Four main currents of literature, which are here set down in the order of their respective influence, combine to swell the full flood of Spenser's poetry: (1) The Romances of Chivalry, (2) The Didactic Allegories which form so important a feature of European literature during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, (3) Classical Poetry and Philosophy, (4) The Bible. To these may be added a fifth non-literary source: the actual history of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth."

Whilst assimilating thus the chief pre-existing forms of literature, the *Faerie Queene* is primarily a metrical romance, akin to the *Romans d'Aventures* of France. For this foundation of his poem Spenser drew largely on his reminiscences of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, and of a curious collection of mediæval stories, *The Seven Champions of Christendom*. His phraseology and much of his vocabulary was imitated from Chaucer, whilst in his general plan and style of treatment, he drew hints from the Italians Ariosto and Tasso. Chaucer above all others he celebrates as his master, calling him "a well of English undefyled," and referring to him as the English Tityrus.¹ Doubtless also he was familiar with other romances, and with the writers of the School of Chaucer generally.

But Spenser was not content to be a mere story-teller, and he thus enters the current of allegory which, beginning with interpretations of the Bible, numbers amongst its chief masterpieces the *Roman de la Rose*, the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, and the *Visions* of Langland.

¹ For references to Chaucer see *F. Q.* IV. ii. 32-4, *Colin Clout* 1, *Shep. Cal. Februarie* and *December*.

Viewed on this side, the seeming romance becomes a treatise on Ethics, the object of which its author tells us, is "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline." Nor is this all: there is a double allegory. The personages of the poem do not merely pourtray abstract vices and virtues, they convey allusions to, and comments on the real actors in the drama going on around the poet. In this aspect the *Faerie Queene* is an elaborate glorification of England and England's Queen, of Protestantism and its champions; whilst the foes of England, and of the New Faith, appear under various monstrous shapes, as Witches, Enchanters, Giants, or Dragons. It will be seen that the poem springs mainly from Romantic sources. Spenser, partly by temperament, and partly by the circumstances of his life amidst the wild country and the equally wild social conditions of Ireland, was able vividly to realize, and loved to dwell on, the heroic legends of the past. But he was a child of the Renaissance and of the Reformation as well as of the ages of chivalry. The Bible and the dogmas of Calvin are prominent in his work; and ornaments are constantly and lavishly drawn by him from the mythology and the poetry of Greece and Rome.

3. The Allegory.—By some critics the presence of a hidden meaning in the *Faerie Queene* is regarded as a distinct defect. In the author's opinion, however, the allegory was of the greatest, if not of supreme importance, and the whole structure of the poem and method of treatment of individual episodes was unquestionably determined by it. If, therefore, we are to thoroughly enter into the spirit and meaning of the book, we must seek to divine this sense. Nor can there be any doubt that, as Professor Saintsbury says, "the presence of these undermeanings, with the interest which they give to a moderately instructed and intelligent person, who, without too desperate a determination to see into millstones, understands 'words to the wise,' is a great addition to the hold of the poem on the attention, and saves it from the charge of mere desultoriness." For a general account of the plot of the whole poem the reader is referred to the letter of the author prefixed to the text. It will merely

be necessary to remark here, that the design there sketched was never fully carried out. Of the twelve books planned only six and a fragment of the seventh were ever written. Thus appears one of the main faults of the work: it is a heroic poem in which the heroine never appears, and of the plot of which the reader would have no conception were it not for the introductory explanation. The planning of the poem is its weakest point, and no one ever read the *Faerie Queene* for the sake of continued interest in the plot. Fortunately, as Dean Church says, "we need not treat it as a whole. It is really a collection of separate tales and allegories. We can hardly lose our way in it for there is no way to lose. It is a wilderness in which we are left to wander, but there may be interest and pleasure in a wilderness if we are prepared for the wandering." It is obvious that the three elements of interesting romance, moral teaching, and comment on current politics, which Spenser sought to combine in his narrative, could only be made to harmonize with great difficulty; nor does the poet appear to have cared much whether they did or not. His receipt seems to have been that of the great German writer of 'dark conceits,'

In bunten Bildern wenig Klarheit,
Viel Irrthum, und ein Fünkchen Wahrheit.¹

The 'bright pictures' abound in endless profusion, and the 'spark of truth' is doubtless there too, but what its precise nature may be, and where picture ends and truth begins, is often far from clear. It is the peculiar charm of compositions of this nature that they do not permit a merely passive attitude on the part of the reader, but call for the active co-operation of his intellect and imagination: it is their weakness that each fresh commentator will see in them a more or less different meaning. In attempting to understand them it must be borne in mind that the same type may be used in varying senses, and that an allegory may be intended to convey at the same time more than one set of allusions. The following brief out-

¹ "In brightly-coloured pictures, little clearness, much fiction, and a spark of truth."—Goethe, *Faust*, Prologue.

line of the inner sense will be suggestive to the student, and is probably not altogether wide of the meaning which Spenser intended.

4. **Analysis of Book I.**—The subject of this book is twofold. The subjective, or moral allegory, depicts the struggles, defeats, and final triumph of the soul in its endeavour to lead a holy life. The objective, or historical allegory, describes the conflict of what Spenser regarded as the true religion, with Rome and her allies.

(a) *The Subjective Allegory.*

Canto I.—The Red Crosse Knight symbolizes *Holiness*, that is the Righteous Man, setting out on his spiritual warfare, lead by True Faith (*Una*), and accompanied by a subordinate attendant, Reason or Philosophy (the *Dwarf*). His lowly origin and lack of fame typify the humility which is the basis of Christian virtue. His armour with its many dints, is the same as that which all the saints from S. Paul, who first described it, have worn; but he now tries it for the first time. He has not advanced far before he becomes involved in a labyrinth of doubts and conflicting theories about religion, the den of the monster Error, whose tools are the pen and the printing-press. Accompanied by his faithful guides, however, he overcomes this spectre without difficulty, and by strenuous effort again reaches the true highway of salvation. But now a more dangerous foe meets him in the shape of a Counterfeit Christianity (*Archimago*, Chief of Enchanters), which succeeds in bringing him into such a state of mind that True Faith seems to him false.

Canto II.—Full of agitation and grief, he resumes his journey alone, and is at once accosted by False Faith (*Duessa*, alias *Fidessa*) and Atheism (*Sans foy*). Atheism is represented as the lover of False Faith, because absolute lack of faith is impossible to man: if True Faith be abandoned some False Faith simply takes her place. Atheism, the undisguised foe, attacks Holiness forthwith, but is slain without much difficulty. The wiles of the seeming-fair False Faith prove more perilous, and Holiness, having lost his first love, is

easily beguiled into accompanying her—all the more so since she declares that her name is *Fidessa*, the faithful one, and that it was quite against her will that she was found in the company of Atheism. Presently Holiness falls in with a certain tree, whose story should have warned him of his danger. This is the Sceptic (*Fradubio*, Brother Doubtful), who had fallen before into the snare of False Faith, and by her been transformed from an active lover of a true faith into a mere vegetative existence without power of movement or progress. Holiness, however, fails to see the application of this story to his own case, and continues to journey in the company of the wily False Faith.

Canto III.—No subjective allegory.

Cantos IV., V.—False Faith, intent on the ruin of Holiness, takes him to see the world, and shows him the splendours of the *House of Pride*, and the orgies of the Seven Deadly Sins. It is in vain, however: the Knight is not tempted by undisguised sin. He does, however, encounter here a new foe, Pessimism (*Sans joy*), the brother of Atheism and Lawlessness. He is not yet, however, so far unmanned but that he can conquer this enemy: still it is with difficulty, and he issues from the conflict, victorious indeed, but sorely wounded. His new friends seek to inflame him with pride on account of his prowess; but his still remaining attendant, Reason, begins to be uneasy at certain sights which he has discovered in this gay palace. It appears there are dungeons, and dead men's bones, and starving captives beneath its tinsel splendours; and strange tales are told of the fate of former visitors who were persuaded to make a prolonged stay in it. Alarmed for his safety, Holiness takes to flight, whilst his treacherous guide is away engaged in an attempt to restore his late foe to life.

Canto VI.—No subjective allegory.

Canto VII.—Great is the dismay of Duessa when she finds her victim flown. At once she sets out in pursuit, and soon finds him sitting wounded and all unarmed, beside the *Fountain of Frailty*, wearily regretting the loss of both his faiths. In this moment of dejection

and self-abandonment, she has little difficulty in making herself appear more attractive than ever, and persuading the knight to cast aside all scruples and embrace her wholly. No sooner is the fall of Holiness thus consummated than False Faith begins to appear in her true colours. A more terrible foe than ever (*Orgoglio*) appears at once on the scene, and easily vanquishes the unarmed, and now guilty and conscience-stricken sinner. False Faith immediately declares herself the ally of the Power of Evil, and Holiness is cast, a wretched slave, into the dungeon of the Castle where they reign supreme. The enterprize, which began under such bright auspices, seems about to end in darkest ruin.

Canto VIII.—By the mediation of Reason (*The Dwarf*), and the prowess of *Prince Arthur*, who must here be regarded as a type of Redeeming Mercy, the wretched prisoner is at last set free, and restored to the unshaken love of Una; whilst the true nature of the foul and treacherous Duessa is fully revealed to him.

Canto IX.—Holiness has now a new set of trials to endure. Remorse for all his folly and sin seizes him; and he becomes a prey to the subtle sophistry of the 'Man of hell,' *Despayre*. What is the use of aiming at high achievements? He is not fit for them. He has failed miserably once: he will fail again. Better put an end to the wretched, futile struggle. Besides, he has sinned: he has incurred the wrath of God. Who knows if he will find pardon? By some devilish phantasmagoria the horrors of Hell are displayed before him, and frenzied at the hideous sight, he seizes the proffered dagger. At this desperate act True Faith nearly swoons, but summoning up all her energies, she snatches the weapon from him, and bids her recreant knight in clarion tones, remember "Where Justice grows, there grows eke greater Grace."

Canto X.—The crisis past, Holiness is led to the House of Heavenly Life (*Dame Caelia*), that he may learn of the two fair virgins Faith and Hope (*Fidelia*, *Speranza*) the way of life. Here the pains of remorse again return; but now the heavenly leech, *Patience*, enables him to bear them, and he is at last, after much

discipline at the hands of *Penance* and *Repentance*, restored to health. True Faith then leads him to the love-filled matron *Charity* (*Charissa*), to be instructed in the works befitting the regenerate life; and finally *Contemplation* takes him up into an exceeding high mountain, and shows him from afar the shining walls of the Heavenly Jerusalem, which must henceforth be his ideal. Before he reaches that abode of rest, however, he has stern work to do; to wit, to root out evil from the world even as it has been extirpated from his own heart.

Cantos XI., XII.—Strengthened by all his experiences, Holiness again sets out on his great enterprize of slaying the Dragon, which is the prince of all the powers of evil, and rescuing Humanity (*The King and Queen of Eden and their folk*) from his cruel tyranny. The battle lasts three days, as did its prototype the battle of Christ with the infernal hosts; and Holiness does not conquer in his own might. It is only by the virtues of the *Tree of Life* (Christ) and the *Well of Living Water* (the Gospel) that he is at last victorious. Then all the rescued people rejoice in the final espousal of Holiness and True Faith. But the end is not yet. New adventures loom in the distance, and Holiness has still many dragons to slay.

(b) *The Objective Allegory.*

The historical sense of the allegory presents us with Spenser's views of ecclesiastical history. It is even less clear and connected than the moral sense, but the following points may be noted. *Una* is, as before, True Faith, but the *Knight* now typifies the whole Church. His lowly birth points to the origin of Christianity amongst the poor. The Church sets out fairly on its mission of redeeming the world, but soon becomes lost in a labyrinth of Heresies. Then it falls a prey to the designs of the Papacy (*Archimago*), which persuades it to abandon the primitive simplicity of its faith. Next Atheism and False Faith present themselves. The Church conquers the open foe, but succumbs to the wiles of the Fair Deceiver. True Faith now gets into strange company. A *Lion* (Henry VIII. and the Party

of the New Learning) becomes her protector, bursts into the abode of Superstitious Piety (*Corveca*) and her daughter, Ignorant Depravity (*Abessa*), and kills the Plunderer of the Church (Monks and Corrupt Clergy generally). Hereupon the Papacy (*Archimago*) becomes reformed and puts on the garb of true religion. The Church is for a time deceived by this appearance (Catholick reaction of 1540 and Counter Reformation generally); but finally both True Faith and the Papacy become the prey of Lawlessness (*Sans loy*), who wounds the latter badly and seems about to ruin the former by his violence. This is an allusion to the troubled reign of Edward VI. and to the civil wars, and violent sectarianism, to which the Reformation generally gave rise.

Canto VI. seems a digression from the main thread of the story. Its general sense is that Truth, abandoned by its natural protectors, tends to find a refuge amongst the poor and ignorant, as witness the rise of Lollardism, Protestantism, and even Christianity itself. The stone which the builders reject becomes the head of the corner; and the people who sit in darkness are the first to see the great light. Descending to particulars, the fact that the hero of the canto, *Sir Satyrane*, is generally supposed to be Sir John Perrot, Deputy of Ireland in 1586, makes it probable that there is an allusion to Irish affairs. Perrot was reputed a natural son of Henry VIII., and this may account for the irregular birth of his type. The *Satyrs* are the Irish, whom Spenser regarded as little better than 'salvage men.' *Una* is the Reformed Church, which tries to teach them with little success, but which, the poet seems to imply, would not have met with molestation from them had they been left to their own natural instincts. But *Archimago* (the Jesuits) interferes, and creates hostility between *Sans loy* (the Irish rebels) and their governor. The result of the conflict we are not told. We simply catch a glimpse of *Una* flying in the midst of the turmoil with *Archimago* pursuing her—not an inappropriate picture of Irish affairs when Spenser was writing. In Canto VII. False Faith and the Church become united (Reconciliation

with Rome under Mary). This brings the Church into cruel slavery to *Orgoglio* (Rome and Spain), and the horrors of the Marian Persecution follow (the Castle with its sanguinary sights). *Prince Arthur* (Leicester) fights against *Orgoglio*, who finally collapses like a pricked bubble (Defeat of Spain). Duessa, who now represents Mary Stuart, the concrete embodiment of False Faith in the sphere of English home politics according to Spenser's views, is exhibited in her true character. In Canto IX. the love of Elizabeth for Leicester is alluded to, Elizabeth being the *Faerie Queene*. Canto X. sketches the theology of the Reformed Church. Cantos XI. and XII. prophesy the final overthrow of evil in human society by the Church and True Faith, now united in indissoluble bonds.

The minor details of the allegory are explained each at its place in the notes.

5. Language.—The sixteenth century was a time of literary experiments; and necessarily so. The language had changed so much since the death of Chaucer that his system of prosody, and much of his vocabulary, had become unintelligible; whilst as yet no other great writer had arisen to form a new standard. On the other hand, the influence of the Classical literatures was overwhelmingly strong. In the attempt to emulate the new-found models, writers were led into strange eccentricities. Lyly's prose style is one of the curiosities of the age. Spenser we have seen dallying for a time with the vain attempt to force English verse into the Greek and Latin moulds. This pedantry he abandoned, but in commencing the *Faerie Queene* he considered it necessary to invent, just as Ronsard had done on the other side of the Channel, an artificial, poetic language. This Spenserian dialect has been subjected to severe strictures, both by contemporary and later critics. Ben Jonson, as competent a judge as any then living, says that Spenser, "in affecting the ancients, writ no language," and the 'well-languaged' Daniel refers sarcastically to rival poets who

Sing of knights and Palladines
In aged accents and untimely words.

Amongst recent critics, Dean Church remarks, "The language was still in such an unsettled state that from a man with resources like Spenser's, it invited attempts to enrich and colour it. . . . But it was a liberty which he abused. On his own authority he cuts down or he alters a word, or he adopts a mere corrupt pronunciation, to suit a place in his metre, or because he wants a rime." Such expedients "argue either want of trouble, or want of resource." Whilst this is partly true, it must not be supposed that the majority of the cases in which Spenser deviates from modern English usage are inventions of his own. The peculiarities of his diction may be arranged in six classes: (1) words and idioms now obsolete but common in the everyday speech of Elizabethan England; (2) genuine archaisms, revived from Chaucer and his school; (3) words borrowed from the country dialects, especially that of Lancashire, many of which are still current there; (4) words borrowed from Greek and Latin, and used in their classical sense; these are often still in the language, but with a changed sense, and call for special care in order to avoid misinterpretation; (5) words borrowed from French and Italian; (6) a small number of absolute inventions, such as 'relived,' 'fortunized,' 'mercified,' for which there is no authority and little justification. Particular cases of all six classes are pointed out in the notes. From these elements Spenser wove a language so musical, and so eminently suited in its quaint yet stately archaism, to his subject, that when once its strangeness has worn off, we cannot wish it other.

Elizabethan pronunciation is too wide and difficult a subject to be touched on here; but the student will do well to notice that the verbal termination *-ed* is almost always pronounced; and the same applies often to the *-es* of the plural or possessive. French words also not infrequently preserve their native accentuation, e. g. *occasiön, passiön, devotiön, forëst, emperour, cruëll, envÿ, companÿ, pa-ti-ence, con-sci-ence, a-veng-e-mënt*, etc. The scansion shows when this takes place.

6. Metre.—The metre of the *Faerie Queene* is no less original than its language. The *Spenserian stanza* as it

It is justly called was no doubt suggested by the *ottava rima* of the Italians, but it is so different, that it must rank as a distinct invention. The *ottava rima*, as used by Ariosto, consists of a stanza of eight hendecasyllables, with iambic rhythm, subject, however, to frequent variation by trochees and spondees; the rhymes are arranged *abababcc*. Spenser's stanza consists of nine lines, of which the first eight are decasyllables, and the ninth a dodecasyllable, or Alexandrine. The rhythm is iambic throughout, and the rhymes are arranged *ababbcbcc*. The interwoven rhymes create a pleasant melody, and the recurring long line gives a majestic undulation to the verse as a whole, admirably suited to the lengthy and elaborate descriptions of which it is the vehicle. Later poets have often used this stanza; the chief masterpieces in it are—Thompson's *Castle of Indolence*, Byron's *Childe Harold*, Shelley's *Revolt of Islam*, Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*, Burns' *Cotter's Saturday Night*, Beattie's *Minstrel*, Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes*.

Students who wish for further information are recommended to read Church's *Spenser* (Macmillan). To the somewhat grudging and depreciatory, though on the whole not unjust, estimate of the poet's character and works there given, the eulogistic *Life* of Dr. Grosart, and its accompanying *Essays*, will form a valuable supplement. On linguistic points the introduction of Prof. Herford to the *Shepherds Calender* gives much useful information.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR.

A Vision upon this conceipt of the Faery Queene.

ME thought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 Within that Temple where the vestall flame
 Was wont to burne; and passing by that way
 To see that buried dust of living fame,
 Whose tumber faire love, and fairer vertue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene:
 At whose approach the soule of Petrarke wept,
 And from thenceforth those graces were not seene;
 For they this Queene attended, in whose steed
 Oblivion laid him downe on Lauras herse.
 Hereat the hardest stones were seene to bleed,
 And grones of buried ghostes the heavens did perse:
 Where Homers spright did tremble all for grieffe,
 And curst th' accesse of that celestiall thei'e.

W. R. (RALEIGH).

To the learned Shepheard.

Collyn, I see, by thy new taken taske,
 Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
 That leades thy muse in haughty verse to maske,
 And loath the layes that longs to lowly swaynes;
 That lifts thy notes from Shepheardes unto kinges:
 So like the lively Larke that mounting singes.
 Thy lovely Rosalinde seemes now forlorne,
 And all thy gentle flockes forgotton quight:
 Thy changed hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
 Those prety pypes that did thy mates delight;
 Those trusty mates, that loved thee so well;
 Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell.
 Yet, as thou earst with thy sweete roundelays
 Didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:
 So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes
 Delight the daintie eares of higher powers:
 And so mought they, in their deepe skanning skill,
 Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quyll.
 And faire befall that *Faery Queene* of thine,
 In whose faire eyes love linckt with vertue sittes,
 Enfusing, by those bewties fyers devyne,
 Such high conceites into thy humble wittes,
 As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes
 From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.
 So mought thy *Redcrosse knight* with happy hand
 Victorious be in that faire llands right,
 Which thou dost vayne in Type of Faery land,
 Elizas blessed field, that *Albion* hight:
 That shieldes her friendes, and warres her mightie foes
 Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flowes.
 But (jolly shepheard) though with pleasing style
 Thou feast the humour of the Courtly trayne,
 Let not conceipt thy settled sence beguile,
 Ne daunted be through envy or disdaine.
 Subject thy dome to her Empyring spright,
 From whence thy Muse, and all the world, takes light.

HOBYNOLL (HARVEY).

A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS,

REVEALING HIS WHOLE INTENTION IN THE COURSE OF THIS WORKE: 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 WARDEIN OF THE STANNERYES, AND HER MAJESTIES LIEFETENAUNT
OF THE COUNTY OF CORNEWAYLL.

Sir, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be
construed, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled
the Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke
conceit, I have thought good, as well for avoyding of
gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your
better light in reading thereof, (being so by you com-
manded,) 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 generall end
therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or
noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: Which
for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and
pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the
which the most part of men delight to read, rather for
variety of matter then for profite of the ensample, I
chose the historye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the
excellency of his person, being made famous by many
mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger
of envy, and suspition of present time. In which I have
followed all the antique Poets-historicall; first Homere,
who in the Persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath
ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the
one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis: then Virgil,

*Homere
Ulysses &
Ilias*

*7. 10. 11
W- 10*

whose like intention was to doe in the person of Aeneas : after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando : and lately Tasso dissevered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in Philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo ; the other named Politice in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised ; the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes : which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king.

To some, I know, this Methode will seeme displeasaunt, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their shoves, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a Commune welth, such as it should be ; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a government, such as might best be : So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure : whome I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out ; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet, in some places els, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two

persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphœbe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia, (Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular; which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes contayn three.

The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whome I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce: The third of Britomartis, a Lady Knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But, because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights seuerall adventures. For the Method of a Poet historical is not such, as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, 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 forepaste, 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 booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her Annually feaste xii. dayes; upon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which, being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee

might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen: that being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee, falling before the Queene of Faeries, complained that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen Castle, who thence suffred them not to yssew; and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights to take on him that exloyd. Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought, would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, vi. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise; which being forthwith put upon him, with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And estesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne. &c.

The second day ther came in a Palmer, bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to have bene slayn by an Enchaunteresse called Acrasia; and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure; which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile Enchanter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon

Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being vnable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his loue.

But by occasion hereof many other adventures are intermedled ; but rather as Accidents then intendments : As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphoebe, the lasciviousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the History ; that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seeme tedious and confused. So, humbly craving the continuance of your honorable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

23. Ianuary 1589,

Yours most humbly affectionate,

Ed. Spenser.

DEDICATION OF THE EDITION OF 1596.

TO
THE MOST HIGH
MIGHTIE
and
MAGNIFICENT
EMPRESSE RENOW-
MED FOR PIETIE, VER-
TUE, AND ALL GRATIOUS
GOVERNMENT, ELIZABETH BY
THE GRACE OF GOD, QUEENE
OF ENGLAND, FRAUNCE AND
IRELAND, AND OF VIRGI-
NIA, DEFENDOUR OF THE
FAITH &c. HER MOST
HUMBLE SERVAUNT
EDMUND SPENSER
DOTH IN ALL HU-
MILITIE DEDI-
CATE, PRE-
SENT
AND CONSECRATE THESE
HIS LABOURS TO LIVE
WITH THE ETERNI-
TIE OF HER
FAME.

THE FIRST BOOK
OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING THE LEGEND OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE
OR OF HOLINESSE.

I

Lo! I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske, 1
As time her taught, in lowly Shephards weeds,
Am now enforst, a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

II

Helpe then, O holy virgin! chiefe of nyne, 10
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong!

III

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Jove, 19
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;
Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde;
Come, both; and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jollities arraid,
After his murtherous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

IV

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright ! 28
 Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine,
 Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
 Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
 Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
 And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted stile :
 The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest Dread, a-while !

CANTO I.

The Patrone of true Holinesse
 Foule Errour doth defeate :
 Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
 Doth to his home entreate.

I

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine, I
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
 The cruell markes of many' a bloody fielde ;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield :
 Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

II

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore, IO
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead, as living, ever him ador'd :
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For souveraine hope which in his helpe he had.
 Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
 But of his cheere did seem too solemne sad ;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond, 19
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
 (That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave :
 And ever as he rode his hart did earne
 To prove his puissance in battell brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

IV

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside, 28
 Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
 Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low ;
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw : .
 As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow ;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
 And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe she lad.

V

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe, 37
 She was in life and every vertuous lore ;
 And by descent from royall lynage came
 Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from East to Western shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held ;
 Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld ;
 Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far compeld.

VI

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag, 46
 That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was suddaine overcast,
 And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand, 55
 A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand ;
 Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
 Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starr :
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farr :
 Faire harbour that them seems ; so in they entred ar.

VIII

And fourth they passe, with pleasure forward led, 64
 Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
 The sayling Pine ; the Cedar proud and tall ;
 The vine-propp Elme ; the Poplar never dry ;
 The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all ;
 The Aspine good for staves ; the Cypresse funerall ;

IX

in the margin
 The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours 73
 And Poets sage : the Firre that weepeth still ;
 The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours ;
 The Eugh, obedient to the benders will ;
 The Birch for shaftes ; the Sallow for the mill ;
 The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound ;
 The warlike Beech ; the Ash for nothing ill ;
 The fruitfull Olive ; and the Platane round ;
 The carver Holme ; the Maple seeldom inward sound.

X

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way, 82
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne ;
 When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
 They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
 But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
 Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne :
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
 That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

XI

At last resolving forward still to fare, 91
 Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
 That path they take that beaten seemd most bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about ;
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
 At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
 Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
 Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
 And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

XII

'Be well aware,' quoth then that Ladie milde, 100
 'Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke :
 The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
 Breedes dreadfull doubts. Oft fire is without smoke,
 And perill without show : therefore your stroke,
 Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made.'
 'Ah Ladie,' (sayd he) 'shame were to revoke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade :
 Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to wade.'

XIII

'Yea but' (quoth she) 'the perill of this place 109
 I better wot then you : though nowe too late
 To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
 Yet wisdomes warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
 To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
 This is the wandring wood, this *Errours* den,
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate :
 Therefore I read beware.' 'Fly, fly!' (quoth then
 The fearefull Dwarfe) 'this is no place for living men.'

XIV

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment, 118
 The youthfull Knight could not for ought be staide :
 But forth unto the darksom hole he went,
 And looked in : his glistring armor made
 A little glooming light, much like a shade ;
 By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
 Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
 But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
 Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

XV

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground, 127
 Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
 Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
 Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
 A thousand young ones, which she dayly fed,
 Sucking upon her poisonous dugs ; each one
 Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored :
 Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

XVI

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide, 136
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
 About her cursed head ; whose folds displaid
 Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
 She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
 Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe ;
 For light she hated as the deadly bale,
 Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,
 Where plaine none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

XVII

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept 145
 As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
 And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
 From turning backe, and forced her to stay :
 Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
 And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst,
 Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay ;
 Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst :
 The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

XVIII

Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd ; 154
 Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
 And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
 With doubled forces high above the ground :
 Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
 All suddenly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
 God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine !

XIX

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint, 163
 Cride out, 'Now, now, Sir knight, shew what ye bee;
 Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;
 Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee.'
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
 His gall did grate for grieve and high disdaine;
 And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
 That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraîne.

XX

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw 172
 A flood of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe.
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
 And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
 Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI

As when old father Nilus gins to swell 181
 With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale
 His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
 And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
 But, when his later spring gins to avale,
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there breed
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
 And partly femall, of his fruitful seed;
 Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no man reed.

XXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight, 190
 That, welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
 His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight:
 Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinke,
 She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
 Her fruitfull cursed spawnne of serpents small,
 Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
 Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
 And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide, 199
 When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west,
 High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
 Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best;
 A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
 All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
 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 bestedd, and fearefull more of shame 208
 Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
 Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
 Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
 Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
 And stroke at her with more than manly force,
 That from her body, full of filthie sin,
 He raft her hatefull heade without remorse:
 A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her corse.

XXV

Her scattered brood, soone as their Parent deare 217
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
 Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare
 Gathred themselves about her body round,
 Weening their wonted entrance to have found
 At her wide mouth; but being there withstood,
 They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
 And sucked up their dying mothers blood,
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

XXVI

That detestable sight him much amazde, 226
 To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accurst,
 Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
 Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,
 Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
 And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
 Of such as drunke her life the which them nurst!
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend, [contend.
 His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should

XXVII

His Lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre, 235
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie;
 And saide, 'Faire knight, borne under happie starre,
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
 Well worthie be you of that Armory,
 Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
 And proov'd your strength on a strong enemie,
 Your first adventure: many such I pray,
 And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may!'

XXVIII

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe, 244
 And with the Lady backward sought to wend.
 That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
 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 frend)
 He passed forth, and new adventure sought:
 Long way he traueiled before he heard of ought.

XXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way 253
 An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had:
 Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;
 And all the way he prayed as he went,
 And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

XXX

He faire the knight saluted, louting low, 262
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
 'Ah! my dear sonne,' (quoth he) 'how should, alas!
 Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
 Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
 With holy father sits not with such thinges to mell.

XXXI

‘But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell, 271
 And homebred evill ye desire to heare,
 Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this countrie, farre and neare.’
 ‘Of such,’ (saide he,) ‘I chiefly doe inquere,
 And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
 In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare ;
 For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
 That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.’

XXXII

‘Far hence’ (quoth he) ‘in wastfull wildernesse 280
 His dwelling is, by which no living wight
 May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.’
 ‘Now,’ (saide the Ladie,) ‘draweth toward night,
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all forweared be ; for what so strong,
 But, wanting rest, will also want of night ?
 The Sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
 At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waves emong.

XXXIII

‘Then with the Sunne take, Sir, your timely rest, 289
 And with new day new worke at once begin :
 Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best.’
 ‘Right well, Sir knight, ye have advised bin,’
 Quoth then that aged man : ‘the way to win
 Is wisely to advise ; now day is spent :
 Therefore with me ye may take up your In
 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, 298
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people that did pas
 In traveill to and froe : a litle wyde
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,
 Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy thinges each morne and eventyde :
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

XXXV

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

307

XXXVI

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast ;
 And the sad humor loading their eyeliddes,
 As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
 Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes.
 Unto their lodgings then his gwestes he riddes :
 Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
 He to his studie goes ; and there amiddes
 His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
 He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy minds.

316

XXXVII

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

325

XXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
 Legions of Sprights, the which, like litle flyes
 Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
 Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
 To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies.
 Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
 And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes :
 The one of them he gave a message too,
 The other by him selfe staide, other worke to doo.

334

XXXIX

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre, 343
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
 To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
 And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
 His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
 In silver dew his ever-drouping hed,
 Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

XL

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast, 352
 The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
 The other all with silver overcast ;
 And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
 By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
 In drowsie fit he findes : of nothing he takes keepe.

XLI

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft, 361
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
 And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
 Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne.
 No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
 As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard ; but carelesse Quiet lyes
 Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemies.

XLII

The Messenger approaching to him spake ; 370
 But his waste wordes retournd to him in vaine :
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
 Whereat he gan to stretch ; but he againe
 Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
 As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
 Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

XLIII

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake, 379
 And threatned unto him the dreaded name
 Of Hecate : whereat he gan to quake,
 And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
 Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
 ‘ Hether ’ (quoth he,) ‘ me Archimago sent,
 He that the stubborn Sprites can wisely tame,
 He bids thee to him send for his intent
 A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

XLIV

The God obeyde ; and, calling forth straight way 388
 A diverse Dreame out of his prison darke,
 Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
 His heavie head, devoide of carefull carke ;
 Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
 He, backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
 Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke ;
 And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
 In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

XLV

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes, 397
 Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
 And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
 So lively and so like in all mens sight,
 That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight :
 The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
 Her all in white he clad, and over it
 Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

XLVI

Now, when that ydle dreame was to him brought, 406
 Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
 Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
 And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
 In sort as he him schooled privily :
 And that new creature, borne without her dew,
 Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
 He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
 Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

CANTO II.

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

I

By this the Northerne wagoner had set
 His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
 That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
 But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
 To al that in the wide deepe wandring arre ;
 And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
 Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
 In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,
 Full envious that night so long his roome did fill :

I

II

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

10

VII

Now when the rosy fingred Morning faire,
 Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
 Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,
 And the high hils Titan discovered,
 The royall virgin shook off drousy-hed ;
 And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
 Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
 And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre :
 Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful stowre.

55

VIII

And after him she rode, with so much speede 64
 As her slowe beast could make ; but all in vaine,
 For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
 Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdainie,
 That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine :
 Yet she her weary limbes would never rest ;
 But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
 Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
 He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

IX

But subtill Archimago, when his guests 73
 He saw divided into double parts,
 And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
 Th' end of his drift, he praisd his divelish arts,
 That had such might over true meaning harts :
 Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
 How he may worke unto her further smart ;
 For her he hated as the hissing snake,
 And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

X

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise ; 82
 For by his mighty science he could take
 As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
 As ever Proteus to himselfe could make :
 Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
 Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell ;
 That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
 And oft would flie away. O! who can tell
 The hidden powre of herbes, and might of Magick spel?

XI

But now seemde best the person to put on 91
 Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest :
 In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
 And silver shield ; upon his coward brest
 A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
 A bouch of heares discolour'd diversly.
 Full jolly knight he seemde, and wel address ;
 And when he sate upon his courser free,
 Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him to be.

XII

But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did beare, 100
 The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
 Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare :
 Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.
 At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
 A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy ; full large of limbe and every joint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII

Hee had a faire companion of his way, 109
 A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red,
 Purpled with gold and pearle of rich assay ;
 And like a Persian mitre on her hed
 Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave.
 Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
 With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

XIV

With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce, 118
 She intertaine her lover all the way ;
 But, when she saw the knight his speare aduance,
 She soon left off her mirth and wanton play,
 And bad her knight addresse him to the fray,
 His foe was nigh at hand. He, pricke with pride
 And hope to winne his Ladies hearte that day,
 Forth spurred fast : adowne his coursers side
 The red bloud trickling staid the way, as he did ride.

XV

The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he spide 127
 Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
 Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride.
 Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
 That, daunted with theyr forces hideous,
 Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand ;
 And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Doe backe rebut, and ech to other yeeldeth land.

XVI

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride, 136
 Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
 Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shocke,
 Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory :
 So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe, 145
 Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies ;
 Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff :
 Each others equall puissaunce envies,
 And through their iron sides with cruell spies
 Does seeke to perce ; repining courage yields
 No foote to foe : the flashing fier flies,
 As from a forge, out of their burning shields ;
 And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

XVIII

'Curse on that Cross,' (quoth then the Sarazin,) 154
 'That keeps thy body from the bitter fit !
 Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
 Had not that charme from thee forwarned it :
 But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
 And hide thy head.' Therewith upon his crest
 With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
 That a large share it hewd out of the rest, [blest.
 And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairly

XIX

Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark 163
 Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive ;
 And at his haughty helmet making mark,
 So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
 And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe alive,
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
 Greeting his grave : his grudging ghost did strive
 With the fraile flesh ; at last it flitted is,
 Whither the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

XX

The Lady, when she saw her champion fall 172
 Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
 Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
 But from him fled away with all her powre ;
 Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
 Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
 The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.
 Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay ;
 For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

XXI

Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenance, 181
 Cride, 'Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
 On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
 And to your mighty wil !' Her humblesse low,
 In so ritche weedes, and seeming glorious show,
 Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart ;
 And said, 'Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
 Much rueth me ; but now put feare apart,
 And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.'

XXII

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament. 190
 'The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
 Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
 Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
 And fortune false betraide me to thy powre
 Was (O ! what now availeth that I was ?)
 Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
 He that the wide West under his rule has,
 And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pas.

XXIII

'He, in the first flowre of my freshest age, 199
 Betrothed me unto the onely haire
 Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage :
 Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
 Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire ;
 But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
 My dearest Lord fell from high honors staire
 Into the hands of hys accursed fone,
 And cruelly was slaine ; that shall I ever mone.

XXIV

‘ His blessed body, spoild of lively breath, 208
 Was afterward, I know not how, convoid,
 And fro me hid : of whose most innocent death
 When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
 O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid !
 Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
 And many yearès throughout the world I straid,
 A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
 With love long time did languish, as the striken hind.

XXV

‘ At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin 217
 To meete me wandring ; who perforce me led
 With him away, but yet could never win ;
 There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
 Who, whiles he liv’dè, was called proud Sans foy,
 The eldest of three brethren ; all three bred
 Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans joy ;
 And twixt them both was born the bloody bold Sans loy.

XXVI

‘ In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate, 226
 Now miserable I, Fidessa, dwell,
 Craving of you, in pittie of my state,
 ‘ To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well.’
 He in great passion al this while did dwell,
 More busying his quicke eies her face to view,
 Then his dull eares to heare what shee did tell ;
 And said, ‘ faire lady, hart of flint would rew
 The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

XXVII

‘ Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest, 235
 Having both found a new friend you to aid,
 And lost an old foe that did you molest ;
 Better new friend then an old foe is said.’
 With change of chear the seeming simple maid
 Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,
 And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid,
 So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
 And shee coy lookes : so dainty, they say, maketh derth.

XXVIII

Long time they thus together traueiled ; 244
Til, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast ;
And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round :
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast,
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

XXIX

But this good knight, soone as he them can spie, 253
For the coole shade him thither hastily got :
For golden Phoebus, now that mounted hie,
From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide ;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

XXX

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes, 262
With goodly purposes, there as they sit ;
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit ;
Which to express he bends his gentle wit :
And, thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough ; out of whose rifte there came
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

XXXI

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard, 271
Crying, ' O ! spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard ;
But fly, ah ! fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap that happened to me heare,
And to this wretched Lady, my deare love ;
O, too deare love, love bought with death too deare !'
Astond he stood, and up his heare did hove :
And with that sudden horror could no member move.

XXXII

At last whenas the dreadfull passi6n 30
 Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
 Yet musing at the straunge 6ccasi6n,
 And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake :
 ‘What voice of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,
 Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
 Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
 Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare,
 And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to spare?’

XXXIII

Then, groning deep ; ‘Ncr damned Ghost,’ (quoth he,)
 ‘Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake ; 290
 But once a man, Fradubio, now a tree ;
 Wretched man, wretched tree ! whose nature weake
 A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
 Hath thus transformed, and plast in open plaines,
 Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
 And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines ;
 For though a tree I seme, yet cold and heat me paines.’

XXXIV

‘Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,’ 298
 Quoth then the Knight ; ‘by whose mischievous arts
 Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see ?
 He oft finds med’cine who his grieffe imparts,
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
 As raging flames who striveth to suppress.’
 ‘The author then,’ (said he) ‘of all my smarts,
 Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,
 That many errant knights hath broght to wretchednesse.

XXXV

‘In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott 307
 The fire of love, and joy of chevalree,
 First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
 To love this gentle Lady, whom ye see
 Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree ;
 With whome, as once I rode accompanyde,
 Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
 That had a like faire Lady by his syde ;
 Like a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde.

