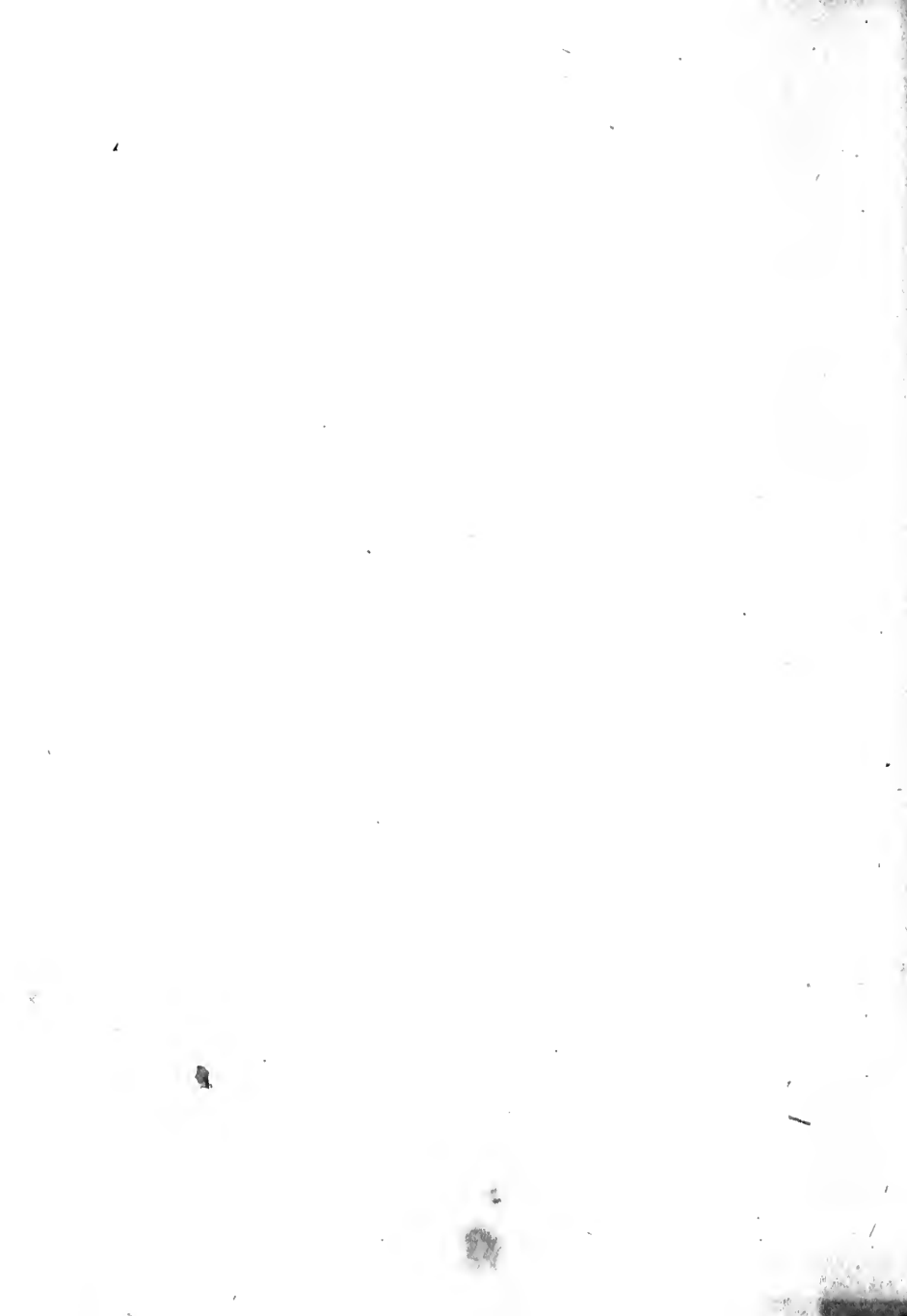


A_1 or eq. A_2 in W_1 , B_1 in W_2 from
a W_1 copy; B_2 in W_2 ; B_1
last in W_2 and W_1 ; B_2 in W_1 = 73





THE FIRST

BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Containing

THE LEGENDE OF THE
KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS.

OR

OF HOLINESSE.

LOI the man, whose Muse whilome did maske,
As time her taught in lowly Sheapards weeds,
Am now enforst a far unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to change mine oaten reeds,
And singe of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds
Whose prayses having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broad emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song

Help then, o holy Virgin cheife of nine,
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will,
Lay forth out of thine euerlasting schryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,

Cant. 1.

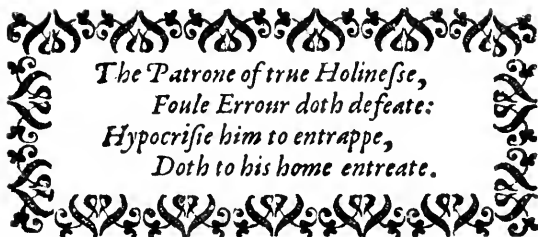
Of Faerie knights and fairest *Tanaquill*,
Whom that most noble Britton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O help thou my weake witt, and sharpen my dull tong.

And thou most dreaded impe of highest Love,
Fair *Venus* sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his heart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben bow apart,
And with thy mother milde come to my ayde:
Come both, and with you bringe triumphant *Mars*,
In loves and gentle iollities arrayd,
After his murdrous spoiles and bloody rage allayd.

And with them eke, ô Goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirroure of grace and Maiestic divine,
Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like *Phabus* lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beams into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughts too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile:
The which to heare, vouchsafe, ô dearest dred a-while.

CANT.

2023
3
Canto I.



A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and siluer shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many' a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he neuer wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sit,
As one for knightly giufts and fierce encounters fit,

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

Vpon a great aduenture he was bond,
That greatest *Gloriana* to him gaue,
That greatest Glorious *Queene* of *Faery* lond,
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to haue,

Which of all earthly things he most did craue;
 And euer as he rode his hart did earne,
 To proue his puissance in battell braue
 Vpon his foe, and his new force to learne;
 Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A louely Ladie rode him faire beside,
 Vpon a lowly Assfe more white then snow,
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
 Vnder a vele, that wimpled was full low,
 And ouer all a blacke stole shee did throw,
 As one that iuly mournd: so was she sad,
 And heauie sate vpon her palfrey slow:
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
 And by her in a line a milkewhite lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and euery vertuous lore,
 And by descent from Royall lynage came
 Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
 And all the world in their subiection held,
 Till that infernall feend with foule vprore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld:
 Whom to auenge, she had this Knight from far cōpeld.

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
 That lasie seemd in being euer last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was suddeine ouercast,
 And angry *Iouis* an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
 That euerie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
 And this faire couple eke to shroud theselues were fain.
 Enforst

Enforst to seeke some couert nigh at hand,
A thadie groue not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heauens 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 seemes, so in they entred ar.

And fourth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Ioying 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 neuer dry,
The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
The Aspine good for staues, the Cypresse funerall.

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

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Vntill the blustring storme is ouerblowne;
When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,

But wander too and fro in waies vnknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neereft weene,
That makes thē doubt, their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take, in diuerse doubt they been.