XXXVI

‘Whose forged beauty he did take in hand 316
 All other Dames to have exceeded farre :
 I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
 Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre.
 So both to battell fierce arraunged arre,
 In which his harder fortune was to fall
 Under my speare : such is the dye of warre.
 His Lady, left as a prise martiall,
 Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

XXXVII

‘So doubly lov’d of ladies, unlike faire, 325
 Th’ one seeming such, the other such indeede,
 One day in doubt I cast for to compare
 Whether in beauties glorie did exceede :
 A Rosy girlond was the victors meede.
 Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
 So hard the discord was to be agreede.
 Fraelissa was as faire as faire mote bee,
 And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

XXXVIII

‘The wicked witch, now seeing all this while 334
 The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
 What not by right she cast to win by guile ;
 And by her hellish science raisd streight way
 A foggy mist that overcast the day,
 And a dull blast, that breathing on her face
 Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
 And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace :
 Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in place.

XXXIX

‘Then cride she out, “Fye, fye ! deformed wight, 343
 “Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
 “To have before bewitched all mens sight :
 “O ! leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.”
 Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
 Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
 And would have kild her ; but with faigned paine
 The false witch did my wrathfull hand withhold :
 So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

XL

‘Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my Dame, 352
 And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
 Ne ever wist but that she was the same ;
 Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,
 When Witches wont do penance for their crime,)
 I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
 Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme :
 A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
 That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

XLII

‘The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare 370
 Perceiv’d my thought ; and, drownd in sleepe night,
 With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
 My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
 That all my senses were bereaved quight :
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 And by my wretched lovers side me pight ;
 Where now, enclosed in wooden wals full faste,
 Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we waste.’

XLIII

‘But how long time,’ said then the Elfin knight, 379
 ‘Are you in this misformed hous to dwell ?’
 ‘We may not change,’ (quoth he,) ‘this evill plight,
 Till we be bathed in a living well :
 That is the terme prescribed by the spell.’
 ‘O ! how,’ sayd he, ‘mote I that well out find,
 That may restore you to your wonted well ?’
 ‘Time and suffised fates to former kynd
 Shall us restore ; none else from hence may us unbynd.’

XLIV

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight, 388
 Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
 And knew well all was true. But the good knight,
 Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
 When all this speech the 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 feare her fownd.

XLV

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare, 397
 As all unweeting of that well she knew ;
 And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
 Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew,
 And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,
 At last she up gan lift : with trembling cheare
 Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
 And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,
 He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

CANTO III.

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
 And makes the Lyon mylde ;
 Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
 In hand of leachour vylde.

I

NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hollow nesse, I
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t'unworthe wretchednesse
 Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
 Or through alleageance, and fast fealtie,
 Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
 Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

II

And now it is empassioned so deepe, IO
 For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
 To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
 And her dew loves deriv'd to that vile witches shaire

III

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while 19
 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
 Far from all peoples prease, as in exile,
 In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,
 To seeke her knight ; who, subtilly betrayd
 Through that late vision which th' Enchaunter wrought,
 Had her abandoned. She, of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought ;
 Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

IV

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way, 28
 From her unhastie beast she did alight ;
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight :
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole aside. Her angels face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shadie place ;
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

V

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood 37
 A ramping Lyon rushed suddainly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have attonce devourd her tender corse ;
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
 And, with the sight amazd, forgot his furious forse.

VI

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet, 46
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
 As he her wronged innocence did weet.
 O, how can beautie maister the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !
 Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion :
 And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

VII

'The Lyon, Lord of everie beast in field,' 55
 Quoth she, 'his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate :
 But he, my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
 As the God of my life ? why hath he me abhord ?'

VIII

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint, 64
 Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood ;
 And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood :
 With pittie calmed downe fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
 Arose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy Palfrey got agayne,
 To seeke her strayed Champion if she might attayne.

IX

The Lyon would not leave her desolate, 73
 But with her went along, as a strong gard
 Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
 Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;
 And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepard :
 From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
 And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

X

Long she thus traveled through deserts wyde, 82
 By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
 Yet never shew of living wight espyde ;
 Till that at length she found the troden gras,
 In which the tract of peoples footing was,
 Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore :
 The same she followes, till at last she has
 A damzel spyde, slow footing her before,
 That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

XI

To whom approaching she to her gan call, 91
 To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand ;
 But the rude wench her answerd nought at all ;
 She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand ;
 Till, seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
 With suddeine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
 And fled away : for never in that land
 Face of fayre Lady she before did vew,
 And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

XII

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd, 100
 As if her life upon the wager lay ;
 And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
 Sate in eternall night : nought could she say ;
 But, suddeine catching hold, did her dismay
 With quaking hands, and other signes of feare :
 Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
 Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
 Dame Una, wearie Dame, and entrance did requere :

XIII

Which when none yeelded, her unruly Page 109
 With his rude clawes the wicket open rent
 And let her in ; where, of his cruell rage
 Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
 Shee 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 thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

XIV

And to augment her painefull pennance more, 118
 Thrise every weeke in ashes she did sitt,
 And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
 And thrise three times did fast from any bit ;
 But now, for feare her beads she did forgett :
 Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fit ;
 Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
 That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

XV

The day is spent ; and commeth drowsie night, 127
 When every creature shrowded is in sleepe.
 Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
 And at her feete the Lyon watch doth keepe :
 In stead of rest she does lament and weepe,
 For the late losse of her deare loved knight,
 And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
 Her tender brest in bitter teares all night ;
 All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

XVI

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye 136
 Above the shynie Cassiopeias chaire,
 And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie
 One knocked at the dore and in would fare :
 He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
 That ready entraunce was not at his call ;
 For on his backe a heavy load he bare
 Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
 Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

XVII

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe, 145
 Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
 And poore men's boxes of their due reliefe,
 Which given was to them for good intents :
 The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
 He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
 And spoild the Priests of their habiliments ;
 Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
 Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

XVIII

And all that he by right or wrong could find, 154
 Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
 Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
 Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
 With whom he whoredome usd, that few did know,
 And fed her fatt 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 dore with rage and threats he bet, 163
 Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize
 The Lyon frayed them, him in to let.
 He would no lenger stay him to advize,
 But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
 And entring is, when that disdainfull beast,
 Encountring fierce, him sudden doth surprize ;
 And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
 Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.

XX

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call, 172
 His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand ;
 Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
 And quite dismembred hath : the thirsty land
 Dronke up his life ; his corse left on the strand.
 His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,
 Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
 The heavie hap which on them is alight ;
 Affraid least to themselves the like mishappen might.

XXI

Now when broad day the world discovered has, 181
 Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke ;
 And on their former journey forward pas,
 In waies unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
 With paines far passing that long wandring Greeke,
 That for his love refused deitye.
 Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
 Still seeking him, that from her still did flye ; [nie.
 Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened

XXII

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne, 190
 That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,
 Came forth ; and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,
 For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
 And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare :
 And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
 Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
 Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
 To follow her that was the causer of their ill.

XXIII

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray, 199
 With hollow houlung, and lamenting cry;
 Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
 And her accusing of dishonesty,
 That was the flowre of faith and chastity:
 And still, amidst her rayling, she did pray
 That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
 Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
 And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

XXIV

But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile, 208
 Shee backe retourned with some labour lost;
 And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
 A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
 Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost;
 But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
 By traynes into new troubles to have taste:
 Of that old woman tydings he besought,
 If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

XXV

Therewith she gan her passion to renew, 217
 And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
 Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,
 That caused her shed so many a bitter teare;
 And so forth told the story of her feare.
 Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
 And after for that Lady did inquere;
 Which being taught, he forward gan aduance
 His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

XXVI

Ere long he came where Una traveild slow, 226
 And that wilde champion wayting her besyde;
 Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
 Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
 Unto an hil; from whence when she him spyde,
 By his like seeming shield her knight by name
 She weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
 Approaching nigh she wist it was the same; [came:
 And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee

XXVII

And weeping said, 'Ah, my long lacked Lord, 235
 Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
 Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
 Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might,
 That should as death unto my deare heart light :
 For since mine eie your ioyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is ;
But welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of blis !'

XXVIII

He thereto meeting said, 'My dearest Dame, 244
 Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
 To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
 As you to leave that have me loved stil,
 And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwil,
 Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.
 The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil
 To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
 Then I leave you, my liefe, yborn of heavenly berth.

XXIX

'And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long, 253
 Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place ;
 Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
 To many knights did daily worke disgrace ;
 But knight he now shall never more deface :
 Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please
 Well to accept, and evermore embrace
 My faithfull service, that by land and seas [appease.'
 Have vowd you to defend. Now then, your plaint

XXX

His lovely words her seemd due recompence 262
 Of all her passed paines : one loving howre
 For many yeares of sorrow can dispence ;
 A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
 Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre
 For him she late endurd ; she speakes no more
 Of past : true is, that true love hath no powre
 To looken backe ; his eies be fixt before.
 Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore.

XXXI

Much like, as when the beaten marinere, 271
 That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
 Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare ;
 And long time having tand his tawney hide
 With blustering breath of Heaven, that none can bide,
 And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound ;
 Soone as the port from far he has espide,
 His chearfull whistle merily doth sound, [around.
 And Nereus crownes with cups ; his mates him pledg

XXXII

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found ; 280
 And eke th' enchaunter ioyous seemd no lesse
 Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
 His ship far come from watrie wildernesse ;
 He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse.
 So forth they past ; and all the way they spent
 Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
 In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment ;
 Who told her all that fell, in journey as she went.

XXXIII

They had not ridden far, when they might see 289
 One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
 Full strongly armd, and on a courser free
 That through his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,
 And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
 When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side :
 His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
 Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde ;
 And on his shield *Sansloy* in bloody lines was dyde.

XXXIV

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre, 298
 And saw the Red-crosse which the knight did beare,
 He burnt in fire ; and gan eftsoones prepare
 Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.
 Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
 To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele :
 But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
 That hope of new good-hap he gan to feele ;
 So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

XXXV

But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce 307
 And full of wrath, that, with his sharphead speare,
 Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce ;
 And, had his staggering steed not shronke for feare,
 Through shield and body eke he should him beare :
 Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
 That from his sadle quite he did him beare.
 He, tombling rudely downe, to ground did rush,
 And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

XXXVI

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed, 316
 He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
 And proudly said ; ‘Lo ! there the worthie 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, purgd with enemies life,
 The black infernall Furies doen aslake : [take.’
 Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee

XXXVII

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace, 325
 Till Una cride, ‘O ! hold that heavie hand,
 Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place :
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
 Now at thy mercy : Mercy not withstand ;
 For he is one the truest knight alive,
 Though conquered now he lye on lowly land ;
 And, whilst him fortune favourd, fayre did thrive
 In bloody field ; therefore, of life him not deprive.’

XXXVIII

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage, 334
 But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
 Have slayne him streight ; but when he sees his age,
 And hoarie head of Archimago old,
 His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
 And halfe ashamed wondred at the sight :
 For the old man well knew he, though untold,
 In charmes and magick to have wondrous might,
 Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight :

XXXIX

And said, 'Why Archimago, lucklesse syrc, 343
 What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
 That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yrc?
 Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
 In stead of foe to wound my friend amis?'
 He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
 And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
 The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,
 He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay :

XL

But to the virgin comes ; who all this while 352
 Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
 By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
 For so misfeigning her true knight to bee :
 Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
 Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
 From whom her booteth not at all to flie :
 Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
 Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

XLI

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw 361
 And high disdaine, whenas his souveraine Dame
 So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
 With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
 And, ramping on his shield, did weene the same
 Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes :
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
 His corage more, that from his griping pawes [drawes.
 He hath his shield redeemd, and fourth his swerd he

XLII

O ! then, too weake and feeble was the forse 370
 Of salvage beast his puissance to withstand ;
 For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
 As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
 And feates of armes did wisely understand.
 Eft soones he perced through his chaufed chest
 With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
 And launcht his Lordly hart : with death opprest
 He ror'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

XLIII

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
 From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
 Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismaid,
 Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill:
 He now, Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
 With foule reproches and disdaineful spight
 Her vildly entertaines; and, will or nill,
 Beares her away upon his courser light:
 Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

379
 Sansloy
 takes Uua
 prisoner.

XLIV

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
 And piteous plaintes, she filleth his dull eares,
 That stony hart could riven have in twaine;
 And all the way she wetts with flowing teares;
 But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
 Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
 But followes her far off, ne ought he feares
 To be partaker of her wandring woe;
 More mild in beastly kind then that her beastly foe.

CANTO IV.

To sinfull hous of Pryde Duessa
 Guydes the faithfull knight;
 Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansjoy
 Doth challenge him to fight.

I

YOUNG knight, whatever that dost armes professe, 1
 And through long labours huntest after fame,
 Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
 In choice, and change of thy deare-loved Dame;
 Least thou of her beleeve too lightly blame,
 And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
 For unto knight there is no greater shame
 Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love:
 That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove.

II

Who, after that he had faire Una lorne, 10
 Through light misdeeming of her loialtie ;
 And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
 Called Fidess', and so supposd to be,
 Long with her traveild ; till at last they see
A goodly building bravely garnished ;
 The house of mightie Prince it seemd to be,
 And towards it a broad high way that led,
 All bare through peoples feet which thether traveiled.

III

Great troupes of people traveild thetherward 19
 Both day and night, of each degree and place ;
 But few returned, having scaped hard,
 With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace ;
 Which ever after in most wretched case,
 Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
 Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace,
 For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
 And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke, 28
 Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
 Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
 And golden foile all over them displaid,
 That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid :
 High lifted up were many loftie towres,
 And goodly galleries far over laid,
 Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres :
 And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

V

It was a goodly heape for to behould, 37
 And spake the praises of the workmans witt ;
 But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
 Did on so weake foundation ever sitt :
 For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
 And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
 That every breath of heaven shooked itt :
 And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI

Arrived there, they passed in forth right ; 46
 For still to all the gates stood open wide :
 Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight,
 Cald Malvenú, who entrance none denide :
 Thence to the hall, which was on every side
 With rich array and costly arras dight.
 Infinite sortes of people did abide
 There waiting long, to win the wished sight
 Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

VII

By them they passe, all gazing on them round, 55
 And to the Presence mount ; whose glorious vew
 Their frayle amazed senses did confound :
 In living Princes court none ever knew
 Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew ;
 Ne Persia selfe, the nurse of pompous pride,
 Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
 Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side, [beautifide.
 Which with their presence fayre the place much

VIII

High above all a cloth of State was spred, 64
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day ;
 On which there sate, most brave embellished
 With royall robes and gorgeous array,
 A mayden Queene that shone as Titans ray,
 In glistring gold and peerelesse pretious stone ;
 Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
 To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone :

IX

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fayrest childe, 73
 That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
 And flaming mouthes of steedes, unwonted wilde,
 Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne :
 Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
 While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
 He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
 And, rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen
 With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

X

So proud she shyned in her princely state, 82
 Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne,
 And sitting high, for lowly she did hate :
 Lo ! underneath her scornfull feete was layne
 A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne ;
 And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
 Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
 And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight ;
 For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

XI

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was, 91
 And sad Proserpina, the Queene of hell ;
 Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell ;
 And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell
 And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
 Or if that any else did Jove excell ;
 For to the highest she did still aspyre,
 Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desyre.

XII

And proud Lucifera men did her call, 100
 That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be ;
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
 Ne heritage of native soveraintie ;
 But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
 Upon the scepter which she now did hold :
 Ne ruld her Realme with lawes, but pollicie,
 And strong advizement of six wisards old,
 That, with their counsels bad, her kingdome did uphold.

XIII

Soone as the Elfing knight in presence came, 109
 And false Duessa, seeming Lady fayre,
 A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name,
 Made rowme, and passage for them did prepare :
 So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
 Of her high throne ; where they, on humble knee
 Making obeysance, did the cause declare,
 Why they were come her roiall state to see,
 To prove the wide report of her great Majestee.

*Lucifer
 pays homage
 to
 Lucifera*

XIV

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to look so lowe, 118
 She thancked them in her disdainfull wise ;
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shoue
 Of Princesse worthy ; scarce them bad arise.
 Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
 Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight :
 Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise ;
 Some prancke their ruffes ; and others trimly dight
 Their gay attyre ; each others greater pride does spight.

XV

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne, 127
 Right glad with him to have increast their crew ;
 But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne
 All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,
 For in that court whylome her well they knew :
 Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
 Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
 And that great Princesse too exceeding prowde,
 That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

XVI

Suddein upriseth from her stately place 136
 The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call :
 All hurtlen forth ; and she, with princely pace,
 As faire Aurora in her purple pall
 Out of the East the dawning day doth call.
 So forth she comes ; her brightness brode doth blaze.
 The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
 Doe ride each other upon her to gaze :
 Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

XVII

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme, 145
 Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
 That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime ;
 And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
 Great Junoes golden chaire ; the which, they say,
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 To Joves high hous through heavens bras-paved way,
 Drawne of fayre Pecoocks, that excell in pride,
 And full of Argus eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

XVIII

But this was drawne of six unequal beasts,
 On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde, 154
 Taught to obey their bestiall beheasts,
 With like conditions to their kindes applyde:
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
 Was sluggish Idlennesse, the nourse of sin;
 Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde,
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
 Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

XIX

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare, 163
 That much was worne, but therein little red;
 For of devotion he had little care,
 Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies ded:
 Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
 To looken whether it were night or day.
 May seeme the wayne was very evill led,
 When such an one had guiding of the way,
 That knew not whether right he went, or else astray.

XX

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne, 172
 And greatly shunned manly exercise;
 From everie worke he chalenged essoyné,
 For contemplation sake; yet otherwise
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise,
 By which he grew to grievous malady;
 For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
 A shaking fever raignd continually.
 Such one was Idlennesse, first of this company.

XXI

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony, 181
 Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne.
 His belly was upblowne with luxury,
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
 And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne
 With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pyne:
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

XXII

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad, 190
 For other clothes he could not weare for heate;
 And on his head an yvie girland had,
 From under which fast trickled downe the sweat.
 Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,
 And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
 His drunken corse he scarce upholden can:
 In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

XXIII

Unfit he was for any worldly thing, 199
 And eke unhable once to stirre or go;
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
 That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo.
 Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
 And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew.
 Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

XXVII

And greedy Avarice by him did ride, 235
 Uppon a Camell loaden all with gold:
 Two iron coffers hong on either side,
 With precious metall full as they might hold;
 And in his lap an heap of coine he told;
 For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
 And unto hell him selfe for money sold:
 Accursed usury was all his trade,
 And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

XXVIII

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste; 244
 And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware;
 Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste,
 But both from backe and belly still did spare,
 To fill his bags, and richesse to compare:
 Yet chylde ne kinsman living had he none
 To leave them to; but thorough daily care
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
 He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

XXIX

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise; 253
 Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store;
 Whose need had end, but no end covetise;
 Whose welth was want, whose plenty made him pore;
 Who had enough, yett wished ever more;
 A vile disease: and eke in foote and hand
 A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
 That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand.
 Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

XXX

And next to him malicious Envy rode 262
 Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
 Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
 That all the poison ran about his chaw;
 But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
 At neighbours welth, 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 harme he wexed wondrous glad.

XXXI

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say 271
 He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
 And in his bosome secretly there lay
 An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes
 In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
 Still as he rode he gnasht his teeth to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse;
 And grudged at the great felicitee
 Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.

XXXII

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds, 280
 And him no lesse, that any like did use;
 And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
 His almes for want of faith he doth accuse.
 So every good to bad he doth abuse;
 And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
 He does backebite and spightfull poison spues
 From leprous mouth on all that ever writt.
 Such one vile Envy was, that fift in row did sitt.

XXXIII

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath, 289
 Upon a Lion, loth for to be led;
 And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
 The which he brandisheth about his hed:
 His eies did hurle forth sparcles fiery red,
 And stared sterne on all that him beheld;
 As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,
 Trembling through hasty rage when choler in him sweld.

XXXIV

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood 298
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
 Through unadvized rashnes woxen wood;
 For of his hands he had no government,
 Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
 But, when the furious fitt was overpast,
 His cruel facts he often would repent;
 Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast
 How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

XXXV

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath: 307
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
 Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
 And fretting grieffe, the enemy of life:
 All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
 The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
 The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire.
 Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

XXXVI

And, after all, upon the wagon beame, 316
 Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the laesie teme,
 So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
 Huge routs of people did about them band,
 Showting for joy; and still before their way
 A foggy mist had covered all the land;
 And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
 Dead sculs and bones of men whose life had gone astray.

XXXVII

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort, 325
 To take the solace of the open aire,
 And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport:
 Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
 The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
 Of proud Lucifer', as one of the traine:
 But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
 Him selfe estraunging from their ioyauce vaine,
 Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike swaine.

XXXVIII

So, having solaced themselves a space 334
 With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
 They backe retourned to the princely Place;
 Whereas an errant knight in armes yclod,
 And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red,
 Was writt *Sansjoy*, they new arrived find:
 Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy hed,
 He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
 And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

XXXIX

Who, when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy 343
 He spide with that same Faery champions page,
 Bewraying him that did of late destroy
 His eldest brother; burning all with rage,
 He to him lept, and that same envious gage
 Of victors glory from him snacht away:
 But th' Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
 Disdained to loose the meed he wonne in fray;
 And, him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

XL

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily, 352
 Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
 And clash their shields, and shake their swerds on hy,
 That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;
 Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine
 Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
 Commaunded them their fury to refraine;
 And, if that either to that shield had right,
 In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

XLI

‘Ah dearest Dame,’ quoth then the Paynim bold, 361
 ‘Pardon the error of enraged wight,
 Whome great grieffe made forgett the raines to hold
 Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt knight,
 No knight, but treachour full of false despight
 And shameful treason, who through guile hath slayn
 The prowest knight that ever field did fight,
 Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn?)
 Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap disdayn.

XLII

‘And, to augment the glorie of his guile, 370
 His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe!
 Is there possessed of the traytour vile;
 Who reapes the harvest sowen by his foe,
 Sowen in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
 That brothers hand shall dearly well requight,
 So be, O Queene! you equall favour showe.’
 Him little answerd th’ angry Elfin knight;
 He never meant with words, but swords, to plead his right:

XLIII

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge 379
 His cause in combat the next day to try:
 So been they parted both, with harts on edge
 To be aveng’d each on his enemy.
 That night they pas in ioy and iollity,
 Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
 For Steward was excessive Gluttony,
 That of his plenty poured forth to all: [call.
 Which doen, the Chamberlain, Slowth, did to rest them

XLIV

Now whenas darkesome night had all displayd 388
 Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye;
 The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
 Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
 To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
 But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
 Arrested all that courtly company,
 Uprose Duessa from her resting place,
 And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

XLV

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt, 397
 Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy;
 And him amoves with speaches seeming fitt:
 'Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
 Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new ioy;
 Ioyous to see his ymage in mine eye,
 And greevd to thinke how foe did him destroy,
 That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
 Lo! his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye.'

XLVI

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet, 406
 And bad say on the secrete of her hart:
 Then, sighing soft; 'I learne that little sweet
 Oft tempred is,' (quoth she,) 'with muchell smart:
 For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
 Of deare Sansfoy, I never ioyed howre,
 But in eternall woes my weaker hart
 Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
 And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.

XLVII

'At last, when perils all I weened past, 415
 And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
 Into new woes unweeting I was cast
 By this false faytor, who unworthie ware
 His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare
 Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave:
 Me, silly maid, away with him he bare,
 And ever since hath kept in darksom cave,
 For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

XLVIII

'But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
 And to my loathed life now shewes some light, 425
 Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
 From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
 To you th' inheritance belonges by right
 Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love.
 Let not his love, let not his restlesse spight,
 Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above [move.]
 From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse

XLIX

Thereto said he, 'Faire Dame, be nought dismaid 433
 For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone:
 Ne yet of present perill be affraid,
 For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
 And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
 Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
 Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep do grone:
 He lives that shall him pay his dewties last,
 And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast.'

L

'O! but I feare the fickle freakes,' (quoth shee) 442
 'Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.'
 'Why, dame,' (quoth he) 'what oddes can ever bee,
 Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield?'
 'Yea, but,' (quoth she) 'he beares a charmed shield,
 And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce;
 Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.'
 'Charmd or enchaunted,' answerd he then ferce,
 'I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to reherce.'

LI

'But, faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile, 451
 Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
 Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,
 Till morrow next that I the Elfe subdew,
 And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew.'
 'Ah me! that is a double death,' (she said)
 'With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew,
 Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
 Shall follow you.' So, passing forth, she him obaid.

CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
 Subdewes his faithlesse foe;
 Whom false Duessa saves, and for
 His cure to hell does goe.

I

THE noble hart that harbours vertuous thought, 1
 And is with childe of glorious great intent,
 Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
 Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent:
 Such restlesse passion did all night torment
 The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
 Devizing how that doughtie turnament
 With greatest honour he atchieven might:
 Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

II

At last, the golden Orientall gate 10
 Of greatest heaven gan to open faire;
 And Phoebus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
 Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire,
 And hurld his glistening beams through gloomy aire.
 Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streight way,
 He started up, and did him selfe prepaire
 In sunbright armes, and battailous array;
 For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

III

And forth he comes into the commune hall; 19
 Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
 To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
 There many Minstrales maken melody,
 To drive away the dull melánocholy;
 And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
 Can tune their timely voyces cunningly;
 And many Chroniclers, that can record
 Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

*Rick looks forward to
 light of dawn.*

IV

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin, 28
 In woven maile all armed warily ;
 And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
 Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
 They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
 And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,
 To kindle heat of corage privily ;
 And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
 T'observe the sacred lawes of armes that are assynd.

V

At last forth comes that far renommed Queene : 37
 With royall pomp and princely majestie
 She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
 And placed under stately canapee,
 The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
 On th' other side in all mens open vew
 Duessa placed is, and on a tree
 Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew ;
 Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

VI

A shrilling trompett sownded from on hye, 46
 And unto battaill bad them selves addresse :
 Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
 And burning blades about their heades doe blesse,
 The instruments of wrath and heavinesse.
 With greedy force each other doth assayle,
 And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
 Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle :
 The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

VII

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong, 55
 And heaped blows like yron hammers great ;
 For after blood and vengeance he did long :
 The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
 And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat ;
 For all for praise and honour he did fight.
 Both stricken strike, and beaten both doe beat,
 That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,
 And hewen helmets deepe shew marks of eithers might,

equal match.

VIII

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right. 64
 As when a Gryfon, seized of his pray,
 A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
 Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
 That would his rightfull ravine rend away :
 With hideous horror both together smight,
 And souce so sore that they the heavens affray ;
 The wise Southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
 Th' amazed vulgar tels of warres and mortall fight.

IX

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right, 73
 And each to deadly shame would drive his foe :
 The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
 In tender flesh, that streames of blood down flow ;
 With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
 Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
 Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
 Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
 That victory they dare not wish to either side.

X

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye, 82
 His suddein eye flaming with wrathfull fyre,
 Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby :
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
 And said ; ' Ah ! wretched sonne of wofull syre,
 Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
 Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre ?
 And, sluggish german, doest thy forces slake
 To after-send his foe, that him may overtake ?

XI

' Goe, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake, 91
 And soone redeeme from his long-wandring woe :
 Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
 That I his shield have quit from dying foe.'
 Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
 That wise he reeled, readie wise to fall :
 End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
 The lookers on ; and lowd to him gan call
 The false Duessa, ' Thine the shield, and I, and all !'

XII

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake, 100
 Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake ;
 And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake :
 Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
 Of all attonce he cast avengd to be,
 And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
 That forced him to stoupe upon his knee :
 Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

XIII

And to him said ; ' Goe now, proud Miscreant, 109
 Thyselfe thy message do to german deare ;
 Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want :
 Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.'
 Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
 Him to have slaine ; when lo ! a darkesome clowd
 Upon him fell : he no where doth appeare,
 But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
 But answer none receives ; the darknes him does shrowd.

XIV

In haste Duessa from her place arose, 118
 And to him running said ; ' O ! prowest knight,
 That ever Ladie to her love did chose,
 Let now abate the terrour of your might,
 And quench the flame of furious despight,
 And bloodie vengeance : lo ! th' infernall powres,
 Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
 Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres : [yours.'
 The conquest yours ; I yours ; the shield, and glory

XV

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye 127
 He sought all round about, his thirsty blade
 To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy ;
 Who all that while lay hid in secret shade.
 He standes amazed how he thence should fade :
 At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie ;
 And running Heralds humble homage made,
 Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
 And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

XVI

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene ; 136
 And falling her before on lowly knee,
 To her makes present of his service seene :
 Which she accepts with thankes and goodly gree,
 Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree :
 So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
 Whom all the people followe with great glee,
 Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
 That all the ayre it fills, and flyes to heaven bright.

XVII

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed, 145
 Where many skilful leaches him abide
 To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
 In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
 And softly can embalme on everie side :
 And all the while most heavenly melody
 About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
 Him to beguile of grieve and agony ;
 And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

XVIII

As when a wearie traveiler, that strayes 154
 By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,—
 Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
 Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,
 Which, in false grieve hyding his harmefull guile,
 Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares ;
 The foolish man, that pitties all this while
 His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unwares,
 Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an others cares.

XIX

So wept Duessa untill eventyde, 163
 That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light ;
 Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
 But comes unto the place where th' Hethen knight,
 In slombring swownd, nigh voyd of vitall spright,
 Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day :
 Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
 To wayle his woefull case she would not stay,
 But to the Easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way :

XX

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
 That Phœbus-chearefull face durst never vew,
 And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
 She findes forth comming from her darksome mew,
 Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
 Before the dore her yron charet stood,
 Already harnesssed for iourney new,
 And cole blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
 That on their rusty bits did champ as they were wood.

*needs the
 172
 support of
 darkness*

XXI

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright, 181
 Adorn'd with gold and iewels shining cleare,
 She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
 And th' unacquainted light began to feare,
 For never did such brightnes there appeare ;
 And would have backe retyred to her cave,
 Untill the witches speach she gan to heare,
 Saying ; ' Yet, O thou dreaded Dame ! I crave
 Abyde, till I have told the message which I have.'

XXII

She stayd ; and fourth Duessa gan proceede. 195
 ' O ! thou most auncient Grandmother of all.
 More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
 Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,
 Which wast begot in Dæmogorgons hall,
 And sawst the secrets of the world unmade.
 Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
 With Elfin sword most shamefully betrade ?
 Lo ! where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in deadly shade.

XXIII

' And him before, I saw with bitter eyes 199
 The bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare :
 And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
 Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
 That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
 O ! what of gods then boots it to be borne,
 If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare ?
 Or who shall not great Nightës children scorne.
 When two of three her Nephewes are so fowle forlorne ?

XXIV

‘Up, then! up, dreary Dame, of darknes Queene! 208.
 Go, gather up the reliques of thy race;
 Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene
 That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
 And can the children of fayre light deface.’
 Her feeling speaches some compassion mov’d
 In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
 Yet pittie in her hart was never prov’d
 Till then, for evermore she hated, never lov’d:

XXV

And said, ‘Deare daughter, rightly may I rew 217
 The fall of famous children borne of mee,
 And good successes which their foes ensew:
 But who can turn the stream of destinee,
 Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
 Which fast is tyde to Ioves eternall seat?
 The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
 And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
 To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

XXVI

‘Yet shall they not escape so freely all, 226
 For some shall pay the price of others guilt;
 And he the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
 Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
 But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt?’
 ‘I, that do seeme not I, Duessa am,
 Quoth she, ‘how ever now, in garments gilt
 And gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came,
 Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame.’

XXVII

Then, bowing downe her aged backe, she kist 235
 The wicked witch, saying, ‘In that fayre face
 The false resemblaunce of Deceipt, I wist,
 Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
 It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
 Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
 Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
 O welcome, child! whom I have longd to see,
 And now have seene unwares. Lo! now I go with thee.’

XXVIII

Then to her yron wagon she betakes, 244
 And with her beares the fowle welfavourd witch.
 Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes :
 Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
 And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,
 Did softly swim away, ne ever stampe
 Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch ;
 Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
 And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

XXIX

So well they sped, that they be come at length 253
 Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
 Devoid of outward sence and native strength,
 Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
 And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
 His cruell wounds, with cruddy bloud congeald,
 They binden up so wisely as they may,
 And handle softly, till they can be heald :
 So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

*Evil concealed
by
Night.*

XXX

And, all the while she stood upon the ground, 262
 The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
 As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
 With which her yron wheelles did them affray,
 And her darke griesly looke them much dismay :
 The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
 With drery shriekes did also her bewray ;
 And hungry wolves continually did howle
 At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

XXXI

Thence turning backe in silence softely they stole, 271
 And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
 To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole.
 By that same hole an entraunce, darke and bace,
 With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
 Descends to hell : there creature never past,
 That backe retourned without heavenly grace ;
 But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have brast,
 And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

XXXII

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive 280
 Their mournfull charett, fild with rusty blood,
 And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive :
 Which passing through, on every side them stood
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
 Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
 With stony eyes ; and all the hellish brood
 Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
 To gaze on erthly wight that with the Night durst ride.

XXXIII

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron, 289
 Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
 And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
 And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
 Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.
 The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
 In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
 The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

XXXIV

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus 298
 His three deformed heads did lay along,
 Curled with thousand adders venemous,
 And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong :
 At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
 And felly gnarre, untill dayes enemy
 Did him appease ; then downe his taile he hong,
 And suffered them to passen quietly ;
 For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

XXXV

There was Ixion turned on a wheele, 307
 For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin ;
 And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
 Against an hill, ne might from labour lin ;
 There thristy Tantalus hong by the chin ;
 And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw ;
 Typhœus joynts were stretched on a gin ;
 Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by law ;
 And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw.

XXXVI

They all, beholding worldly wights in place, 316
 Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
 To gaze on them ; who forth by them doe pace,
 Till they be come unto the furthest part ;
 Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous art.
 Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse.
 In which sad Aesculapius far apart
 Emprisond was in chaines remedillesse ;
 For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

XL

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain 352
 When Iove avizd, that could the dead revive,
 And fates expired could renew again,
 Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
 But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore :
 Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive
 Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
 And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

XLI

There auncient Night arriving did alight 361
 From her nigh wearie wayne, and in her armes
 To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight :
 Whom having softly disarayd of armes,
 Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
 Beseeching him with prayer and with praise,
 If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
 A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
 He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

XLII

'Ah Dame,' (quoth he) 'thou temptest me in vaine,
 To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew, 371
 And the old cause of my continued paine
 With like attempt to like end to renew.
 Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,
 Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest me to eeke? Can Night defray [day?]
 The wrath of thundring Iove, that rules both night and

XLIII

‘Not so,’ (quoth she) ‘but, sith that heavens king 379
 From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing ;
 And fearest not that more thee hurten might,
 Now in the powre of everlasting Night ?
 Goe to then, O thou farre renoumed sonne
 Of great Apollo ! shew thy famous might
 In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
 Great paines, and greater praise, both never to be donne.’

XLIV

Her words prevaile : And then the learned leach 388
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
 And all things els the which his art did teach :
 Which having seene, from thence arose away
 The mother of dredd darknesse, and let stay
 Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure ;
 And, backe retourning, took her wonted way
 To ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebus pure
 In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV

The false Duessa, leaving noyous Night, 397
 Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pride :
 Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
 Departed thence ; albe his woundes wyde
 Not throughly heald unreadie were to ride.
 Good cause he had to hasten thence away ;
 For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spide
 Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
 Of caytive wretched thrals, that wayled night and day :

XLVI

A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie, 406
 Of whom he learned had in secret wise
 The hidden cause of their captivitie ;
 How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
 Through wastfull Pride and wanton Riotise,
 They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse,
 Provokt with Wrath and Envies false surmise,
 Condemned to that Dongeon mercillesse,
 Where they should live in wo, and die in wretchednesse.

XLVII

There was that great proud king of Babylon, 415
 That would compell all nations to adore,
 And him as onely God to call upon ;
 Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,
 Into an Oxe he was transformd of yore.
 There also was king Cræsus, that enhaunst
 His hart too high through his great richesse 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, 424
 That first the world with sword and fire warrayd ;
 And after him old Ninus far did pas
 In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.
 There also was that mightie Monarch layd
 Low under all, yet above all in pride,
 That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
 And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
 Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefull death he dide.

XLIX

All these together in one heape were throwne, 433
 Like carcases of beastes in butchers stall.
 And in another corner wide were strowne
 The Antique ruins of the Romaines fall :
 Great Romulus, the Grandsyre of them all ;
 Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus ;
 Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball ;
 Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius ;
 High Cæsar, great Pompey, and fiers Antonius.

L

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt, 442
 Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke :—
 The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
 With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke :
 Fayre Sthenobœa, that her selfe did choke
 With wilfull chord for wanting of her will ;
 High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
 Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill ;
 And thousands moe the like that did that dongeon fill.

LI

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles, 451
 Which thither were assembled day by day
 From all the world, after their wofull falles,
 Through wicked pride and wasted welthes decay.
 But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,
 Fell from high Princes courtes, or Ladies bowres,
 Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
 Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse howres,
 And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

LII

Whose case whenas the careful Dwarfe had tould, 460
 And made ensample of their mournfull sight
 Unto his Maister, he no lenger would
 There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
 But earely rose ; and, ere that dawning light
 Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
 He by a privy Posterne tooke his flight,
 That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde ;
 For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him descryde.

LIII

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way, 469
 For many corses, like a great Lay-stall,
 Of murdred men, which therein strowed lay
 Without remorse or decent funerall ;
 Which al through that great Princesse pride did fall,
 And came to shamefull end. And them besyde,
 Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
 A Donghill of dead carcases he spyde ;
 The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pryde.

*Learning Pryde,
 he sees it's
 sordid appearance.*

CANTO VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
 Fayre Una is releast :
 Whom salvage nation does adore,
 And learns her wise beheast.

I

As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle, I
 An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
 That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
 The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
 At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
 To joy at his foolhappie oversight :
 So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
 The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
 Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

II

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed 10
 The fayre Duess' had forst him leave behind ;
 And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dreed,
 Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind :
 Yet cryme in her could never creature find ;
 But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,
 She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
 Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
 Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake :

VI

The pitteous maiden, carefull, comfortlesse, 46
 Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cries,
 The last vaine helpe of wemens great distresse,
 And with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes,
 That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes ;
 And Phœbus, flying so most shamefull 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

Eternall providence, exceeding thought, 55
 Where none appeares can make her selfe a way.
 A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
 From Lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.
 Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray,
 That all the woodes and forestes did resound :
 A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
 Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd :

VIII

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice, 64
 In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
 And ran towardes the far rebownded noyce,
 To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
 Unto the place they come incontinent :
 Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
 A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
 Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde,
 But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

IX

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place, 73
 There find the virgin, dolefull, desolate,
 With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,
 As her outrageous foe had left her late ;
 And trembling yet through feare of former hate.
 All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
 And gin to pittie her unhappie state :
 All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
 In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull plight.

X

She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell ; 82
 And every tender part for feare does shake.
 As when a greedy Wolfe, through honger fell,
 A seely Lamb far from the flock does take,
 Of whom he meanes his bloudie feast to make,
 A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
 The innocent pray in hast he does forsake ;
 Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim
 With change of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

XI

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart, 91
 Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had ;
 The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
 And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad ;
 Their frowning forheades, with rough hornes yclad,
 And rustick horror, all aside doe lay ;
 And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
 To comfort her ; and, feare to put away,
 Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

XII

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit 100
 Her single person to their barbarous truth ;
 But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sit,
 Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th.
 They, in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
 Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth ;
 And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne, [fayne.
 Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance

XIII

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise, 109
 And yieldees her to extremitie of time :
 So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime.
 They, all as glad as birdes of ioyous Pryme,
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
 Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme ;
 And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
 Do worship her as Queene with olive girlond croud.

XIV

And all the way their merry pipes they sound. 118
 That all the woods with doubled Echo ring ;
 And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
 So towards old Sylvanus they her bring ;
 Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
 To weet the cause, his weake steps governing
 And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout,
 And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

XV

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad ; 127
 Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
 Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad :
 They, drawing nigh, unto their God present
 That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent.
 The God himselfe, viewing that mirrhour rare,
 Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent
 His owne fayre Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
 And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

XVI

The woodborne people fall before her flat, 136
 And worship her as Goddesse of the wood ;
 And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not what
 To thinke of wight so fayre, but gazing stood
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood :
 Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see ;
 But Venus never had so sober mood :
 Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
 But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

XVII

By vew of her he ginneth to revive 145
 His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse ;
 And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
 How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this ;
 And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
 A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy
 Did love as life, above all worldly blisse ;
 For grieve whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
 But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

XVIII

The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades, 154
 Her to behold do thither runne apace ;
 And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
 Flocke all about to see her lovely face ;
 But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
 They envy her in their malicious mind,
 And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace.
 But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
 And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth they find.

XIX

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky maid 163
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
 And long time with that salvage people stayd,
 To gather breath in many miseryes.
 During which time her gentle wit she plyes
 To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
 And made her th' Image of Idolatryes ;
 But when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne [fayn.
 From her own worship, they her Asse would worship

simple? do not see deeper significances
 172
of Asse. Jerusalem

XX

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

XXI

A Satyres sonne, yborne in forrest wyld, 181
 By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
 And there begotten of a Lady myld,
 Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde ;
 That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
 To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
 Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde,
 And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
 Then serve his Ladies love, and waste in pleasures vayne.

XXIV

For all he taught the tender ymp was but 208
 To banish cowardize and bastard feare :
 His trembling hand he would him force to put
 Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare ;
 And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare ;
 And eke wyld roring Buls he would him make
 To tame, and ryde their backes, not made to beare ;
 And the Robuckes in flight to overtake,
 That everie beast for feare of him did fly, and quake.

XXV

Thereby so fearelesse and so fell he grew, 217
 That his own syre, and maister of his guise,
 Did often tremble at his horrid vew ;
 And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise
 The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
 Nor too much to provoke ; for he would learne
 The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
 (A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
 Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

XXVI

And for to make his powre approved more, 226
 Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell ;
 The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
 The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell,
 The Antelope, and Wolfe both fiers and fell ;
 And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
 Such ioy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
 That his beheast they feared as a tyrans law.

XXVII

His loving mother came upon a day 235
 Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne ;
 And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
 After his sportes and cruell pastime donne ;
 When after him a Lyonesse did runne,
 That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
 Her children deare, whom he away had wonne :
 The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
 And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

XXVIII

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight, 244
 And turning backe gan fast to fly away ;
 Untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,
 She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
 And then to him these womanish words gan say :
 ' Ah Satyrane, my dearling and my ioy,
 For love of me leave off this dreadfull play ;
 To dally thus with death is no fit toy :
 Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.'

XXIX

In these and like delightes of bloody game 253
 He trayned was, till ryper years he raught ;
 And there abode, whilst any beast of name
 Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught
 To feare his force : and then his courage haught
 Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
 And far abroad for straunge adventures sought ;
 In which his might was never overthrowne ;
 But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

XXX

Yet evermore it was his manner faire, 262
 After long labours and adventures spent,
 Unto those native woods for to repaire,
 To see his syre and ofspring auncient.
 And now he thither came for like intent ;
 Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
 Straunge Lady in so straunge habiliment,
 Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
 Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

XXXI

He wondred at her wisdome heavenly rare, 271
 Whose like in womens witt he never knew ;
 And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,
 Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
 Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
 And ioyd to make prooffe of her cruelty
 On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse and so trew :
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
 And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

*faith (una)
 teaches faith
 and verity*

XXXII

But she, all vovd unto the Redcrosse Knight, 280
 Hir wandring perill closely did lament,
 Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight ;
 But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
 And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
 How to escape. At last in privy wise
 To Satyrane she shewed 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 Satyres all were gone 289
 To do their service to Sylvanus old,
 The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
 He led away with corage stout and bold.
 Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
 Or ever hope recover her againe :
 In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
 So fast he carried her with carefull paine, [plaine.
 That they the woods are past, and come now to the

XXXIV

The better part now of the lingring day 298
 They traveild had, whenas they far espide
 A weary wight forwandring by the way ;
 And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
 To weete of news that did abroad betide,
 Or tidings of her knight of the Redcrosse ;
 But he them spying gan to turn aside
 For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse :
 More greedy they of newes fast towards him do crosse.

XXXV

*Archieve
Newspaper*
 A silly man, in simple weeds forworne, 307
 And soild with dust of the long dried way ;
 His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
 And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
 As he had traveild many a somers day
 Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde,
 And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay
 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 inquerd 316
 Tidings of warre, and of adventures new ;
 But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd,
 Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,
 Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
 That in his armour bare a croslet red ?
 ' Ay me ! Deare dame,' (quoth he) ' well may I rew
 To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red ;
 These eies did see that knight both living and eke ded.'

XXXVII

That cruell word her tender hart so thrid, 325
 That sudden cold did ronne through every vaine,
 And stony horreur all her sences fild
 With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
 The knight her lightly reared up againe,
 And comforted with curteous kind reliefe :
 Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
 The further processe of her hidden grieffe :
 The lesser pangs can beare who hath endur'd the chief.

XXXVIII

Then gan the Pilgrim thus : ' I chaunst this day, 334
 This fatall day that shall I ever rew,
 To see two knights, in travell on my way,
 (A sory sight) arraung'd in battel new,
 Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew.
 My feareful flesh did tremble at their ^{strife,}
 To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
 That, dronke with blood, yet thristed after life : [knife.'
 What more ? the Redcrosse knight was slain with Paynim

XXXIX

' Ah ! dearest Lord,' (quoth she) ' how might that bee,
 And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne ?' 344
 ' Ah ! dearest dame,' (quoth hee) ' how might I see
 The thing that might not be, and yet was donne ?'
 ' Where is,' (said Satyrane) ' that Paynims sonne,
 That him of life, and us of joy, hath reffe ?'
 ' Not far away,' (quoth he) ' he hence doth wonne,
 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him leste [cleft.'
 Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele were

XL

f Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast, 352
 Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse opprest,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast ;
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
 Whereas that Pagan proud him selfe did rest
 In secret shadow by a fountaine side :
 Even he it was, that earst would have suppress
 Faire Una ; whom when Satyrane espide,
 With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide.

XLI

And said ; ‘ Arise, thou cursed Miscreant, 361
 That hast with knightlesse guile, and trecherous train,
 Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
 That good knight of the Redcrosse to have slain :
 Arise, and with like treason now maintain
 Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield.’
 The Sarazin, this hearing, rose amain,
 And, catching up in hast his three-square shield
 And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

XLII

And, drawing nigh him, said ; ‘ Ah ! misborn Elfe, 370
 In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent
 Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe :
 Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent
 My name with guile and traiterous intent :
 That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never slew ;
 But had he beene where earst his armes were lent,
 Th’ enchaunter vaine his error should not rew :
 But thou his error shalt, I hope, now proven trew.’

XLIII

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell, 379
 To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
 Each other, bent his enemy to quell,
 That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
 And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
 That it would pittie any living eie.
 Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile,
 But floods of blood could not them satisfie :
 Both hongred after death ; both chose to win, or die.

XLIV

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue, 388
 That, fainting, each themselves to breathe let,
 And, ofte refreshed, battell oft renew.
 As when two Bores, with rancling malice met,
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret ;
 Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
 Where foming wrath their cruell tusks they whett,
 And trample th’ earth, the whiles they may respire,
 Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

XLV

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once, 397
 They gan to fight retourne, increasing more
 Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
 With heaped strokes more hugely then before ;
 That with their drery wounds, and bloody gore,
 They both, deformed, scarsely could bee known.
 By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
 Led with their noise which through the aire was thrown,
 Arriv'd wher they in erth their fruitles blood had sown.

XLVI

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin 406
 Espide, he gan revive the memory
 Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,
 And lefte the doubtfull battell hastily,
 To catch her, newly offred to his eie ;
 But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
 And sternely bad him other businesse plie
 Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid :
 Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speaches said.

XLVII

'O foolish faeries sonne ! what fury mad 415
 Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate ?
 Were it not better I that Lady had
 Then that thou hadst repented it too late ?
 Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,
 To love another : Lo ! then, for thine ayd,
 Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.'
 So they to fight ; the whiles the royall Mayd
 Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afraid.

XLVIII

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told, 424
 Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
 In secret shadow all this to behold ;
 And much reioyced in their bloody fray :
 But, when he saw the Damsell passe away,
 He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
 In hope to bring her to her last decay.
 But for to tell her lamentable cace,
 And eke this battels end, will need another place.

CANTO VII.

The Redcrosse knight is captive made
 By Gyaunt proud opprest :
 Prince Arthure meets with Una great-
 ly with those newes distrest.

I

WHAT man so wise, what earthly wit so ware, I
 As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
 By which deceit doth maske in visour faire,
 And cast her coulours, dyed deepe in graine,
 To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can faine,
 And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
 The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
 Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame
 The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.

II

Who when, returning from the drery Night, 10
 She fownd not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
 Where she had left the noble Redcrosse knight,
 Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde,
 But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
 Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
 To reste him selfe foreby a fountaine syde,
 Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate;
 And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

III

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes 19
 His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
 Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
 Wherein the cherefull birds of sundry kynd
 Doe chaunt sweet musick to delight his mynd.
 The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
 And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd
 Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet, [sweet.
 With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with_hony

IV

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat, 28
 And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,
 Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
 And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
 About the fountaine like a girlond made ;
 Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
 Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade :
 The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
 Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

V

The cause was this : one day, when Phoebe fayre 37
 With all her band was following the chace,
 This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
 Satt downe to rest in middest of the race :
 The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
 And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
 Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
 Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and slow,
 And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow.

VI

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was ; 46
 And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
 Dronke of the streame, as cleare as cristall glas :
 Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
 And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.
 His chaunged powres at first them selves not felt ;
 Till crudled cold his corage gan assaile,
 And cheareful blood in faintnes chill did melt,
 Which like a fever fit through all his body swelt.

VII

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame, 55
 Poured out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
 Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame ;
 Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
 Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
 That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
 And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,
 Upstarted lightly from his looser make,
 And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

VIII

But ere he could his armour on him dight, 64
 Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
 An hideous Geaunt, horrible and hye,
 That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye ;
 The ground eke groned under him for dreed :
 His living like saw never living eye,
 Ne durst behold : his stature did exceed
 The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

X

So growen great, through arrogant delight 82
 Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
 All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne.
 And left to losse ; his stalking steps are stayde
 Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

XI

That, when the knight he spyde, he gan advaunce 91
 With huge force and insupportable mayne,
 And towards him with dreadfull fury prounce ;
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
 Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,
 Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde ;
 And eke so faint in every ioynt and vayne,
 Through that fraile fountain which him feeble made,
 That scarsely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

XII

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse, 100
 That could have overthrowne a stony towre ;
 And, were not hevenly grace that did him blesse,
 He had beene pouldred all as thin as flowre :
 But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
 And lightly lept from underneath the blow :
 Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
 That with the winde it did him overthrow,
 And all his sences stound that still he lay full low.

XIII

As when that divelish yron Engin, wrought 109
 In deepest Hell, and framd by Furies skill,
 With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
 And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
 Conceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill
 With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
 That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke ;
 That th'onely breath him daunts, who hath escapt the stroke.

XIV

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight, 118
 His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
 And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
 Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye,
 'O great Orgoglio ! greatest under skye,
 O ! hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake ;
 Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
 But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
 And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Leman take.'

XV

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes, 127
 To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake :
 So willingly she came into his armes,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take,
 And was possessed of his newfound make.
 Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,
 And, ere hē could out of his swowne awake,
 Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
 And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

XVI

From that day forth Duessa was his deare, 136
 And highly honourd in his haughtie eye :
 He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
 And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
 And her endowd with royall majestye.
 Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
 And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
 A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.

*The deare 136
 Duessa*

XVII

Such one it was, as that renowned Snake 145
 Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
 Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake :
 Whose many heades, out budding ever new,
 Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.
 But this same Monster much more ugly was,
 For seven great heads out of his body grew,
 An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
 And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

XVIII

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length, 154
 That to the hous of hevenly gods it raught :
 And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
 The everburning lamps from thence it braught,
 And prowdly threw to ground, as things of naught ;
 And underneath his filthy feet did tread
 The sacred thinges, and holy heastes foretaught.
 Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head
 He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

XIX

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall 163
 Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
 And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
 When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed ;
 His mightie Armour, missing most at need ;
 His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse ;
 His poynant speare that many made to bleed,
 The rueful moniments of heavinesse ;
 And with them all departes to tell his great distresse.

XX

He had not travaild long, when on the way 172
 He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met,
 Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
 Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let :
 Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
 And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
 She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
 And lively breath her sad brest did forsake ;
 Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

XXI

The messenger of so unhappie newes 181
 Would faine have dyde : dead was his hart within,
 Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes.
 At last, recovering hart, he does begin
 To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
 And everie tender part does tosse and turne :
 So hardly he the flitted life does win
 Unto her native prison to retourne ;
 Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne

XXII

'Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight, 190
 That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
 Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
 Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
 Sith cruell fates the carefull threds unfould,
 The which my life and love together tyde ?
 Now let the stony dart of senselesse cold
 Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side,
 And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde.

XXIII

'O lightsome day ! the lampe of highest Love, 199
 First made by him mens wandring wayes to gujde,
 When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove,
 Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
 And shut up heavens windowes shying wyde ;
 For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
 And late repentance which shall long abyde :
 Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
 But seeled up with death shall have their deadly meed.'

*light
was
Man's guide*

XXIV

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground, 208
 But he her quickly reared up againe :
 Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
 And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
 At last when life recover'd had the raine,
 And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
 With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
 'Tell on,' (quoth she) 'the wofull Tragedie,
 The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye.

XXV

‘ Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight, 217
 And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart :
 Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
 Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart :
 Who hath endur’d the whole can beare ech part.
 If death it be, it is not the first wound
 That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
 Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound ;
 If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found.’

XXVI

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare ; 226
 The subtill traines of Archimago old ;
 The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
 Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold ;
 The wretched payre transformed to treën mould ;
 The house of Pryde, and perilles round about ;
 The combat which he with Sansjoy did hould ;
 The lucklesse conflict with the Gyant stout,
 Wherein captiv’d, of life or death he stood in doubt.

XXVII

She heard with patience all unto the end, 235
 And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
 Which greater grew the more she did contend,
 And almost rent her tender hart in tway ;
 And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay ;
 For greater love, the greater is the losse.
 Was never Lady loved dearer day
 Then she did love the knight of the Redcrosse,
 For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

XXVIII

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was, 244
 She up arose, resolving him to find
 Alive or dead ; and forward forth doth pas,
 All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd ;
 And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
 She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale.
 Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
 High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
 She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

XXIX

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet 253
 A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
 Together with his Squyre, arayed meet :
 His glitterand armour shined far away,
 Like glauncing light of Phœbus brightest ray ;
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,
 That deadly dint of steele endanger may.
 Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware, [rare.
 That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pretious

XXX

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone 262
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,
 Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
 Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights :
 Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
 In yvory sheath, yearv'd with curious slights,
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
 Of mother perle ; and buckled with a golden tong.

XXXI

His haughtie Helmet, horrid all with gold, 271
 Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bred :
 For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spred
 His golden winges : his dreadfull hideous hed,
 Close couched on the bever, seemed to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery red,
 That suddeine horreur to faint hartes did show :
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his backe full low.

XXXII

Upon the top of all his loftie crest, 280
 A bunch of heares discolourd diversly,
 With sprinckled pearle and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seemed to daunce for iollity,
 Like to an almond tree ymounted hyc
 On top of greene Selinis all alone,
 With blossoms brave bedecked daintily :
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

XXXIII

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was, 289
 Ne might of mortall eye be ever scene ;
 Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
 Such earthly mettals soon consumed bene,
 But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
 It framed was, one massie entire mould,
 Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
 That point of speare it never percen could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

XXXIV

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
 But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
 Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
 Or when the flying heavens he would affray ;
 For so exceeding shone his glistening ray,
 That Phœbus golden face it did attaint,
 As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay ;
 And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faynt,
 As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

XXXV

No magicke arts hereof had any might, 307
 Nor bloody wordes of bold Enchaunters call ;
 But all that was not such as seemd in sight
 Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall :
 And when him list the raskall routes appall,
 Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all ;
 And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
 He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

XXXVI

Ne let it seeme that credence this exceedes ; 316
 For he that made the same was knowne right well
 To have done much more admirable deedes.
 It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
 All living wightes in might of magicke spell :
 Both shield and sword, and armour all he wrought
 For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell ;
 But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
 To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought :

XXXVII

A gentle youth, his dearly loved Squire, 325
 His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
 Whose harmefull head, thrise heated in the fire,
 Had riven many a brest with pikehead square :
 A goodly person, and could menage faire
 His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,
 Who under him did trample as the aire,
 And chauft that any on his backe should sitt :
 The yron rowels into frothy fome he bitt.

XXXVIII

Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew, 334
 With lovely court he gan her entertaine ;
 But, when he heard her answers loth, he knew
 Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine ;
 Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
 And for her humor fitting purpose faine,
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray,
 Wherewith enmov'd, these bleeding words she gan to say.

XXXIX

'What worlds^l delight, or joy of living speach, 343
 Can heart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach ?
 The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
 And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
 Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale,
 Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
 Then rip up griefe where it may not availe :
 My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile.'

XL

' Ah Lady deare,' quoth then the gentle knight, 352
 ' Well may I ween your griefe is wondrous great ;
 For wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat,
 But, woefull Lady, let me you intrete,
 For to unfold the anguish of your hart :
 Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
 And counsell mitigates the greatest smart :
 Found never help who never would his hurts impart.'

XLI

'O, but,' (quoth she) 'great griefe will not be tould, 361
And can more easily be thought then said.'

'Right so,' (quoth he) 'but he that never would
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid.'

'But griefe,' (quoth she) 'does greater grow displaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.'

'Despaire breeds not,' (quoth he) 'where faith is staid.'

'No faith so fast,' (quoth she) 'but flesh does paire.'

'Flesh may empaire,' (quoth he) 'but reason can repaire.'

XLII

His goodly reason, and well-guided speach, 370

So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,

That her perswaded to disclose the breach

Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;

And said; 'Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought

You to inquere the secrets of my griefe,

Or that your wisdome will direct my thought,

Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:

Then, heare the story sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

XLIII

'The forlorne Maiden, whom your eies have scene 379

The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,

Am th' onely daughter of a King and Queene,

Whose parents deare, whiles equal destinies

Did ronne about, and their felicities

The favouráble heavens did not envý,

Did spread their rule through all the territories,

Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,

And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually:

XLIV

'Till that their cruell cursed enemy, 388

An huge great Dragon, horrible in sight,

Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,

With murdrous ravine, and devouring might,

Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight:

Themselves, for feare into his iawes to fall,

He forst to castle strong to take their flight;

Where, fast embard in mighty brasen wall,

He has them now fowr years besiegd to make them thrall.

XLV

‘ Full many knights, adventurous and stout, 397
 Have enterpriz’d that Monster to subdew :
 From every coast that heaven walks about
 Have thither come the noble Martiall crew,
 That famous harde atchicgements still pursew ;
 Yet never any could that girlond win,
 But all still shronke, and still he greater grew :
 All they, for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
 The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

XLVI

‘ At last, yled with farre reported praise, 406
 Which flying fame throughout the world had spread, *h. h.*
 Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,
 That noble order hight of Maidenhed, *the record*
 Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
 Of Gloriane, great Queene of glory bright,
 Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red ;
 There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
 That Parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

XLVII

‘ Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and good)
 There for to find a fresh unproved knight ; 416
 Whose manly hands imbrewd in guilty blood
 Had never beene, ne ever by his might
 Had throwne to ground the unregarded right :
 Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made
 (I witnes am) in many a cruell fight ;
 The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
 Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII

‘ And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre, 424
 His byting sword, and his devouring speare,
 Which have endured many a dreadful stowre,
 Can speake his prowesse that did earst you beare,
 And well could rule ; now he hath left you heare
 To be the record of his ruefull losse,
 And of my dolefull disadventurous deare.
 O ! heavie record of the good Redcrosse,
 Where have yee left your lord that could so well you tosse ?

XLIX

'Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had, 433
 That he my captive languor should redeeme:
 Till, all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad
 His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
 My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
 That rather death desire then such despight.
 Be judge, ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,
 How I him lov'd, and love with all my might,
 So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

L

'Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke, 442
 To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,
 And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
 Where never foote of living wight did tread,
 That brought not backe the balefull body dead:
 In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,
 Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread;
 Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweete,
 Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

LI

'At last, by subtile sleights she him betraid 451
 Unto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall;
 Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
 Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
 The monster mercillesse him made to fall,
 Whose fall did never foe before behold:
 And now in darksome dungeon, wretched thrall,
 Remedillesse for aie he doth him hold.
 This is my cause of grieffe, more great then may be told.'

LII

Ere she had ended all she gan to faint: 460
 But he her comforted, and faire bespake:
 'Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint;
 That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake:
 But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;
 For till I have acquit your captive knight,
 Assure your selfe I will you not forsake.'
 His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright,
 So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever right.

CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
 Brings Arthure to the fight :
 Who slayes the Gyant, wounds the beast,
 And strips Duessa quight.

I

Av me! how many perils doe enfold
 The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
 Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
 And stedfast truth acquite him out of all,
 Her love is firme, her care continuall,
 So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
 Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
 Els should this Redcrosse knight in bands have dyde,
 For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thither guyd.

I

man of law's

II

They sadly traveild thus, untill they came
 Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye:
 Then cryde the Dwarfe, 'Lo! yonder is the same,
 In which my Lord, my liege, doth lucklesse ly
 Thrall to that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny:
 Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.'
 The noble knight alighted by and by
 From loftie steed, and badd the Ladie stay,
 To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

10

III

So with his Squire, th' admirer of his might,
 He marched forth towardses that castle wall,
 Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living wight
 To warde the same, nor answer commers call.
 Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
 Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
 And tasselles gay. Wyde wonders over all
 Of that same hornes great virtues weren told,
 Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

19

IV

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sound, 28
 But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
 Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
 And Ecchoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe:
 No false enchauntment, nor deceptfull traine,
 Might once abide the terror of that blast,
 But presently was void and wholly vaine:
 No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
 But with that piercing noise flew open quite, or brast.

V

The same before the Geaunts gate he blew, 37-
 That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
 And every dore of freewill open flew.
 The Gyaunt selfe, dismaied with that sound,
 Where he with his Duessa dalliance fownd,
 In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
 With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
 And staggering steps, to weet what suddein stowre
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded
 [powre.

VI

And after him the proud Duessa came, 46
 High mounted on her many headed beast,
 And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
 And every head was crowned on his creast,
 And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.
 That when the knight beheld, his mightie shield
 Upon his manly arme he soone adrest,
 And at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,
 And eger greedinesse through every member thriild.

VII

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight, 55
 Inflamd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
 And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
 All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
 Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
 But wise and wary was that noble Pere;
 And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
 Did fayre avoide the violence him nere:
 It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare,

VIII

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might: 64
 The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
 Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
 Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
 So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
 That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw.
 The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
 Did grone full grievous underneath the blow, [show.
 And trembling with strange feare did like an erthquake

IX

As when almightie Jove, in wrathfull mood, 73
 To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
 Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food
 Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
 Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
 The fiers threeforked engin, making way,
 Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
 And all that might his angry passage stay;
 And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of clay.

X

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd, 82
 He could not rearen up againe so light,
 But that the Knight him at advantage fownd;
 And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
 Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
 He smott off his left arme, which like a block
 Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might:
 Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
 Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.

XI

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound, 91
 And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
 He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,
 That all the fieldes rebellowed againe.
 As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
 An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
 Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
 And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing:
 The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur ring.

XII

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw 100
 The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,
 Unto his aide she hastily did draw
 Her dreadfull beast; who, swolne with blood of late,
 Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
 And threatnd all his heades like flaming brandes,
 But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
 Encountring fiers with single sword in hand;
 And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

XIII

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight, 109
 And fiers disdaind to be affronted so,
 Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
 That stop out of the way to overthrow,
 Scorning the let of so unequall foe:
 But nathemore would that corageous swayne
 To her yeeld passage gainst his Lord to goe,
 But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
 And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

XIV

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup, 118
 Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
 Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
 And secret poyson through their inner partes,
 Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts:
 Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes:
 Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,
 And all his sences were with suddein dread dismayd.

XV

So downe he fell before the cruell beast, 127
 Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
 That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
 No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
 That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
 He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
 And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;
 For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
 To see his loved Squyre into such thraldom brought:

XVI

And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade, 136
 Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,
 That of his puissance proud ensample made:
 His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
 And that misformed shape misshaped more.
 A sea of bloud gusht from the gaping wound,
 That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
 And overflowed all the field arownd,
 That over shoes in bloud he waded on the ground.

XVII

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine, 145
 That to have heard great horror would have bred;
 And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,
 Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
 His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
 Would have cast downe, and trodd in durtie myre,
 Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured;
 Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,
 Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight retyre.

XVIII

The force, which wont in two to be disperst, 154
 In one alone left hand he now unites,
 Which is through rage more strong then both were erst;
 With which his hideous club aloft he dities,
 And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
 That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow.
 The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low:
 What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow?

XIX

And in his fall his shield, that covered was, 163
 Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew;
 The light whereof, that hevens light did pas,
 Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
 That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
 Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
 His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
 For to have slain the man, that on the ground did lye.

XX

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd 172
 At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
 Became stark blind, and all his senses dazd,
 That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
 And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
 Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
 Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call;
 'O! helpe, Orgoglio; helpe! or else we perish all.'

XXI

At her so pitteous cry was much amoov'd 181
 Her champion stout; and for to ayde his frend,
 Againe his wonted angry weapon proof'd,
 But all in vaine, for he has redd his end
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
 Them selves in vaine.: for, since that glauncing sight,
 He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend.
 As where th' Almightyes lightning brond does light,
 It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the senses quight.

XXII

Whom when the Prince, to batteill new adrest 190
 And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,
 His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
 And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
 That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,
 High growing on the top of rocky clift,
 Whose hartstrings with keen steele nigh hewen be;
 The mightie trunck, halfe rent with ragged rift,
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

XXIII

Or as a Castle, reared high and round, 199
 By subtile engins and malicious slight
 Is undermined from the lowest ground,
 And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
 At last downe falles; and with her heaped hight
 Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
 And yields it selfe unto the victours might.
 Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
 The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

XXIV

The knight, then lightly leaping to the pray, 208
 With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
 That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
 All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
 Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
 But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
 That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
 Was vanisht quite; and of that monstrous mas
 Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

XXV

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde, 217
 Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
 And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde:
 Such percing grieffe her stubborne hart did wound,
 That she could not endure that dolefull stound
 But leaving all behind her fled away:
 The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,
 And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
 So brought unto his Lord as his deserved pray.

XXVI

The royall Virgin which beheld from farre, 226
 In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
 The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
 Came running fast to greet his victorie,
 With sober gladnesse and myld modestie;
 And with sweet ioyous cheare him thus bespake:
 'Fayre branch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
 That with your worth the world amazed make,
 How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my sake?

XXVII

'And you, fresh bud of vertue springing fast, 235
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,
 What hath poore Virgin for such perill past
 Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
 My simple selfe, and service evermore:
 And he that high does sit, and all things see
 With equall eye, their merites to restore,
 Behold what ye this day have done for mee.
 And, what I cannot quite, requite with usurree.

XXVIII

‘ But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling, 244
 Have made you master of the field this day,
 Your fortune maister 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 bethrall,
 My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
 Where he his better dayes hath wasted all :
 O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call !’

XXIX

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire, 253
 That scarlot whore to keepen carefully ;
 Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
 Into the Castle entred forcibly,
 Where living creature none he did espye.
 Then gan he lowdly through the house to call,
 But no man car’d to answer to his crye :
 There raignd a solemne silence over all ; [half.
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or

XXX

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came 262
 An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
 That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
 And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro,
 For his eye sight him fayled long ygo ;
 And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
 The which unused rust did overgrow :
 Those were the keyes of every inner dore ;
 But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

XXXI

But very uncouth sight was to behold, 271
 How he did fashion his untoward pace ;
 For as he forward moov’d his footing old,
 So backward still was turnd his wrinckled face :
 Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
 This was the auncient keeper of that place,
 And foster father of the Gyant dead ;
 His name Ignaro did his nature right arcad.

XXXII

His reverend heares and holy gravitee 280
 The knight much honord, as beseemed well;
 And gently askt, where all the people bee,
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell:
 Who answerd him full soft, *he could not tell.*
 Again he askt, where that same knight was layd,
 Whom great Orgoglio with his puissaunce fell
 Had made his caytive thrall: againe he sayde,
He could not tell; ne ever other answeere made.

XXXIII

Then asked he, which way he in might pas? 289
He could not tell, againe he answered.
 Thereat the curteous knight displeas'd was,
 And said; 'Old sire, it seemes thou hast not red
 How ill it sits with that same silver hed,
 In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
 But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
 With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
 Aread in graver wise what I demaund of thee.'

XXXIV

His answeere likewise was, *he could not tell:* 298
 Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance,
 Whenas the noble Prince had marked well,
 He ghest his nature by his countenance,
 And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
 Then, to him stepping, from his arme did reach
 Those keyes, and made himselfe free entrance.
 Each dore he opened without any breach,
 There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

XXXV

There all within full rich arayd he found, 307
 With royall arras, and resplendent gold,
 And did with store of every thing abound,
 That greatest Princes presence might behold.
 But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
 With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
 Which there were slaine as sheepe out of the fold,
 Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew;
 And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

XXXVI

And there beside of marble stone was built 316
 An Altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery,
 On which trew Christians bloud was often spilt,
 And holy Martyres often doen to dye
 With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
 Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
 To God for vengeance cryde continually;
 And with great grieve were often heard to grone, [monc.
 That hardest heart would bleede to hear their piteous

XXXVII

Through every rowme he sought, and everie bowr, 325
 But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
 At last he came unto an yron doore,
 That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
 Emongst that bounch to open it withall;
 But in the same a little grate was pight,
 Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
 With all his powre, to weet if living wight
 Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

XXXVIII

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce 334
 These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound:
 'O! who is that, which bringes me happy choyce
 Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
 Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
 For now three Moones have changed thrice their hew,
 And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
 Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew.
 O! welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew.

XXXIX

Which when that Champion heard, with percing point'
 Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore 344
 And trembling horror ran through every ioynt,
 For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore,
 Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
 With furious force and indignation fell;
 Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
 But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
 That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

XL

But nether darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands, 35²
 Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
 (Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
 But that with constant zeale and corage bold,
 After long paines and labors manifold,
 He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare;
 Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
 His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare;
 A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

XLI

His sad dull eyes, deepe sunck in hollow pits, 36¹
 Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view;
 His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
 And empty sides deceived of their dew,
 Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
 His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
 Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
 Were clene consum'd; and all his vitall powres
 Decayd, and al his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

XLII

Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran 37⁰
 With hasty ioy: to see him made her glad,
 And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
 Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
 Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,
 She said; 'Ah dearest Lord! what evill starre
 On you hath fround, and poured his influence bad,
 That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
 And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre?'

XLIII

'But welcome now, my Lord in wele or woe, 37⁹
 Whose presence I have lackt too long a day:
 And fie on Fortune, mine avowed foe,
 Whose wrathful wreaques them selves doe now alay;
 And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
 Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe.'
 The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his grieve;
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

XLIV

'Faire Lady,' then said that victorious knight, 388
 'The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
 Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
 Best musicke breeds delight in loathing care:
 But th' onely good that growes of passed feare
 Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
 This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
 Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
 That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

XLV

'Henceforth, sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
 And maister these mishaps with patient might. 398
 Loe! where your foe lies strecht in monstrous length;
 And loe! that wicked woman in your sight,
 The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
 Now in your powre, to let her live, or die.'
 'To doe her die,' (quoth Una) 'were despight,
 And shame t'avenge so weake an enemy;
 But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.'

XLVI

So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid, 406
 And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
 And ornaments that richly were displaid;
 Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
 Then, when they had despoild her tire and call,
 Such as she was their eies might her behold,
 That her misshaped parts did them appall:
 A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
 Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

XLIX

Which when the knights beheld amazd they were, 433
 And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
 'Such then,' (said Una,) 'as she seemeth here,
 Such is the face of falshood: such the sight
 Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
 Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.'
 Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
 And all her filthy feature open showne,
 They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

L

Shee, flying fast from heavens hated face, 442
 And from the world that her discovered wide,
 Fled to the wastfull wildernesses apace,
 From living eies her open shame to hide,
 And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.
 But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
 Did in that castle afterwards abide,
 To rest them selves, and weary powres reaire;
 Where store they fownd of al that dainty was and rare.

CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthure tells :
 The knights knit friendly bands :
 Sir Trevisan flies from Despayre,
 Whom Redcrosse knight withstands.

I

O GOODLY golden chaine, wherewith yfere I
 The vertues linked are in lovely wise ;
 And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
 In brave poursuit of chevalrous emprize,
 That none did others safety despize,
 Nor aid envy to him in need that stands ;
 But friendly each did others praise devise,
 How to advaunce with favourable hands, [bands.
 As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight from

II

Who when their powres, empaired through labor long,
 With dew repast they had recured well, I I
 And that weake captive wight now wexed strong,
 Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
 But forward fare as their adventures fell :
 But, ere they parted, Una faire besought
 That straunger knight his name and nation tell ;
 Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
 Should die unknown, and buried be in thanklesse thought.

III

‘Faire virgin,’ (said the Prince,) ‘ye me require 19
 A thing without the compas of my wit;
 For both the lignage, and the certein Sire,
 From which I sprong, from mee are hidden yit;
 For all so soone as life did me admitt
 Into this world, and shewed hevens light,
 From mothers pap I taken was unfit,
 And streight deliver’d to a Faery knight,
 To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

IV

‘Unto Old Timon he me brought bylive; 28
 Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
 In warlike feates th’ expertest man alive,
 And is the wisest now on earth I weene:
 His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
 Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
 From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
 His tomling billowes rolls with gentle rore;
 There all my daies he traird me up in vertuous lore.

V

‘Thither the great magicien Merlin came, 37
 As was his use, ofttimes to visit mee,
 For he had charge my discipline to frame,
 And Tutors nouriture to oversee.
 Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
 Of what loines and what lignage I did spring;
 Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
 That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
 As time in her iust term the truth to light should bring.’

VI

‘Well worthy impe,’ said then the Lady gent, 46
 ‘And Pupill fitt for such a Tutours hand!
 But what adventure, or what high intent,
 Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
 Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of Martiall band?’
 ‘Full hard it is,’ (quoth he) ‘to read aright
 The course of heavenly cause, or understand
 The secret meaning of th’ eternall might, [wight.
 That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of living

VII

‘For whether he, through fatall deepe foresight, 55
 Me hither sent for cause to me unghest;
 Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
 Whilome doth rangle in my riven brest,
 With forced fury following his behest,
 Me hither brought by wayes yet never found,
 You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.’
 ‘Ah! curteous Knight,’ (quoth she) ‘what secret wound
 Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on ground?’

VIII

‘Dear Dame,’ (quoth he) ‘you sleeping sparkes awake,
 Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow; 65
 Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
 Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
 And wasted life doe lye in ashes low:
 Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
 But, told, it flames; and, hidden, it does glow,
 I will revele what ye so much desire.
 Ah, Love! lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

IX

‘It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares, 73
 When corage first does creepe in manly chest,
 Then first the cole of kindly heat appears
 To kindle love in every living brest:
 But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
 Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
 Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
 As miserable lovers use to rew,
 Which still wex old in woe, whiles wo still wexeth new.

X

‘That ydle name of love, and lovers life, 82
 As losse of time, and vertues enemy,
 I ever scornd, and ioyd to stirre up strife,
 In midst of their mournfull Tragedy;
 Ay wont to laugh when them I heard to cry,
 And blow the fire which them to ashes Brent:
 Their God himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
 Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
 But I them warded all with wary government.

XI

'But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong, 91
 Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
 But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
 Or unawares at disavantage fownd.
 Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd;
 And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
 And boastes in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
 Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
 And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most despight.

XII

'Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy 100
 And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
 Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
 Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee.
 For on a day, prickt forth with iollitee
 Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
 Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
 The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent,
 Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

XIII

'Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight 109
 From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
 The verdant gras my couch did goodly light,
 And pillow was my helmet fayre displayd;
 Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
 And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
 Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
 Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
 So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

XIV

'Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment 118
 She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
 For dearely sure her love was to me bent,
 As, when iust time expired, should appeare.
 But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
 Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
 Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
 As she to me delivered all that night;
 And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

XV

‘When I awoke, and found her place devoyd, 127
 And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,
 I sorrowed all so much as earst I ioyd,
 And washed all her place with watry eyen.
 From that day forth I lov’d that face divyne;
 From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
 To seek her out with labor and long tyne,
 And never vowd to rest till her I fynd:
 Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni’ll that vow unbynd.’

XVI

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale, 136
 And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
 Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
 And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
 Till gentle Una thus to him gan say:
 ‘O happy Queene of Faeries! that hast fownd,
 Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd.
 True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on grownd.’

XVII

‘Thine, O! then,’ said the gentle Redcrosse knight, 145
 ‘Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,
 O fayrest virgin! full of heavenly light,
 Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
 Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
 And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
 Of that great Queene may well gaine worthie grace,
 For onely worthie you through prowes priefe,
 Yf living man mote worthie be to be her lief.’

XVIII

So diversly discoursing of their loves, 154
 The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
 And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves
 With fresh desire his voyage to pursew;
 Als Una earnd her travcill to renew.
 Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
 And love establish each to other trew,
 Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
 And eke, as pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

XIX

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of Diamond sure, 163
 Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
 Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
 Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
 That any wound could heale incontinent.
 Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave
 A booke, wherein his Saveours testament
 Was writ with golden letters rich and brave:
 A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

XX

Thus beene they parted; Arthur on his way 172
 To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
 With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.
 But she, now weighing the decayed plight
 And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
 Would not a while her forward course pursew,
 Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
 Till he recovered had his former hew;
 For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

XXI

So as they traveld, lo! they gan espy 181
 An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
 That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
 Or other griesly thing that him aghast.
 Still as he fledd his eye was backward cast,
 As if his feare still followed him behynd:
 Als flew his steed as he his bandes had brast,
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
 As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

XXII

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head 190
 To bee unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
 Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread:
 Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
 Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
 In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,
 About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
 That with his glistring armes does ill agree;
 But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

XXIII

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast, 199
 To weet what mister wight was so dismayd.
 There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
 That of him selfe he seemd to be afrayd ;
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
 Till he these wordes to him deliver might :
 ‘ Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight ?
 For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.’

XXIV

He answerd nought at all ; but adding new 208
 Feare to his first amazement, staring wyde
 With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew,
 Astonisht stood, as one that had aspide
 Infermall furies with their chaines untide.
 Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
 The gentle knight ; who nought to him replide ;
 But, trembling every ioynt, did inly quake, [shake ;
 And foltring tongue, at last, these words seemd forth to

XXV

‘ For Gods deare love, Sir knight, doe me not stay ;
 For loe ! he comes, he comes fast after mee.’ 218
 Eft looking back would faine have runne away ;
 But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
 The secrete cause of his perplexitie :
 Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
 Could his bloud frosen hart emboldened bee,
 But through his boldnes rather feare did reach ; [breach.
 Yett, forst, at last he made through silence suddein

XXVI

‘ And am I now in safetie sure,’ (quoth he) 226
 ‘ From him that would have forced me to dye ?
 And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
 That I may tell this haplesse history ?’
 ‘ Fear nought,’ (quoth he) ‘ no daunger now is nye.’
 ‘ Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,’
 (Said he) ‘ the which with this unlucky eye
 I late beheld ; and, had not greater grace
 Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.’