At last resoluing forward still to fare,
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 caue,
Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser braue,
And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gaue.

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

Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
I better wot then you, though nowe too late,
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisdom 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 liuing men.
But

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

And as she lay vpon the durtie ground,
 Her huge long taile her den all ouerspred,
 Yet was in knots and many boughtes vpwound,
 Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred,
 A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
 Sucking vpon her poisonous dugs, eachone
 Of fundrie shapes, yet all ill fauored:
 Soone as that vncouth light vpon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

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

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiu'd, he leapt
 As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
 And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
 From turning backe, and forced her to stay:

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Therewith enrag'd, she loudly gan to bray,
 And turning fierce, her speckled taile aduauñt,
 Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay:
 Who nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:
 The stroke down frō her head vnto her shoulder glaunst

Much daunted with that dint, her fence was dazd,
 Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
 And all attonce her beaftly bodie raizd
 With doubled forces high aboue the ground:
 Tho wrapping vp her wrethed sterne arownd,
 Lept fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine
 All suddenly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirr he stroue in vaine:
 God helpe the man so wrapt in *Errors* endlesse traine.

His Lady sad to see his sore constraint,
 Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee
 Add faith vnto 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 grieffe and high disdaine,
 And knitting all his force got one hand free,
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
 That soone to loofe her wicked bands did her cōstraine.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
 A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunck so vilily, 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.

As when old father *Nilus* gins to swell
 With timely pride about the *Aegyptian* vale,
 His fattie waues doe fertile slime outwell,
 And ouerflow each plaine and lowly dale:
 But when his later ebbe gins t'auale,
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaues, wherein there breed
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures partly male
 And partly femall of his fruitful seed;
 Such vgly monstrous shapés elſwher may no man reed.

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

As gentle Shepheard in ſweete euentide,
 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 ſtriuing 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.

Thus ill beſtedd, and fearefull more of ſhame,
 Then of the certeine perill he ſtood in,
 Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,
 Reſolud in minde all ſuddenly to win,

Deit frowne vnto ſt m m be (P)

Or sooneto lose, before he once would lin;
 And stroke at her with more then 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 frō her corse

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

That detestable sight him much amazde,
 To see th'vnkindly Impes of heauen accurst,
 Deuoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
 Hauing all satiffide 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 nursd;
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend, (contend.
 His foes haue slaine themselues, with whom he should

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

Then

Then mounted he vpon his Steede againe,
 And with the Lady backward fought to wend;
 That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
 Ne euer would to any byway bend,
 But still did follow one vnto the end,
 The which at last out of the wood them brought.
 So forward on his way (with God to frend)
 He passed forth, and new aduenture fought,
 Long way he traueiled, before he heard of ought.

At length they chaunst to meet vpon the way
 An aged Sire, in long blacke weedesyclad,
 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.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous was:
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of straunge aduentures, which abroad did pas.
 Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
 Silly old man, that liues 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 things to mell.

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
 And homebred deuil ye desire to heare,
 Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare.

Offsuch (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 curfled creature liues so long a space.

Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wildernesse
 His dwelling is, by which no liuing wight
 May euer passe, but thorough great distresse.
 Now (saide the Ladie) draweth toward night,
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all for wearied be: for what so strong,
 But wanting rest will also want of might?
 The Sunne that measures heauen all day long,
 At night doth baite his steedes the *Ocean* waues emong.

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

A litle lowly Hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pas
 In traucill to and froc: a litle wyde
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,
 Wherein the Hermite dewly went to say
 His holy thinges each morne and euentyde:
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

Arriued

Arriued there the litle house they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment, where none was:
 Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.
 With faire discourse the euening so they 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 euermore
 He strowd an *Aue-Mary* after and before.

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
 And the sad humor loading their eye liddes,
 As messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast
 Sweet slöbring dew, the which to sleep them biddes:
 Vnto their lodgings then his guesstes 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 sleepey minds.

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 heuen, 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.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
 Legions of Sprights, the which like litle flies
 Fluttring about his euerdamned hedd,
 A waite whereto their seruice he applies,

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 gaue a message too,
 The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

He making speedy way through sperfed ayre,
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
 To *Morpheus* house doth hastily repaire,
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
 And low, where dawning day doth neuer peepe,
 His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his wet bed
 Doth euer wash, and *Cynthia* still doth steepe
 In siluer deaw his euer drouping hed,
 Whiles sad Night ouer him her matle black doth spred.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
 The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuory,
 The other all with siluer ouercast;
 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 vnto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deepe
 In drowfie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe
 And euery drizzling raine vpon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
 Offwarming 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 enimyes.

The Messenger approaching to him spake,
 But his waste wordes retourn'd to him in vaine:
 So found 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 toft with troubled sighes and fancies weake,
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

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

The God obeyde, and calling forth straight way
 A diuerse dreame out of his prison darke,
 Deliuered it to him, and downe did lay
 His heauie head, deuoid of careful carke,
 Whose fences all were straight benumbd and starke.
 He backe returning by the Yuorie dore,
 Remounted vp as light as chearefull Larke,
 And on his litle winges the dreame he bore,
 In hast vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.

Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes,
 Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
 And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
 So liuely and so like in all mens sight,

That weaker sence it could haue rauisht quight:
 The maker selfe for all his wondrous witt,
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
 Her all in white he clad, and ouer it
 Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for *Vna* fit.

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

Thus well instructed, to their worke they haste,
 And comming where the knight in slomber lay,
 The one vpon his hardie head him plaste,
 And made him dreame of loues and lustfull play,
 That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
 Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy:
 Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
 And to him playnd, how that false winged boy, (toy.
 Her chaste hart had subdewd, to learne Dame pleasures

And she her selfe of beautie soueraigne Queene,
 Fayre *Venus* seemed vnto his bed to bring
 Her, whom he waking euermore did weene,
 To bee the chastest flowre, that aye did spring
 On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
 Now a loose Lemman to vile seruice bound:
 And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,
Hymen is Hymen, dauncing all around,
 Whylst freshest *Flora* her with Yuic gilond crownd.

In this great passion of vnwonted lust,
 Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
 He starteth vp, as seeming to mistrust,
 Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
 Lo there before his face his Ladie is,
 Vnder blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke,
 And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
 With gentle blandishment and louely looke,
 Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took

All cleane dismayd to see so vncouth sight,
 And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
 He thought haue slaine her in his fierce despight,
 But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
 He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe aduise
 To proue his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
 Wringing her hands in wemens pitteous wise,
 Tho can she weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,
 Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

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

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leaue
 My Fathers kingdom, There she stopt with teares;
 Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereaue,
 And then againe begonne, My weaker yeares

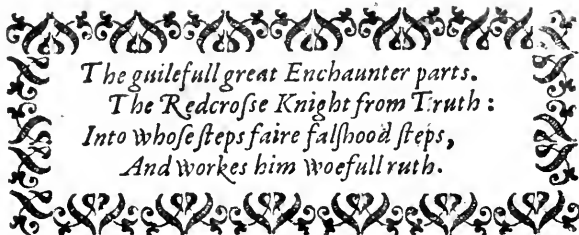
Captiu'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares
 Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
 Let me not die in languor and long teares.
 Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismayd?
 What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?