XXVII

‘I lately chaunst (Would I had never chaunst !) 235
 With a fayre knight to keeopen companee,
 Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
 In all affayres, and was both bold and free ;
 But not so happy as mote happy bee :
 He lov’d, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
 That him againe lov’d in the least degree ;
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,
 And ioyd to see her lover languish and lament :

XXVIII

‘From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse, 244
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that villen, (God from him me blesse !)
 That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
 A man of hell that calls himselfe Despayre :
 Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes
 Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare :
 So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

XXIX

‘Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts 253
 Embost with bale, and bitter byting grieffe,
 Which love had launched with his deadly darts,
 With wounding words, and termes of foule repriefe,
 He pluckt from us all hope of dew relieffe,
 That earst us held in love of lingring life ;
 Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
 Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife :
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

XXX

‘With which sad instrument of hasty death, 262
 That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
 A wyde way made to let forth living breath :
 But I, more fearefull or more luckie wight,
 Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
 Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare ;
 Ne yet assur’d of life by you, Sir knight,
 Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare ;
 But God you never let his charmed speaches heare !’

XXXI

‘How may a man,’ (said he) ‘with idle speach 271
 Be wonne to spoyle the Castle of his health?’
 ‘I wote,’ (quoth he) ‘whom tryall late did teach,
 That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
 His subtil tong like dropping honny mealt’h
 Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine ;
 That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
 His powre is reft, and weaknesse doth remaine.
 O! never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine.’

XXXII

‘Certes,’ (sayd he) ‘hence shall I never rest, 280
 Till I that treachours art have heard and tride ;
 And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
 Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde.’
 ‘I, that hight Trevisan,’ (quote he) ‘will ride
 Against my liking backe to doe you grace :
 But nor for gold nor glee will I abide
 By you, when ye arrive in that same place ;
 For lever had I die then see his deadly face.’

XXXIII

Ere long they come where that same wicked wight 289
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
 Far underneath a craggie clift ypyght,
 Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
 That still for carrion carcasses doth crave :
 On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owle,
 Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
 Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle ;
 And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle.

*Descend
to Hell.*

XXXIV

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees, 298
 Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees ;
 On which had many wretches hanged beene,
 Whose carcasses were scattred on the greene,
 And throwne about the clifts. Arrived there,
 That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
 Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare ;
 But th’ other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

XXXV

That darksome cave they enter, where they find 307
 That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
 Musing full sadly in his sullein mind :
 His griesie lockes, long growen and unbound,
 Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
 And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne
 Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound ;
 His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
 Were shronke into his iawes, as he did never dine.

XXXVI

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts, 316
 With thornes together pind and patched was,
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts ;
 And him beside there lay upon the gras
 A drearie corse, whose life away did pas,
 All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
 That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas !
 In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

XXXVII

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew 325
 The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
 Whenas the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew,
 With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
 Him to avenge before his bloud were cold,
 And to the villein sayd ; ‘Thou damned wight,
 The author of this fact we here behold,
 What justice can but idge against thee right, [sight ?’
 With thine owne bloud to price his blood, here shed in

XXXVIII

‘What franticke fit,’ (quoth he) ‘hath thus distraught
 Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give? 335
 What justice ever other iudgement taught,
 But he should die who merites not to live?
 None els to death this man despayring drive
 But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.
 Is then unjust to each his dew to give?
 Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath?
 Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneach?’

XXXIX

‘ Who travailes by the wearie wandring way, 343
 To come unto his wished home in haste,
 And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
 Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
 Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
 Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good ;
 And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast !
 Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
 Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood ?

XL

‘ He there does now enioy eternall rest 352
 And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest.
 What if some little paine the passage have,
 That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave,
 Is not short payne well borne, that bringes long ease,
 And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave ?
 Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
 Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.’

XLI

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit, 361
 And said ; ‘ The terme of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it :
 The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
 Nor leave his stand untill his Captaine bed.’
 ‘ Who life did limit by almightie doome,’
 (Quoth he) ‘ knowes best the termes established ;
 And he, that points the Centonell his roome,
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.’

XLII

‘ Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne 370
 In heaven and earth ? Did not he all create
 To die againe ? All ends that was begonne :
 Their times in his eternall booke of fate
 Are written sure, and have their certaine date.
 Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
 That holds the world in his still chaunging state,
 Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie ? [nor why.
When hour of death is come, let none aske whence,

XLIII

'The lenger life, I wote, the greater sin ; 379
 The greater sin, the greater punishment :
 All those great battels, which thou boasts to win
 Through strife, and bloud-shed, and avengement,
 Now prayds, hereafter deare thou shalt repent ;
 For life must life, and bloud must bloud, repay. *Mosaic*
 Is not enough thy evill life forespent ? *law.*
 For he that once hath missed the right way,
 The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

XLIV

'Then doe no further goe, no further stray, 388
 But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
 Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may ;
 For what hath life that may it loved make,
 And gives not rather cause it to forsake ?
 Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
 Payne, hunger, cold that makes the hart to quake,
 And ever fickle fortune rageth rife ;
 All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.

XLV

'Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need, 397
 If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state ;
 For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
 More luckless dissaventures did amate :
 Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
 Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call ;
 And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
 Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
 Into the which hereafter thou maist happen fall.

XLVI

'Why then doest thou, O man of sin ! desire 406
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree ?
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
 High heaped up with huge iniquitie,
 Against the day of wrath to burden thee ?
 Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
 Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjurie,
 And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
 With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defilde ?

XLVII

‘ Is not he iust, that all this doth behold 415
 From highest heven, and beares an equall eye?
 Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
 And guilty be of thine impietie?
 Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die ;
 Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be donne,
 Is it not better to doe willinglie,
 Then linger till the glasse be all out ronne?
 Death is the end of woes : die soone, O faeries sonne!’

XLVIII

The knight was much enmoued with his speach, 424
 That as a sword poynt through his hart did perse,
 And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
 Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
 And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
 The ugly vew of his deformed crimes ;
 That all his manly powres it did disperse,
 As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes ;
 That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

XLIX

In which amazement when the Miscreant 433
 Perceived him to waver, weake and fraile,
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
 And hellish anguish did his soule assaile ;
 To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
 Hee shewd him, painted in a table plaine,
 The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile,
 And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

L

The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid, 442
 That nought but death before his eies he saw,
 And ever burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th’ Almightyes law.
 Then gan the villein him to overcraw,
 And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
 And all that might him to perdition draw ;
 And bad him choose what death he would desire ;
 For death was dew to him that had provokt Gods ire.

LI

But, whenas none of them he saw him take, 451
 He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
 And gave it him in hand : his hand did quake
 And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
 And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
 To come and goe with tydings from the hart,
 As it a running messenger had beene.
 At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
 He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

LII

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine 460
 The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
 As in a swowne : but, soone reliv'd againe,
 Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
 And to him said ; ' Fie, fie, faint harted Knight !
 What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife ?
 Is this the battell which thou vauntst to fight
 With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright ?

LIII

' Come ; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight, 469
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
 Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright :
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part ?
 Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art ?
 Where justice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
 The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
 Arise, sir Knight ; arise, and leave this cursed place.'

LIV

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight. 478
 Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
 Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight,
 He chose an halter from among the rest,
 And with it hong him selfe, unbid, unblest.
 But death he could not worke himselfe thereby ;
 For thousand times he so him selfe had drest,
 Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
 Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

CANTO X.

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
 To house of Holinesse ;
 Where he is taught repentance, and
 The way to heavenly blesse.

I

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

II

By that which lately hapned Una saw 10
 That this her knight was feeble, and too faint ;
 And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
 Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
 Which he endured 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 chearen might,
 Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III

There was an auntient house not farre away, 19
 Renownd throughout the world for sacred lore
 And pure unspotted life : so well, they say,
 It governd was, and guided evermore,
 Through wisdom of a matrone grave and hore ;
 Whose onely ioy was to relieve the needes
 Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore :
 All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
 And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

IV

Dame Cælia men did her call, as thought 28
 From heaven to come, or thither to arise ;
 The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
 In goodly thewes, and godly exercise :
 The eldest two, most sober, chast, and wise,
 Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were ;
 Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize ;
 But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
 Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

V

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt, 37
 For it was warely watched night and day,
 For feare of many foes ; but, when they knockt,
 The Porter opened unto them streight way.
 He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
 With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
 Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
 Hight Humiltá. They passe in, stouping low ;
 For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.

VI

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin ; 46
 But, entred in, a spacious court they see,
 Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in ;
 Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
 And entertaines with comely courteous glee ;
 His name was Zele, that him right well became :
 For in his speaches and behaviour hee
 Did labour lively to expresse the same,
 And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

VII

There fairely them receives a gentle Squire, 55
 Of myld demeanure and rare courtesie,
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre :
 In word and deede that shewd great modestie,
 And knew his good to all of each degree,
 Hight Reverence. He them with speaches meet
 Does faire entreat ; no courting nicetie,
 But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
 As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

VIII

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades, 64
 That aged Dame, the Ladie of the place,
 Who all this while was busy at her beades ;
 Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
 And toward them full matronely did pace.
 Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
 Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
 Her heart with ioy unwonted inly sweld,
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld :

IX

And, her embracing, said : ' O happie earth, 73
 Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread !
 Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly berth,
 That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
 From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
 Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
 Yett ceasest not thy weary soles to lead ;
 What grace hath thee now hither brought this way ?
 Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray ?

X

' Strange thing it is an errant knight to see 82
 Here in this place ; or any other wight,
 That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,
 That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right :
 All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
 With many rather for to goe astray,
 And be partakers of their evil plight,
 Then with a few to walke the rightest way.
 O foolish men ! why haste ye to your own decay ?'

XI

' Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbs to rest, 91
 O matrone sage,' (quoth she) ' I hither came ;
 And this good knight his way with me address,
 Ledd with thy prayses, and broad-blazed fame,
 That up to heven is blowne.' The auncient Dame
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
 And enterteynd 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 sundrie thinges devise, 100
 Loe! two most goodly virgins came in place,
 Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise :
 With countenance demure, and modest grace,
 They numbred even steps and equall pace ;
 Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
 Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face
 That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
 And round about her head did shine like hevens light.

XIII

She was araied all in lilly white, 109
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
 With wine and water fild up to the hight,
 In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
 That horreur made to all that did behold ;
 But she no whit did chaunge her constant mood :
 And in her other hand she fast did hold
 A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood ;
 Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be understood.

XIV

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight, 118
 Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well ;
 Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
 As was her sister : whether dread did dwell
 Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell.
 Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
 Whereon she leaned ever, as befell ;
 And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

XV

They, seeing Una, towardes her gan wend, 127
 Who them encounters with like courtesee ;
 Many kind speeches they betwene them spend,
 And greatly ioy each other for to see :
 Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
 They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
 And him salute with well beseeming glee ;
 Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best.
 And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

XVI

Then Una thus: 'But she, your sister deare, 136
 The deare Charissa, where is she become?
 Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?'
 'Ah! no,' said they, 'but forth she may not come;
 For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
 And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
 That her to see should be but troublesome.'
 'Indeed,' (quoth she) 'that should her trouble sore;
 But thank be God, and her encrease so evermore!'

XVII

Then said the aged Cælia, 'Deare dame, 145
 And you, good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle
 And labors long, through which ye hither came,
 Ye both forwearied be: therefore, a while
 I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.'
 Then called she a Groome, that forth him ledd
 Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
 Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd
 His name was meeke Obedience, rightfully aredd.

XVIII

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest, 154
 And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
 Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
 To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,
 That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
 And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.
 She graunted; and that knight so much agraste,
 That she him taught celestiall discipline,
 And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

XIX

And that her sacred Booke, with bloud ywrit, 163
 That none could reade except she did them teach,
 She unto him disclosed every whit;
 And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
 That weaker wit of man could never reach;
 Of God; of grace; of iustice; of free-will;
 That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
 For she was able with her wordes to kill,
 And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

XX

And, when she list poure out her larger spright, 172
 She would commaund the hasty Sunne to stay,
 Or backward turne his course from hevens hight :
 Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay ;
 Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tway ;
 And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
 She would commaund themselves to beare away,
 And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
 Almighty God her gave such powre and puissance great.

XXI

The faithfull knight now grew in little space, 181
 By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
 To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
 That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
 And mortall life gan loath as thing forelore,
 Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
 And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
 That he desirde to end his wretched dayes :
 So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

XXII

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet, 190
 And taught him how to take assured hold
 Upon her silver anchor, as was meet ;
 Els had his sinnes, so great and manifold,
 Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
 In this distressed doubtfull agonie,
 When him his dearest Una did behold
 Disdcining life, desiring leave to die,
 She found her selfe assayld with great perplexitie ;

XXIII

And came to Cælia to declare her smart ; 199
 Who, well acquainted with that commune plight,
 Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
 Her wisely comforted all that she might,
 With goodly counsell and advisement right ;
 And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
 To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
 In that disease of grieved conscience,
 And well could cure the same : His name was Patience.

XXIV

Who, comming to that sowle-diseased knight, 208
 Could hardly him intreat to tell his grieffe ;
 Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright
 Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
 Of salves and med'cines, which had passing priefe ;
 And thereto added wordes of wondrous might.
 By which to ease he him recured brieffe,
 And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
 That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

XXV

But yet the cause and root of all his ill, 217
 Inward corruption and infected sin,
 Not purg'd nor heald, behind, remained still,
 And festring sore did ranckle yet within,
 Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin :
 Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
 Downe in a darksome lowly place farre in,
 Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
 And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

XXVI

In ashes and sackcloth he did array 226
 His daintie corse, proud humors to abate ;
 And dieted with fasting every day,
 The swelling of his woundes to mitigate ;
 And made him pray both earely and eke late :
 And ever, as superfluous flesh did rot,
 Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
 To pluck it out with pincers firie whot,
 That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted iot.

XXVII

And bitter Penance, with an yron whip, 235
 Was wont him once to disple every day :
 And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
 That drops of blood thence like a well did play :
 And sad Repentance used to embay
 His blamefull body in salt water sore,
 The filthy blottes of sin to wash away.
 So in short space they did to health restore
 The man that would not live, but erst lay at deathes dore.

XXVIII

In which his torment often was so great, 244
 That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
 And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.
 His owne deare Una, hearing evermore
 His ruefull shriekes, and gronings, often tore
 Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
 For pittie of his payne and anguish sore :
 Yet all with patience wisely she did beare,
 For well she wist his crime could els be never cleare.

XXIX

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience 253
 And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought ;
 Who, ioyous of his cured conscience,
 Him dearly kist, and fayrely eke besought
 Himself to chearish, and consuming thought
 To put away out of his carefull brest.
 By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
 Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest :
 To her faire Una brought this unacquainted guest.

XXX

She was a woman in her freshest age, 262
 Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
 With goodly grace and comely personage,
 That was on earth not easie to compare ;
 Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
 As hell she hated ; chaste in worke and will :
 Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
 That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill ;
 The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

XXXI

A multitude of babes about her hong, 271
 Playing their sportes, that ioyd her to behold ;
 Whom still she fed whiles they were weake and young,
 But thrust them forth still as they waxed old :
 And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
 Adorned with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
 Whose passing price uneach was to be told :
 And by her side there sate a gentle payre,
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

XXXII

The knight and Una entring faire her greet, 280
 And bid her ioy of that her happie brood ;
 Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
 And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
 Then Una her besought, to be so good
 As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
 Now after all his torment well withstood
 In that sad house of Penaunce, where his spright
 Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring night.

XXXIII

She was right ioyous of her iust request ; 289
 And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
 Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
 Of love, and righteousnesse, and well to donne ;
 And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
 That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
 And many soules in dolours had fordonne :
 In which when him she well instructed hath,
 From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

XXXIV

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide, 298
 An auncient matrone she to her does call,
 Whose sober lookes her wisdome well describe :
 Her name was Mercie ; well knowne over-all
 To be both gracious and eke liberall :
 To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
 To leade aright, that he should never fall
 In all his waies through this wide worldës wave ;
 That Mercie in the end his righteous soule might save.

XXXV

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares 307
 Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
 Scattered with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
 Which still before him she remov'd away,
 That nothing might his ready passage stay :
 And ever, when his feet encombred were,
 Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
 She held him fast, and firmly did upbeare,
 As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

XXXVI

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall, 316
 That was foreby the way, she did him bring ;
 In which seven Bead-men, that had vowed all
 Their life to service of high heavens King,
 Did spend their dayes in doing godly thing.
 Their gates to all were open evermore,
 That by the wearie way were traveling ;
 And one sate wayting ever them before,
 To call in commers-by that needy were and pore.

XXXVII

The first of them, that eldest was and best, 325
 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 againe,
 And double quite for that he on them spent ;
 But such as want of harbour did constraine :
 Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

XXXVIII

The second was as Almner of the place : 334
 His office was the hungry for to feed,
 And thirsty give to drinke ; a worke of grace.
 He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
 Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede :
 The grace of God he layd up still in store,
 Which as a stocke he left unto his seede.
 He had enough ; what need him care for more ?
 And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

XXXIX

The third had of their wardrobe custody, 343
 In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
 The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,
 But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,
 And naked nature seemely to aray ;
 With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
 The images of God in earthly clay ;
 And, if that no spare clothes to give he had,
 His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

XL

The fourth appointed by his office was 352
 Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
 And captives to redeeme with price of bras
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd :
 And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
 That God to us forgiveth every howre
 Much more then that why they in bands were layd ;
 And he, that harrowd hell with heavie stowre, [bowre.
 The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly

XLI

The fift had charge sick persons to attend, 361
 And comfort those in point of death which lay ;
 For them most needeth comfort in the end,
 When sin, and hell, and death, doe most dismay
 The feeble soule departing hence away.
 All is but lost, that 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 lyes it ever low.

XLII

The sixth had charge of them now being dead, 370
 In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
 That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
 Whose face he made all beastes to feare and gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
 Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould !

XLIII

The seventh, now after death and buriall done, 379
 Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
 And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone :
 In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
 In their defence ; nor would for gold or fee
 Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread ;
 And, when they stood in most necessitee,
 He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV

There when the Elfin knight arrived was, 388
 The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas ;
 Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
 And alwayes led, to her with reverence rare
 He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
 And seemely welcome for her did prepare :
 For of their order she was Patronesse,
 Albe Charissa were their chiefest founderesse.

XLV

There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest, 397
 That to the rest more hable he might bee ;
 During which time, in every good behest,
 And godly worke of Almes and charitee,
 Shee him instructed with great industree.
 Shortly therein so perfect he became,
 That, from the first unto the last degree,
 His mortall life he learned had to frame
 In holy righteousness, without rebuke or blame.

XLVI

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas 406
 Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hy,
 On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
 And eke a little Hermitage thereby,
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
 That day and night said his devoti6n,
 Ne other worldly busines did apply :
 His name was heavenly Contemplati6n ;
 Of God and goodnes was his meditati6n.

XLVII

Great grace that old man to him given had ; 415
 For God he often saw from heavens hight :
 All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
 Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,
 As Eagles eie that can behold the Sunne.
 That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
 That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
 Gan faile ; but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

XLVIII

There they doe finde that godly aged Sire, 424
 With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed ;
 As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
 The mossy branches of an Oke halfe ded.
 Each bone might through his body well be red
 And every sinew seene, through his long fast :
 For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed ;
 His mind was full of spiritual repast,
 And pyn'd his flesh to keepe his body low and chast.

XLIX

Who, when these two approaching he aspide, 433
 At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
 That forst 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 moved for the knight.
 They him saluted, standing far afore,
 Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight,
 And asked to what end they clomb that tedious hight ?

L

'What end,' (quoth she) 'should cause us take such paine,
 But that same end, which every living wight 443
 Should make his marke—high heaven to attaine ?
 Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
 To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
 With burning starres and everliving fire,
 Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight,
 By wise Fidelia ? Shee doth thee require
 To shew it to this knight, according his desire.'

LI

'Thrise happy man,' said then the father grave, 451
 'Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
 And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save !
 Who better can the way to heaven aread
 Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
 In heavenly throne, where thousand Angels shine ?
 Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
 Present before the majesty divine,
 And his avenging wrath to clemencie incline.

LII

‘Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne. 460
 Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way,
 That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne ;
 That never leads the traveler astray,
 But after labors long and sad delay,
 Brings them to ioyous rest and endlesse blis.
 But first thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
 And have her strength recur’d from fraile infirmitis.’

LIII

‘That done, he leads him to the highest Mount, 469
 Such one as that same mighty man of God,
 That bloud-red billowes, like a walled front,
 On either side disparted with his rod,
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
 Dwelt forty daies upon ; where, writ in stone
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,
 The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
 He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone :

LIV

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie, 478
 Adorn'd with fruitfull Olives all arownd,
 Is, as it were for endlesse memory
 Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
 For ever with a flowring girlond crownd :
 Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay
 Through famous Poets verse each where renownd,
 On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
 Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

LV

From thence, far off he unto him did shew 487
 A litle path that was both steepe and long,
 Which to a goodly Citie led his vew,
 Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
 Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
 Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell ;
 ‘Too high a ditty for my simple song.
 The Citie of the greate king hight it well,
 Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

LVI

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see 496
 The blessed Angels to and fro descend
 From highest heaven in gladsome companee,
 And with great joy into that Citie wend,
 As commonly as friend does with his frend.
 Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
 What stately building durst so high extend
 Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
 And what unknowen nation there empepled were?

LVII

'Faire Knight,' (quoth he) 'Hierusalem that is, 505
 The new Hierusalem, that God has built
 For those to dwell in that are chosen his,
 His chosen people, purg'd from sinful guilt
 With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
 On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam,
 That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt :
 Now are they Saints all in that Citty sam,
 More dear unto their God then younglings to their dam.'

LVIII

'Till now,' said then the knight, 'I weened well, 514
 That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
 In which that fairest Faery Queene doth dwell,
 The fairest citty was that might be seene ;
 And that bright towre, all built of christall clene,
 Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was ;
 But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene,
 For this great Citty, that does far surpass, [glas.]
 And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of

LIX

'Most trew,' then said the holy aged man ; 523
 'Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
 The fairest peece that eie beholden can ;
 And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
 That covett in th' immortall booke of fame
 To be eternized, that same to haunt,
 And doen their service to that soveraigne Dame,
 That glory does to them for guerdon graunt :
 For she is heavenly borne, and heaven may iustly vaunt.

LX

‘And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
 How ever now accompted Elfins sonne, 533
 Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
 To aide a virgin desolate, foredonne ;
 But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
 And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
 Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,
 And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field : [yield.
 For bloud can nought but sin, and wars but sorrowes

LXI

‘Then seek this path that I to thee presage, 541
 Which after all to heaven shall thee send ;
 Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
 To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
 Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end :
 For thou, emongst those Saints whom thou doest see,
 Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
 And Patrone : thou *Saint George* shalt called bee,
Saint George of mery *England*, the signe of victoree.’

LXII

‘Unworthy wretch,’ (quoth he) ‘of so great grace, 550
 How dare I thinke such glory to attaine ?’
 ‘These, that have it attaynd, were in like cace,
 As wretched men, and lived in like paine.’
 ‘But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
 And Ladies love to leave, so dearely bought ?’
 ‘What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,’
 (Said he) ‘and bitter battailes all are fought ?
 As for loose loves, they’are vaine, and vanish into nought.’

LXIII

‘O ! let me not,’ (quoth he), ‘then turne againe 559
 Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are ;
 But let me here for aie in peace remaine,
 Or streightway on that last long voiage fare,
 That nothing may my present hope empare.’
 ‘That may not be,’ (said he) ‘ne maist thou yit
 Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
 Who did her cause into thy hand commit
 Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quit.’

LXIV

‘Then shall I soone,’ (quoth he) ‘so God me grace,
 Abett that virgins cause disconsolate, 569
 And shortly back returne unto this place,
 To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
 But now aread, old father, why of late
 Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
 Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?’
 ‘That word shall I,’ (said he) ‘avouchen good,
 Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

LXV

‘For, well I wote, thou springst from ancient race 577
 Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
 And many bloody battailes fought in face,
 High reard their royall throne in Britains land,
 And vanquisht them, unable to withstand :
 From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
 There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
 And her base Elfin brood there for thee left : [theft.
 Such, men do Chaungelings call, so chaung’d by Faeries

LXVI

‘Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond, 586
 And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde ;
 Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond,
 As he his toylesome teme that way did gujde,
 And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,
 Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name ;
 Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
 To Faery court thou cam’st to seek for fame, [became.’
 And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best

LXVII

‘O holy Sire !’ (quoth he) ‘how shall I quight 595
 The many favours I with thee have fownd,
 That hast my name and nation redd aright,
 And taught the way that does to heaven bownd !’
 This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd
 To have returnd ; but dazed were his eyne
 Through passing brightnes, which did quite confound
 His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
 So darke are earthly things compar’d to things divine,

LXVIII

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd, 604
 To Una back he cast him to retyre,
 Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
 Great thanks, and goodly meed, to that good syre
 He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre
 So came to Una, who him ioyd to see ;
 And, after litle rest, gan him desyre
 Of her adventure myndfull for to bee.
 So leave they take of Cælia and her daughters three.

CANTO XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights
 Two days incessantly :
 The third him overthrowes, and gayns
 Most glorious victory.

I

HIGH time now gan it wex for Una fayre I
 To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,
 And their forwasted kingdom to repayre :
 Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
 With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
 And in her modest maner thus bespake :
 ‘ Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
 That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
 High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take !

II

‘ Now are we come unto my native soyle, 10
 And to the place where all our periles dwell ;
 Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly spoyle ;
 Therefore, henceforth, bee at your keeping well,
 And ever ready for your foeman fell :
 The sparke of noble corage now awake,
 And strive your excellent selfe to excell :
 That shall ye evermore renommed make
 Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake.’

III

And pointing forth, 'Lo ! yonder is,' (said she) 19
 'The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
 For dread of that huge feend emprisond be ;
 Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
 Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare :
 And on the top of all I do espye
 The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare ;
 That, (O my Parents !) might I happily
 Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery !'

IV

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd, 28
 That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
 And seemd uneth to shake the stedfast ground.
 Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill :
 But, all so soone as he from far descryde
 Those glistring armes that heven with light did fill,
 He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill.

V

Then badd the knight his Lady yede aloof, 37
 And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde ;
 From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde.
 She him obeyd, and turnd a little wyde.—
 Now, O thou sacred Muse ! most learned Dame.
 Fayre ympe of Phœbus and his aged bryde,
 The Nourse of time and everlasting fame,
 That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name ;

VI

O ! gently come into my feeble brest ; 46
 Come gently, but not with that mightie rage,
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
 And hartes of great Heroës doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled corage may aswage :
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
 The God of warre with his fiers equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd ;
 And scared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

VII

Fayre Goddesses, lay that furious fit aside, 55
 Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
 And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
 Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,
 That with their horror heven and earth did ring ;
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse :
 But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
 And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

VIII

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand, 64
 Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
 That with his largenesse measured much land,
 And made wide shadow under his huge wast,
 As mountaine doth the valley overcast.
 Approching nigh, he reared high afore
 His body monstrous, horrible, and wast ;
 Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
 Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody gore ;

IX

And over all with brasen scales was armd, 73
 Like plated cote of steele, so couched neare
 That nought mote perce ; ne might his corse bee harmd
 With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare :
 Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
 His aery plumes doth rouse, full rudely dight ;
 So shaked he, that horror was to heare :
 For as the clashing of an Armor bright,
 Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

X

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display, 82
 Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
 Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way :
 And eke the penne, that did his pineons bynd,
 Were like mayne-yarves with flying canvas lynd ;
 With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
 And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
 The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
 And all the hevens stood still amazed with his threat.

XI

His huge long taylor, wovnd up in hundred foldes, 91
 Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
 Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfolds,
 And thick entangled knots adown does slack,
 Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
 It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
 And of three furlongs does but litle lacke ;
 And at the point two stinges in fixed arre,
 Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

XII

But stinges and sharpest steele did far exceed 100
 The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes :
 Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
 What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
 Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
 But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
 Does tremble ; for his deepe devouring iawes
 Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
 Through which into his darke abysses all ravin fell.

XIII

And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw 109
 Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
 In which yet trickling blood and gobbets raw
 Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
 That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare ;
 Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
 A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure seare,
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
 That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

XIV

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes, 118
 Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre :
 As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes,
 Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
 And warning give that enimies conspyre
 With fire and sword the region to invade :
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre ;
 But far within, as in a hollow glade, [shade.
 Those glaring lampes were set that made a dreadfull

XV

So dreadfully he towards him did pas, 127
 Forelifting up a-loft his speckled brest,
 And often bounding on the brused gras,
 As for great ioyance of his newcome guest.
 Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
 As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare ;
 And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
 That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,
 As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

XVI

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare, 136
 And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might :
 The pointed steele, arriving rudely there,
 His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
 But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward right.
 Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
 The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
 And him so rudely, passing by, did brush [rush.
 With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did

XVII

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe, 145
 And fresh encounter towards him adrest ;
 But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
 And found no place his deadly point to rest.
 Exceeding rage inflam'd the furious Beast,
 To be avenged of so great despight ;
 For never felt his imperceable brest
 So wondrous force from hand of living wight ;
 Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

XVIII

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde, 154
 Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
 And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
 The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
 Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
 To beare so great a weight : he, cutting way
 With his broad sayles, about him soared round ;
 At last, low stouping with unweldy sway, [away.
 Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite

XIX

Long he then bore above the subject plaine, 163
 So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
 Till struggling strong did him at last constraïne
 To let them downe before his flightës end :
 As hagarð hauke, presuming to contend
 With hardy fowle above his hable might,
 His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
 To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight ; [light.
 Which, comming down to ground, does free it selfe by

XX

He so disseized of his gryping grosse, 172
 The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
 In his bras-plated body to embosse,
 And threc mens strength unto the stroake he layd ;
 Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked as affrayd,
 And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
 Close under his left wing, then broad displayd :
 The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
 That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

XXI

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore 181
 When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat ;
 The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
 As they the earth would shoulder from her seat ;
 And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
 His neighbour element in his revenge :
 Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat
 To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
 And boystrous battell make, each other to avenge.

XXII

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh, 190
 Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
 And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
 A gushing river of blacke goarie blood,
 That drowned all the land whereon he stood ;
 The streame thereof would drive a water-mill :
 Trebly augmented was his furious mood
 With bitter sense of his deepe rooted ill,
 That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethril,

XXIII

His hideous taylor then hurled he about, 199
 And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
 Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
 Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
 Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
 That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
 To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
 From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
 For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd;

XXIV

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand, 208
 With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
 That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:
 Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
 But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
 That deeper dint therein it would not make;
 Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
 That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
 But when he saw them come he did them still forsake.

XXV

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld, 217
 And smot againe with more outrageous might;
 But backe againe the sparcling steele recoyld,
 And left not any marke where it did light,
 As if in Adamant rocke it had beene pight.
 The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
 And of so fierce and forcible despight,
 Thought with his winges to stye above the ground:
 But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

XXVI

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement, 226
 He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard;
 And from his wide devouring oven sent
 A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
 Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
 The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
 And through his armour all his body seard,
 That he could not endure so cruell cace,
 But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace,

XXVII

Not that great Champion of the antique world, 235
 Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
 And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
 So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
 When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,
 When Centaures bloud and bloody verses charmd ;
 As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
 Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that earst him armd :
 That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.

XXVIII

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent, 244
 With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,
 That never man such mischiefes did torment :
 Death better were ; death did he oft desire,
 But death will never come when needes require.
 Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
 He cast to suffer him no more respire,
 But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
 And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

XXIX

It fortun'd, (as fayre it then befell) 253
 Behynd his backe, unweeting, where he stood,
 Of auncient time there was a springing well,
 From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
 Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good :
 Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
 That happy land, and all with innocent blood
 Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
 The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot :

XXX

For unto life the dead it could restore, 262
 And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away ;
 Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
 It could recure ; and aged long decay
 Renew, as one were borne that very day.
 Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,
 And th' English Bath. and eke the German Spau ;
 Ne can Cephise. nor Hebrus, match this well :
 Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

XXXI

Now gan the golden Phœbus for to steepe 271
 His fierie face in billowes of the west,
 And his faint steedes wated in Ocean deepe,
 Whiles from their iournall labours they did rest ;
 When that infernall Monster, having kest
 His wearie foe into that living well,
 Can high aduance his broad discoloured brest
 Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
 And clapt his yron wings as victor he did dwell.

XXXII

Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre, 280
 Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
 As weening that the sad end of the warre ;
 And gan to highest God entirely pray
 That feared chaunce from her to turne away :
 With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
 All night shee watcht, ne once adowne 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 appeare, 289
 That Titan rose to runne his daily race ;
 But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
 Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
 Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
 And looked all about, if she might spy
 Her loved 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 upstarted brave 298
 Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay :
 As Eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave,
 Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
 And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
 Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
 His newly-budded pineons to assay,
 And marveiles at himselfe stil as he flies :
 So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

XXXV

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy, 307
 No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
 And doubted whether his late enemy
 It were, or other new supplied knight.
 He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
 High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
 Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
 That to the scull a yawning wound it made :
 The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

XXXVI

I wote not whether the revenging steele 316
 Were hardned with that holy water dew
 Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
 Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
 Or other secret vertue did ensew ;
 Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
 Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew ;
 For till that stownd could never wight him harme
 By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

XXXVII

The cruell wound enraged him so sore, 325
 That loud he yelded for exceeding paine ;
 As hundred ramping Lions seemed to rore,
 Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraîne :
 Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
 And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
 That to his force to yeelden it was faine ;
 Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
 That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

XXXVIII

The same advauncing high above his head, 334
 With sharpe intended sting so rude him smot,
 That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead ;
 Ne living wight would have him life behot :
 The mortall sting his angry needle shot
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
 Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be got :
 The grieffe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
 Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeasd.

XXXIX

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare 343
 Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
 From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
 And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
 Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
 Of his huge taile he quite a sonder cleft; ;
 Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him lefte.

XL

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries, 352
 With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
 The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
 That all was covered with darknesse dire:
 Then, fraught with rancour and engorged yre,
 He cast at once him to avenge for all;
 And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
 With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
 Upon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast withall.

XLI

Much was the man encombred with his hold, 361
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold;
 Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy iaw
 To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
 To reave by strength the griped gage away:
 Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
 And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay;
 It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

XLII

Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile, 370
 His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
 Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
 And double blowes about him stoutly hid,
 That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
 As sparkles from the Andvile use to fly,
 When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid:
 Therewith at last he forst him to unty
 One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

XLIII

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield, 379
 Whenas no strength nor stroke mote him constraine
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
 He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
 That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine :
 Upon the ioint the lucky steele did light,
 And made such way that hewd it quite in twaine ;
 The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
 But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV

For grieve thereof and divelish despight, 388
 From his infernall founnace forth he threw
 Huge flames that dimmed all the heavens light,
 Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew :
 As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
 Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
 Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke, [choke.
 That al the land with stench and heven with horror

XLV

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence, 397
 So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
 A little backward for his best defence;
 To save his body from the scorching fire,
 Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
 It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
 As he recoiled backward, in the mire
 His nigh foreweried feet did slide,
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

XLVI

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside, 406
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosy red
 As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
 Whereof great vertues over-all were red ;
 For happy life to all which thereon fed,
 And life eke everlasting did befall :
 Great God it planted in that blessed sted
 With his Almighty hand, and did it call
 The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

XLVII

In all the world like was not to be fownd, 415
 Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
 Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow.
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
 Both good and ill. O mournfull memory!
 That tree through one mans fault hath doen us ali to dy.

XLVIII

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well, 424
 A trickling streame of Balme, most soveraine
 And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
 And overflowed all the fertill plaine,
 As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
 Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
 And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
 The senselesse corse appointed for the grave:
 Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

XLIX

For nigh thereto the ever damned Beast . 433
 Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
 And al that life preserved did detest;
 Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
 By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
 And yeeld his roome to sad succeeding night,
 Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
 The face of earth and wayes of living wight,
 And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

L

When gentle Una saw the second fall 442
 Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight
 And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
 But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
 Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might
 Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;
 Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
 And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
 And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

LI

The joyous day gan early to appeare ; 451
 And fayre Aurora from the deawy bed
 Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
 With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red :
 Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
 About her eares, when Una her did marke
 Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
 From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke ;
 With mery note her loud salutes the mounting larke.

LII

Then freshly up arose the doughtie knight, 460
 All healed of his hurts and woundës wide,
 And did himselfe to battell ready dight ;
 Whose early foe awaiting him beside
 To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
 When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
 As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
 He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare :
 Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.

LIII

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde, 469
 He thought attonce him to have swallowed quight,
 And rusht upon him with outragious pryde ;
 Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
 Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,
 Taking advantage of his open iaw,
 Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
 That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
 And, back retyrd, his life blood forth with all did draw.

LIV

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath, 478
 That vanisht into smoke and cloudës swift ;
 So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
 Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift ;
 So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
 Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
 With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
 And rolling downe great Neptune doth dismay :
 So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

LV

The knight him selfe even trembled at his fall, 487
 So huge and horrible a masse it seemd ;
 And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
 Durst not approach for dread which she misdeemed ;
 But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
 She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
 She nigher drew, and saw that ioyous end :
 Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
 That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII.

Fayre Una to the Redcrosse Knight
 Betrouthed is with ioy :
 Though false Duessa, it to barre,
 Her false sleightes doe employ.

I

BEHOLD ! I see the haven nigh at hand 1
 To which I meane my wearie course to bend ;
 Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
 The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
 And seemeth safe from storms that may offend ;
 There this fayre virgin wearie of her way
 Must landed bee, now at her iourneyes end ;
 There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
 Till merry wynd and weather call her thence away.

II

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming East 10
 Yett harnessed his fire-footed teeme,
 Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
 When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
 That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
 Unto the watchman on the castle-wall ;
 Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
 And to his Lord and Lady lowd gan call,
 To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

III

Uprose with hastie joy, and feeble speed, 19
 That aged Syre, the Lord of all that land,
 And looked forth, to weet if true indeed
 Those tydings were, as he did understand :
 Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,
 He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
 Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
 Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state ;
 For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

IV

Then gan triumphant Trompets sownd on hye, 28
 That sent to heven the ecchoed report
 Of their new ioy, and happie victorie
 Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
 Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
 To him assembled with one full consort,
 Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
 From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

V

Forth came that auncient Lord, and aged Queene, 37
 Arayd in ántique robes downe to the grownd,
 And sad habiliments right well besene :
 A noble crew about them waited rownd
 Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd ;
 Whom far before did march a goodly band
 Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd ;
 But now they laurell braunches bore in hand,
 Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

VI

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came, 46
 And him before themselves prostrating low,
 Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
 And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
 Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,
 The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
 As fresh as flowres in medow greene doe grow
 When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light ;
 And in their handes sweet Timbrels all upheld on hight.

VII

And them before the fry of children yong 55
 Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
 And to the Maydens sownding tymbrels song
 In well attuned notes a ioyous lay,
 And made delightfull musick all the way,
 Untill they came where that faire virgin stood :
 As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
 Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood—
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood.

VIII

So she beheld those maydens merriment 64
 With chearefull vew ; who, when to her they came,
 Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
 And her ador'd by honorable name,
 Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame :
 Then on her head they set a girland greene,
 And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game :
 Who, in her self-resemblance well beseene,
 Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

IX

And after all the raskall many ran, 73
 Heaped together in rude rablement,
 To see the face of that victorious man,
 Whom all admired as from heaven sent,
 And gazd upon with gaping wonderment ;
 But when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
 Strecth on the ground in monstrous large extent,
 The sight with ydle feare did them dismay,
 Ne durst approach him nigh to touch, or once assay.