Loue of your selfe, she saide, and deare constraint
 Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
 In secret anguish and vn pittied plaint,
 Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.
 Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
 Suspect her truth: yet since no vntruth he knew,
 Her fawning loue with foule disdainfull spright
 He would not shend, but said, Deare dame I rew,
 That for my sake vnknowne such grieffe vnto you grew.

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
 For all so deare as life is to my hart,
 I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound;
 Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
 Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
 Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
 Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
 And fed with words, that could not chose but please,
 So slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Much grieu'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
 At last dull wearines of former fight
 Hauing yrockt a sleepe his irkesome spright,
 That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine,
 With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
 But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
 With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.
 Cant.

Cant. II.



BY this the Northerne wagoner had set
 His feuenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
 That was in Ocean waues yet neuer wet,
 Bur firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
 To al, that in the wide deepe wandering arre:
 And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
 Had warned once, that *Phoebus* fiery carre,
 In hast was climbing vp the Easterne hill,
 Full enuious that night so long his roome did fill.

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.

Es:soones he tooke that miscreated faire,
 And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
 A seeming body of the subtile aire,
 Like a young Squire, in loues and lusty hed

His wanton daies that euer loosely led,
 Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
 Those twoo he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
 Couered with darkenes and misdeeming night,
 Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull hast
 Vnto his guest, who after troublous fights
 And dreames gan now to take more sound repast,
 Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
 As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
 And to him cals, Rise rise vnhappy Swaine,
 That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
 Haue knit themselues in *Venus* shameful chaine;
 Come see, where your false Lady doth her honor staine.

All in amaze he suddenly vp start
 With sword in hand, and with the old man went,
 Who soone him brought into a secret part,
 Where that false couple were full closely ment
 In wanton lust and leud enbracement:
 Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire,
 The cie of reason was with rage yblent,
 And would haue slaine them in his furious ire,
 But hardly was restrained of that aged fire.

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

Now when the rosy fingred Morning faire,
 Weary of aged *Tithones* saffron bed,
 Had spred her purple robe through dewy aire,
 And the high hills *Titan* discovered,
 The royall virgin shooke 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.

And after him she rode with so much speede,
 As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine:
 For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
 Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
 That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;
 Yet she her weary limbes would neuer rest,
 But euery hil and dale, each wood and plaine
 Did search, fore griued in her gentle brest,
 He so vngently left her, whome she loued best.

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

He then deuise himselfe how to disguise;
 For by his mighty science he could take
 As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
 As euer *Proteus* to himselfe could make:

Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
 Now like a 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?

But now seemde best, the person to put on
 Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
 In mighty armes he was yclad anon:
 And siluer shield, vpon his coward brest
 A bloody crosse, and on his crauen crest
 A bouch of heares discoloured diuersly:
 Full iolly knight he seemde, and wel address,
 And when he fate vpon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe ye would haue deemed him to be.

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

Hec had a faire companion of his way,
 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 lauish louers to her gaue;
 Her wanton palfrey all was ouerspred
 With tinsell trappings, wouen like a waue,
 Whose bridlerung with golden bels and bosses braue.

With

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

The knight of the *Redcrosse* when him he spide,
 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 themselues too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Doe backe rebutte, and ech to other yealdeth land.

As when two rams stird with ambitious pride,
 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 shooke.
 Astonied both, stands fencelesse as a blocke.
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
 So stood these twaine, vnmooued as a rocke,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely,
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

The *Sarazin* sore daunted with the buffe
 Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
 Who well it wards, and quyeteth cuff with cuff:
 Each others equall puissaunce enuies,

And

And through their iron sides with cruelties
 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 blood new dyes the verdant fields.

Curse on that Crosse (qd. then the *Sarazin*)
 That keepes thy body from the bitter fitt;
 Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
 Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt:
 But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
 And hide thy head. Therewith vpon 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 fairely

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
 Of natie vertue gan estfoones reuiue,
 And at his haughty helmet making mark,
 So hugely stroke, that it the steele did riuie,
 And cleft his head. He tumbling downe aliue,
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
 Greeting his graue: his grudging ghost did striue
 With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
 Whether the soules doe fly of men, that liue amis.

The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
 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 ouertooke, and bad to stay,
 For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

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

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

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

His blessed body spoild of lively breath,
 Was afterward, I know not how, conuaid
 And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
 When tidings came to mee vnhappy maid,

O how

O how great sorrow my sad soule said,
 Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
 And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
 A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
 With loue, long time did languish as the stricken hind.

At last it chaunced this proud *Sarazin*,
 To meete me wandring, who perforce me led
 With him away, but yet could neuer win
 The Fort, that Ladies hold in soueraigne dread.
 There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
 Who whiles he liude, was called proud *Sansfoy*,
 The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
 Of one bad fire, whose youngest is *Sansioy*,
 And twixt them both was born the bloody bold *Sansloy*.

In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate,
 Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,
 Crauing of you in pity 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 vnderferued woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
 Hauing 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 chaunge of chear the seeming simple maid
 Let fal her cien, as shamefast to the earth,
 And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain said,
 So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
 And shee coy looks: so dainty they say maketh derth.

Long time they thus together traueiled,
 Til weary of their way, they came at last,
 Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
 Their armes abroad, with gray mosse ouercast,
 And their greene leaues trembling with euerie blast,
 Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:
 The fearefull Shepheard often there aghast
 Vnder them neuer sat, ne wont there found
 His mery oaten pipe, but shund th'vn lucky ground.

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

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
 With goodly purposes there as they fit:
 And in his falsed fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest wight, that liued yit;
 Which to expresse, 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.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
 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 loue,
 O too deare loue, loue bought with death too deare.
 Astond he stood, and vp his heare did houe,
 And with that suddain horror could no member moue.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
 Was ouerpast, and manhood well awake,
 Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
 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 tuefull plants, me bidding guilelesse blood to spare?

Then groning deep, Nor damned Ghost, (qd. he,)
 Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake,
 But once a man *Fradubio*, now a tree,
 Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake
 A cruell witch her cursed will to wreake,
 Hath thus transformd, and 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 & heat me paines;

Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
 Qd. then the knight, by whose mischieuous arts
 Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?
 He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe imparts;
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
 As raging flames who striueth to suppress.
 The author then (said he) of all my smarts,
 Is one *Duesa* a false forcereffe,
 That many errat knights hath broght to wretchednesse.

In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
 The fire of loue and ioy of cheualree
 First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
 To loue this gentle Lady, whome 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,
 Lyke a faire Lady, but did fowle *Duessa* hyde.

Whose forged beauty he did take in hand,
 All other Dames to haue exceded farre;
 I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
 Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre:
 So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre,
 In which his harder fortune was to fall
 Vnder 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.

So doubly lou'd of ladies vnlike faire,
 Th'one seeming such, the other such indeede,
 One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
 Whether in beauties glorie did excede;
 A Rosy girlond was the victors meede:
 Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
 So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Fralissa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
 And euer false *Duessa* seemde as faire as shee.

The wicked witch now seeing all this while
 The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
 What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
 And by her hellish science raifd streight way

A foggy mist, that ouercast the day,
 And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,
 Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
 And with foule vgly forme did her disgrace:
 Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in place.

Then cride she out, fye, fye, deformed wight,
 Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
 To haue before bewitched all mens sight;
 O leaue 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 haue kild her; but with faigned paine,
 The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:
 So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

Then forth I tooke *Duessá* for my Dame,
 And in the witch vnweeting ioyd long time,
 Ne euer wist, but that she was the same,
 Till on a day (that day is euerie 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 euer to haue toucht her, I did deadly rew.

Her neather partes misshapen, monstuous,
 Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
 But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
 Then womans shape man would belceue to bee.
 Then forth from her most beastly companie
 I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
 Soone as appeared safe opportunitie:
 For danger great, if not assurd decay
 I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

The diuelish hag by chaunges of my cheare
 Perceiu'd my thought, and drown'd in sleepe night,
 With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
 My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
 That all my senses were bereaued quight:
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 And by my wretched louers side me pight,
 Where now enclosed in wooden wals full faste,
 Banisht from liuing wights, our wearie daies we waste.

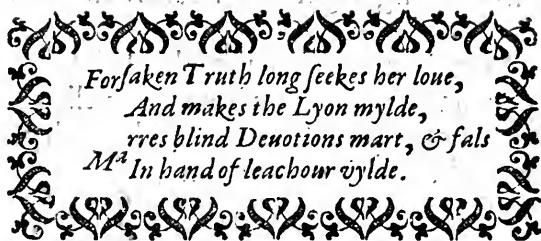
But how long time, said then the Elfin knight,
 Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?
 We may not chaunge (quoth he) this euill plight,
 Till we be bathed in a liuing well;
 That is the terme prescribed by the spell.
 O how, sayd he, mote I that well out find,
 That may restore you to your wonted well?
 Time and suffis'd fates to former kynd
 Shall vs restore, none else from hence may vs vnbynd.

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

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
 As all vnweeting of that well she knew,
 And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
 Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eylids blew

And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew
 At last she vp gan lift: with trembling cheare
 Her vp hetooke, 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.

Cant. III.



Nought is there vnder heau'ns wide hollownesse,
 That moues more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t'vnworthie wretchednesse
 Through enuies snares or fortunes freakes vnkind:
 I, whether lately through her brightne blynd,
 Or through alleagance and fast fealty,
 Which I do owe vnto all womankynd,
 Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
 For fairest *Vnaes* sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
 To thinke, how she through guyleful handeling,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as euer liuing wight was fayre,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight diorced in despayre
 And her dew loues deryu'd to that vile witches shayre.

Yet the most faithfull Ladie all this while
 Forfaken, wofull, solitarie mayd
 Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
 In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
 To seeke her knight; who subtilly betrayd (wrought
 Through that late vision, which th'Enchaunter
 Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily fought;
 Yet wishd tydings none of him vnto her brought.

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
 From her vnhaastie 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 vndight,
 And layd her stole aside. Her angels face
 As the great eye of heauen shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place;
 Did neuer mortall eye behold such heauenly grace.

It fortun'd out of the thickest wood
 A ramping Lyon rushed suddainly,
 Hunting full greedy after saluage blood;
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To haue attonce deuourd 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.

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
 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 auenging 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.

The Lyon Lord of euerie beast in field
 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 pit tie of my sad estate:
 But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her that him lou'd, and euer most adord,
 As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

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

The Lyon would not leaue her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong gard
 Of her chaste person, and a faythfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
 Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
 And when the wakt, he wayted diligent,
 With humble seruice to her will prepared:
 From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
 And euer by her lookes conceiued her intent.

Long she thus trauciled through deserts wyde,
 By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
 Yet neuer shew of liuing wight espyde;
 Till that at length she found the troden gras,
 In which the tract of peoples footing was,
 Vnder the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;
 The same she followes, till at last she has
 A damzell spyde slow footing her before,
 That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

To whom approching she to her gan call,
 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 vnderstand;
 Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
 With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
 And fled away: for neuer in that land
 Face of fayre Lady she before did vew,
 And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

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

Which when none yielded, her vnruely Page
 With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
 And let her in; where of his cruell rage
 Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,

Shee found them both in darkefome corner pent,
 Where that old woman day and night did pray
 Vpon her beads deuoutly penitent;
 Nine hundred *Pater nosters* euery day,
 And thrise nine hundred *Aues* she was wont to say.

And to augment her painefull penaunce more,
 Thrise euery weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
 And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
 And thrise three times did fast from any bite:
 But now for feare her beads she did forgett,
 Whose needelesse dread for to remoue away,
 Faire *Vna* framed words and count'naunce fitt:
 Which hardly doen, at length she gau them pray,
 That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

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

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hye
 About the shinie *Cassiopeias* chaire,
 And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,
 One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
 He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
 That ready entraince was not at his call:
 For on his backe a heauy load he bare
 Of nightly stelhth and pillage seuerall,
 Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall,

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

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Vnto this house he brought, and did bestow
Vpon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abeffa daughter of *Corceca* slow,
With whom he whoredome vsd, 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 giue her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bett,
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
The Lyon frayd them, him in to lett:
He would no lenger stay him to aduize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize,
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Vnder his Lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land

Dronke vp his life; his corse left on the strand.
 His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,
 Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to vnderstand
 The heauie hap, which on them is alight,
 Affraid, least to themselues the like mishappen might.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
 Vp *Vna* rose, vp rose the lyon eke,
 And on their former iourney forward pas,
 In waies vnknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
 With paines far passing that long wandring *Greeke*,
 That for his loue refused deitye;
 Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
 Still seeking him, that from her still did flye,
 Then furthest from her hope, whē most she weened nye.

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne,
 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 reuenging will,
 To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

Whome ouertaking, they gan loudly bray,
 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 euer stray.

But when she saw her prayers nought preuaile,
 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 *Vna* sought
 By traynes into new troubles to haue toste:
 Of that old woman tidings he besought,
 If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
 And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
 Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,
 That cauld 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 aduaunce
 His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

Ere long he came, where *Vna* traueild slow,
 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
 Vnto an hil; from whence when she him spyde,
 By his like seeming shield her knight by name
 Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
 Approching nigh she wist, it was the same, (came.
 And with faire fearefull humbleesse towards him shee

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,
 Where haue ye bene thus long out of my sight?
 Much feared I to haue bene quite abhord,
 Or ought haue done, that ye displeasen might,

That

That should as death vnto 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.

He thereto meeting said, My dearest Dame,
 Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
 To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame;
 As you to leaue, that haue me loued stil,
 And chose in Faery court of meere goodwil,
 Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:
 The earth shall sooner leaue her kindly skil
 To bring foth fruit, and make eternall derth,
 Then I leaue you, my lise, yborn of heuenly berth.