X

Some feard, and fled ; some feard, and well it faynd ; 82
 One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
 Warnd' him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
 Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
 Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
 Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull seede :
 Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
 Yet sparekling fyre, and bad thereof take heed ;
 Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

XI

One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld 91
 Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
 Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyled,
 And to her gossibs gan in counsell say ;
 ‘ How can I tell, but that his talants may
 Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand ?’
 So diversly them selves in vaine they fray ;
 Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,
 To prove how many acres he did spread of land.

XII

Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about : 100
 The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
 Being arrived where that champion stout
 After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
 Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
 With princely gi.ts of yvory and gold,
 And thousand thanks him yeelds for all his paine.
 Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
 Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

XIII

And after to his Pallace he them bringes, 109
 With shaumes, and trumpets, and with Clarions sweet ;
 And all the way the ioyous people singes,
 And with their garments strowes the paved street ;
 Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet
 Of all, that royall Princes court became :
 And all the floore was underneath their feet
 Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
 On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose frame.

XIV

What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize, 118
 In which was nothing riotous nor vaine ?
 What needes of dainty dishes to devise,
 Of comely services, or courtly trayne ?
 My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
 The large discourse of roiall Princes state.
 Yet was their manner then but bare and playne ;
 For th’ antique world excesse and pryde did hate :
 Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

XV

Then, when with meates and drinckes of every kinde 127
 Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
 That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
 Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad,
 Which in his travell him befallen had,
 For to demaund of his renowned guest :
 Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,
 From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
 Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

XVI

Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard, 136
 That godly King and Queene did passionate,
 Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard ;
 That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
 And often blame the too importune fate
 That heaped on him so many wrathfull wreaques ;
 For never gentle knight, as he of late,
 So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes :
 And all the while salt teares bedewd the hearers cheeks.

XVII

Then sayd that royall Pere in sober wise ; 145
 ' Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore
 From first to last in your late enterprise,
 That I note whether praise or pittie more ;
 For never living man, I weene, so sore
 In sea of deadly daungers was distrest :
 But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
 And well arrived are, (high God be blest !)
 Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest.'

XVIII

' Ah dearest Lord!' said then that doughty knight, 154
 ' Of ease or rest I may not yet devize ;
 For by the faith which I to armes have plight,
 I bownden am streight after this emprize,
 As that your daughter can ye well advize,
 Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
 And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,
 Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene :
 Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene.'

XIX

‘Unhappy falls that hard necessity,’ 163
 (Quoth he) ‘the troubler of my happy peace,
 And vowed foe of my felicity ;
 Ne I against the same can iustly preace :
 But since that band ye cannot now release,
 Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be vayne)
 Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
 Ye then shall hither backe retourne agayne,
 The marriage to accomplish vovd betwixt you twayn.

XX

‘Which, for my part, I covet to performe 172
 In sort as through the world I did proclame,
 That who-so kild that monster most deforme,
 And him in hardy battaile overcame,
 Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,
 And of my kingdome heire apparaunt bee :
 Therefore, since now to thee pertaines the same
 By dew desert of noble chevalree,
 Both daughter and eke kingdome lo ! I yield to thee.’

XXI

Then forth he called that his daughter fayre, 181
 The fairest Un’, his onely daughter deare,
 His onely daughter and his only heyre ;
 Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
 As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
 Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
 To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
 And to the world does bring long-wished light :
 So faire and fresh that Lady shewd herselfe in sight.

XXII

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May ; 190
 For she had layd her mournfull stole aside,
 And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
 Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
 Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride ;
 And on her now a garment she did weare
 All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
 That seemd like silke and silver woven neare ;
 But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

XXIII

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame, 199
 And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
 To tell were as to strive against the streame :
 My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
 Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
 Ne wonder ; for her own deare loved knight,
 All were she daily with himselfe in place,
 Did wonder much at her celestial sight :
 Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

XXIV

So fairely dight when she in presence came, 208
 She to her Syre made humble reverence,
 And bowed low, that her right well became,
 And added grace unto her excellence :
 Who with great wisdome and grave eloquence
 Thus gan to say—But, eare he thus had sayd,
 With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
 Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
 A Messenger with letters, which his message said.

XXV

All in the open hall amazed stood 217
 At suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
 And wondred at his breathlesse 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,
 And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight ;
 Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
 Which he disclosing read thus, as the paper spake :

XXVI

‘ To thee, most mighty king of Eden fayre, 226
 Her greeting sends in these sad lines address
 The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
 Of that great Emperour of all the West ;
 And bids thee be advized for the best,
 Ere thou thy daughter linck, in holy band
 Of wedlocke, to that new unknowen guest :
 For he already plighted his right hand
 Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII

‘To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad, 235
 He was affiaunced long time before,
 And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
 False erraunt knight, infámous, and forswore !
 Wisse the burning Altars, which he swore,
 And guilty heavens of his bold periury ;
 Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
 Yet I to them for judgement just doe fly,
 And them conjúre t’ avenge this shamefull injury.

XXVIII

‘Therefore, since mine he is, or free or bond, 244
 Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
 Withhold, O soverayne Prince ! your hasty hond
 From knitting league with him, I you aread ;
 Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
 Through weaknesse of my widowhed or woe ;
 For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
 And shall find friends, if need requireth soe.
 So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend nor foe,

Idessa.

XXIX

When he these bitter byting wordes had red, 253
 The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
 That still he sate long time astonished,
 As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
 At last his solemn silence thus he brake,
 With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest :
 ‘Redoubted knight, that for myne only sake
 Thy life and honour late adventarest,
 Let nought be hid from me that ought to be exprest.

XXX

‘What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats, 262
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd ?
 What heavens ? what altars ? what enraged heates,
 Here heaped up with termes of love unkynd,
 My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd ?
 High God be wisse that I guiltlesse ame ;
 But if yourselfe, Sir knight, ye faulty fynd,
 Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
 With cryme doe not it cover, but disclose the same.’

XXXI

To whom the Redcrosse knight this answere sent : 271
 ‘ My Lord, my king, be nought hereat dismayd,
 Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,
 What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
 With breach of love and loialty betrayd.
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
 Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard,
 That day should faile me ere I had them all declar’d.

XXXII

‘ There did I find, or rather I was fownd 280
 Of this false woman that Fidessa hight,
 Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on grownd,
 Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
 That easy was t’ inveigle weaker sight :
 Who by her wicked arts and wylie skill,
 Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
 Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
 And to my foe betrayd when least I feared ill.’

XXXIII

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd, 289
 And on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
 With sober countenance thus to him sayd :
 ‘ O! pardon me, my soveraine Lord, to sheow
 The secret treasons, which of late I know
 To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse :
 She, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
 This gentle knight into so great distresse,
 That death him did awaite in dayly wretchednesse.

XXXIV

‘ And now it seemes, that she suborned hath 298
 This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
 To worke new woe and improvided scath,
 By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine ;
 Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
 Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
 Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
 Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
 The falsest man alive : wo tries, shall find no lesse.’

XXXV

The king was greatly moved at her speach ; 307
 And, all with suddain indignation fraight,
 Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
 Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
 Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait,
 Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
 As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,
 With ydle force did faine them to withstand,
 And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

XXXVI

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe, 316
 And bound him hand and foote with yron chains ;
 And with continual watch did warely keepe.
 Who then would thinke that by his subtile trains
 He could escape fowle death or deadly pains ?
 Thus, when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
 He gan renew the late forbidden bains,
 And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde
 With sacred rites and voves for ever to abyde.

XXXVII

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit, 325
 That none but death for ever can divide ;
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,
 The housling fire did kindle and provide,
 And holy water thereon sprinckled wide ;
 At which the bushy Teade a groome did light,
 And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
 For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine, 334
 And made great feast to solemnize that day :
 They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
 And precious odours fetcht from far away,
 That all the house did sweat with great aray :
 And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
 Her curious skill the warbling notes to play,
 To drive away the dull Melancholy ;
 The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

XXXIX

During the which there was an heavenly noise 343
 Heard sownd through all the Pallace pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an Angels voice
 Singing before th' eternall majesty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hye :
 Yett wist no creature whence that hevenly sweet
 Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby reft of his senses meet,
 And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

XL

Great joy was made that day of young and old, 352
 And solemne feast proclaiemd throughout the land,
 That their exceeding merth may not be told :
 Suffice it heare by signes to understand
 The usuall ioyes at knitting of loves band.
 Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
 Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand ;
 And ever, when his eye did her behold,
 His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

XLI

Her ioyous presence, and sweet company, 361
 In full content he there did long enjoy ;
 Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosity,
 His deare delights were able to annoy :
 Yet, swimming in that sea of blisfull ioy,
 He nought forgot how he whilome had sworne,
 In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
 Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne ;
 The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

XLII

Now, strike your sailes, yee iolly Mariners, 370
 For we be come unto a quiet rode,
 Where we must land some of our passengers,
 And light this wearie vessell of her lode :
 Here she a while may make her safe abode,
 Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
 And wants supplide ; And then againe abroad
 On the long voiage whereto she is bent :
 Well may she specede, and fairely finish her intent !

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS

USED IN THE

NOTES AND GLOSSARY

acc.	= accusative	Mod.E.	= Modern English
adj.	= adjective	O.E.	= Old English
adv.	= adverb	O.F.	= Old French
Celt.	= Celtic	O.H.G.	= Old High German
cp.	= compare	pass.	= passive
F.	= French	pers.	= person
Ger.	= Modern German	pp.	= preterite participle
Gr.	= Greek	prep.	= preposition
Icc.	= Icelandic	pr. pt.	= present participle
imperat.	= imperative	pres.	= present
ind.	= indicative	pret.	= preterite
inf. infin.	= infinitive	pron.	= pronoun
Ital.	= Italian	rel.	= relative
L.	= Latin	sh.	= substantive
lit.	= literally	Scand.	= Scandinavian
L.L.	= Low Latin	v.i.	= verb intransitive
M.E.	= Middle English	v.t.	= verb transitive

SIGNS.

[] derivation or reference to cognates is given within [].

+ compounded with.

< derived from.

NOTES

In references to the *Færic Queen* large Roman numerals denote the Book, small the Canto; Arabic numerals in references to Book I. denote the line, in references to other Books the stanza.

THE INVOCATION

Line 1. **Lo I the man . . .** : an imitation of the lines which appear in some MSS. at the head of the First Book of Vergil's *Aeneid*, "*Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avena | Carmen*" (I the man who formerly played my song on the slender oat pipe).

2. **As time her taught:** *i. e.* in accordance with her youthful age unequal to more arduous feats. **Shepherds weeds:** an allusion to Spenser's first great work, *The Shepherdes Calendar*, published in 1579. Note that the conventional use of the apostrophe in the possessive case was not yet known. It did not become general until the end of the seventeenth century. Cp. lines 5, 31, etc.

5. **Knights and Ladies:** a reminiscence of the opening stanza of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, "*Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori, | Le cortesie, l'audaci imprese io canto,*" (Ladies, knights, arms, and love, acts of courtesy and daring deeds I sing").

8. **her learned throng:** the educated classes.

9. **Fierce wars . . . shall moralize:** *i. e.* my song shall treat of morals in an allegory the outer form of which is a story of love and war. Note the Latinism in the lines preceding this—'whose praises' = *quorum laudes*—a principal sentence beginning with a relative pronoun. Spenser's syntax, like that of all his contemporaries, was much influenced by Latin usage.

10. **holy virgin:** Clio, the Muse of History.

11. **weaker:** *i. e.* 'very,' or 'too weak,' an imitation of the Latin intensive comparative, in which Spenser frequently indulges. There is no comparison intended: the form is merely emphatic. Cp. 'baser,' I. ii. 60, 'looser,' I. vii. 62, etc. **Novice:** apprentice, *i. e.* Spenser.

14. **Tanaquill:** a British princess mentioned in the Arthurian legends, here signifying the Fairy Queen.

19. **impe:** Cupid. The word has no bad or grotesque sense in Spenser's vocabulary: it means simply 'offspring.' See Glossary.

22. **glorious fire:** desire of glory.

25. **Mart:** Mars, god of war. Spenser, like Chaucer, uses the Italian form, which comes from the Lat. acc. *Martem*.

27. **spoyles**: ravages, robberies. **allayd**: note omission of copula 'are,' a common peculiarity of Spenser's syntax; or it may be an imitation of the Latin ablative absolute.

28. **Goddesse**: Queen Elizabeth.

31. **Phœbus**: the sun. Gr. *φῶιβος*, radiant, *φῶς*, light.

35. **argument**: subject; from Ital. *argomento*, lines at the head of a canto stating the contents. **mine afflicted stile**: my humble pen. The words are used in their original Latin sense. See Glossary.

CANTO I

The arguments, or lines at the head of each canto, give the key to its allegorical meaning, for which see Introduction. Note omission of the object 'him' in the last line.

1. **pricking**: *i. e.* spurring: the usual word in the old romances.

2. **Yeladd**: clothed. The *y* represents the O.E. prefix of the past participle *ge*. The cognate form still survives in Mod. German, e. g. *ge-bund-en*. In England its force was lost in the 16th cent., and we find Milton prefixing it to a pres. part. 'star y-pointing.'

8. **faire**: fairly, well. Adverbs were formed from adjectives in O.E. by adding *e*, which was at first pronounced. After Chaucer, however, it became mute in speech, and finally disappeared in writing also, leaving adjective and adverb identical in form. This ambiguity has led to the modern supremacy of adverbs in *-ly*.

11. **remembrance**: reminder, memento.

20. **Gloriana**: signifies (i.) Fame, (ii.) Elizabeth. See Introd.

22. **to win him worshippe**: to gain fame for himself. Him is dative.

28. **A lovely Ladie**: Una, Truth. See Introd.

30. **yet she much whiter**: Latinism, '*illa autem candidior.*' 'Was' is omitted. **but the same did hide**: 'same' refers to the whiteness, or fair complexion of the lady, which was hidden by her veil. This somewhat hyperbolic description conveys an allusion to the purity of truth. Note the omission of the subject 'she' before 'did hide.' This is a common peculiarity of Spenserian syntax, due doubtless to the influence of Latin, and also of the older stages of English and French, in which it is frequent.

31. **wimpled**: pp. of v.t. and i. *to wimple*, from O.E. sb. *wimpel*, a sort of hood covering the neck, chin, and sides of the face, and still worn by nuns. The derived verb means (i.) to cover as with a wimple, (ii.) to plait, or draw down in folds, which seems to be its force here. Paraphrase thus, "But she did hide the same (*i. e.* her whiteness) under a veil which was drawn down very low."

34. **heavie**: in the figurative sense, sad.

35. **seemed**: ellipsis of subject with an impersonal verb.

36. **in a line**: by a string. **lad**: old preterite of *lead*, M.E. *ladde*.

44. **forwasted**: utterly wasted. 'For' is here an intensive prefix. Cp. for-lorn, for-done, for-wandering; and Ger. *verloren*.

45. **compeld**: summoned (Lat. *compellare*); a different word from *compel*, (I. vi. 227) to force, to drive together (Lat. *compellere*).

56. **A shadie grove**: the wood of error. See Introd.

58. **sommers pride**: leaves.

60. **with**: by. 'By' was very rarely used to express the agent in O. and M.E.; 'with' or 'of' were used instead. Cp. line 100 *et passim*.

63. **them**: dative. **entred ar**: in O.E. intrans. verbs were generally conjugated with 'to be.' Relics of this usage still survive. Cp. French usage with *aller*, etc.

68. **can**: Spenser, imitating Chaucer, often writes 'can' for 'gan' (=began). Both poets use the word as an auxiliary of the past tense, equivalent to 'did.' Cp. I. iv. 406, "With gentle wordes he can (*i. e.* he did) her fayrely greet." I. ii. 253, "Soone as he them can spie."

The description of the trees was doubtless suggested by a similar passage in Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules*, l. 176, which was again copied from Ovid.

69. **the sayling Pine**: the pine from which masts are made. Chaucer has "the sayling fir" (*Parl. of Foules*, l. 179).

70. **the Poplar never dry**: because it prefers damp localities.

72. **the Cypresse funerall**: this tree was the symbol of death amongst the Greeks and Romans, and was planted by tombs. Cp. Hor. *Odes*, ii. 15, *neque harum quas colis arborum | Te praeter invisos cupressos | Ulla breuem dominum sequetur.*

74. **The Firre that weepeth still**: *i. e.* exudes resin; 'still' = constantly.

75. **forlorne Paramours**: forsaken lovers. For the significance of the willow cp. Desdemona's song in *Othello*, iv. 3.

78. **Mirre sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound**: the tree when cut gives out a sap bitter in taste but sweet in smell.

79. **Ash for nothing ill**: *i. e.* good for any purpose: an obvious *cheville*. **Warlike Beech**: because bucklers and war-chariots were made of it.

81. **Carver Holme**: the holly, which yields a white, hard wood suitable for carving.

88. **that makes**: ellipsis of 'it.'

89. **turnings seene**: ellipsis of 'are.'

92. **till that**: in M.E. *that* was constantly used, like Fr. *que*, with conjunctions, which now do not require it. Cp. I. i. 229, *as that*, I. ii. 193, *before that*, etc. or **in or out**: repetition of the same conjunction was common in O.E. as in Latin and French.

94. **like to lead the labyrinth about**: likely to lead them round and out of the maze.

95. **by tract**: by trace. Cp. I. iii. 86, "the tract of peoples footing." VI. xii. 22, "Him followed by the tract of his outrageous spoile."

100. **Be well aware**: be very wary.

105. tryall made: ellipsis of 'be.'

106. Shame were to revoke . . . : it would be shameful to retreat because of a hidden danger.

111. to wish you backe returne: to wish you to turn back.

114. The wandering wood: the wood of error (L. *erro*, I wander).

115. does: it is hard to justify the singular here. Perhaps we may regard 'God and man' as equivalent to 'the whole universe'; but Spenser is not very careful in his syntax, and the use of 'does' is very likely a mere blunder.

116. Therefore I read beware: I counsel you to be cautious.

117. fearfull: timid.

124. This description should be compared with that of Sin in *Paradise Lost*, 2. 650, which was doubtless suggested by it.

136. upstart: pret. of *upstart*, to start up. In stems ending in a dental the termination of the pret. often coalesces with the final dental. Cp. *lead*, pret. *led*.

139. without entraile: without twisting or entanglement.

141. Armed to point: fully armed. Fr. *à point*, completely, to a nicety.

145. the valiant Elfe: the Redcross Knight is reputed to be the son of a fairy. See I. x. 568.

147. trenchand: the *-and* is here a corruption of the French participial ending *-ant*. In words of Teutonic origin such as *thrilland*, *glitterand*, it represents the O.E. participial ending *-ende*, which became *-and* in the Northern dialects. Spenser appears to have confused the two classes of words, and spelled both in the same way. He was familiar with Northern dialectal forms through his sojourn in Lancashire. See *Introd.*

151. Threatning her sting: an imitation of the Latin use of *minari*. Cp. *crucem minari alicui*.

154. Note the use of alliteration in this line and throughout the book.

163. to see his sore constraint: to see him so cruelly entangled and crushed.

168. His gall did grate: In medieval physiology the gall-bladder was supposed to be the seat of anger. Cp. *choleric*, and Fr. *colère* from Gr. *χόλος*, gall. Grate = to be sore or irritated. Hence the phrase means, "His anger was stirred up."

175. vildly: note epenthetic 'd.'

177. bookes and papers: the allusion is to the numerous books and pamphlets issued at this time, teaching what Spenser regarded as erroneous doctrines, and more especially to the attacks of the Jesuits on the Queen.

181. Note the first extended simile of the poem.

182. timely: in due season.

185. his later spring: the later part of the inundation.

201. vew-en: old infinitive ending added to a Romance root.

226. detestable: the scansion shows that this word must have had the French pronunciation, *detestable*.

231. Well worthy: very well merited. Cp. French use of *bien*.

232. the which: Cp. French *lequel*.
234. should contend: was under the obligation of contending. *Shall* originally meant, *to be under an obligation, to owe*.
237. borne under happie starre: an allusion to the astrological doctrine that a man's career is determined by the stars in the ascendant at his birth. Cp. *ill-starred*.
239. Armory: the Armour of Faith described by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians.
243. like: likewise.
250. with God to frend: *i. e.* as a friend.
254. an aged Sire: Archimago; see Introd. 'Sire' = L. *senior*, therefore *aged sire* is a tautological expression.
259. in shew: in appearance.
264. after: afterwards.
267. silly: simple, harmless. O.E. *sælig*, from sb. *sæl*, time, luck. Cp. Ger. *selig*, happy. The word has acquired the meaning 'foolish' in the Mod. E. period.
268. bidding his beades: saying his prayers. O.E. *bed*, (cp. Ger. *gebet*) prayer. O.E. *biddan*, to pray.
283. draweth: ellipsis of 'it.'
291. Night gives counsell: a proverb. Cp. Fr. *La nuit porte conseil*.
294. Wisely to advise: to deliberate with care.
301. a little wyde: a little way off.
302. edifyde: built. The word still had the literal sense of the Latin *aedificatus*, and had not acquired the figurative meaning it now possesses.
303. wont: originally the past part. of M.E. *wonen*, to dwell, to be used to. Later it came to be used as a finite verb. It may be taken as such here, or 'was' may be inserted.
304. thinges: prayers.
306. alway: O.E. *calne weg*, acc. of time now replaced by the genitival form *alway-s*.
309. Rest is their feast . . . : they are content with rest alone, and all is just as they would have it.
313. could file his tongue: could talk in an eloquent and polished manner. The phrase originated in the Gallicism *avoir la langue bien affilée*, to be a ready talker. The idea of 'rapidity,' which the word at first contained, was later obscured by the notion of 'sharpening' or 'polishing,' which it also conveyed. Cp. Chaucer *Prol.* 714, "He muste preche and well afile his tongue," which probably means: "He must preach and make his tongue wag apace." The context shows that Spenser uses the word as equivalent to 'polish.'
315. Ave-Mary: a prayer beginning with the words *Ave Maria*, 'Hail! Mary.'
317. humor: moisture, *i. e.* the 'dew' shed by the messenger of Morpheus.
318. Morpheus: God of sleep.
319. slombring: an adjective used causatively, sleep-inducing.
327. like terrible: equally terrible.

328. **Plutoes Dame**: Proserpine, wife of Pluto, the ruler of the under-world in the Greek mythology.
331. **A bold, bad man**: these words have become proverbial.
332. **Great Gorgon**: not the Gorgon of ancient mythology, who was female, but Demogorgon, a mysterious and evil deity whose name was too dreadful to be pronounced. This mythical personage first appears in Latin Literature of the Empire, and is referred to by Lucan and Statius. Subsequently Boccaccio and other poets of the Renaissance adopted him, sometimes representing him as father of all the gods. Cp. *F. Q. I. v.* 194, "Thou wast begot in Demogorgons hall, And saw'st the secrets of the world unmade (*i. e.* before creation)." Milton, *P. L. 2.* 964, "Orcus and Ades and the dreaded name of Demorgorgon."
333. **at which**: at the name of Demogorgon. **Cocytus**: the river of Wailing in Hades (Gr. *κοκυτός*). **Styx**: the Hateful river, the river of death surrounding Hades (Gr. *στύξ*).
337. **whereto**: to what purpose.
342. **by himself staide**: kept beside himself. 'Stay' is used transitively here. Cp. to stay execution.
348. **Tethys**: wife of Oceanus, here used to typify the sea.
349. **Cynthia**: the Moon; one of the names of Diana or Artemis, the Moon-Goddess, derived from Mount Cynthus in Delos, where she was fabled to have been born along with her twin brother Phœbus Apollo, the Sun-God. The name was applied by Raleigh to the Queen.
351. **whiles**: the more correct form; the modern final 't' is a meaningless excrescence.
352. **whose double gates**: Compare this description of the Palace of Sleep and its two dream-gates with Verg. *Aen. vi.* 894, by which it was suggested.
360. **takes keepe**: heeds, pays attention to.
368. **carelesse Quiete**: sleep free from care. Cp. Vergil's '*secura quies*.'
375. **that forced**: supply 'he.'
376. **dryer**: Latin use of comparative. For the meaning of a dry brain, cp. *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 38, where Jacques says of the Fool, "His brain is as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage." Wright quotes, from an old medical work, a passage showing that by Elizabethan doctors, slowness of apprehension and confusion of mind were thought to be due to too great dryness and hardness of the brain; whilst intellectual ability was the result of a "soft, thinne, and cleere braine." Hence dry in this connexion signifies 'dull, stupid, muddled.' Cp. *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 329, where Hector, speaking contemptuously, of Achilles, declares that the challenge of Hector will be intelligible even to his brain, "though, Apollo knows, 'Tis dry enough."
377. **troubled**: confused.
378. **all**: entirely: adverbial use. Cp. *I. i.* 483.
380. **threatned**: see note on l. 151.
381. **Hecate**: a female divinity of the infernal regions, regarded as the mistress of all goblins, demons, ghosts and witches; hence

Morpheus awakes at her name. In sculpture she was represented with three heads; hence Shakespeare speaks of 'the triple Hecate,' in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Hecate is a Moon-goddess, her three forms representing the three phases of the moon. Images of her were set up at cross-roads, and pictures of her were affixed to gates as protection against goblins and spells.

384. **Archimago**: Chief-Wizard: the hermit's name. See Introd.

387. **sent**: senses, mind.

389. **a diverse dream**: a deceitful, confusing dream.

393. **the Yvorie door**: the gate by which false dreams have exit. Cp. *Aen.* vi. 893, *Sunt geminae somni portae: quarum altera fertur, Cornea . . . Altera, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto.*

397. **who**: Latin construction = and he (*i. e.* Archimago).

400. **lively**: lifelike. These words are doublets: *live-ly* = O.E. *lif-lic*.

402. **the maker selfe**: the maker himself; 'selfe' is an adj., and in O. and M.E. is often used without a pronoun in connexion with nouns like Fr. *même* and Ger. *selbst*.

405. **Una**: the name of the knight's fellow-traveller is now first mentioned as if by accident. The word is usually derived from L. *una*, one, alluding to the simplicity and universality of Truth, which the lady personifies. Mr. Grosart suggests that it may be the Irish *Oonagh*, a fairy, a word with which Spenser was doubtless familiar.

409. **abuse his fantasy**: deceive his mind. Cp. the French use of *abuser*. 'Fantasy' is a doublet of 'fancy.' Gr. *φαντασία*, imagination.

410. **schooled privily**: taught secretly.

414. **hew**: shape. See Glossary. Cp. I. viii. 339, "three Moones have changed thrice their *hew*," *i. e.* have waxed and waned.

By means of the false Una whom he has called into being, Archimago succeeds in deluding the Redcross Knight into the belief that his lady is unfaithful to him, and unworthy of his devotion. He accordingly sets out on his journey in the morning without her.

CANTO II

1. **The Northerne wagoner**: the constellation of the Plough with its seven stars. Another name for it was Charles's Wain.

2. **stedfast starre**: the Pole star which remains stationary whilst all the other stars appear to revolve round it.

6. **Chaunticlere**: clear-singer; name for the cock in the *Roman de Renart* copied by Chaucer and later poets.

7. **Phœbus fiery carre**: an allusion to the Greek myth that the sun was the fiery chariot of Apollo driven daily across the sky.

15. **deluded so**: mocked, rendered unavailing.

55. **rosy fingered Morning**: a Homeric phrase, *ροδοδάκτυλος Ἥως*. Note syncope of 'e' in 'fingered.'

56. **aged Tithones saffron bed**: Tithonus was a youth beloved by

Eos (Dawn), who obtained for him the gift of immortality but not of everlasting youth; hence the constant epithet 'aged.' The adjective 'saffron' alludes to the golden clouds of sunrise. Cp. Milton *L'Allegro*, 61. "Robed in flames and amber light."

58. **Titan**: the sun. **discovered**: disclosed, revealed.

59. **The royall virgin**: Una.

76. **the end of his drift**: the object of his plan.

85. **Proteus**: the Old Man of the Sea who tended the flocks of Poseidon. If captured he could change himself into any shape.

91. **The person to put on**: to put on the semblance, to impersonate. L. *persona*, a mask, a character in a drama.

97. **wel address**: well equipped. Fr. *dresser*, to erect, arrange, train, get ready. Cp. I. ii. 122, "addresse him to the fray" = prepare for the fight.

101. **was wandred**: see note on I. i. 63, and cp. I. ii. 170, etc.

103. **Will was his guide**: he had no other guide than his own caprices now that he had abandoned Una (Truth).

104. **him chaunst**: it befell him (dat.). Cp. I. ii. 313, 'me chaunced.'

107. **Sans foy**: faithless.

108. **a point**: a jot.

110. **a goodly Lady**: Duessa (treacherous) *alias* Fidessa (faithful). The scarlet robe and the mitre show that Duessa typifies Rome, which the Reformers identified with the Scarlet Woman of the *Apocalypse* (Rev. xvii. 4).

141. **the hanging victory**: the doubtful victory, a Latinism. Cp. *in pendenti habere aliquid*.

155. **the bitter fitt**: death.

156. **ygoe**: ago, pp. of M.E. *agoen*, to go away.

158. **assured sit**: sit firmly.

162. **from blame him fairly blest**: the probable meaning is 'protected him from all injury.' 'Bless' is frequently used in M.E. in the sense of 'protect.' Cp. *Ric. III.*, iii. 3, 4, "God bless (*i.e.* save) the Prince from all the pack of you." 'Blame' in the sense of 'injury' is unusual: Spenser may have connected it with *blemish*, to stain, to wound. See Glossary, *Bless*.

169. **grudging ghost**: groaning spirit, M.E. *grucchen*, to grumble. Cp. *growl*, *grunt*, *groan*, which show same root.

174. **funerall**: death. The same form is used as an adj. in I. i. 72, 'the Cypresse funerall.'

180. Paraphrase "for there was no present cause of terror to frighten her."

188. **much rueth me**: causes me great sorrow; 'me' is dative and the verb is impersonal.

193. **Before that angry heavens list to lowre**: before it pleased the angry heavens to frown. 'List' impersonal, 'heavens' dative.

196. **Emperour**: the Emperor of Rome. Duessa represents the Papacy which succeeded to the Imperial power.

208. **spoiled of lively breath**: robbed of the breath of life; 'spoiled' from L. *spoliare*, to rob, to strip. We now prefer the compound form 'despoil.'

X
 and:
 a little
 more.

230. in great passion : in great emotion. Cp. I. ii. 280, "the dreadfull passon" = the emotion of fear. L. *patior, passus sum*, I suffer.

234. which ye shew : which you relate.

243. Dainty maketh derth : coyness provokes love ; 'derth' is used in its original sense 'dearness.' Cp. the Lat. proverb, *Quae rara, cara*.

262. seemely pleasaunce : polite attentions.

263. goodly purposes : pleasant conversation (Fr. *propos*).

264. falsed fancy : deluded imagination.

266. he bends his gentle wit : he directs his courteous thoughts.

269. This incident is copied from Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, 6. 27.

278. up his heare did hove : his hair stood on end. 'Hove' is either (1) the pret. of *heave* improperly used as an infin., or (2) the M.E. *hovcn*, to abide, (whence *hovet*) used in an unusual sense, perhaps misapplied by Spenser, who not infrequently wrests the form or sense of a word to suit the requirements of his verse.

282. occasion : event.

284. Limbo lake : in medieval theology the ante-chamber (L. *limbus*, hem) of Hell, in which dwelt the righteous who died before the Incarnation, and also unbaptized infants and, according to some, idiots. For a description of Limbo, see Dante, *Inferno* iv. It is not usually represented as a 'lake,' but Spenser is not at all careful about such details, and probably calls it so by analogy with the Styx and the other rivers or lakes of Hades. From the expression 'damned ghost' it would seem that he here uses the term loosely for the whole of Hell.

287. speeches rare : faint, weak ; 'rare' being used in the Latin sense, 'scanty.'

291. Fradubio : Brother Doubtful, the type of those who could not make up their minds on the religious controversies of the times, but wavered from side to side.

295. Boreas : the north wind.

302. Pain is twice as hard to bear if it be concealed, just as fire burns most those who try to extinguish it.

316. he did take in hand : he asserted ; an English equivalent to the Romance *maintain* (L. *manus, teneo*).

322. dye : die, hasard ; so Livy, *alea belli*.

323. prise martiall : prize of war.

325. unlike faire : fair with a difference.

328. whether : pronoun like Lat. *uter*, which of the two. Cp. *S. Matt.* 21. 31, "Whether of them twain did the will of his father?"

331. to be agreeede : to be settled. Transitive use of the verb.

336. She set about gaining by craft that which she could not win by fair means.

342. She could only be thought fair when there were no other fair ones to compare with her. 'In place' = in the place ; it is a common idiom in mediæval ballads. Cp. 'in londe,' in the land.

348. her : Fraelissa ; she : Duessa.

351. treen mould : form of a tree. 'Treen' is an adj., originally gen. plur. of tree.

352. Dame : ladylove (L. *domina*).

355. Prime : usually the first canonical hour of the day (L. *primus*). The text however clearly shows that Duessa did not bathe every day, but that it was a somewhat exceptional occurrence. The word doubtless here means 'Spring,' the prime of the year. Cp. *prim-rose*, and Fr. *prin-temps*. It was a popular superstition that witches must undergo this ablation once a year.

358. *origane* : an acrid herb like marjoram, used as a remedy for skin diseases.

371. *drownd* : a participle qualifying 'body' in the next line but one.

382. *a living well* : probably an allusion to the 'living water' which can alone overcome the enchantments of evil. Cp. I. xi. 253 *sqq.*, where the Redcross Knight is cured of his wounds and restored to his former strength by immersion in a 'well of life.'

385. *your wonted well* : your usual weal, well-being.

386. *suffised fates* : destinies accomplished. *kyad* : nature. Cp. Chaucer, *H. of Fame*, 748, "Every river to the see | Enclyned is to go by kinde."

398. *that* : what.

399. *payned himself* : took pains.

404. *all passed fear* : fear being quite gone. Nominative absolute.

CANTO III

2. *compassiön* : four syllables.

5. *through her brightnesse blynd* : her refers to 'beauty,' *i. e.* Elizabeth. The line is an allusion to one of Spenser's visits to court.

14. *true as touch* : true as the touch-stone which discriminates between false gold and genuine.

24. *late vision* : recent vision.

29. *unhastie* : slow.

64. *redounding* : in the literal sense, 'welling up again' (L. *unda*, a wave).

99. *her cast in deadly hew* : made her appear like one dead.

114. *that old woman* : Corceca (Blindness of heart), a type of superstitious piety.

116. *Pater noster* : the Lord's Prayer. Note that the prayers to the Virgin are three times as numerous.

136. *Aldeboran* : a star of the first magnitude in the constellation Taurus.

137. *Cassiopeia's chaire* : a constellation ; the names are chosen merely on account of their magniloquent sound.

139. *one knocked* : Kirkrapine (Plunderer of the Church), a type of the simoniacal priests, the impudent mendicant friars, the fraudulent pardoners whom Chaucer, Rabelais, and Erasmus satirized, and whom Langland, Wycliffe, and Luther denounced.

143. **pillage severall** : various kinds of plunder.

144. **purchas criminall** : criminal hunting, O.F. *pur* + *chacer*, to hunt, to capture. Cp. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 101, where one of the highwaymen says, "Thou shalt share in our purchase (*i. e.* plunder), as I am a true man."

157. **Abessa** : the Abject or Debased One (L. *abjecta*, cast away), a type of the ignorant laity under priestly rule. In this trio Spenser sets forth allegorically his view of the rank and file of the Romish church as he saw them in Ireland. In the *Present State of Ireland*, pp. 634, 640, 645, 647, he expresses no less intolerant opinions in prose.

172. **him booteth not** : it does him no good. O.E. *bot*, profit, the root of bet-ter. Cp. Burns, *Epistle to Davie*, "It heats me, it *beets* me | To mention but her name."

185. **that long wandring Greeke** : Ulysses, the hero of the Odyssey, who wandered for ten years after the fall of Troy before regaining his home in Ithaca.

186. **refused deitye** : Ulysses refused to remain with the enchantress Calypso, though she offered him immortality ; but he returned to his wife Penelope.

197. **avenging will** : desire of revenge.

202. **dishonesty** : unchastity. Cp. *Othello*, iv. 2. 12, "I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest."

239. **light** : alight, settle upon.

240. **your** : of you ; the word is a pronoun here, not a possessive adj.

250. **kindly skil** : natural power. Cp. note on I. ii. 386.

252. **my lief** : my love (Ger. *meine liebe*), from O.E. adj. *leof*, dear. Cp. *leman* = *leof-man*, sweetheart.

257. **deface** : undo, defeat (L. *deficere*).

268. **true is** : a Latinism, *verum est*, or else an imitation of the Italian *è vero*.

273. **Tethys** : wife of Oceanus, here put for the sea.

276. **scorching flames** : summer heat. **Orion's hound** : Sirius, the dog of the mythological hunter, Orion. The name Sirius is given to the principal star of the constellation Canis Major, which is above the horizon all day in July and August. Hence this period is known as the 'dog-days,' and the great heat proper to it was attributed to the influence of the dog-star Sirius.

279. **Nereus crownes with cups** : drinks the health of Nereus, an ancient sea-god.

282. **from ground** : from shore.

289. **they might see** : they were able to see. 'May' had originally the meaning 'to have the might, to be able to do a thing.'

297. **Sans loy** : Lawless (Fr. *sans, loi*), brother of Sans foy.

303. **untryed dint** : blows of which he had as yet had no experience.

309. **vainly crossed** : marked with a cross in vain. Archimago's red-cross shield, being only a sham, has no power to defend him. Compare this passage with the account of the fight between the

Red-cross Knight and *Sans foy*, the Saracen (I. ii. 154), where the true shield renders its possessor proof against all attacks.

311. **he should him beare** : he would have pierced him.

315. **gored** : a most appropriate epithet. The word means originally 'wounded with a spear' (O.E. *gar*, a spear). Cp. *gar-lic*, spear plant, from its sharp pointed leaves.

317. **to reave his life** : to rob him of life. See Glossary.

320. **repining strife** : the spirit of a murdered person was supposed by the ancients to wander restlessly about until its death was avenged.

321. **Lethe lake** : a river, or pool of Hades, a draught from which procured oblivion of the past. Vergil represents spirits as being dipped in it before their reincarnation. Milton makes it one of the torments of the damned that they float constantly on this flood which would procure them peace, but may not taste it. Two other rivers of Hades have been already mentioned, viz. *Styx* and *Cocytus*. The remaining two were *Phlegethon*, the river of flame, and *Acheron*, the river of pain. There is a considerable breach of historic propriety in making the Moslem *Sans loy* refer to the beliefs of Classical antiquity, but Spenser's age was not critical in such matters.

322. **mourning altars** : there is a confusion here of two notions. The Latins were in the habit of offering sacrifices to the *Manes* or spirits of the dead (not to the *Furies*), in order to render them propitious. They did not however make human sacrifices, as the passage "purgd with enemies life" implies. The Celts, on the other hand, had such a custom.