And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
 Was for to seeke aduerture in straunge place,
 Where *Archimago* said a felon strong
 To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
 But knight he now shall neuer more deface,
 Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please
 Well to accept, and euer more embrace
 My faithfull seruice, that by land and seas (pease.
 Haue vowd you to defend. Now then your plaint ap-

His louely words her seemd due recompence
 Of all her passed paines: one louing howre
 For many yeares of sorrow can dispence:
 A dram of sweete is worth a pound of fowre:
 Shee has forgott, how many, a woeful stowre
 For him she late endurd; she speaks no more
 Of past: true is, that true loue hath no powre
 To looken backe; his cies be fixt before.
 Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so fore.
 Much

Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
 That long hath wandred in the *Ocean* wide,
 Ofte soust in swelling *Tethys* saltish teare,
 And long time hauing tand his tawney hide,
 With blustering breath of *Heauē*, 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, (round,
 And *Nereus* crownes with cups; his mates him pledg a-

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

They had not ridden far, when they might see
 One pricking towards them with hattie heat,
 Full strongly armd, and on a courser free,
 That through his fierfnesse 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 reuenge, which he in hart did hyde,
 And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines was dyde.

When nigh he drew vnto this gentle payre
 And saw the Red-crosse, which the knight did beare,
 He burnt in fire, and gan estfoones prepare
 Himselfe to batcill with his couched speare.

Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
 To taste th'vntryed 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.

But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce,
 And full of wrath, that with his sharpehead 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 tomling rudely downe to ground did rush,
 And from his gored wound a well of blood did gush.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
 He to him leapt, in minde to reauie 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 ouer *Lethe* lake,
 When mourning altars purgd with enemies life,
 The black infernall *Furies* doen aslake:
 Life from *Sansfoy* thou tookst, *Sansloy* shall fro thee take.

Therewith in haste his helmet gan vnlace,
 Till *Vna* cride, O hold that heauie hand,
 Deare Sir, what euer that thou be in place:
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
 Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand;
 For he is one the truest knight aliue,
 Though conquered now he lye on lowly land,
 And whilest him fortune fauourd, fayre did thriue
 In bloody field: therefore of life him not I epriuie.

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage,
 But rudely rending vp his helmet, would
 Haue slayne him streight: but when he sees his age,
 And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,
 His hasty hand he doth amafed hold,
 And halfe afhamed, wondred at the sight:
 For the old man well knew he, though vntold,
 In charmes and magick to haue wondrous might,
 Ne euer wont in field, ne in round lists to fight.

And said, Why *Archimago*, luckleffe syre,
 What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
 That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre?
 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.

But to the virgin comes, who all this while
 Amafed 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 fie;
 Who by her cleanly garment catching hold,
 Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

But her fiers seruant full of kingly aw
 And high disdaine, whenas his soueraine Dame
 So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
 With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,

And

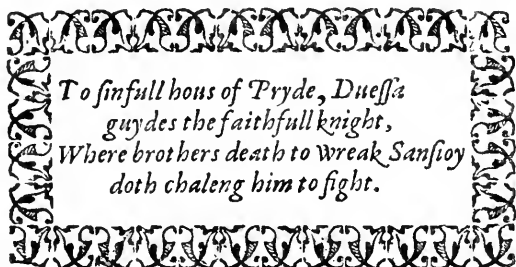
And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
 Haue rest away with his sharp rending clawes:
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
 His corage more, that frō his griping pawes (drawes.
 He hath his shield redeemd, and forth his swerd he

O then too weake and feeble was the forse
 Of saluage beast, his puissance to withstand:
 For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
 As euer wielded speare in warlike hand,
 And feates of armes did wisely vnderstand.
 Est soones he perced through his chaufed chest
 With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
 And launcht his Lordly hart: with death opprest
 Heror'd aloud, whiles life forlooke his stubborne brest.

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

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

Can. IIII.



Young knight, what euer that doſt armes profeſſe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleneſſe,
In choice, and chaunge of thy dearé loued Dame,
Leaſt thou of her belieue too lightly blame,
And raſh miſweening doe thy hart remoue:
For vnto knight there is no greater ſhame,
Then lightneſſe and inconstancie in loue;
That doth this *Redcroſſe* knights enſample plainly proue

Who after that he had faire *Vna* lorne,
Through light miſdeeming of her loialtie,
And falſe *Dueſſa* in her ſted had borne,
Called *Fideſſe*, and ſo ſuppoſd to be;
Long with her traueild, till at laſt they ſee
A goodly building, brauely 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 traueiled.

Great troupes of people traueild thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place,
But few returned, hauing ſcaped hard,
With balefull beggery, or ſoule diſgrace,

Which

Which euer after in most wretched care,
 Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
 Thether *Dneffa* badd him bend his pace:
 For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
 And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

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

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

Arriued there they passed in forth right;
 For still to all the gates stood open wide,
 Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
 Cald *Maluenu*, who entrance none denide:
 Thence to the hall, which was on euery 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.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
 And to the Presence mount; whose glorious view
 Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
 In liuing Princes court none euer knew
 Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
 Ne *Persia* selfe, the nourse of pompous pride
 Like euer saw. And there a noble crew
 Of Lords and Ladies stood on euery side, (tife.
 Which with their presence fayre, the place much beau-

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

Exceeding shone, like *Phæbus* fayrest childe,
 That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
 And flaming mouthes of steedes vnwonted wilde
 Through highest heauen with weaker hand to rayne;
 Proud of such glory and aduancement vayne,
 While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
 He leaues 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.

So proud she shynd in her princely state,
 Looking to heauen; for earth she did disdayne,
 And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
 Lo vnder neath 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-lou'd semblance tooke delight;
 For she was wondrous faire, as any liuing wight.

Of grieſly *Pluto* she the daughter was,
 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 *Ioue*, that high in heauen doth dwell,
 And wield the world, the claymed for her fyre,
 Or if that any else did *Ioue* excell:
 For to the highest she did still aspyre,
 Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

And proud *Lucifera* men did her call,
 That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be,
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
 Ne heritage of natiue soueraintie,
 But did vsurpe with wrong and tyrannie
 Vpon the scepter, which she now did hold:
 Ne ruld her Realme with lawes, but pollicie,
 And strong aduizement of six wifards old,
 That with their counsels bad her kingdome did vphold.

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
 And false *Duesssa* seeming Lady fayre,
 A gentle Husher, *Vanitie* by name
 Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
 So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
 Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
 Making obeyfaunce, did the cause declare,
 Why they were come, her roiall state to see,
 To proue the wide report of her great Maiestee.

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
 She thancked them in her disdainefull wife,
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to showe
 Of Princeesse worthy, scarfe them bad arise.
 Her Lordes and Ladies all this while deuise
 Themselues 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.

Goodly they all that knight doe enterrayne,
 Right glad with him to haue 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 Princeesse too exceeding prowde,
 That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

Suddein vpriseth from her stately place
 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 brightnes brode doth blaze;
 The heapes of people thronging in the hall,
 Doe ride each other, vpon her to gaze:
 Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eies amaze.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
 Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
 That seemd as fresh as *Flora* in her prime,
 And stroue to match, in roiall rich array,

Great *Innoes* golden chayre, the which they say
 The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 To *Iones* high hous through heauens bras-paued way
 Drawne of fayre Pecoocks, that excell in pride,
 And full of *Argus* eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

But this was drawne of six vnequall beasts,
 On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
 Taught to obey their bestiall behests,
 With like conditions to their kindes applyde:
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
 Was sluggish *Idlenesse* the nourse of sin;
 Vpon a slouthfull Ass he chose to ryde,
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
 Like to an holy Monck, the seruice to begin.

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
 That much was worne, but therein little redd,
 For of deuotion he had little care,
 Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd;
 Scarfe could he once vphold his heauie hedd,
 To looken, whether it were night or day:
 May seeme the wayne was very euill ledd,
 When such an one had guiding of the way,
 That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
 And greatly shunned manly exercise,
 From euerie worke he chalenged essoyne,
 For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
 By which he grew to grieuous malady;
 For in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise
 A shaking feuer raignd continually:
 Such one was *Idlenesse*, first of this company.

And

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

In greene vine leaues he was right fitly clad;
 For other clothes he could not weare for heat,
 And on his head an yuie girland had,
 From vnder 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 dronken course he scarce vpholden can,
 In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

Vnfit he was for any wordly thing,
 And eke vnhable 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 dropisie through his flesh did flow,
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
 Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,
 Vpon a bearded Gote, whose rugged heare,
 And whally eies (the signe of gelosy,)
 Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:

Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare,
 Vnseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
 Yet he of Ladies oft was loued deare,
 When fairer faces were bid standen by:
 O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
 Which vnderneath did hide his filthinesse,
 And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
 Full of vaine follies, and new fanglenesse;
 For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
 And learned had to loue with secret lookes,
 And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulness,
 And fortunes tell, and read in louing bookes,
 And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshy hookes.

Inconstant man, that loued all he saw,
 And lusted after all, that he did loue,
 Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
 But ioyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and proue
 If from their loyall loues he might them moue;
 Which lewdnes sild him with reprochfull pain
 Of that foule euill, which all men reprove,
 That rots the marrow, and consumes the braine:
 Such one was *Lechery*, the third of all this traine.

And greedy *Auarice* by him did ride,
 Vppon a Camell loaden all with gold;
 Two iron coffets 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 pelpe his God he made,
 And vnto hell him selfe for money sold;
 Accursed vsury was all his trade,
 And right and wrong alike in equall ballaunce waide.

His life was nigh vnto deaths dore yplaste,
 And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes hee ware,
 Ne scarce good morfell all his life did taste,
 But both from backe and belly still did spare,
 To fill his bags, and richesse to compare;
 Yet childe ne kinsman liuing had he none
 To leaue them to; but thorough daily care
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
 He led a wretched life vnto him selfe vnknowne.

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

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

All in a kirtle of discolourd say
 He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
 And in his bosome secretly there lay
 An hatefull Snake, the which his taile vptyes

In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
 Still as he rode, he gnash't his teeth, to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple Couctyse,
 And grudged at the great felicitiee
 Of proud *Lucifera*, and his owne companee.

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

And him beside rides fierce reuenging *Wrath*,
 Vpon 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,
 Trebling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

His ruffin raiment all was staine'd with blood,
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
 Through vnaduized rashnes woxen wood;
 For of his hands he had no gouernement,
 Ne car'd for blood in his auengement:
 But when the furious fitt was ouerpast,
 His cruell facts he often would repent;
 Yet wilfull man he neuer would forecast,
 How many mischieues should ensue his heedlesse hast.

Full many mischiefes follow cruell *Wrath*;
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Vnmanly murder, and vnthrifty scath,
 Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
 And fretting grieffe the enemy of life;
 All these, and many euils moe haunt ire,
 The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
 The shaking Palfey, and Saint *Fraunces* fire:
 Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this vngodly tire.

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

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
 To take the solace of the open aire,
 And in fresh flowering fields themselues to sport;
 Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
 The foule *Duessa*, next vnto the chaire
 Of proud *Lucifer*, as one of the traine:
 But that good knight would not so nigh reaire,
 Him selfe estraunging from their ioyance vaine,
 Whose fellowship seemd far vnfitt for warlike swaine.

So hauing solaced themselues a space,
 With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
 They backe retourned to the princely Place;
 Whereas an errant knight in armes yclod,

And

And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
 Was writt *Sans ioy*, the y new arriued find:
 Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy hed,
 He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts vnkind,
 And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

Who when the shamed shield of slaine *Sans foy*
 He spide with that same Fary champions page,
 Bewraying him, that did of late destroy
 His eldest brother, burning all with rage
 He to him lept, and that same enuious 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 rencounting fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
 Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
 And clash their shields, and shake their swards on hy,
 That with their sturre they troubled all the traine,
 Till that great Queene vpon 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.

Ah dearest Dame, qd. then the Paynim bold,
 Pardon the error of enraged wight,
 Whome great grieve 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 euer field did fight,
 Euen stout *Sans foy* (O who can then refrayn?) (dayn.
 Whose shield he beares renuerst, the more to heap dif-
 And

And to augment the glorie of his guile,
 His dearest loue the faire *Fidessa* loe
 Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
 Who reapes the haruest sownen by his foe,
 Sownen in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
 That brothers hand shall dearely well requight
 So be, O Queene, you equall fauour showe.
 Him litle answerd th'angry Elfin knight; (right.
 He neuer meant with words, but swords to plead his

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledg,
 His cause in combat the next day to try:
 So been they parted both, with harts on edg,
 To be aueng'd each on his enemy.
 That night they pas in ioy and iollity,
 Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
 For Steward was excessiue *Gluttony*,
 That of his plenty poured forth to all; (call.
 Which doen, the Chamberlain *Slowly* did to rest them

Now whenas darke some night had all displayd
 Her coleblacke curtein ouer 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,
 Vprose *Ducessa* from her resting place,
 And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fit,
 Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy,
 And him amoues with speeches seeming fitt:
 Ah deare *Sansfoy*, next dearest to *Sansfoy*,

Cause of my new grieffe, cause of new ioy,
 Ioyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
 And greued, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
 That was the flowre of grace and cheualrye;
 Lo his *Fidessa* to thy secret faith I flye.

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
 And bad say on the secrete of her hart.
 Then sighing soft, I learne that litle sweet
 Oft tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart:
 For since my brest was launcht with louely dart
 Of deare *Sansfoy*, I neuer ioyed howre,
 But in eternall woes my weaker hart
 Haue wasted, louing him with all my powre,
 And for his sake haue felt full many an heauie stowre.

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

But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
 And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
 Vnder your beames I will me safely shrowd,
 From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
 To you th'inheritance belongs by right
 Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his loue.
 Let not his loue, let not his restlesse spight,
 Be vnreueng'd, that calles to you aboue (moue.
 From wandring *Stygian* shores, where it doth endlesse
 Thereto

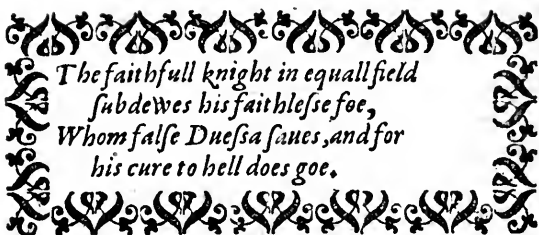
Thereto said he, faire Dame be nought disinaid
 For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone:
 Ne yet of present perill be affraid:
 For needlesse feare did neuer vantage none,
 And helpelesse hap it booteth not to mone.
 Dead is *San.foy*, his vitall paines are past,
 Though greued ghost for vengeance deep do grone
 He liues, that shall him pay his dewties last,
 And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast.