323. **the black infernall Furies** : Goddesses, or rather she-dragons, who were believed by the Greeks to hunt down and torment criminals. For a vivid description of them see Aeschylus, *Eumenides*. They were doubtless a poetic personification of the terrors of remorse. The epithet 'black' is applied to them because they were represented as robed in black.

324. That life which thou didst take from Sansfoy, Sansloy shall from thee take.

330. **one the truest knight** : one who is the truest knight ; *one* and *knight* are in apposition, a common M.E. construction.

334. **might not** : could not ; see note on I. iii. 289.

340. **though untold** : without being told.

342. **Ne ever wont** : nor was ever accustomed. **in field** : in battle. **round lists** : space enclosed for a tournament. The 't' in list is exrescent ; the word comes from O.F. *lisse*, L.L. *licia*, sb. pl. barriers. 'Round' must be taken to mean 'surrounded, enclosed,' not necessarily 'circular.'

343. **sire** : in its original sense 'old man' (L. *senior*).

346. **Or thine the fault** : 'Is the fault thine or mine?'

350. **Which doen away** : absolute construction equivalent to 'when which (*i. e.* the swoon) had passed off.'

353. **so mockt** : so deceived.

358. **her booteth** : it avails her not. 'Her' is dat.

368. **corage** : heart. Cp. Chaucer, *Prolog.* II, "So priketh hem Nature in hir corages."

376. **thrilling**: boring, piercing; derived by metathesis from O.E. *ðyrlian*, < sb. *ðyrel*, a hole. Cp. v. *drill*, (a cognate from Dutch) sb. *nos-tril* = nose-thrill.

377. **laucht**: lanced, *i. e.* pierced with a lance. F. *lancer*, to hurl, dart, pierce.

381. **dismaid**: ruined, destroyed. O.F. *desmaier* < L. *dis.* + O.E. and O.H.G. *magan*, to be able. Hence to be paralyzed, rendered useless.

382. **to save or spill**: Cp. Chaucer, *Clerkes Tale*, 502, "My child and I . . . | Ben youres al, and ye mowe save or spille | Your owene thing." 'Spill' = kill. O.E. *spillan*, to destroy.

385. **will or nill**: 'will she or ne-will she.' The coalescence of the negative particle, *ne*, with the following word was common in O.E., e. g. *nes* = *ne wæs*, was not; *nat* = *ne wat*, know not.

387. **more of might**: greater in power. 'More' has the sense of 'greater' in M.E. Cp. 'most' = greatest, I. ii. 81.

393. **her servile beast**: her horse.

396. **in beastly kind**: according to the nature (M.E. *kynde*) of an animal.

CANTO IV

20. **of each degree**: of every rank.

28. **Pallace**: note the unsubstantial nature of the edifice, suggesting the instability of temporal rank and fame. The walls are high but thin; they glitter, but it is only with foil; the foundation is insecure, and the rear is mean and ugly.

37. **heape**: a pile of buildings. Cp. *construction*, L. *struo*, I heap.

39. **mould**: shape, building.

46. **forth right**: straightway.

49. **Malvenu**: 'Ill-come,' the opposite of *bien-venu*, welcome. Spenser implies by this 'conceit,' that those who enter the House of Pride, which is apparently so hospitable, do so at their peril.

55. **them . . . them**: first = the crowd; second = the Knight and Duessa.

56. **Presence**: reception room, chamber of the presence.

60. **Persia**: the synonym for luxury with the Greeks and Romans. Cp. Hor. *Carm.* i. 38, '*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.*'

64. Compare this stanza with Milton's description of the throne of Satan. *P. L.* II. 1.

68. **A maiden Queen**: Lucifera, Pride, the rival of the Faery Queene, as Mary Stuart was the rival of Elizabeth. The passage is doubtless intended to have reference to the Scottish Queen.

73. **Phœbus fayrest childe**: Phaëthon, son of Helios (the sun), who tried to drive his father's chariot, but failed, as the stanza graphically describes. He, as a striking instance of presumptuous pride, is a fit parallel for Lucifera. Chaucer tells the same story in a humorous vein in the *Hours of Fame*.

79. **the welkin way**: the usual path of the sun through the welkin, *i. e.* sky (O.E. *wolennu*, pl. clouds).

80. **inflames the skyen**: sets the clouds on fire. 'Skyen' is plur. of M.E. *skye*, Icel. *sky*, a cloud.

84. **lowly**: lowliness, adj. used as a noun.

91. **daughter**: this genealogy is an invention of Spenser's and has no earlier authority.

95. **thundering Jove**: Jupiter Tonans, whose weapons were lightning and the thunder-bolt.

100. **proud Lucifera**: fem. of Lucifer, the Lat. form of Gr. *φωσφόρος*, the light-bringer, the morning star. *Lucifer* was one of the names given in the Middle Ages to the Devil, through a misunderstanding of *Isaiah* xiv. 12, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning." Pride was regarded in mediæval theology as the source of the fall of the Angels. Cp. Shakspeare, *Hun. VIII.*, "Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition. By that sin fell the angels." Hence in mediæval ethics Pride was regarded as the worst of the vices, and the foundation of all others. So Dante places the Circle of the Proud on the lowest step of his Mountain of Purgatory.

106. **pollicie**: craft. Spenser is doubtless contrasting here the settled laws and comparative freedom of England with the absolute rule of a Philip II. or a Catherine de Medicis.

107. **six wizards**: the remainder of the Seven Deadly Sins of which Pride is the chief.

111. **Husher**: Fr. *huissier*, L. *ostiarium*, a door-keeper.

117. **to prove**: to put to the test.

129. **did payne**: exerted. Cp. *Ne vous donnez pas la peine*. A 'painful minister' in Elizabethan parlance meant a minister who took pains with his discourses.

132. **the stout Faery**: the Red-cross Knight. **mongst the midst crowd**: in the middle of the crowd; a Latinism, *in media turba*.

135. **allowd**: granted, L. *allocare*.

144. **glitter and**: see note on I. i. 183.

147. **Flora**: goddess of flowers.

149. **Juno**: wife of Jupiter. Spenser's mythological lore is faulty here. The peacock was sacred to Juno, but is not represented as drawing her chariot. The poet was probably thinking of the dove-drawn chariot of Venus.

151. **bras-paved**: a Greek epithet borrowed either from the Homeric *χαλκοβατής*, or the Pindaric *χαλκόπεδος*.

153. **argus eyes**: Argus had a hundred eyes, some of which were always open. At his death Hera (L. Juno) transferred his eyes to the tail of her favourite bird.

154. **this**: *i. e.* the 'coche' of Pride.

155. **counsellors**: the description of the Seven Deadly Sins was a favourite subject with mediæval poets; that which follows should be compared with the parallel compositions of Dunbar and Langland.

156. **taught to obey**, etc.: the six beasts—the ass, the pig, the goat, the camel, the wolf, and the lion—were taught to obey the

commands of their rulers the six sins—idleness, gluttony, lechery, avarice, envy and anger; and these commands were in each case “applied with like conditions,” *i. e.* analogously to “their kindes,” *i. e.* the nature of each beast.

159. **Idlennesse, the nourse of sin**: Cp. Dr. Watts, “Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.” The sketch of the Monk, the typical example of Idleness, should be compared with the delineation of the same subject in Chaucer’s *Frologue* and Sterne’s *Sentimental Journey*.

163. **still**: always, constantly.

169. **May seeme**: it may seem. Cp. mod. ‘maybe’=it may be.

178. **through evil guise**: through bad manner of living.

185. **like a crane**: this curious comparison was probably suggested by a story related in the *Ethics* of Aristotle of a certain Philoxenus, who wished that his neck were as long as that of a crane in order that he might the longer enjoy the taste of his food.
fyne: thin.

205. **dry dropsie**: *i. e.* causing thirst, a symptom of this disease.

239. **he told**: he counted; for ‘tell’ in this sense, cp. Ger. *zählen*, to count.

242. **accursed usury**: the taking of usury or interest was considered a crime until comparatively recent times. The Roman Cato, the Greek Aristotle, in common with many of the Hebrew writers, denounce the practice in strong terms; and their language is surpassed by that of some of the Early Christian Fathers. Calvin was the first theologian who declared the taking of interest permissible. For popular opinion on the matter in Spenser’s time and earlier, cp. *Merch. of Ven.* i. 3, “For when did friendship take a breed of barren metal of his friend?” Also Dante, who places usurers in one of the lowest rings of his *Inferno*.

248. **compare**: to get, obtain, L. *comparare*. Cp. Ter. *And.* 4. 1. 4, ‘*ex incommodis alterius sua ut comparent commoda.*’

252. **unto himself unknowne**: he did not recognize that his life was wretched, though it was so. He belonged to that world whose inhabitants in Dante’s phrase have lost ‘*il ben dell’ intelletto,*’ the good of understanding, and to whom things do not appear in their true light. Cp. for the same thought Bunyan’s ‘Man with the Muck-rake.’

254. **did lacke in greatest store**: still thought itself poor when really very rich. This and the three following lines afford a good specimen of the ingenious antitheses of the Euphuistic style so popular when Spenser wrote.

255. **whose need**: there was a limit to what he really needed, but none to what he longed for.

260. **goe**: walk.

263. **chaw**: vb. chew. In l. 265 it is a sb., the old form of ‘jaw.’

275. **Implies**: enfolds, a Latinism. Cp. *Cat.* 61. 34, *ut tenax hedera . . . Arborem implicat.*

281. **that any like did use**: that was accustomed to perform anything similar, viz. good works.

283. **for want of faith**: probably a thrust at the Antinomians, or extreme Calvinists, who held the doctrine of salvation by faith alone, "without the works of the law."

295. **As ashes, etc.**: his complexion was as pale as ashes or as that of a corpse.

306. **ensue**: Latinism. We say 'ensue upon.'

309. **unthrifty seath**: wasteful destruction. Icel. *ðrifa*, to grasp, seize + *un*, the negative prefix.

313. **swelling splene**: anger was supposed to cause a swelling of this gland. Hence arose the adjective 'splenetic' = passionate.

314. **Saint Frauncis fire**: erysipelas.

335. **the breathing fields**: the odorous fields.

349. **which ought that warlike wage**: who owned that wage of his valour. *To owe*, originally meant, to possess. Cp. *Ancren Riwle*, 390, "to makien hire cwen of al that he ouhte" (to make her queen of all that he possessed). Note that 'which' could be used with a personal antecedent in Tudor Eng.

369. **renverst**: to appear with the shield upside down was a punishment inflicted on recreant knights.

372. **of**: by.

376. **equall favour**: impartial favour.

384. **bowre and hall**: in mediæval mansions the 'hall' was the public room common to all, the 'bower' (O.E. *bur*) was a private room or bed-chamber.

393. **leaden mace**: Morpheus was represented as carrying a wand of lead with which he closed the eyes of men.

410. **lovely dart**: amorous dart.

432. **wandering Stygian shores**: those who quitted this world by a violent death were not allowed to cross the Styx until the due period of their earthly life was accomplished. Cp. the descriptions of the wandering crowd of spirits given by Dante, *Inf.* iii., and Vergil, *Aen.* vi.

436. **did never vantage none**: was never of use to any one. Note the double negative, which was very common in O. and M.E.

437. **helplesse hap**: fortune that cannot be altered.

438. **his vital paines**: the troubles of his life.

455. **Sansfoyes dead dowry**: the dowry of dead Sansfoy, a case of *hypallage*, the epithet being apparently applied to the wrong noun.

CANTO V

equall field: fair fight.

3. **untill it forth have brought . . .**: until it has brought forth the offspring (viz. excellent glory) that shall endure for ever.

12. **as bridegroom**: the simile is borrowed from *Psaln* xix. 5.

22. **maken**: pres. indic. 3rd plur. of the Midland dialect ending in *-en*; the corresponding ending in the N. dialect was *-es*, or *-e*, and in S. *-eth*. The N. form survives in Standard Eng. Cp. *doen*, I. iii. 323.

23. **melancholy**: accented on the second syllable; cp. I. xii. 341.
24. **Bards**: the poets and historians of the Celts. Spenser describes them in his *Present State of Ireland*, pp. 625-6, 640, "I doe herin relye upon those Bards or Irish Chroniclers." For a description of the Bard as he still existed in Ireland a century and a half later, see Goldsmith's *Essays*.
25. **timely**: that keeps time to the music. **cunningly**: skilfully.
27. **doen**: pp. of to do.
29. **woven mail**: armour composed of small steel rings linked together, Fr. *maille* < L. *macula*, a hole or mesh of a net.
34. **privily**: secretly, inwardly.
39. **a paled green**: a green surrounded by palisades. L. *pālus*, a stake.
44. **Sansfoy his shield**: an instance of the curious blunder by which it was supposed that the ending of the gen. *es*, or *ys* as it was sometimes spelled, was a contraction of the poss. adj. *his*, and so thought to be more correct to write it in full. This delusion lasted until the present century. Cp. I. ix. 189, Pegasus his kynd; I. xi. 63, man of God his godly armes.
45. **the lawrell girlonds**: Duessa and the shield, which are to be given as 'laurels' or prizes to the victor.
50. **heaviness**: sorrow, pain.
51. **each other**: = each the other.
59. **thunders threat**: we should say threat of thunder. The use of the genitive is gradually becoming more and more restricted.
65. **As when a Gryfon**: paraphrase "as when a griffin in possession of his prey, making his way leisurely through the air, is encountered by a fierce Dragon who wishes to deprive him of his rightful booty." A griffin is a fabulous monster with the body of a lion and the head of a vulture, Fr. *griffon*, L. *gryphus*, Gr. γρυπός, hook-beaked.
72. **the amazed vulgar**: the astonished mob, an imitation of Lat. use of *vulgus*; e.g. Hor. *Carm.* III. i., *odi profanum vulgus et arceo*.
83. **his suddein eye**: his quick-glancing eye.
89. **sluggish german**: Sansfoy addresses *himself* as "slothful brother." 'German' is any blood relation, L. *germanum*, fully akin. Cp. 'Cousins german,' i. e. persons having the same grandfather.
94. **I his shield have quit**: have delivered his shield. See Gloss. *quit*.
108. **should have cloven bee**: 'bee' is a form of the past part. here.
114. **a darkesome cloud**: imitated from Homer, *Il.* v. 345.
120. **to her love**: as her lover. Cp. 'with God to frend.'
126. Absolute constructions with the part. 'being' understood; or they may be regarded as contracted sentences with the copula omitted.
128. **thristy**: a metathesis for 'thirsty.'
138. **his service seene**: his service of the value of which she had now had visible proof.
140. **advancing**: praising, extolling.

146. **him abide**: stay with him.

151. **divide**: a technical term in music meaning to make variations on a simple melody, using several short notes in place of one longer. Cp. *Rom. and Jul.* iii. 5, "Some say the lark makes sweet division."

164. **that**: when.

180. **as they were wood**: as if they were mad. See Gloss. *wood*.

184. **unacquainted light**: light to which she was not accustomed.

191. **Grandmother of all**: in the Greek cosmogony Night is represented as the earliest of created things, the daughter of Chaos.

The genealogy which makes Night the mother of Jove and daughter of Demogorgon, originates with Spenser, who is purposely or unwittingly confusing the older mythology.

196. **Nephews**: descendants, like *L. nepotes*.

205. **If old Aveugles sonnes so evil heare**: Aveugle (Blind) is the father of the three Saracen brothers. 'So evil heare' = are treated so ill.

219. **which their foes ensue**: which attend upon their foes.

225. **excheat**: a term of feudalism denoting the right of the superior lord to resume possession of a tenant's lands in case of treason or default of heir. O.F. *eschet*, L.L. *ex-cadere*, to fall in with. Spenser does not here use the word in its strict legal sense, but loosely as equivalent to 'gain, profit.'

229. **Shall with his owne blood price**: shall pay with his own blood the price of that which he has spilt.

230. **kilt**: possibly a Northern dialectal form as in Mod. Scotch; or it may only be a variation for the sake of the rhyme.

238. **closely**: secretly. Cp. Hubert's speech in *King John*, "Go closely in with me, Much danger do I undergo for thee."

245. **fowle welfavoured**: 'inwardly foul, outwardly fair'; an instance of the rhetorical figure called by the Greeks *Oxymoron* (pointedly foolish). It consists in predicating of a subject two notions which at first sight appear contradictory. Cp. Tennyson, "And Faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

251. **foming tarre**: their saliva was as black as tar.

252. **the fine element**: the thin air.

258. **cruddy**: metathesis for curdy, *i.e.* curdled. This pronunciation is still common in the North of England.

263. **the wakefull dogs**: in this description Spenser applies to Night what the Romans poets say of Hecate.

273. **Avernus**: a lake in Campania lying in the crater of an extinct volcano. On account of its gloomy overhanging cliffs and mephitic exhalations, it was regarded as the entrance to Hades. Here Vergil places the scene of the descent of Aeneas into the under world.

274. **hole**: cp. *Aen.* vi. 237, *Spelunca alta fuit*.

277. **that back returned**: cp. *Aen.* vi. 126, *facilis descensus Averno: Sed revocare gradum . . . Hoc opus, hic labor est*.

278. **which their chaines have brast**: a description not warranted by classical authority.

279. **ill men**: evil men.

280. This description of Hades should be compared with the parallel passage in Vergil (*Aen.* vi.) by which it was suggested.

295. the house of endlesse paine: Tartarus.

298. Cerberus: the hell-hound, with his three heads, who guards the entrance to Hades. In the *Aeneid* the Sibyl pacifies him with a drugged cake.

307. Ixion: bound to an ever-turning wheel as a punishment for attempting to seduce Hera (Juno) wife of Zeus (Jove).

309. Sisyphus: his crime is unknown, but his punishment was to be always rolling a stone to the top of a hill, from whence it immediately fell again.

311. Tantalus: was not 'hung by the chin,' but caused to stand up to the chin in water, which sank away whenever he tried to drink it.

312. Tityus: a giant who attacked Artemis (Diana) and was therefore chained down in Hades, where he covered nine acres of ground, whilst vultures eternally devoured his liver.

313. Typhoeus: another giant who was buried in Etna, but not, as Spenser says, stretched on a 'gin,' *i. e.* a rack (engine).

314. Theseus: condemned to sit motionless for ever for attempting to carry off Persephone (Proserpine) wife of Pluto, king of Hades. Cp. Vergil, *Aeneid*, vi. 617, '*Sedet acternumque sedebit | Infelix Theseus.*'

315. Fifty sisters: the Danaides who murdered their husbands, and were condemned to constantly endeavour to fill with water 'leke vessels,' *i. e.* sieves.

322. Aesculapius: god of medicine. The legend given here concerning him is not classical, except in that part which tells of his having been killed by a thunder bolt, hurled by Jupiter, because he had interfered with the decrees of fate by saving mortals from death.

354. fates expired: ended life. A life of which the Fates had cut the thread.

365. tho gan: supply 'she,' *i. e.* Night.

376. Thou biddest me to eeke (add to) that crime (so that it may be doubled (and) receive fresh punishment.

381. thing: anything. Cp. Fr. *qui ne peut rien espérer*, where *rien* = L. *rem*, thing.

386. els: in other circumstances. Cp. L. *alioisum*, Fr. *ailleurs*.

406. a ruefull sight: this description of the victims of pride should be compared with the similar catalogue in Dante, *Purg.* xii.

415. King of Babylon: Nebuchadnezzar. Cp. *Dan.* iv. 32. Spenser's allusion here, as in many other cases, is inaccurate. The Bible does not say that the king was "transformed" into an ox, but merely that "he did eat grass as an ox."

420. Cræsus: King of Lydia (560—546 B. C.): the stock instance of wealth and pride in ancient times. For details as to his life, see *Herodotus*, i. 26—94.

421. riehesse: this word is of French origin, and therefore does not take the possessive ending, *-es*.

422. Antiochus: Antiochus Epiphanes, King of Syria (d.

164 B.C.). He twice captured Jerusalem and profaned the Temple. See the *Books of the Maccabees*, which were in Spenser's time included in the Bible.

424. **Nimrod**: the 'mighty hunter' mentioned in *Genesis* x. 8. Spenser seems to regard him as the inventor of war.

426. **Ninus**: mythical founder of Nineveh, 'the proud city' of the Hebrew prophets.

428. **that mightie Monarch**: Alexander the Great (d. 323 B.C.). He was the son of Philip of Macedon; but after his conquest of Egypt he gave it out that his birth had been of a miraculous nature, and that his real father was the god Jupiter Ammon; whereupon the Spartan legislature passed the ironical decree, "If Alexander wishes to be a god, a god let him be." His later life was stained by intemperance and other excesses, to which Spenser probably alludes in the last line of the stanza; but the immediate cause of his death was a malarial fever.

437. **the Grandsyre of them all**: Romulus the mythical founder of Rome.

438. **Proud Tarquin**: the last king of Rome, whose tyranny led to the foundation of the Republic. **Lentulus**: a Roman patrician, noted for his arrogance, who took part in the conspiracy of Catiline; he was strangled with other leaders by Cicero's orders, 63 B.C.

439. **Scipio**: Africanus (d. 183 B.C.) the Conqueror of Carthage. For his life, see any History of Rome. He was noted for his pride. When impeached he refused to plead, but requested the people to follow him to the Capitol to offer thanks to the gods for his victories. After this he retired from Rome and died in exile. **stubborne Hanniball**: the great champion of Carthage. Spenser's epithet 'stubborne' well denotes the leading feature of his character, the tenacity of purpose, perseverance, and strength of will, which in spite of the inherent difficulties of his enterprise, and the lukewarm support which was given him from home, enabled him to carry on the struggle with Rome for such a prolonged period. Why Spenser should represent him as a victim of pride is not however so clear.

440. **Sylla, Marius**: Sulla and Marius, the rival leaders in the First Civil War. See any History of Rome. The epithets 'ambitious' and 'stern' are not particularly happy. They would apply equally well to both men, but Marius was more distinguished by ambition, and Sulla by cruelty.

441. **Caesar, Pompey, Antonius**: C. Julius Caesar, Cn. Pompeius Magnus his rival (murdered in Egypt, 48 B.C.), and Marcus Antonius his friend, who, after dividing the Empire with Octavianus, committed suicide in Egypt (30 B.C.). These are mentioned as instances of the tragic end of ambitious lives.

443. **forgetful of their yoke**: *i. e.* of the subordinate position natural to their sex. Spenser's chivalry evidently did not prevent him from holding similar views to those of Knox, Milton, and the Puritans generally, as to the inferiority of women. It would be interesting to know how he reconciled them with his idolatry of the Virgin Queen.

444. **Semiramis**: the warlike queen of Nineveh who murdered

her husband, attempted to conquer India, and was assassinated by her son. Her career has been a favourite subject for tragedies.

446. **Sthenoboea**: Stheneboea committed suicide by poison (not by 'hanging,' as Spenser says), through her hopeless passion for Bellerophon.

448. **Cleopatra**: Queen of Egypt who, after being successively mistress of Julius Caesar and Marcus Antonius, committed suicide after the battle of Actium, (30 B.C.) by causing a snake to bite her, that she might escape falling into the power of Octavianus.

CANTO VI

3. **her wrack for to bewaile**: "This is either a very forced use of the word 'bewail,' suggested by the consequences of the wreck, or it is a mere error. The suggestion that it was meant as a derivative of 'wale,' to choose, is worthless."—Murray.

12. **his deare dreed**: his dear mistress; the phrase was commonly applied to sovereigns.

16. **She wandered had**: she would have wandered. **from one to other Ynd**: from the East to the West Indies.

46. **carefull**: full of care, or anxiety.

47. **thrilling**: piercing.

61. **Fauns and Satyres**: Fauns were the Latin, Satyrs the Greek wood-gods. They are represented as having the head and upper parts of a man, with the lower limbs of a goat, and a goat's horns.

63. **Sylvanus**: a Latin rustic deity.

78. **uncouth**: unfamiliar. See Gloss.

81. **unworthy**: undeserving.

82. **in double dread**: fearing the satyrs still more than her former assailant.

96. **rustick horror**: rough hair, like that of rustics; 'horror' is governed by with. *Horrere*, to be rough, to bristle.

99. **backward bent limbs**: shaped like those of a goat, and so bending in the opposite direction to the human knee.

101. **her single person**: *i. e.* solitary.

112. **suspect of crime**: fear of slander. 'Crime,' in the Latin sense: 'accusation.'

113. **Pryme**: Spring. See note on I. ii. 355.

128. **Bacchus fruit**: the grape. **invent**: in its Lat. sense 'find.'

129. **Cybele**: the mother of the Gods, an Oriental deity who was worshipped in Asia Minor, with wild music and dancing. Her priests were called Corybantes, and were supposed to be inspired in their 'franticke' exercises by the goddess.

132. **mirrhour**: model, picture (of beauty).

133. **burnt in his intent**: was warmed (with love) as he gazed.

144. **misseth bow and shafts**: Diana was always represented as a huntress.

146. **Cyparisse**: a youth beloved by Sylvanus who, after his death as described in the stanza, was changed into a cypress-tree.

152. **n'ould**: = ne would, would not.

154. **Hamadryades**: these were the spirits of the trees (Gr. *δρῦς*, an oak).

156. **Naiades**: spirits of the water.

161. **their woody kind**: their wood-born tribe. Cp. Lat. *gens*.

163. **lucklesse luckie**: an oxymoron.

168. **which worshipt her in vain**: Cp. *Acts* xiv. 12, "And they called Barnabas, Jupiter; and Paul, Mercurius . . . Then the priest of Jupiter . . . would have done sacrifice with the people."

171. **They her Asse would worship**: an allusion to the Festival of the Ass, held by the Mediæval Church in honour of the ass on which Christ made His entry into Jerusalem. The passage is intended to illustrate the tendency of a low order of intelligence to reverence the outer forms of Truth, and even its accidental accompaniments, whilst remaining totally ignorant of its essential nature.

172. **a noble warlike knight**: Sir Satyrane, who is said to represent Sir John Perrot, a natural son of Henry VIII., and Lord President of Munster under Elizabeth. He was noted for his bluff, uncourtly manners.

188. **busie payne**: diligent exertion; the phrase is Chaucerian. cp. *Complaynte to Pitee*, 2.

218. **maister of his guise**: teacher of his way of life. See Gloss., *guise*.

222. **learne**: = teach, now considered a vulgarity. Cp. Fr. *apprendre*.

226. **approved**: felt.

227. **compell**: drive together, a Latinism (L. *compellere*).

234. **tyran**: the correct form (F. *tyran*, Lat. *tyrannus*, Greek *τύραννος*). Mod. *t* is excrement.

246. **revokt**: Latinism, called back (L. *revocata*).

251. **no fit toy**: no proper amusement.

253. **game**: amusement.

261. **was blown**: was trumpeted, or proclaimed.

265. **ofspring**: parent, he from whom he was sprung.

272. **in women's witt**: in a woman's mind.

273. **Compare**: Latinism, gather, learn.

277. **hurtlesse**: innocent, an exact synonym; L. *in*, not, *nocentem*, hurting.

307. **a silly man**: simple, harmless; this is Archimago, again in a religious disguise; this time as a pilgrim.

313. **Jacob's staff**: a staff similar to that which appears in representations of St. James (L. *Jacobus*). Pilgrims to the famous shrine of St. James of Compostella in Galicia (N.W. Spain) used such staves.

325. **thriid**: pierced.

332. **the further processe**, etc. : further particulars of her sorrow, which was not yet fully revealed.

333. Construction imitated from Latin; *Minores enim potest ferre qui summos dolores tulit*.

342. **What more**: Latinsm, *Quid multa?* What need of saying more?

344. **that ever wonne**: that ever fought; from O.E. *winnan*, to fight. The word rhyming with it in l. 349 = dwell, O.E. *wunian*, to dwell.

345. **might**: = could.

361. **Miscreaunt**: unbeliever, O.Fr. *méscreant*, Lat. *minus + credentem*, not believing.

362. **knightlesse**: unchivalrous. **train**: plot, stratagem.

368. **three-square**: triangular, and perhaps equilateral.

369. **him buckled to the field**: buckled on his armour for the combat. 'Him' is reflective = himself.

376. "If he (the Redcrosse Knight) had been where his arms appeared just now (*i. e.* on Archimago) the foolish enchanter would not now be smarting for his crime (in slaying *Sans foy*); but thou, I trust, shalt prove (by thy death) that the Redcrosse Knight was really guilty of that crime." The passage is very obscure and ambiguous.

379. **therewith they gan**: this duel is initiated from that between Palamon and Arcite in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*.

381. **quell**: this word meant originally, to kill, O.E. *cwellan*, causal of *cvelan*, to die.

382. **plate and mail**: armour composed of plates, and also that composed of woven links of steel.

384. **it would pittly**: it would cause pity to, *i. e.* it would make any eye weep.

393. **themselves retire**: withdraw themselves; reflective construction as in Fr. *se retirent*; the verb has now dropped the reflective pronoun.

401. **drery**: the original meaning of this adj. is 'bloody.' O.E. *drȳor*, blood; it is probably used in this sense here.

421. **lovers token**: in the tournament knights were accustomed to wear on their helmets a glove, sleeve, or other portion of their lady's attire. The Saracen implies contemptuously, "Since you interfere in behalf of this lady, I will give you this blow instead of her token which you ought to be wearing."

422. **So they to fight**: so they proceed to fight. The reading of the edition of 1596 is "they *two* fight."

432. **another place**: this place was never found. Probably it was intended to resume the story in one of the six later books which Spenser never wrote.

CANTO VII

4. **dyed deepe ingraine**: dyed in fast colours. 'Graine' is the crimson colour produced by the cochineal insect; hence to be dyed 'in grain' means to be dyed a fast crimson. There is an allusion here to the Scarlet Woman of the Apocalypse, whom the Reformers held to be a symbol of Rome.

15. ere long she fownd : supply 'him.'
37. Phœbe : Diana the sister of Apollo (Phœbus).
62. his looser make : his wanton companion, O.E. *maca*. 'Mate' is a corruption of this.
67. an hideous geaunt : Orgoglio (Ital. pride), another type of Pride.
90. his mortall mace : his deadly mace or club.
98. fraile fountain : fountain of frailty.
102. blesse : protect. See Gloss.
117. the only breath : the breath alone.
124. do him not to dye : a Chaucerian phrase. Cp. *Comp. to Pitee*, l. 7, "that doth me dye," and the Fr. *Ne le faites pas mourir*. Cp. I. ix. 217.
126. 'and take me, a well-earned reward, for thy mistress!'
138. pall : mantle ; O.E. *pall*, < L. *palla*.
143. a monstrous beast : that mentioned in *Rev.* xvii. 3.
145. snake : the Hydra which ravaged the country around Lernæ near Argos. The destruction of this monster was one of the twelve labours of Hercules (great Alcides). 'Stremona' is a name of Spenser's own invention ; possibly he was thinking of the *Strymon*, a river of Macedonia, far away from Argos.
160. holy heastes foretaught : the holy laws taught in former times.
Cp. for all this stanza the description of the beast in *Rev.* xvii.
166. his forlorne weed : his abandoned armour.
167. missing most at need : which he had lacked when most he needed it.
175. did let : did hinder. Cp. *Hamlet*, i. 4., "Unhand me, gentlemen : By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."
179. lively breath : vital breath.
225. If the bad news be less than what I fear, I have found more favour (than I expected).
226. the whole discourse declare : to render clear, to explain the whole course of events.
241. day : = life, and is used no doubt merely for the sake of the rhyme.
247. all as : just as.
248. careful : anxious.
254. a goodly knight : Arthur, the type of the perfect man ; see *Introd.* Spenser exerts all his powers in this description of his hero.
265. Hesperus : Venus, the evening star, which, being a planet, and near the earth, appears much larger than the other stars.
266. "And strove to dazzle weak eyes."
271. horrid all with gold : in the strict Latin sense 'bristling with' or 'flashing' with. Cp. *Liv.* xiv. 41, *hastis campus splendet et horret*. The description of the helmet is imitated from Tasso.
283. jollity : mirth.
285. green Selinis : perhaps the '*palmosa Selinus*' mentioned by Vergil, *Æn.* iii. 705. It was a town in Sicily.
292. beene : O.E. *beon*, are.
295. Adamant : 'diamond' and 'adamant' are the same thing.

Diamond (M.E. *diamant*) is only a corruption of O.F. 'adamant,' which comes through L. from Gr. ἀδάμας, very hard material, lit. 'unconquerable. indomitable.'

298. **to wight**: to anyone. Cp. the French use of '*personne*' with a negative.

305. **Cynthia**: the moon.

311. **when him list**: when it pleased him (dat.). '*List*' is the pret. of M.E. *listen*, O.E. *lystan*, to desire, derived by mutation from sb. *lust*, pleasure.

319. **Merlin**: the great Echanter of the Arthurian Legends. These stories sprung into being in the mind of Geoffrey of Monmouth, in the reign of Henry II., were embodied in his Latin *Historia Britonum*, translated into French by Wace, into English by Layamon, and became the source of a whole cycle of literature of which Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* are the crowning triumphs.

330. **curved canon bit**: curved smooth bit. See Gloss. *canon*.

335. **lovely court**: amorous addresses. **entertaine**: to converse (Fr. *entretenir*).

337. **distraine**: distract (L. *dis-stringere*, to pull asunder).

339. **feeling**: sympathetic.

340. **fitting purpose**: suitable conversation (Fr. *propos*).

349. **helplesse harmes**: sorrows which cannot be helped.

360. **Found never help**, etc.: 'he' is understood at the beginning of the line.

361. This dialogue, with its brisk play upon words, is quite in the Euphuistic style. Lyly's *Euphues* appeared in 1579, eleven years before the *Faerie Queene*, and profoundly influenced the educated classes of England.

367. **where faith is staid**: where faith is kept, made to stay.

368. **but flesh does paire**: *i. e.* does *impair*, weaken (L.L. *impeiorare*, to make worse < *peior*, worse).

379. 'Maiden' must be taken as in apposition with 'I' understood before 'am' in line 381, thus, "I, the maiden whom . . . am . . ."

382. **whose parents**: Adam and Eve, the origin of all human things and institutions, including the true Church which Una typifies. **equal destinies**: just decrees.

385. **all the territories**: the Garden of Eden.

390. **Tartary**: the similarity of name between the regions to the east of Paradise and the classical Hell, was too happy for Spenser to fail to avail himself of it.

394. **He first to castle strong**: here allusions to Scripture cease, and we re-enter the realm of pure romance.

399. **coast**: country, the part put for the whole. Cp. *ora, ripa, fines* in Lat. and *parage* in Fr. **that heaven walks about**: round which the sky revolves, in allusion to the old belief that the heavens were a series of spheres turning round a motionless earth.

403. **he**: the Dragon, the Devil.

409. **that noble order hight of maidenhed**: King Arthur caused the knights of the Round Table to take a vow of chastity.

412. **Cleopolis is red** : is called Cleopolis, *i. e.* the city of glory (*κλέος*, glory, *πόλις*, a city).

419. **the unregarded right** : the right which none cared for.

430. **dolefull disadventurous deare** : sad, unlucky, harm. See Gloss. *deare*.

437. The construction is "the loyalty, which is not what it seemed to be, of me that desire," etc. This may be an imitation of the Latin idiom in which a relative has for its antecedent a possessive adj., e.g. Ter. *And.* i. 1. 97, *Omnes laudare fortunas meas qui gnatum habere*; or we may explain it by the fact that 'my' is originally in English a pronoun = 'of me.'

439. **esteem** : in the original Lat. sense of *to value, to price*. Cp. *frumentum tribus denariis aestimat*.

441. Note the 'conceited' play on the word 'think.' Such artificial ornaments which appear now trivial and in questionable taste, were very characteristic of the Italian writers of the Renaissance, and much admired by Spenser's age. They were known as *conceitti*; hence the adjective *conceited*, in its technical sense.

442. **me desolate** : cp. Lat. *me miserum*.

444. 'other' is indirect object and 'himself' direct.

446. But that the doing so brought backe the balefull body dead, *i. e.* resulted in death. The *hywaies* are the paths of error and sin.

CANTO VIII

1. This stanza contains the moral of the whole Book.

16. **by and by** : immediately.

23. **an horne of bugle small** : the horn of a young wild ox. See Gloss. *bugle*.

25. **over all** : everywhere. Cp. Fr. *partout*, Ger. *überall*.

26. The magic horn, from the famous *Olifant* of Roland downwards, is a constant feature of romance.

45. **horror** : preserves here its sense of 'shaking, vibration,' though no doubt with the secondary idea of terror as well. Cp. *Oz.*

M. 9. 345, *tremulo ramos horrore moveri*.

49. **was crowned on his creast** : bore a crown on its summit.

50. **bloodymouthed with late cruel feast** : the recent feast alluded to is probably the Massacre of St. Bartholomew (1572) or the atrocities of Alva and the Spanish soldiery in Flanders.

63. **It booted nought, etc.** : to think of sustaining such an onslaught would be vain.

74. **to wreak** : to avenge, punish.

75. **food** : feud, enmity (O.E. *fehð*, enmity).

83. **so light** : so easily. Cp. Ger. *so leicht*.

89. **large streams** : Latinism, *flumina larga*, *i. e.* abundant. **trunked** : truncated, cut off (L. *truncare*).

92. **impatient** : in the Lat. sense 'unable to bear.'

95. **Cymbrian plaine** : either (1) the 'Cimbric Chersonese,' *i. e.* Denmark, or (2) the land of the Cimmerians described by Herodotus, and situated in S. Russia.

96. **kindly rage** : fierce, natural passion.

97. **for the milky mothers want** : for lack of the cows.

104. **gate** : bearing, or step. The word originally means *lane* or *street* (Icel. *gata*).

112. **stop** : obstacle, *i. e.* the squire.

113. **let** : hindrance, opposition; a noun, from O.E. *lettan*, to hinder. 'Let,' to permit, is from O.E. *latan*.

118. **cup** : Cp. *Revelation* xvii. 4.

128. **did seize** : caused to seize. Cp. 'doe him not to dye.' I. vii. 124.

131. When the knight with sorrow perceived that clearly.

138. That it furnished a striking instance of his puissance.

155. **one alone left hand** : the single hand that is left to him.

164. **his vele** : note that the poss. pron. 'its' was yet unknown. The word occurs in Spenser, but only as an abbreviation for 'it is.' 'Ilis' in O.E. was masc. or neut.

172. **fruitfull headed** : many headed.

180. **all** : altogether, completely.

192. **blest** : brandished. See Gloss.

200. **malitious slight** : malicious stratagem, a noun from adj. *sly*. Cp. sleight of hand.

202. **feebled** : note aphæresis of 'en.'

204. **ruin** : in the Lat. sense 'downfall' (L. *ruina* < *ruere*, to fall down). Cp. Lucr. *Ruina grandinis*, a fall of hail.

216. **was** : the rhyme shows that this word still had its O.E. pronunciation, the 'a' being sounded as in 'mass.'

219. **crowned mitre** : mitre surrounded by crowns, *i. e.* the papal tiara, a conical cap of cloth of gold encircled by three crowns, which typify the temporal power of the Pope.

223. **turned around** : turned back.

235. **fresh budd of vertue** : *i. e.* the Squire. 'Vertue' in the original sense, 'manliness, valour.'

241. **their merits to restore** : to reward them according to their deserts.

246. Maister (*i. e.* make secure) your fortune by governing (*i. e.* prudent management), and I pray that what has been well begun may end as well.