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

But faire *Fidessa*, sithens fortunes guile,
 Or enemies powre hath now captiued you,
 Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
 Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,
 And with *Sanfoyes* dead dowry you endew.
 Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
 With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
 Where euer yet I be, my secrete aide
 Shall follow you. So passing forth she him obaid.

Cant.

Cant V.



THe noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
 And is with childe of glorious great intent,
 Can neuer rest, vntill it forth haue brought
 Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent:
 Such restlesse passion did all night torment
 The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
 Deuizing, how that doughtie tournament
 With greatest honour he atchieuen might;
 Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light!

At last the golden Orientall gate
 Of greatest heauen gan to open fayre,
 And *Phoebus* fresh, as brydegrome to his mate,
 Came dauncing forth, thaking his deawie hayre;
 And hurls his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.
 Which whē the wakeful Elfe perceiud, streight way
 He started vp, and did him selfe prepayre,
 In sunbright armes, and battailous array:
 For with that Pagan proud he combatt will that day.

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
 Where carely waite him many a gazing eye,
 To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
 There many Minstrales maken melody,

To driue away the dull melancholy,
 And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
 Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
 And many Chroniclers, that can record
 Old loues, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
 In wouen maile all armed warily,
 And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
 Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.
 They bring them wines of *Greece* and *Araby*,
 And daintie spices fetcht from furthest *Ind*,
 To kindle heat of corage priuily:
 And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
 T'obserue the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

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

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

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
 And heaped blowes 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 stryke, and beaten both doe beat,
 That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,
 And hewen helmets deepe shew marks of eithers might.

So th'one for wrong, the other striues for right:
 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 rauine rend away:
 With hideous horror both together smight,
 And souce so sore, that they the heauens affray:
 The wise Southsayer seeing so sad sight,
 Th'amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortall fight.

So th'one for wrong, the other striues for right,
 And each to deadly shame would driue 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.

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
 His suddein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
 Vpon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,

And

And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull fyre,
 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 ouertake ?

Goe caytiue Elfe, him quickly ouertake,
 And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe,
 Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
 That I his shield haue quit from dying foe.
 Therewith vpon his crest he stroke him so,
 That twise he reeled, readie twise 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.

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

And to him said, Goe now proud Miscreant,
 Thy selfe 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 heauie hand he high gan reare,
 Him to haue flaine; when lo a darke some clowd
 Vpon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
 But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
 But answer none receiues: the darknes him does shrowd

In haste *Duessa* from her place arose,
 And to him running sayd, O prowest knight,
 That euer Ladie to her loue did chose,
 Let now abate the terrour of your might,
 And quench the flame of furious despight,
 And bloodie vengeance; lo th'infernall powres
 Couering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
 Haue borne him hence to *Plutoes* balefull bowres.
 The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours.

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
 He fought all round about, his thrifty 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 found on hie,
 And running Heralds humble homage made,
 Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
 And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

Wherewith he goeth to that soueraine Queene,
 And falling her before on lowly knee,
 To her makes present of his seruice seene:
 Which she accepts, with thankes, and goodly gree,
 Greatly aduancing his gay cheualree.
 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 flies to heauen bright.

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed:
 Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
 To salue his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
 In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,

And

And softly gan embalme on euerie side.
 And all the while, most heauenly melody
 About the bed sweet musicke did diuide,
 Him to beguile of grieffe and agony:
 And all the while *Duesſa* wept full bitterly.

As when a wearie traueiler that strays
 By muddy shore of broad feuen-mouthed *Nile*,
 Vnweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
 Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,
 Which in false grieffe hyding his harmefull guile,
 Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares:
 The foolish man, that pitties all this while
 His mournefull plight, is swallowd vp vnwares,
 Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes an others cares.

So wept *Duesſa* vntill euentyde,
 That shyning lampes in *Ioues* high house were light:
 Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
 But comes vnto the place, where th' Hethen knight
 In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
 Lay couer'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
 Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
 To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
 But to the Easterne coast of heauen makes speedy way.

Where grieſly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
 That *Phæbus* chearefull face durst neuer 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 coleblacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
 That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who when she saw *Duess*a sunny bright,
 Adorn'd with gold and iewels shining cleare,
 She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
 And th'vnacquainted light began to feare:
 For neuer did such brightnes there appeare,
 And would haue backe retyred to her caue,
 Vntill the witches speach she gan to heare,
 Saying, yet O thou dreaded Dame, I craue
 Abyde, till I haue told the message, which I haue.

She stayd, and fourth *Duess*a gan proceede,
 O thou most auncient Grandmother of all,
 More old then *Ioue*, whom thou at first didst breede,
 Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,
 Which wast begot in *Demogorgons* hall,
 And sawst the secrets of the world vnmade,
 Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
 With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade?
 Lo where the stout *Sansfoy* doth sleepe in deadly shade.

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
 The bold *Sansfoy* shrinck vnderneath 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 *Auengles* sonnes so cuill heare?
 Or who shall not great *Nightes* children scorne,
 When two of three her Nephewes are so fowle forlorne.

Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darknes Queene,
 Go gather vp the reliques of thy race,
 Or else goe them auenge, and let be scene,
 That dreaded *Night* in brightest day hath place,
 And

And can the children of fayre light deface.
 Her feeling speeches some compassion mou'd
 In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
 Yet pittie in her hart was neuer prou'd
 Till then: for euermore she hated, neuer lou'd.

And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rewe
 The fall of famous children borne of mee,
 And good successes, which their foes enfew:
 But who can turne the streame of destinee,
 Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
 Which fast is tyde to *Ioues* eternall seat.
 The sonnes of Day he fauouereth, I see,
 And by my ruines thinks to make them great:
 To make one great by others losse, is bad excheat.

Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
 For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
 And he the man that made *Sansfoy* to fall,
 Shall with his owne blood price, that he hath spilt.
 But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt?
 I that do seeme not I, *Duessā* ame,
 Quoth she, how euer now in garments gilt,
 And gorgeous gold arayd I to thee came;
Duessā I, the daughter of Decept and Shame.

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
 The wicked witch, saying, In that fayre face
 The false resemblance of Decept, 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 fashood, and roote of *Duessāes* race.
 O welcome child, whom I haue longd to see,
 And now haue seene vnwares. Lo now I goe with thee.

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

So well they sped, that they be come at length
 Vnto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,
 Deuoid of outward sence, and natiue strength,
 Couerd 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 vp so wisely, as they may,
 And handle softly, till they can be heald:
 So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

And all the while she stood vpon the ground,
 The wakefull dogs did neuer cease to bay,
 As giuing warning of th'vnwonted sound,
 With which her yron wheelles did them affray,
 And her darke grieisly looke them much dismay;
 The messenger of death, the ghastly owle
 With drery strickes did also her bewray;
 And hungry wolues continually did howle,
 At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
 And brought the heauy corse with easy pace
 To yawning gulfe of deepe *Auernus* hole.
 By that same hole an entraunce darke and bace

With

With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
 Descends to hell: there creature neuer past,
 That backe retourned without heauenly grace;
 But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines haue braut,
 And damnaed sprights sent forth to make ill men aghalt.