263. **An old, old man** : Ignaro, *i. e.* ignorance. He is the foster-father of Pride and Superstition. His blindness, his possession of keys which he cannot use, his turning his head backward, his single stereotyped answer, are all symbolical.

275. **as they trace** : as they advance.

281. **as besemed well** : as was most seemly, or proper.

295. But if you are at the serious stage of life, as your appearance betokens, explain more seriously what I ask.

306. **empeach** : hinder. O.Fr. *empescher*, L.L. *impedicare*, to fetter < *pes*, the foot.

307. This and the following stanza convey Spenser's views of the

Romish Church. The imagery of the altar and the souls of martyrs beneath it is borrowed from *Rev.* vi. 9.

310. That is fit to witness the visits of the greatest princes.

315. **sacred** : in the Lat. sense 'cursed,' because used for such an impious purpose. Cp. Plaut. *Bacch.* iv. 6. 14, *Ego sum malus, ego sum sacer, scelestus.* Cp. also Fr. *sacré.*

337. **death**: the Redcrosse Knight imagines that he is about to be lead to execution.

339. **hew** : shape, not colour.

349. **no flore**: the description is of one of those loathsome pits or dungeons common in mediæval castles, and known on the Continent by the significant name of *oubliettes.*

354. Love which is love indeed conquers natural repugnance. 'Nicer' = too nice, *i. e.* too fastidious.

363. **for want of better bits** : for want of good food ; 'better' is intensive comparative.

389. **the things that grievous were** : a reminiscence of Vergil's "*Infandum, regina, iubes renovare dolorem.*"

395. **iron pen** : the epithet is copied from *Job* xix. 24.

406. This passage, says Prof. Percival, is closely imitated from Ariosto, *Orl. Fur.* vii. 73 ; the resemblance, however, seems slight. A closer parallel is to be found in Dante's Dream of the Siren, *Purg.* xix. But Spenser's picture is more circumstantial and repulsive than that of either of the Italian poets. It is perhaps unnecessary to seek any further meaning in the passage than the general and obvious teaching that falsehood is ugly and disgusting when stripped of all specious adornments and disguises. The opinion of some commentators that it conveys an allusion to the stripping of images of the Virgin at the Reformation, or to the disuse of clerical vestments, appears only slightly probable. There is a striking resemblance, not I believe hitherto pointed out, between Spenser's narrative and certain gruesome incidents attendant on the execution of Mary Stuart, to which Froude thus refers : "the coif fell off and the false plaits. The laboured illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman . . . after the first pause, the Earls still keeping their places, the body was stripped."—*Hist. of Eng.* xii.

340. For a fuller account, see Teulet, *Lettres de Marie Stuart*, pp. 344-50. It is well known that Spenser elsewhere (*F. Q. V.* ix. 28, 50 ; *V.* x. 1, 4 ; *IV.* i. 18, 19) distinctly identifies Duessa with the Queen of Scots, indeed James VI. made the matter a subject of diplomatic representations, and demanded Spenser's punishment. Seeing then that he must always have had the Queen of Scots in his thoughts when writing of Duessa, it is hard to believe that so close a parallel to events in connexion with her, which were published and commented on throughout Europe, can be merely accidental. It is true Duessa's life is spared ; but an allegory may, and often does, convey allusions to more than one set of events. May not there be a reference here to Elizabeth's action in sparing her rival's life,

whilst exposing her true character by the investigation of the charges against her at York in 1568? Later in the poem Duessa is again brought up for trial, and this time condemned to death just as in the historical case. If this be the true explanation of the passage, it does not represent Spenser's chivalry in a favourable light, but the language he uses in passages the application of which is unmistakable, and the bitter prejudice against Mary Stuart (of English Protestants generally, render it far from improbable. Compare for example what the excellent Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson thought a generation later: "About this time, in Scotland there was a wicked queen, daughter of a mother that came out of the bloody house of Guise, and brought up in the Popish religion, which she zealously persevered in, as most suitable to her bloody, lustful temper: but she being guilty of murders and adulteries, and hateful for them, etc." (*Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson*, p. 73). Spenser's age, in spite of its art and culture, was in many ways a brutal one; and after all something must be excused to a Puritan in the epoch of the Bartholomew Massacres and the Spanish Fury.

410. **tire and call**: the 'tire' is the veil, cap, or head-dress; the 'call' is the net for confining the hair.

440. **her filthy feature**: make, shape, figure. O.F. *faiture*, L. *factura* < *facere*.

CANTO IX

1. **O goodly golden chayne**: the poet here alludes to the help and courtesy which knights were bound by the laws of chivalry to render each other. Cp. the treatment of King John by the Black Prince after the battle of Poitiers.

13. **lenger**: the old mutated comparative of 'lang' (mod. long).

27. **in gentle thewes**: in the manners of a gentleman.

33. **Rauran mossy hore**: *i. e.* gray and mossgrown. The Dec rises in Aran Benllyn, near Bala Lake, in Merionethshire. 'Rauran' may perhaps be a corruption of Aran.

40. **nouriture**: education, nurture.

45. **in her just term**: when the proper moment had come.

46. **well worthy impe**: most noble youth.

55. **fatal deep foresight**: profound foreknowledge of destiny.

59. **forced fury**: the strong passion which Arthur feels for the Fairy Queen of his dream mentioned in stanza 13. 'Forced' = violent, forcible. 'Following' qualifies 'me' in the next line.

64. Prince Arthur, strange as it may seem when the character of the man is considered, was meant by Spenser to typify the Earl of Leicester. The narrative which follows is an allusion to his well-known passion for Queen Elizabeth, or rather her passion for him.

67. Till the moisture of life (*i. e.* the blood) is turned to vapour, and the solid matter of the body is reduced to ashes.

70. Whether I keep silence or speak of it, my love burns none the less.

74. **corage**: = here, love. Its original meaning is 'heart, mind.'
 Cp. Chaucer, *Prol.* 11, "So priketh hem nature in her corages."
75. **kindly heat**: natural passion.
80. **use to rew**: are wont to complain of.
81. **which**: who. *Which* was used of persons in Spenser's time.
 Cp. 'Our Father Which art in heaven.'
87. **brent**: a metathesis. The O.E. form of the verb is *byrnan*, M.E. *brennan*. The Mod. E. 'burn' has again reverted to the original form.
88. **their God**: Cupid.
90. **wary government**: cautious self-control.
99. **yields his caytive neck**: the metaphor is borrowed from the practice of the Romans, who caused their prisoners to pass beneath the yoke. The line means that he who resists love at first becomes ultimately more a prey to the victor's tyranny than others.
101. **mated**: overcome, subdued. The word is borrowed from the game of chess. 'Check-mate' = '*Shah mat*' (Pers.), 'the king is dead.' Hence *mat* comes to mean 'astonished, confounded, subdued.' The word has passed into most European languages, *e.g.* Ital. *matto*; Ger. *matt*.
104. **priekt forth**, etc.: impelled by the delight of free country life and the heat of youthful daring.
113. **the humour sweet embayed**: the odorous moisture (of the woods) bathed. '*Embay, bay*, used in this sense for 'bathe,' is a pseudo-archaism (Murray).
117. The earthly sun has never yet seen so fair a creature.
118. **lovely**: amorous, full of love.
132. **I cast in careful mynd**: I resolved in my sorrowful mind.
139. **smoke**: metaphor for the external signs of suffering which the prince cannot conceal.
143. **thy foes confound**: Leicester was at the head of the English expedition to the Netherlands in 1587.
144. **on grownd**: in this world.
145. The Red Cross Knight now speaks. The love of Una for him, which proved strongest when he least deserved it, is, he says, surely second only to that of the Fairy Queen for Arthur; and Arthur, he continues, is of all men the only one worthy to have the love of the Fairy Queen if ever she took a husband. The last four lines convey a delicate compliment to Leicester, sure to please the Queen. He died in 1588; thus two years before the publication of the poem.
154. **discoursing**: absolute construction; 'they' must be understood before the participle.
164. **embowd**: bound round with gold, or it may perhaps mean having an '*embowd*' (*i. e.* a convex) lid of gold.
167. **incontinent**: immediately.
170. **brave**: gay coloured. We still speak of 'bravery,' meaning gay clothes.
171. **hable**: the *h* is a piece of pedantry. At the Renaissance many attempts were made by scholars to restore the Latin spelling to words which had lost it. Or it may be that the old spelling is

merely an instance of Spenser's preference for archaisms. The *h* had dropped in Eng. as early as Wycliffe, and though still preserved in French, it is not pronounced.

175. **weighing**: 'pondering,'—an exact synonym.

181. The description of panic and despair which follows is very vivid and realistic. As we read it we cannot fail to recur to the fact that Spenser had lived amidst the stormy scenes of Ireland in the sixteenth century, and was familiar with all the rude alarms of war. See *Present State of Ireland*, pp. 633, 654, for a no less vivid description in prose of actual horrors which he had witnessed.

189. **Pegasus**: the flying horse of Greek Mythology.

195. **fayre degree**: noble rank.

200. **what mister wight**: what manner of person. See Gloss.

215. **trembling every joint, foltring tongue**: imitations of the Lat. accusative of respect. Cp. *tremntem artus*, trembling in his joints.

222. **his**: *i. e.* the Redcrosse Knight's. The next 'his' refers to the stranger, the next again to the Redcross Knight.

228. **point**: dart.

231. **cace**: in its Lat. sense 'downfall, misfortune.' Cp. Sall. *Cat.* 40. *civitatis casum dolens*.

246. **God from him me blesse!**: God save me from him. **villen**: originally a countryman, from L. *villa*, a farm. During the Middle Ages it gradually acquired its present bad sense, owing to the contempt with which the *villani*, or serfs, were regarded. A similar deterioration took place in the words 'pagan' and 'heathen,' which meant originally dwellers in the country, or the moors merely.

248. **Despayre**: Cp. Bunyan's Giant Despair.

251. **snake in hidden weedes**: hypallage for 'hidden in weedes.' Cp. Lat. proverb *Latet anguis in herba*.

254. **embost with bale**: overwhelmed with evil. 'Embost' is used of a stag driven to bay (Fr. *embosquer*, to drive into the woods, and hence to bring to bay). Thus it comes to mean 'hard-pressed, overwhelmed with trouble.'

260. **to stint**: to put an end to.

269. Who having the same inherent weakness as I, may suffer the same ill-luck.

270. **his speeches**: *i. e.* those of "the man of Hell," Despayre.

274. "And I would not go through the like again for all the wealth of the world." Note the gen. in *-es*, world's. Cp. Chaucer; and Shakespeare *M.S.N. Dream*, "Larger than the moon's sphere."

300. **knees**: projections of the rock resembling knees.

331. **fact**: in the Lat. sense 'deed' (L. *factum*, done). Cp. 'malefactor,' evil-doer.

333. **to price**: to pay the price of.

334. **he**: Despayre. Compare with these stanzas Hamlet's views on suicide in the familiar soliloquy, "To be, or not to be, that is the question," etc. Note also the slow, sad, insinuating melody of the verse, so appropriate to the ideas it conveys, especially in the closing lines of the speech.

335. **doom**: sentence. O.E. *dom*, an opinion, judgment.
338. **drive**: plural to agree with "none els" = no other causes.
341. **Or let**, etc.: Or (is it unjust) to let him die, etc.
362. This answer is taken from Plato's *Phaedo*, a dialogue on immortality.
376. **his**: neut. gen.; mod. 'its.'
381. **thou boasts**: thou boastest, a euphonic contraction; perhaps due to the N. dialect, which had, and still has, -s in the second pers. sing.
383. **now praysd**: a contracted sentence = "although they are now praised." **deare**: adverb in -e.
385. **forespent**: a doubtful word; it may mean (1) *spent before*, *past*, (2) *mis-spent*. Prof. Percival favours (2), but (1) seems more in accord with the context here.
390. **ensewen**: to pursue, to attend on, used transitively as in Lat. Cp. Cicero, *Fin.* i. 16, 50, *improborum facta suspicio insequitur*. 'Life' is the dir. object of the verb.
400. **amate**: = *mate*. See note on I. ix. 101.
408. **sinful hire**: an allusion to the text, "The wages of sin is death" (*Rom.* vi. 23).
416. **equal**: important.
428. **reverse**: return, revert (L. *re* + *verto*, turn back).
438. **table**: picture, Fr. *tableau*.
440. **doe**: cause.
458. **final smart**: last wound.
461. **well of life**: heart.
462. **relived**: restored to life, regaining consciousness. A word coined by Spenser.
473. **that chosen art**: an allusion to the Calvinistic doctrine of Election. Una says the knight is one of the 'elect,' and therefore need have no fear.
475. **the brand of hellish smart**: the burning of hell pain.
476. **handwriting**: see *Col.* ii. 14, "The handwriting of ordinances that was against us."
479. **carle**: churl. O.E. *ceorl*. *Carl* is the N. form still in use in Scotland, where it has a fem. *carlin*. Cp. Ger. *Kerl*, a fellow.
482. **unbid**: unprayed for.
484. **so himself had drest**: he had set about doing so. Fr. *dresser*, to erect, set up, to prepare, train; L. *directus*, pp. of *dirigere*, to direct.

CANTO X

The resemblances between this Canto, perhaps the most beautiful in the book, and Bunyan's description of the visit of his Pilgrim to the Palace Beautiful, are so many and striking as to lead naturally to the supposition that the later writer was guilty of plagiarism. Bunyan however strongly asseverates that his work was quite original, and he is a man whose word must be trusted. The

resemblances are none the less interesting as showing how similar ideas occurred to two men of genius.

26. **bidding of her bedes**: lit. praying her prayers. The modern meaning of 'a perforated ball' arises from such objects being used to count the prayers.

28. **Caelia**: Heavenly.

33. **Fidelia, Speranza**: Ital. Faith, Hope.

34. Betrothed, but not having yet gone through the ceremony of marriage.

35. **Charissa**: Charity. Hope, Faith, and Charity are the offspring of the Heavenly Life which is typified by Caelia. Cp. I *Cor.* xiii. 13. **fere**: companion, husband. O.E. *gefera*. **pledges**: children.

38. **warily watched**: Cp. *S. Mark* xiv. 38.

41. **syre**: L. *senior*, old man; one of the few Romance words derived from a L. nom. The acc. gives *seigneur*.

44. **Humilitá**: Ital. Humility. The porter's name and the 'narrow way' are both symbolical of the entrance to the heavenly life. Cp. Dante, *Purg.* ix. 73.

46. Proverb. *Omne initium difficile*. Well begun is half done.

49. **franklin**: a free landowner, a man of the upper middle class. Cp. Chaucer, *Prol.* 331. **faire and free**: courteous and easy in his manners; these adjectives commonly go together as a conventional couple in the old ballads.

51. **Zele**: zeal.

53. **lively**: this modifies the verb 'expresse,' and means vividly.

57. **sad**: as often, 'dark-coloured, plain.'

59. **knew his good**: knew how to treat persons of every rank in a becoming manner, was familiar with etiquette.

76. **head**: life, a Latinism. Cp. *capitis damnare*.

77. **ever-dying dread**: the constant fear of death. Cp. *Jul. Cæs.* ii. 2. 713, "Cowards die many times before their death; The valiant never taste of death but once." Or there may be an allusion here to the doctrine of Eternal Punishment. In that case the words mean "dread of dying for ever."

78. **long a day**: many a day. Truth has indeed been long in the world, yet is still not triumphant.

84. **So few there be**: Cp. *S. Matt.* vii. 14, "Strait is the gate . . . and few there be that find it."

94. **broad blazed**: 'widely blown,' as by a trumpet. Cp. In. 8.

100. **devise**: talk, as in French.

106. **like**: as it were.

109. This description of Faith is symbolical. The serpent is a type of healing, wisdom, and eternity. It is an object of dread or disgust to the unregenerate, but inspires no such feelings in the faithful. The book is the Bible, the testament signed and sealed with the blood of Christ.

117. Hope has not the sure confidence of Faith, and so is less cheerful.

131. **shamefast**: shy, bashful; the correct form of the word, *shame-fast*, bound by shame. *Shame-faced* is a 'popular etymology.'

135. **gest**: deed, feat of arms, as in *Gesta Romanorum*, *Chanson de Geste*. Collections of 'Gesta' were popular in the Middle Ages, and as the deeds recorded were often humorous, the secondary meaning of 'jest' (=joke) arose.

137. **Where is she become**: Note 'is' with an intrans. verb. Cp. Fr. *Qu'est-elle devenue?* Ger. *Was ist aus ihr geworden?*

138. or . . . or: perhaps in imitation of Lat. *aut . . . aut*; but similar constructions existed in Eng. from the earliest period.

141. The offspring of Charity are good works; that is why she is represented as a mother.

142-3. **should**: would.

149. **to your bowres recoyle**: retire to your bedrooms.

150. **groome**: originally a 'young man' (O.E. *guma*). Here it means *a valet, a male attendant*, as in 'Grooms of the Chamber' and 'bridegroom.' The epenthetic 'r' is perhaps due to analogy with 'bride,' with which *guma* was constantly associated, but the Ger. form, *bräutigam*, has not developed it. Chaucer uses *grome* in the original sense, *Hous of Fame*, 206, "Lord and lady, grome and wenche," *i. e.* man and woman, or perhaps man servant and maid.

166. **document**: in its literal sense, 'teaching, warning.' Lat. *documentum* < *docere*. Cp. *Quantum in bello fortuna possit, esse documento*. Caes. *B.C.* iii. 10. 6.

168. The chief doctrines of Calvinistic or Augustinian theology. Cp. *P. L.* ii. 561, where Milton makes the fiends discuss the same problems; but they are 'in wandr'ing mazes lost.' Faith alone has the key to them.

171. **thrill**: pierce.

172. **her larger spright**: the utmost powers of her spirit. Cp. for this stanza the discourse on Faith in *Heb.* xi. The examples of her power here referred to are taken from the careers of Joshua and of Moses and the words of Christ (*S. Matt.* xxi. 21).

186. Compare the state of the Knight with Bunyan's description of his mental condition in early life.

207. Cp. *S. Luke* xxi. 19. "In patience possess ye your souls."

212. **passing prief**: surpassing excellence.

214. **brief**: quickly; adj. used as adv.

218. **infected**: infixed, engrained.

225. **streight**: strict, meagre. The methods of cure for spiritual maladies here described—fasting, scourging, sack-cloth, early and late prayers—are rather those of the Roman Catholick than the Protestant Church. Cp. Luther's description of his attempts, in his early life, to reach spiritual peace in this way. Köstlin, *Luther's Leben*. The passage is however largely symbolical.

233. **whot**: an instance of Spenser's altogether abnormal orthography.

236. **disple**: discipline, scourge.

240. **salt water**: tears.

253. **recover'd**: cured.

272. **playing their sports**: Latinism, *ludos iudentes*. **that joyd**

her to behold: which it gave joy to her to see; 'her' dat., 'joyd' impers.

277. **passing price**: great value.

292. **well to donne**: well doing. *Donne* is the infin.

295. **dolours**: pain, *L. dolor*.

300. **descryde**: described, revealed; 'describe' and 'descry' are doublets.

305. **this wide worldes wave**: Cp. Book of Common Prayer, Baptismal Service, "mayso pass the waves of this troublesome world."

330. A reference to *Luke* xiv. 12, "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends," etc.

336. **thristy**: a metathesis, O.E. *þurstig*.

341. **What need him care**: 'need' in M.E. was impersonal governing the dat., like Fr. *il faut*, *L. opus est*. Cp. Chaucer, *Troilus* v. 726, "Hir nedede no teres for to borwe," she needed not to borrow any tears. 'Need' appears however to be used as a noun here, since if a verb it should end in *-s* or *-eth*. Perhaps Spenser was led to consider it a noun by analogy with the Lat. construction, *opus est ei*, there is need to him. In *I. x.* 363, however, we have the normal construction, "them most needeth comfort." It may therefore be merely an instance of the poet's careless syntax.

354. **bras**: "a curious Latinism from *aes*, 'brass,' which, like *argent* among the French, and *gold* among the English, meant 'money' with the Romans."—Percival. Is it not rather an English provincialism? At all events 'brass' is the normal word for 'money' in Lancashire at the present day, and we know that Spenser was familiar with Lanc. dialect.

355. Christians were often at this time, and indeed until much later, taken prisoners and sold as slaves by Moslem pirates. Cp. *Hakluyt's Voyages*, for a narrative of this contemporary with our poem; and *Robinson Crusoe* and *Candide* for later references.

359. The Harrowing (*i. e.* harrying) of Hell was a favourite subject of contemplation in the Middle Ages, and is frequently referred to in medieval literature. The accounts of it are all based on the apocryphal *Gospel of Nicodemus*, which was again developed from a text in the Epistle of S. Peter. This book describes minutely the descent of Christ into Hades, His conflict with the powers of darkness, and His triumphant exit with the souls of the righteous who died before the Incarnation. There is a fine passage on the subject in Langland.

368. **throw**: a doubtful word. It may mean (1) throe, (2) moment (of time). M.E. *throw*, *throwe*, O.E. *þrag*. Spenser uses it in both senses.

369. Copied from *Eccles.* xi. 3.

371. **engrave**: put in the grave, inter. O.E. *grafan*, to cut or dig; still used in this sense in Yorks., e. g. *Aas gamin grävæn pëats*, Anglice, I am going to dig peat.

375. **of God's owne mould**: 'in the image of God' (*Gen.* i. 27).

376. **whose face**, etc.: cp. *Ps.* viii. 6.

383. **ought**: a whit, *i. e.* at all. This is a different word from the verb 'ought,' pt. tense of 'owe.'

412. **apply** : we should now use the shortened form 'ply.'

417. **all** : although.

426. Note the lifelike felicity of this description, especially conveyed in the word 'spangles.'

430. **nought he car'd his carcase** : he took no care of his body. Perhaps a Latinism. Cp. Hor. *Ep.* I. iv. 15, *bene curata cutis*.

470. **man of God** : Moses. The mount is of course Sinai, on which Moses received the Ten Commandments. The terms in which Spenser speaks of them are noteworthy by their contrast with those used in Hebrew poetry, e.g. "The Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; . . . The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart" (*Ps.* xix. 7). Spenser looks at the Law through the medium of the Epistles of S. Paul, as interpreted by Calvinistic theology. He is thinking of such passages as *Rom.* iv. 15, "The Law worketh wrath"; hence his lurid and sanguinary imagery.

478. **that sacred hill** : the Mount of Olives.

482. **crownd** : qualifies 'hill.'

483. **that pleasant Mount** : Parnassus, the abode of the nine Muses on the N. shore of the Gulf of Corinth. This mingling of Scriptural and mythological imagery is very characteristic of the early renaissance. It is Dante's constant habit.

493. **ditty** : in its original sense 'saying, subject,' *L. dictatum*.

512. **sam** : together. O.E. *sammian*, to bring together. Cp. Ger. *sammt*.

515. **Cleopolis** : the city of Fame or Glory ; London.

Panthea : 'all seeing'; Westminster Abbey, according to Prof. Percival, who derives it from *Pantheon*, the temple of all the gods. This seems doubtful. Spenser was most probably thinking of the *Palace of Glass*, in which, Chaucer tells us, Fame dwelt, and to which news of every event was brought. Hence he says it was built of 'christall clene,' which would hardly apply to the Abbey. See Chaucer, *Hous of Fame*.

520. But now from experience I think quite differently. **for earthly frame** : amongst things of terrestrial origin.

532. Here we learn that the Red-Crosse Knight is after all not a fairy but of English parentage.

538. **suit** : pursuit. Spenser's Ethic, which at the same time praises and condemns deeds of warlike valour, seems somewhat confused and unsatisfactory. Here in the same stanza, for instance, he speaks in one line of 'glorious victory,' and in the next calls it 'guilt of bloody field'; in one place he declares that the knight does well to fight for injured innocence, in another that 'blood and war' can yield nought but 'sin and sorrow.' We see here a result of the faulty theology of his day, which sought to draw a line between the sphere of the 'world' and the sphere of 'religion,' and held that things were lawful in the one which were not lawful in the other.

541. **presage** : foreshow.

548. **Saint George** : he was adopted as the patron saint of England, and especially of the Order of the Garter, in the reign of Edward III., the founder of that institution. The saint is said to

have been a native of Cappadocia, and is held in high esteem by the Greek Church. According to some authorities, he is a purely mythical personage, but Gibbon identifies him with a certain heretical and far from saintly Bishop of Alexandria. The story of a great hero who overcomes a dragon is found in many quarters, and existed long before it was associated with the name of St. George. It is found in the earliest Teutonic romances, the *Saga of Beowulf*, and the *Nibelungen Lied*. Modern writers are inclined to regard it as a Solar Myth, typifying the conquest of cold and darkness by the Sun.

549. **Mery England**: the phrase seems to have originated in the period of prosperity which extends from the accession of Edward I. to the Black Death (1272—1349). Froissart, and Commynes later, seem to have been much struck by the comparative prosperity and comfort which they found in England.

577. Spenser takes this account of the parentage of St. George from the romance of *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, a popular story-book of the Middle Ages, which furnished him with many materials. (See Ed. Norris, 1717, cap. 1.) The biography here given altogether ignores the oriental origin of the saint, but in other respects is probably as reliable as any other. The way in which the story is made up so as to harmonize with the name and account for it (*γεωργός*, a peasant, a ploughman) is a good instance of the process by which many myths originate.

602. **shine**: sb. light. Cp. the blinding of Saul.

607. **meed**: reward. This is surely a little out of place here. It is scarcely usual to pay for apocalyptic visions as for a raree show. It may be an unconscious betrayal of Spenser's practical turn of mind, for, in spite of all his spirituality and undoubted poetic inspiration, he seems to have been at the same time a keen man of business, and to have always had an eye to the 'main chance.' Cp. *Ihales, Life of Spenser*, p. 50.

611. **her adventure**: the attack on the dragon who was besieging her parents.

CANTO XI

13. **bee at your keeping well**: be on your guard.

17. **ye**: this is bad grammar. Ye (O.E. *ge*) is the nom. case, you (O.E. *cow*) the obj. Chaucer and even the Authorized Version strictly observe the distinction; but Spenser confuses the two. The confusion appears to have originated in cases where the 'you' was unaccented, and probably pronounced 'yə.'

36. **untill**: unto; the Northern form, of Scand. origin.

40. **daunger far descryde**: danger seen at a distance.

41. **a little wyde**: a little way off. Cp. to 'shoot wide of the mark.

42. **Muse**: Clio, the Muse of History (cp. *Invocation*, l. 10), is the daughter of Phœbus (Light) and Mnemosyne (Memory), whose age

is naturally great, since she remembers the whole history of the globe. Psychology can find no fault with this mythological genealogy of the arts.

49. **Heroës**: a trisyllable.

53. **never**: a most unusual and unjustifiable position for the adverb.

56. These lines seem to contain an allusion to the recent defeat of Spain (in 1588), referred to under the cover of the words Sarazin and Paynim. Spenser may have intended to celebrate the victory over the Armada in the unwritten books of the *Faerie Queene*, or he may have contemplated doing it in another poem.

62. **second tenor**: an instrument of lower pitch, corresponding amongst stringed instruments to the tenor voice.

63. **his**: gen. termination. **blaze**: proclaim, trumpet. **armes**: feats of arms.

65. **half flying and halfe footing**: so Milton describes Satan, *P. L.* ii. 940. The later poet was a great student of Spenser, and often imitates him.

100. The sharpness of his claws did far exceed stings, etc.: an awkward inversion.

107. In the miracle plays the mouth of Hell was represented as a Dragon's Head with gaping jaws. Cp. Göthe, *Faust*, pt. 2, and Morley, *English Writers*.

109. **that**: what.

120. **Beacons**: an allusion to the beacon fires lighted to announce the arrival of the Armada, 29th July, 1588.

126. The antecedent of 'that' is 'glade.'

137. **rigorous**: in its Lat. sense 'stiff,' 'firmly braced.' Cp. *rigor mortis*.

161. **stouping**: a term of falconry, 'pouncing down with an awkward swoop.'

163. **subject**: 'placed under' in the literal Latin sense.

167. **hagard**: wild hawk (O. Ger. *Hag*, a hedge).

172. **he**: the dragon. **disseized**: dispossessed.

174. **embosse**: a word not found before Spenser. "Probably from obs. Scotch, *boss*, a cask."—Murray. It means to enclose in a cask, and hence to plunge a weapon into the body. A different word from 'embost,' driven to bay, for which *v.* note on I. ix. 254.

180. **uncouth**: unknown, unfamiliar.

185. **gulf**: the sea; the 'neighbour element' is the land, the 'blustering brethren,' the winds.

192. **a sunder**: 'a' represents an older 'on.'

203. **streighter**: tighter, O. E. *streht*, pp. of *streccan*, to stretch.

205. **can**: = gan = did.

235. **Champion**: Hercules, having put on a tunic which his wife Deianira, thinking it a love charm, had smeared with the blood of the centaur Nessus, was seized with such acute pains (the 'furies and sharp fits' of the poem) that he threw himself on to a funeral pyre and perished in the flames.

243. The pun here, which seems to us inappropriate in a serious poem, was quite acceptable to the Elizabethan taste for 'conceits.'

244. Another 'conceit.' Each of the adjectives in the first line corresponds to a noun in the second, e. g. *faint*, to *heat*; *wearie*, to *toyle*, etc. **Emboyled**, heated.

249. **when that**: when was not yet fully established as a conjunction in its own right. Cp. Fr. *lors-que*.

250. **cast**: planned.

251. **sterne**: tail.

253. This incident is derived from the romance of *Sir Bevis of Southampton*, who also fights with a dragon.

254. **unweeting**: qualifies 'he.'

260. **hot**: was called; a M.E. past tense of 'hight.'

267. **Silo**: the pool of Siloam (*S. John* ix. 7). The healing power of the Jordan is shown in the story of Naaman (2 *Kings* v. 14).

268. **Bath**: in Somersetshire, famous from the earliest times for its mineral waters. **Spau**: Spa in the East of Belgium; the word has become a common noun in Eng., denoting a mineral spring.

269. **Cephise, Hebrus**: possibly mentioned only as being famous rivers in ancient literature: the latter was a common type of pure, cold water. Prof. Percival thinks the following allusions are intended: (1) the Boeotian Cephissus turned sheep fleeces white, hence there is here an allusion to *Isa.* i. 18, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow"; (2) in the Hebrus occurred the wonder of the head of the slain Orpheus singing a dirge as it floated down—the water, as it were, reviving the dead, *Ov. M.* xi. 50.

275. **kest**: old pret. of cast.

279. **as victor**: as though he remained master of the field.

295. **to move**: *i. e.* moving, the infin. being used as in L. and Fr., where Mod. Eng. uses a gerund in *-ing*.

303. **Eyas hawk**: young hawk. O.F. *niais*, a nestling, L.L. *nidax* < *nidus*. For the aphæresis cp. *apron* < Fr. *napperon*.

306. **new-borne**: an allusion is intended to the doctrine of Regeneration. The Knight cannot conquer evil in his own strength: he must be born again of water and the spirit; then having received supernatural help he becomes victorious. Note the play on the word 'new,' another 'conceit.'

312. **dew-burning**: glittering with drops of water.

315. Note the alliterative 'd.'

317. **dew**: the meaning is doubtful. It may be (1) fit, suited for the purpose, (2) moist, (3) the noun 'dew.'

330. **buxom**: bending, yielding; O.E. *bugan*, to bow, bend.

335. **intended**: stretched towards, Lat. *in* + *tendo*, I stretch.

359. **uneven**: faltering, or perhaps unequal since one had been damaged.

361. **man**: hero, like L. *vir*. Cp. *Arma virumque cano*.

375. **andvile**: the *d* is merely epenthetic. Cp. *wildly, clift*.

386. **missed not its minished might**: did not perceive that the source of its strength was cut off; 'minished' = diminished.

392. This description of Etna is copied from *Aen.* iii. 571.

398. **noyd**: annoyed, a case of aphæresis.

401. **expire**: in lit. sense, breathe out.

406. **a goodly tree**: the imagery of the 'tree of life,' as well as of the 'living water,' is taken from *Rev.* xxii. 1, 2.

414. **the crime**: the cause. Lat. *crimen* originally means an 'accusation,' but it is sometimes used in the sense 'cause of guilt,' e. g. *Aen.* xii. 600, *Se causam clamat, crimenque, caputque malorum*. This is the use which Spenser is imitating.

420. **another like faire tree**: the tree of the knowledge of good and evil which grew in Eden beside the tree of life, *Gen.* ii. 9.

425. **balm**: cp. *Rev.* xxii. 2, "The leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

452. Imitated from Vergil. The bed of Tithonus is 'dewy,' because it was on the shores of Ocean, since in Greece and Italy the sunrise always appears as issuing from the sea.

477. **retired**: transitive 'drawn back.'

490. **which she misdeemed**: which she entertained without a cause.

CANTO XII

3. **with**: towards, against; the old meaning of the word. Cp. *with-stand* and Ger. *z wider*.

4. **afore is fairly to be kend**: can be plainly seen in front. This comparison of a poem to a voyage is common in poets. Cp. Dante, *Purg.* i.

5. **offend**: in the lit. sense 'strike against,' L. *ob* + *ferdere*, to strike.

25. **out of hand**: at once. Cp. off-hand.

34. **consort**: assembly, L.L. *consortia*.

39. **right well beseen**: right fair to look on.

43. **arms to sownd**: Kitchin says this means 'to bear arms,' or perhaps 'to clash them together.' It more probably signifies 'to boast of warlike feats.' Cp. "She loves aloft to *sound* | The man for more than mortal deeds renowned."—Congreve, *Pind. Odes*, ii.

55. The poet is thinking in this stanza of the Greek festivals in honour of Artemis (Diana). Cp. Hor. *Carm.* i. 21, *Dianam tenerae dicite virgines*.

57. **song**: sung, pret. tense.

70. **game**: a Chaucerian word. Cp. *H. of Fame*, "Take it in earnest or in game."

71. "Who looking well in this adornment, which made her resemble her true self, did appear, what she was in reality, a queen, *i. e.* a king's daughter."

73. **the raskall many**: the mob. Spenser evidently was no democrat; like Chaucer and Shakespeare, he regarded the lower classes with contempt, and distrust. 'Many,' a noun = crowd. See Gloss.

80. **ydle fear**: foolish, needless fear.

84. **warned him not touch**: warned them not to touch him.

94. **gossib**: the original form of *gossip*. O.E. *god-sibb*, related to God, *i. e.* as sponsors for a child.

97. **fray**: by aphæresis from 'affray,' to frighten.

111. **singes, strowes**: the singular is allowable because people is a collective, but the plural would be more usual. Spenser probably used the sing. only for the sake of the rhyme.

113. "They find provision of everything that befitted a king's court." *Purvey* and *provide* are doublets, both derived from L. *providere*.

116. **of great name**: of a famous make.

117. **purpose**: conversation.

121. **trayne**: ceremony.

135. **according**: granting.

137. **passionate**: vb. suffer, L. *patis*.

148. **note**: = ne wot, *i. e.* know not.

161. **Paynim king**: probably an allusion to Philip II. of Spain, whom the knighthood of England must continue to combat.

196. **withouten spot or pride**: without stain or ornament. Cp. *Rev.* xix. 8.

208. "even though she was always with him."

221. **fast before**: just before.

224. **betake**: deliver, O.E. *betaccan*.

225. 'He' in l. 224 = the messenger; 'he' in 225 = the king. **disclosing**: opening.

226. The letter is from Duessa, *alias* Fidessa. She is daughter of the Emperor of the West, because she represents Rome, the capital of the Western Empire. Cp. I. ii. 197.

235. **widow**: because deserted by her alleged *fiancé*.

237. **gave and had**: he gave promises and had mine in return.

239. **which he swore**: by which he swore: a Latinism. Cp. the oath of Latinus: "*Haec eadem, Aenea, terram, mare, sidera iuro*" (*Acc.* xii. 195). Spenser may well have had this scene in mind when writing.

240. **guilty heavens**: an imitation of the Latin use of *consciūs*. Cp. *consciūs aether conubiis* (*Acc.* iv. 167). The heavens are accomplices in the guilt so long as they leave it unavenged.

252. **so bids thee well to fare**: so bids thee (to) fare well.

260. **adventurest**: adventuredst. Note syncope of 'd' before 'st,' which was common in old English.

264. **what heavens? what altars?**: what heavens and altars is she talking about?

270. **with crime**: perhaps 'with falsehood,' or it may mean simply 'in a criminal manner.'

273. **intendment**: 'attention, or explanation,' the word bears either interpretation, and either gives a possible reading. For the latter reading, which I think the most probable, cp. *si on puet savoir par tesmoins et par leur entendement*' (quoted by Godefroy). Kitchin suggests the reading 'attention,' and refers to the classical phrase '*intentio animi*.' But the word comes to us through French, and had been much used in all its various senses during the M.E. period.

283. **royall richly dight**: decked with royal richness; 'royal richly' are used as a sort of compound adverb = 'with regal richness.'

284. **weaker**: intensive comparative.

292. **pardon me**: give me permission. This use of 'pardon' is common in O.F.

299. **letters vaine**: false letters.

300. **unprovided scath**: unforeseen harm.

302. **practicke paine**: treacherous efforts. 'Practice' has often in M.E. a bad sense, meaning 'deceit, treachery.' This survives partially in Mod. Eng., for we still speak of 'evil practices,' but not of 'good practices.' Cp. Shakespeare, *Othello*, v. 2, where, referring to Iago's treachery, he says: "O thou Othello, that wast once so good, | Fallen in the *practice* (*i. e.* stratagem) of a cursed slave." Also *Lear*, ii. 4.: "This act persuades me | That this action of the duke and her | Is practice (*i. e.* deceit) only."

303. **this false footman**: the numerous disguises of Archimago convey doubtless an allusion to the Jesuit missionaries, who were then wandering over England and Ireland in all kinds of disguises, to the great terror of the Protestants. The treatment which Archimago receives is also an exact parallel to that to which they were subjected when discovered.

305. **Ighesse**: note that Spenser uses the so-called 'Americanism,' which, like many others, is simply an old English expression surviving on the lips of the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is common in Chaucer.

311. **Attached that faytor false**: seized that false hypocrite. 'Attach' and 'attack' are doublets of Celtic origin. L. *ad*, to Bret. *tach*, a peg, nail; cp. Irish, *taca*; Mod. Eng. *tack*. **faytor**: L. *factor*, doer (in a bad sense), rogue, hypocrite, vagabond.

313. **as chained bear**: bear-baiting was a fashionable amusement under Elizabeth. Cromwell closed the bear-pits.

325. The marriage rites here described are those of Rome, not of England.

330. **the bushy Teade**: a torch (L. *taeda*) made of white-thorn, which was carried at Rome in the bridal procession.

331. **sacred lamp**: this detail seems to be of Spenser's own invention. It is not found in connection with ancient marriages. He was probably thinking of the lamp which was always kept burning in the Temple of Vesta. She was, however, the goddess of the private, as well as the public hearth, and lights were burned in the shrine before her image in private houses. Spenser no doubt purposely deviates from strict classical accuracy, and regards the lamp as simply a symbol of the foundation of a new household.

347. **trinall triplicities**: according to mediæval theology there were nine orders of angels, arranged into three 'trines.' Dante, *Paradiso*, xxviii., gives the order as follows—

First Trine—Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones.

Second Trine—Dominations, Virtues, Powers.

Third Trine—Princedoms, Archangels, Angels.

The Scriptural foundation for the theory is found in *Eph.* i. 21, and *Col.* i. 16.

GLOSSARY

The Roman numerals denote the canto, the Arabic the stanza in which the word occurs.

A

- abide**: v.t. *wait for, attend on*, v. 17.
- about, abouts**: prep. [O.E. abutan] *around, out of*, i. 2.
- accord**: v.t. *to grant*, x. 50.
- acquit**: v.t. [O.F. acquiter < L.L. acquietare, *to make at rest* < L. quietus, *quiet*; hence *to free*] *to release*, vii. 52.
- address**: v.t. [Fr. a + dresser, *to set up, erect, prepare* < L. directus, pp. of dirigere, *to direct*] *to equip, direct*, ii. 11.
- affront**: v.t. [L.L. affrontare, *to border on*] *to oppose, obstruct*, viii. 13.
- afore**: adv. [O.E. æt-fore] *in front*, x. 49.
- aftersend**: v.t. *to send after*, v. 10.
- aghost**: v.t. pret. [O.E. a + gæstan, *to terrify*] *terrified*, ix. 21.
- agrate**: v.t. pret. [O.F. agracier] *showed grace, or favour, to*, x. 18.
- albe**: conj. *although, albeit*, v. 45.
- alight**: v.i. pp. *alighted, fallen*, iii. 20.
- all**: conj. *although*, x. 47, xii. 23.
- als**: [O.E. ealswa] *also*, ix. 18.
- amis**: sb. [L. amictus] *an amice*; a linen cape worn by priests, iv. 18.
- amove**: v.t. *to move*, iv. 45.
- amount**: v.i. [O.F. amonter, L. acc. montem, *a hill*] *to mount*, ix. 5.
- andvile**: sb. [O.E. anfilt] *anvil*, xi. 42.
- annoy**: sb. [O.F. anoi (Fr. ennui), L. in odio, *in hatred*] *annoyance, hurt*, vi. 17.
- appease**: v.t. [O.F. apaisier, L. ad, pacem, *to a peace*] *to cease from (complaining)*; cp. 'hold your peace'; iii. 29.
- apply**: v.t. *to ply, carry on*, x. 46.
- aread, areed**: v.t. [O.E. rædan, cp. Ger. rathen] *to advise, counsel, explain, inform*; cp. 'to read a riddle.'
- arise**: v.i. *escape*, vi. 32; *ascend*, x. 4.
- arras**: sb. *tapestry*, so called from the town of Arras, France, viii. 35.
- aslake**: v.t. [O.E. aslacian < sleac, *slack, slow*] *to make slack, to appease*, iii. 36.
- assay**: v.t. [Fr. essayer < .essai < L. exagium, *a trial of weight*] *to essay, attempt, test*.
- assoiled**: v.t. pp. [L. absolutus] *freed, granted absolution*, x. 52.
- assynd**: v.t. pp. *marked out, assigned*.
- astond, astound**: v.t. pp. [O.E. astunian, *to stun*, with excrescent 'd'] *astonished, astounded*, ii. 31.
- aswage**: v.i. [O.F. assouager, L. suavis] *to grow mild*, iii. 5.
- attach**: v.t. *to arrest*, a legal term, xii. 35.

attaint: [L. *attingere*, *to reach*] *to make an accusation reach its mark, to convict, hence to stain with disgrace*, vii. 34.

attayne: v.t. [L. *attingere*, *to reach*] *to reach to, hence to succeed*, iii. 8.

avale: v.i. [O.F. *avaler*, L. *ad vallem*] *to fall, descend*; cp. *avalanche*; i. 21.

B

bains: sb. [O.E. *gebann*, *a proclamation*] *marriage banns*, xii. 36.

bale: sb. [O.E. *bealu*] *torment, misery, trouble*, vii. 28.

bastard: adj. *low, base*, vi. 24.

battailous: adj. *fit for battle*, v. 2.

bauldrick: sb. [L.L. *baldringus* < O.H.G. *balderich*] *belt*, vii. 29.

baye: v.t. *to bathe*; cp. *bay-salt*, *i. e.* salt for 'baying' or steeping meat in; vii. 3.

bed: v.t. pres. subj. [O.E. *beodan*] *bids*, ix. 41.

bedight: pp. *dight, decked, adorned*, xii. 21.

beheast: sb. [O.E. *hæs* < *hatan*] *command*, iv. 18.

behight, behott, behett: (1) pp. *entrusted*, x. 50. (2) inf. *call*, x. 64. (3) pp. *promised*, xi. 38.

The two first meanings are improper significations given to the word by Spenser. [O.E. *behatan*, *to promise*.]

bend: v.t. *to put a spear in rest*, iii. 34.

beseene: pp. *prepared or decked for sight*, xii. 5.

bespeak: v.i. *to speak*, ii. 32.

bestedd: pp. *situated*; cp. *homestead*; i. 24.

betake: [O.E. *betrecan*, *to assign, deliver to*] (1) *to deliver to*, xii. 25. (2) *to take*, v. 28. (3) *to betake oneself*, ix. 44.

bethinke: v.t. *to make up one's mind, to consider*, vi. 16.

bethrall: v.t. *to enthrall, to imprison*, viii. 28.

bever: sb. [O.F. *baviere*, *a bib* < *bave*, *saliva*] *the lower part of the face-guard of a helmet*, vii. 31.

bewray: v.t. [O.E. *wregan*] *to accuse*, iv. 39.

bid: v.i. [O.E. *biddan*] *to pray*; cp. x. 36, *bead-men*, lit. *praying men*; i. 30.

bilive, believe, blive: adv. *in a lively manner, quickly, forthwith*, v. 32.

bit: sb. *something bitten, food*; cp. *morsel*, L., *mordere*; viii. 41.

blaze: v.t. [O.N. *blasa*, *to blow*] *to blazon forth, proclaim*; cp. 'to blaze abroad,' Mark i. 45; xi. 7.

bless: v.t. (1) *to give a blessing*. (2) *to save, protect*, the word being used whilst 'blessing' oneself, *i. e.* making the sign of the cross as a protection; ii. 18. (3) *to wave, or brandish*, probably derived from the waving of the arm in making the sign of the cross; v. 6. (4) *to wound* (F. *blesser*), ii. 24.

blubbred: adj. *swollen with weeping, tearful*, vi. 9.

booteth: v. impers. 3rd. s. pres. [O.E. *bot*, *remedy, advantage*] *it avails, profits*, iii. 20.

bootless: adv. *in vain*, v. 33.

boughtes: sb. [O.E. *byht*] *bends, folds*, i. 15.

bound: v.i. [M.E. *boun*, *to go*] *to go, lead*, x. 67.

bouzing-can: sb. *drinking-can*, iv. 22.

bowre: sb. [O.E. *bur* < *buan*, *to dwell*] *chamber, inner room*, viii. 5.

bowrs: [O.E. *bgan*, *to bend*] *muscles*, viii. 41.

boystrous: adj. *mighty, strong*, viii. 10.
 brast: pp. *burst*, v. 31.
 browned: adj. *brawny, muscular*, viii. 41.
 bray: v.i. *cry aloud, roar*, i. 17.
 bugle: sb. [O.F. bugle < L. buculum] *wild ox*, viii. 3.
 buxome: adj. [O.E. bugan, *to bend*] *bending, yielding*, xi. 37.
 bylive: ix. 4. See bilive.

C

canapee: sb. [O.F. canapé, Gr. κωνωπέιον, a bed with mosquito curtains] *canopy*, v. 5.
 canon: adj. [Gr. κανών, *straight rod*] *smooth and round*, vii. 37.
 carefull: adj. *benumbing*, vii. 39.
 carke: sb. *care*, i. 44.
 carle: sb. [O.E. ceorl] *churl, man*, ix. 54.
 case: sb. [O.F. cas < L. casus < cadere, *to fall*] *condition, chance, misfortune*, iv. 3.
 caytive: adj. [O.F. chaitif < L. captivam] *captive, mean, wretched*, viii. 32.
 centonell: sb. *sentinel*, ix. 41.
 chalenged: v.t. *claimed*, iv. 20.
 charet: sb. [O.F. charet] *chariot*, v. 20.
 chauffed: [O.F. chauffé < L.L. caleficatus] *heated*, iii. 33.
 cheere: sb. [O.F. chiere < L.L. cara, *face*, < Gr. κάρα, *head*] *countenance, face*, i. 2.
 comforted: v.t. *encouraged*, ix. 34.
 consort: sb. *assembly*, by confusion with concert, xii. 4.
 constraint: sb. *anguish, distress*, iii. 8.
 corse: sb. *body*, iii. 5.
 couched: pp. *placed, put in rest*, (of a spear), xi. 9.
 counterfesaunce: sb. *counterfeiting*, viii. 49.
 covetise: sb. [L.L. cupiditia] *covetousness*, iv. 29.

croset: sb. *a small cross*, vi. 36.
 cruddy: adj. *curdled*, v. 29.
 crudled: adj. *curdling, freezing*, vii. 6.
 cunningly: adv. [O.E. cunnan, *to know*] *skilfully*, iv. 4.
 curbed: adj. *curved, bent*, vii. 37.
 curious: adj. *full of care, elaborate* [L. curiosus < cura] vii. 30.

D

damnifyde: adj. [L. damnum, *loss, penalty*] *injured*, xi. 52.
 dant: v.t. [O.F. danter < L. domitare, *to tame*] *daunt*, ix. 49.
 darrayne: v.t. [O.F. desresner < L.L. derationare, *to settle a dispute*] *to prepare for battle, to fight the matter out*, vii. 11.
 deare: sb. [O.E. dere] *injury*, vii. 48.
 debonaire: adj. *courteous*, ii. 23.
 decay: sb. [L. de, *cadere, to fall*] *downfall*, v. 51.
 deface: v.t. [L. delicere] *undo, defeat*, v. 24.
 demure: adj. [L. de, *mores, of (good) character*] *sober, sedate*, x. 12.
 dight: v.t. [O.E. dihtan] *deck, arrange, put in order*, iv. 14.
 discipline: sb. *teaching*, vi. 31.
 discourse: sb. *description*, xii. 14.
 dispence: v.i. *repay*, iii. 30.
 distraine: v.t. *rend, distract*, vii. 38.
 dites: v.t. *raises, gets ready*, viii. 18. See dight.
 doome: sb. [O.E. dom] *judgment, opinion*, ix. 38.
 doted: adj. *foolish*, viii. 34.
 dread: sb. *object of love and reverence*, In. iv. 9.
 drere: sb. [O.E. drcor, *blood from a wound* < dreosan, *to drop*] *sorrow*; cp. Ger. traurig, *sad*; viii. 40.
 dreriment: sb. [a hybrid formed

from O.E. dreor + F. ment] *sorrow, gloom*, viii. 9.
drery: adj. [O.E. dreorig, *bloody*] *horrible*; cp. Ger. traurig, *sad*; Mod. E. dreary; vi. 45.
droome: sb. *drum* [probably E., not found before 16th cent.] pron. to rhyme with *room*, ix. 41.

E

earne: v.i. [O.E. gyrnan] *to desire, yearn for*, i. 3.
eeke: v.t. [O.E. ecan] *to increase, to add to*; hence conj. 'eke,' also; cp. Ger. auch, L. augeo; v. 42.
eft: adv. [O.E. æft] *afterwards, then*, ix. 25.
eftsoones: adv. [O.E. eftsona] *immediately, forthwith*, i. 11.
element: sb. *air*, v. 28.
elfe: sb. [O.N. alfar] *fairly, elf*, i. 17.
els: adv. [O.E. elles] *before, in other times*; cp. L. alias; v. 43.
empassioned: pp. *moved with pity*, iii. 2.
emprise: sb. *enterprise, adventure*, ix. 1.
enchace: v.t. [O.F. enchassillier, *to put in a frame*] *to frame, to enshrine*, xii. 23.
enfouldred: adj. [O.F. fouldroyer < L. fulgur] *like a thunderbolt, or a thunder-cloud*, xi. 40. A word peculiar to Spenser, according to Nares and Halliwell.
engorged: pp. [Fr. engorgé] *swallowed, throat-obstructing, unvented*, xi. 40.
enhaunst: pp. [O. Provençal enansar < L. in, ante] *put forward, raised*, i. 17.
enmoved, amoved: pp. [O.F. esmouvoir] *moved*; cp. emotion.
entire: adj. [L. integer] (*as if*) *untouched, fully refreshed*, vi. 44.

entraile: sb. *twist, entanglement*, i. 16. Not the same word as 'entrails,' L. intralia.
envious: adj. *envy-causing*, iv. 39.
equal: adj. [L. aequus] *just, impartial*, iv. 42.
errant: adj. [L. errare] *wandering*, ii. 34.
erst: adv. [O.E. ærest, *soonest*] *formerly*, viii. 18.
esloyne: v.i. [O. F. esloinier < L. ex, longus] *to withdraw*, iv. 20.
essoyn: *exemption*, iv. 20.
extirp: v.t. [L. ex, stirps, *stem of a tree*] *to uproot*, x. 25.
eyne: [O.E. plur. eagan, M.E. eyen] *eyes*, In. 4.

F

fact: sb. [L. factum] *act, deed, feat*, iv. 34.
falsed: adj. *deceived*, ii. 30.
fayne: adv. [O.E. fægen], *gladly*, iv. 10.
fearefull: adj. *full of fear, timorous*, i. 13.
fell: adj. *fierce*, ii. 10.
felon: sb. *a cruel traitor*, iii. 29.
flaggy: adj. *flaccid, loose*, xi. 10.
fone: sb. *foes*; cp. eyne.
fond: adj. [M.E. fon, *a fool*] *foolish*, ix. 39.
food: sb. [O.E. fæh < fah, *hostile*] *feud*, viii. 9.
fordonne: [O.E. fordon, *to consume*] *utterly undone*, v. 41.
foreby: prep. *close by*; cp. Ger. vorbei; vi. 39.
forraged: v.t. *ravaged, pillaged*, xii. 3.
forthright: adv. *straightway*, iv. 6.
forwarned: v.t. [O.E. warnian] *warned off*, ii. 18.
frame: v.t. [O.E. fremman, *further, promote*] *support*, viii. 30.

fretting: adj. [O.E. *fretan*, to eat] *gnawing*, iv. 35.

frounce: v.t. [Fr. *froncer*, to wrinkle] to curl, to crimp, iv. 14.

fry: sb. [Ice. *frjo*, sparrow] *crowd*, as of newly-hatched fish, xii. 7.

G.

gent: adj. *gentle, noble, fair*, ix. 6.

gentle: [Fr. *gentil* L. *gentilis* < *gens*] lit. of good family, courteous, noble, well-bred, In. 1.

gin: sb. [O.F. *engien*, a skilful contrivance, L. *ingenium*] *rack*, v. 35.

giusts: sb. [O.F. *jostee* < *jouster* < L.L. *jutare*, to approach] *jousts, tilting matches*, i. 1.

glorious: adj. *boastful*; cp. *vain-glorious*; vi. 20.

gnarre: v.i. to snarl, v. 34.

gobbets: sb. [O.F. *gober*, to swallow, Celt. *gob*, mouth] *pieces*, lit. *mouthfuls*, i. 20.

gossibs: sb. [God, sibb, related in God] *god-parents, friends, acquaintances*, xii. 11.

graile: sb. *gravel*; perhaps a contraction of *gravel*; vii. 6.

gree: sb. [Fr. *gré* < L. *gratum*] *favour*, v. 16.

griesie: adj. *grey*, ix. 35.

griesly: adj. [O.E. *agrysan*, to shudder] *grizzly, horrible* (L. *horreo*, I shudder), v. 20.

grieved: pp. *wounded*, viii. 17.

griple: adj. *grasping*, iv. 31.

groome: sb. [O.E. *guma*, cp. L. *homo*] a man or boy, hence a servant, x. 17.

grudging: pr. pt. [M.E. *gruchen*] *growing, groaning*, ii. 19.

guerdon: sb. [O.F. *guerredon*, < L.L. *widerdonum* < Ger. *wider*, in return + L. *donum*, a gift] *reward*, iii. 40.

guise: sb. [O.F. *guise*, O.E. *wise*] *habit, manner, or wise of life*, iv. 20.

H

handeling: sb. [O.E. *handlian*, to handle; cp. Ger. *handeln*, to trade] *handling, management*, iii. 2.

harbour: sb. [O.E. here, *army*, beorgan, to shelter; cp. Fr. *auberge*] *refuge, shelter*, x. 37.

hardiment: sb. *boldness, hardihood*, i. 14.

hartie: adj. *encouraging, heartening*; cp. *disheartening*; ix. 25.

hartlesse: adj. *lacking in courage, fainthearted*, ix. 24.

haught, haughtie: adj. [O.F. *haut* < L. *altus*] *high, lofty*, vi. 29.

haunt: v.t. and i. to frequent, x. 59.

heast: sb. [O.E. *hæs* < *hatan*] *best, command*, vii. 18.

heaviness: sb. *sadness, melancholy*, v. 6.

heben: adj. *ebon, of ebony*, In. 3.

heft: v.t. *raised*, weak pret. of *heave*, which here = to *heave up, to raise*, xi. 39. The M.E. form is 'hove,' O. E. 'hof.'

hew: sb. [O.E. *hiw*, appearance] *shape, figure, countenance, hue*, i. 46.

hight: v.t. pass. [O.E. *hatte*, I am called < Goth. pres. t. pass., *haitada*] *was called*, ix. 14; the sole instance in Eng. of a passive formed synthetically. It is either pres. or pret. in use.

hot, hote: v.t. pass. a strong pret. of *hight*, q. v., xi. 29.

hove: v.i. infin. to float, to hover, here used for to rise, probably through confusion with the pret. 'hove,' which is a different word, ii. 31. See *heft*.

humblesse: sb. *humility*, ii. 21.
hurling: pr.pt. *whirling, brandishing*, i. 16.
hurtlen: v.i. *to rush, to jostle*; frequentative form of *hurt* [Fr. *heurter, to knock against*], iv. 16.

I

idle, ydle: adj. *groundless, vain, motionless, empty*, i. 46.
imbrew: [O.F. *s'embruer, L. in, bibere, to drink*] *to drench themselves (with blood)*, vi. 38.
impe, ymp: sb. [M.E. *ympen, to engraft* < L.L. *impotus, a graft* < Gr. *ἔμψυτος*] *scion, offspring, child*, In. 3.
incontinent: adv. *immediately, without delay*, vi. 8.
intendiment: sb. [O.F. *entendement, L. intentio*] *consideration, explanation*, xii. 31.
intent: sb. *gaze*, vi. 15.

J

jolly: adj. [Fr. *joli*. Ice. *Jol, the festival of Thor in December*. E. *Yule*] *handsome, fair*; originally 'festive.' Mod. E. has reverted to this meaning, i. 1.
journall: adj. [O. F. *journal* < L. *diurnalis*] *daily*, xi. 31.

K

keepe: sb. [O.E. *ceap, trade, stock of a trader*] *to take keepe = to set store by, to give heed to*; cp. *chaffer, chapman, Cheapside*; i. 40.
kindly: adj. *natural*, iii. 28.
kirtle: sb. [O.E. *cyrtel*; cp. L. *curtus, short*] *originally a short undergarment, a shirt*; extended later to various kinds of tunics and gowns, worn by both men and women; iv. 31. *Shirt, skirt, short* are cognate words, from the root seen in *sceran*, *to shear, cut short*.

L

lay-stall: sb. *dung-hill*, v. 53.
lazars: sb. [Lazarus, 'the beggar full of sores,' Luke xvi. 20] *lepers*, iv. 3.
leaches: sb. [O.E. *læce, healer*] *surgeon*; the same word was also applied to the animals he used; v. 17.
leasing: sb. [O.E. *leasung*] *lie, falsehood*, vi. 48.
least: conj. *lest*, ii. 31.
lenger: adj. *longer*; mutation of *lang*; i. 22.
let: sb. [O.E. *lettan, to hinder, < læt, slow*] *hindrance, opposition*, viii. 13.
lever: adj. comp. *rather*; the original idiom is 'me were lever,' it would be more agreeable to me; ix. 32. See *lief*.
libbard: sb. *leopard*, vi. 25.
liefe: adj. and sb. [O.E. *leof, loved, dear*] *dear*; cp. Ger. *liebe*; iii. 28.
lightly: adv. *quickly*, vi. 37.
lilled: v.t. *lollid, projected*, v. 34.
lim: sb. [O.E. *lim*] *limb*; the 'b' is epithetic; iv. 10.
lin: v.i. and t. [O.E. *linnan*] *to cease*, i. 24.
lively: adj. [O.E. *liflic*] *life-like*, i. 45.
loft: s.b. [O.E. *lyft*] *air, sky, roof, upper story*, i. 41.
longes: v.i. *belongs*, iv. 48.
lorne: pp. [O.E. *loren, pp. of leosan, to lose*] *forsaken*; cp. *love-lorn*; iv. 2.
louting: pr.pt. [O.E. *lutende*] *bowing*, i. 30.
lustlesse: adj. *pleasurless, listless, weak*, iv. 20.

M

make: s.b. [O.E. *gemaca*] *mate, companion*, vii. 7.
mall: sb. [L. *malleus*] *club*, vii. 51.

many : sb. [O.F. mesnie, L.L. mansionata, household] *retinue, crowd*, xii. 9.
 marchant : sb. *merchant*, iii. 32.
 maske : v.i. [Fr. masquer, < Span. maskara, < Arab. maskharat, a buffoon] *masquerade*, In. 1.
 mayne : sb. [O.E. mægen] *strength, might*, vii. 11.
 maynly : adv. *mightily, violently*, vii. 12.
 meed : sb. [O.E. med; cp. Gr. μισθός] *reward, hire*, iii. 36.
 meeting : pr. pt. *replying*, iii. 28.
 mell : v.i. [F. mêler < L.L. misculare] *mix, meddle*, i. 30.
 meere : adj. [L. merus] *sheer, absolute, pure*, iii. 28.
 menage : v.t. [O.F. manege, horsemanship, L. manus] *handle, manage* (a horse), vii. 37.
 mew : sb. [L. mutare, to change] *a cage for hawks when moulting; a prison, a den*; v. 20.
 mirksome : adj. [O.E. murc, dark + sam, full of] *gloomy, murky, dark*, v. 28.
 misborne : adj. *base-born, bastard*, vi. 42.
 mischief : sb. *misfortune*, i. 12.
 miscreant : sb. [O.F. mescreant, L. minus, credentem] *unbeliever, infidel, wretch*, v. 13.
 misseeming : adj. *unseemly, improper*, ix. 23.
 mister : sb. [O.F. mistier, trade, calling, L. ministerium] ‘what mister wight’ = *a person of what sort* (lit. of what trade), ix. 23.
 monuments : sb. [L. monumenta < monere, to admonish, bring to mind] *records, reminders*, vii. 19.
 more : adj. *greater*, iii. 43.
 most : adj. *greatest*, ii. 9.
 muchell : adj. [O.E. mycel, Scotch muckle] *great, much*;

cp. L. mag-nus, Gr. μεγάλη; iv. 46.

N

nathemore : adv. [M.E. na the mo, *not for that more*] *for all that . . . not*, viii. 13.
 nephewes : sb. [L. nepotes] *descendants*; cp. cousins = relatives generally; v. 22.
 nill : [ne will] *will not*, iii. 43.
 noise : sb. *sound*; an instance of ‘amelioration’ in meaning; xii. 39.
 note : v.t. [ne + wot, O.E. wat, pres. of witan] *know not*, xii. 17.
 n’ould : [ne + would] *would not*, vi. 17.
 nouriture : sb. *nurture, breeding, education*, ix. 5.
 nurse : sb. *nurse*, iv. 7.
 noyance : sb. [L. in odio (habere)] *annoyance*, i. 23.
 noyd : v.t. pret. *annoyed*, x. 24.

O

oddes : sb. *inequality, handicapping*, iv. 50.
 offspring : sb. *origin*, that from which a thing is sprung, hence *ancestors*, vi. 30.
 onely : adj. *special, unique, only*, vii. 50.
 only : adj. *alone, mere*, vii. 13.
 ought : v.t. [O.E. ahte, pret. of agan] *owed*, iv. 39.
 over all : adv. *everywhere*, viii. 3.
 overcast : pp. *overlaid*, i. 40.
 overcraw : v.t. *to crowd over, insult*, ix. 50.
 owche : sb. [O.F. nouche, < L.L. nusca, a clasp] *the setting of a jewel, a jewel*, ii. 13.

P

paire : v.t. [O.F. empeirir < L. pejor, worse] *impair, injure*, vii. 41.

palfrey: sb. [L. L. *paraveredus*, an extra post-horse; *veredus*, < L. *vehere*, to draw + L. *rheda*, a carriage] a saddle-horse, i. 4.
parbreake: sb. *vomit*, i. 20.
pardale: sb. *panther*, vi. 26.
parted: v. i. *departed*, iii. 22.
pas: v. t. *surpass*, iv. 11.
peece: sb. *structure*, x. 59.
pennes: sb. [L. *penna*] *feathers*, xi. 10.
perdie: [F. *par Dieu*] *by God*, vi. 42.
pere: sb. *peer, lord*, xii. 17.
persen: v. t. *pierce*, vii. 33.
personage: sb. *person, appearance*, x. 30.
pight: v. t. pret. *fixed, pitched, pegged*, ii. 42.
place (in): *here, present*, ii. 38.
pollicie: sb. *cunning, statecraft*, iv. 12.
portesse: sb. *breviary, portable prayer-book*, iv. 19.
pouldred: v. t. [O. F. *poldrer*, L. *pulvis, dust*] *powdered, reduced to dust*, vii. 12.
pounces: s. b. [L. *pungere*, to prick] *claws*, xi. 19.
pourtrahed: pp. *portrayed, depicted*, viii. 33.
poynant: adj. *poignant, piercing, sharp*, vii. 19.
practicke: adj. *d deceitful*, xii. 34.
pranke: v. t. *a torn, deck*, iv. 14.
pray: sb. *act of preying, pursuit*, vi. 20.
preace: sb. iii. 3, and v. i. xii. 19, *press, crowd*.
presently: adv. *instantly*, viii. 4.
pretence: sb. *claim, ostentation*; cp. the Pretender = the claimant; xii. 24.
priefe: sb. *proof*; cp. 'reprieve,' which is originally the same word as 'reprove'; viii. 43.
prime: sb. [Fr. *printemps*, L. *primus*] *Spring*, ii. 40.

F. Q. I.

prowest: adj. [Lat. *pro*, for, confused with 'probis'] *most valiant*, v. 14.
purchas: sb. [O. F. *purchas*, *pursuit*, < L. *captare*, to hunt] *plundering*, iii. 16.
purled: pp. [L. *pro* + *filum*, thread] *embroidered, or trimmed at the edge*, ii. 13.
py'n'd: pp. [O. E. *pinan*, to torment; cp. Ger. *pein*] *mortified*, x. 48.

Q

quaile: v. t. [O. E. *cwelan* to die] properly 'to die,' but here confused with 'quell' [O. E. *cwellan*, to kill], hence, *to overcome*, ix. 49.
quayd: pp. a shortened form of *quailed*, pp. of *quaile*, q. v., viii. 14.
quell: vi. 43. See *quaile*.
quickning: pr. pt. *vitalizing, life-giving*, v. 12.
quit: pp. v. 11. See *acquit*.
quited: pp. *requited, repaid*, i. 30.

R

rablement: sb. *rabble, mob*, vi. 8.
raft: v. t. pret. [O. E. *reafian*, to strip] *rest, hewed off*; cp. *be-reft*; i. 24.
ragged: adj. *rugged, rough*, xii. 23.
raile: v. i. [Ice. *ryll*, a rill, rivulet] *to stream, to flow*, vi. 43.
ramping: pr. pt. *rearing, raging*, v. 28.
rapt: adj. [L. *raptus*] *seized, carried off*, iv. 9.
raskall: adj. [O. F. *rascaille*, off-scouring] *base, vulgar*, vii. 35.
raught: v. t. pret. [O. E. *raecan*, pret. *raehte*] *reached*, vi. 29.
ravine: sb. *prey*, a doublet of 'rapine,' v. 8.
reave: v. t. [O. E. *reafian*, to

P

- strip*] to rob; cp. robe = that which can be stripped off; iii. 36.
- recreant**: adj. *cowardly*; used of one who, in judicial combat, ceasing to believe (*credere*) in the justice of his cause, surrendered to his opponent; iv. 41.
- recure**: v.t. [L. *re* + *cura*, *care*] *refresh, renovate*, v. 44.
- reed**: v.t. *conceive, understand*, i. 21. See **areed**.
- renowned**: adj. [Fr. *renommé*, L. *nomen*] *renowned*, v. 5.
- renverst**: pp. [Fr. *renversé* < L. *re* + *in* + *versus* < *vertere*] *upset, reversed*, iv. 41.
- reprise**: see **priefe**.
- requere**: v.t. [O.F. *requerre*, L. *requirere*] *seek, demand*, iii. 12.
- retyred**: pp. [Fr. *retiré*] *drawn out*, xi. 53.
- reverse**: v.t. *cause to return*, ix. 48.
- rew**: v.t. [O.E. *hreowan*] *pity*; cp. *ruthless*; ii. 26.
- riddes**: v.t. pres. 3rd sing. *despatches, escorts*, i. 36.
- riotise**: sb. [O.F.] *riotousness, revelry*; cp. *covet-ise, avar-ice, sott-ise*, L. term. -*itia*; iv. 20.
- rout**: sb. [L. *rupta*, a *defeat, a rout*] *crowd, mob*, iv. 36.
- rowels**: sb. [L. *rotella*, a *little wheel*] *rings attached to the bit of a horse*, vii. 37.
- rownd**: sb. *ring, round-dance*, vi. 7.
- rue**: v.t. In. 2. See **rew**.
- ruffin**: adj. *ruffled, disordered*; a Spenserian neologism; iv. 34.
- ruffles**: sb. *ruffs, large pleated collars*, iv. 14.
- rusty**: adj. [allied to O.E. *read*, *red*] *filthy, bloody, rusty*, v. 32.
- S
- sad**: adj. *grave, serious, heavy, dark-coloured*, i. 2.
- salvage**: adj. [L. *silvaticus* < *silva*, a *wood*] *savage, wild*, iii. 5.
- sam**: adv. *together*; cp. Ger. *samt*; x. 57.
- sarazin**: sb. *Saracen, Mussulman*; later, it = *heathen* generally; ii. 12.
- say**: sb. *a fine woolen cloth*, iv. 31.
- scarlot**: adj. [Fr. *écarlate*, Arab. *saqarlat*] *scarlet*, viii. 29.
- scath**: sb. [O.E. *sceada*; cp. Ger. *schaden*] *damage, destruction*, iv. 35.
- scowre**: v.i. *to run fast*; cp. *scurry*; ii. 20.
- scryne**: sb. [L. *scrinium* < *scribere*] *a writing desk*, In. 2.
- seele**: v.t. [O.F. *siller* < L. *cilium*, *eye-lid*] a term of falconry, 'to close the eyelids of a hawk by sewing them,' vii. 23.
- seizing**: pr. pt. *fixing*, iii. 19.
- sent**: sb. *sense*, i. 43.
- semblaunt**: sb. *semblance, appearance*, ii. 12.
- shamefast**: adj. *modest*; *shamefaced* is a corruption of the older form; x. 15.
- shaumes**: [L. *calamus*, *reed*] *clarionets*, xii. 13.
- silly, seely**: adj. [O.E. *gesælig*, *happy*] *simple, innocent*, i. 30.
- single**: adj. *weak*, vi. 12.
- sithens**: conj. [O.E. *sith tham*, *after that*] *since*, iv. 51.
- skill**: sb. *power, reason, knowledge*, iii. 28.
- slights**: sb. *cunning devices*, vii. 30.
- slombered**: adj. *slumbering*, vii. 15.
- snaggy**: adj. *full of knots*, vii. 10.
- snubbes**: sb. *knots, snags*, places where the branches have been 'snipped' off, viii. 7.
- solemnize**: sb. *ceremony*, x. 4.
- sort**: sb. *company, class, set of people*; cp. *assortment*; iv. 37.

sory: adj. [O.E. sarig, < sar, *sore*] *painful*, vi. 38.
 souce: sb. *swoop*, a term of Falconry, v. 8.
 soust: pp. [M.E. souden, *to pickle*, L. *salsus, salted*] *immersed* (in the sea), iii. 31.
 sowne: sb. *sound*, i. 41.
 spersed: adj. *diffused, ambient*, i. 39.
 splene: sb. *spleen*, iv. 35.
 sprite, spright: sb. *spirit*; rhymes sometimes with 'sweet'; xii. 38.
 stadle: sb. *sapling, staff*, vi. 14.
 stark: adj. *stiff, strong, stern*, i. 44.
 sted: sb. *position*, viii. 17.
 stew: sb. lit. *hot bath*, xi. 44.
 stile: [L. *stilus, an iron pin for writing*] *pen*, I. 4.
 stint: v.t. *to stop*, ix. 29.
 stole: sb. [Gr. *στολή*] *robe*, i. 4.
 stound: v.t. [O.E. *stunian*] *astound, stun*, vii. 12.
 stound: sb. [O.E. *stund*] *an hour, any short space of time*, vii. 25.
 stouping: pr. pt. *swooping down*, a term in Falconry, xi. 18.
 stout: adj. *bold*, i. 11.
 stowre: sb. *trouble, disturbance*, a doublet of *stir*, ii. 8.
 stubborn: adj. *courageous, unyielding*, iii. 42.
 stubs: sb. *stumps*, ix. 34.
 stye: v.i. [O.E. *stigan*] *ascend, climb*; ep. *stirrup=stig-rap*, 'mounting rope'; xi. 25.
 suddeine: adj. *quick, ready*, ix. 41.
 suitt: sb. *pursuit*, x. 60.
 suppress: pp. *held down, subdued*, iii. 19.
 suspect: sb. *suspicion*, vi. 13.
 swarved: v.i. *swerved, turned*, x. 13.
 swayne: *youth, adolescent*, viii. 13.

swelt: v.i. [O.E. *swelan*] *burned*; ep. *sweal, sweltering, sultry*; vii. 6.
 swerd: sb. *sword*, iii. 41.
 swunged: pp. *singed*, xi. 26.
 swownd: sb. *swoon*; ep. *soun-d*; v. 19.

T

table: sb. [L. *tabula*] *picture*, ix. 49.
 talants: sb. [Fr. *talon, heel*] *talons, hind-claw*, xi. 41.
 taught: pp. *informed*, iii. 25.
 teade: sb. [L. *taeda*] *torch*, xii. 37.
 teene: See *tyne*.
 then: conj. *than*, i. 24.
 thereby: adv. *near, hard by*, i. 34.
 therewith: adv. *thereupon*, iii. 25.
 thewes: sb. *manners, habits*, ix. 3.
 tho: adv. *then*, i. 18.
 thorough: prep. *through*, i. 32.
 thrall: sb. *slave*, ii. 22.
 three-square: adj. *of three equal sides*, vi. 41.
 thoroughly: adv. *thoroughly*, v. 45.
 throw: sb. *throc, παυξ*, x. 41.
 tide: sb. *time*; ep. *Easter-tide*; ii. 29.
 tire: sb. [O.F. *tire*, of Teut. origin] *tier, train, procession*, iv. 35.
 tire: sb. [O.F. *atirier* < *tire*; ep. Ger. *zier, ornament*] *head-dress*; a shortened form of 'attire'; viii. 46.
 told: v.t. pret. *counted*, iv. 27.
 tort: sb. *wrong*, xii. 4.
 trace: v.i. *walk, make tracks*, viii. 31.
 traine: sb. *tail, snare, plot*, i. 18.
 transmew: v.t. *transmute, transform*, vii. 35.
 treachour: sb. *traitor*, iv. 41.
 treate: v.i. [L. *tractare, to handle*] *to engage in, talk about*, vii. 4.

trunked: adj. *truncated, mutilated*, viii. 10.
trusse: v.t. [Fr. *trousser*] *to tuck or tie up, to grasp*, xi. 19.
tyne, teene: sb. [O.E. *teona*], *grief, injury*, ix. 15.

U

unacquainted: adj. *unfamiliar*, v. 21.
unbid: adj. [O.E. *biddan*], *unprayed for*, ix. 54.
uncouth: adj. [O.E. *cuf*, pp. of *cunnan*, *to know*] *unknown, extraordinary, awkward*, i. 15.
undight: pp. *disarranged, unbound*, iii. 4.
uneath: adv. *not easily, with difficulty, hardly*, ix. 38.
unhappy: adj. *unlucky, inauspicious*, ii. 22.
unlich: adj. *unlike*, v. 28.
untill: prep. *unto*, a northern form, xi. 4.
utmost: adj. *last*, vii. 25.

V

vantage: v.t. *profit, cause advantage to*, iv. 49.
vere: v.t. [F. *virer*] *veer, alter the position*, xii. 1.
vizour: sb. *visor, mask*.

W

wage: sb. *gage, pledge, reward*, iv. 39.
wanton: adj. [O.E. *wan*, neg. prefix + *togen* pp. of *teon*, *to ful*] *untrained, wild*; cp. Ger. *un-ge-zog-en*; ii. 13.
ware: adj. [O.E. *wær*] *wary*, vii. 1.
warrayd: v.t. pret. [Fr. *guerroyer*] *made war on, ravaged*, v. 48.
weeds: [O.E. *wæd*] *clothes*; cp. *widow's weeds*; In. 1.
weening: pr. pt. [O.E. *wenan*] *thinking*; cp. 'over-weening,'

thinking too highly of oneself, conceited; i. 10.
weet: v.t. [O.E. *witan*] *know*, iii. 6.
welke: v.i. *to fade*, i. 23.
welkin: sb. [O.E. pl. *wolcnu*, *clouds*] *sky*, iv. 9.
welth: sb. *well-being, prosperity, wealth*, iv. 30.
whyleare: adv. [O.E. *hwil*, *time, ær, formerly*] *not long ago*, ix. 28.
whylome: adv. [O.E. dat. plur. *hwilum*] *at times, once upon a time*, In. 1.
wight: sb. *wi ht, person*, ix. 23.

wit: sb. *mind, genius*, In. 2.
withall: prep. used instead of the simple 'with' at the end of a sentence, viii. 37.
wonne: v.i. [O.E. *wunian*] *dwell*, vi. 39.
wonne: v.i. pret. [O.E. *wann*, pret. of *winnan*] *fought*, vi. 39.
wont: v.t. pret. *used, was in the habit of*, ii. 7.
wood: adj. [O.E. *wod*] *mad*, iv. 34.
wot: v.i. pret.-pres. *know*, i. 13.
wreakes: sb. *vengeance*; cp. *to wreak vengeance*; Ger. *rache*; viii. 43.
wreck: sb. [O.E. *wrecan*, *to drive (on shore)*] *destruction*, xi. 21. Originally the same word as 'wreak,' to pursue with vengeance.

Y

yede: v.i. [an infinitive coined from 'yode'] *to go*, xi. 5.
yode: v.i. pret. [O.E. *eode*, pret. of *gan*, *to go*] *went*, x. 53.
yelded: v.i. pret. *yelled*, xi. 37.
yfere: adv. [O.E. *gefera*, a *companion*] *together*, ix. i.
ygoe: pp. *agone, ago*, ii. 18.

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