By that same way the direfull dames doe driue
 Their mournefull charett, filld with rusty blood,
 And downe to *Plutoes* house are come biliue:
 Which passing through, on euery side them stood
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
 Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
 With stony eies; and all the hellish brood
 Offeends infernall flockt on euery side,
 To gaze on erthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

They pas the bitter wanes of *Acheron*,
 Where many foules 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 *Ioue*, 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.

Before the threshold dreadfull *Cerberus*
 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, vntill Dayes enemy
 Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,
 And suffered them to passen quietly:
 For she in hell and heauen had power equally.

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheele,
 For daring tempt the Queene of heauen to sin;
 And *Sisyphus* an huge round stone did reele
 Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
 There thrifty *Tantalus* hong by the chin;
 And *Tityus* ted a vultur on his maw;
Typhæus ioynts were stretched on a gin,
Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by law
 And fifty sisters water in lete vessels draw.

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
 Leaued off their worke, vnmindfull of their smart,
 To gaze on them; who forth by them doe face,
 Till they be come vnto the furthest part:
 Where was a Caue ywrought by wondrous art,
 Deepe, darke, vneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
 In which sad *Aesculapius* far apart
 Emprisoned was in chaines remedillesse,
 For that *Hippolytus* rent corse he did redresse.

Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
 That went in charett chace the foming bore;
 He all his Peeres in beauty did surpas,
 But Ladies loue as losse of time forbore:
 His wanton stepdame loued him the more,
 But when she saw her offred sweets refusd
 Her loue she turnd to hate, and him before
 His father fierce of treason false accusd,
 And with her gealous termes his open eares abusd.

Who all in rage his Sea-god fyre besought,
 Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast:
 Fro' surging gulf two Mōsters streight were brought,
 With dread whereof his chacing fteedes aghast,

Both

Both charett swifte and huntsman ouercast,
 His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,
 Was quite dismembred, and his members chaft
 Scattered on euery mountaine, as he went,
 That of *Hippolytus* was lefte no monument.

His cruell stepdame seeing what was donne,
 Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
 In death auowing th'innocence of her sonne.
 Which hearing his rash Syre, began to rend
 His heare, and hasty tong, that did offend:
 Tho gathering vp the relicks of his smart
 By *Dianes* meanes, who was *Hippolyts* frend,
 Them brought to *Aesculape*, that by his art
 Did heale them all againe, and ioyned euery part.

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain
 When *Ioue* auizd, that could the dead reuiue,
 And fates expired could renew againe,
 Of endlesse life he might him not depriue,
 But vnto hell did thrust him downe aliue,
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
 Where long remaining, he did alwaies striue
 Him selfe with salues to health for to restore,
 And slake the heauenly fire, that raged euermore.

There auncient Night arriuing, did alight
 From her nigh weary wayne, and in her armes
 To *Aesculapius* brought the wounded knight:
 Whome hauing softly disaraid of armes,
 Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
 Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
 If either salues, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
 A for donne wight from dore of death mote raise,
 He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

Ah Dame (qd. he) thou temptest me in vaine,
 To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
 And the old caule of my continued paine
 With like attempt to like end to renew.
 Is not enough, that thrust from heauen dew
 Here endlesse penaunce for one fault I pay,
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest me to ecke? Can Night defray (day?)
 The wrath of thundring *Ioue*, that rules both night and

Not so (qd. she) but sith that heauens king
 From hope of heauen hath thee excluded quight,
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,
 And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
 Now in the powre of euerlasting Night?
 Goe to then, O thou far renoued sonne
 Of great *Apollo*, shew thy famous might
 In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
 Great pains, and greater praise, both neuer to be donne.

Her words preuaild : And then the learned leach
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
 And all things els, the which his art did teach:
 Which hauing seene, from thence arose away
 The mother of dredd darkenesse, and let stay
Aeugles sonne there in the leaches cure,
 And backe retourning tooke her wonted way,
 To ronne her timely race, whilst *Phoebus* pure
 In westerne waues his weary wagon did recure!

The false *Duessä* leauing noyous Night,
 Returnd to stately pallace of Dame *Pryde*;
 Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
 Departed thence, albee his woundes wyde

Not throughly heald, vnready were to ryde.
 Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
 For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spyde,
 Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
 Of caytiue wretched thralls, that wayled night and day.

A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eie;
 Of whom he learned had in secret wise
 The hidden cause of their captiuitie,
 How mortgaging their liues to *Couetise*,
 Through wastfull Pride, and wanton Riotise,
 They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse
 Prouokt with *Wrath*, and *Enuyes* false surmise,
 Condemned to that Dongeon mercilesse,
 Where they should liue in wo, & dye in wretchednesse.

There was that great proud king of *Babylon*,
 That would compell all nations to adore,
 And him as onely God to call vpon,
 Till through celestially doome thrown out of dore,
 Into an Oxe he was transformd of yore:
 There also was king *Crasus*, that enhaunst
 His hart too high through his great richesse store;
 And proud *Antiochus*, the which aduaunst
 His curst hand gainst God, and on his altares daunst.

And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
 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 vnder all, yet aboue all in pride,
 That name of natie syre did fowle vpbroyd,
 And would as *Ammons* soone be magnifide,
 Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.

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

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
 Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
 The bold *Semiramis*, whose sides transfixt
 With sonnes own blade, her fowle reproches spoke;
 Fayre *Sthenobæa*, 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: (fill
 And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles,
 Which thether 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 the 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 themselues into these heauy stowres.

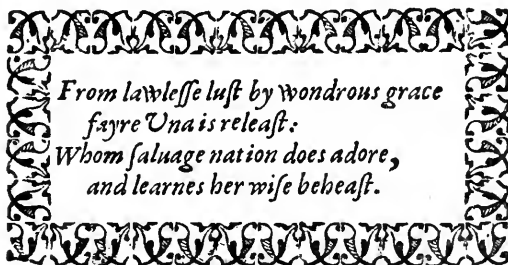
Whose case whenas the carefull Dwarfe had tould,
 And made ensample of their mournfull sight
 Vnto his maister, he no lenger would
 There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,

But

But carely rose, and ere that dawning light
 Discouered had the world to heauen wyde,
 He by a priuy Posterne tooke his flight,
 That of no enuious eyes he mote be spyde:
 For doubtlesse death enfewed, if any him descryde.

Scarfe could he footing find in that fowle way,
 For many corfes, like a great Lay-stall
 Of murdered men which therein strowed lay,
 Without remorse, or decent funerall:
 Which al through that great Princeesse pride did fall
 And came to shamefull end. And them besyde
 Forth ryding vnderneath the castell wall,
 A Donghill of dead carcafes he spyde,
 The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pryde.

Can. VI.



AS when a ship, that flies fayre vnder sayle,
 An hidden rocke escaped hath vnwares,
 That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
 The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
 At perill past, and yet it doubt nie dares
 To ioy at his foolhappie ouersight:
 So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
 The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
 Haing escapt so sad enamples in his sight.

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
 The fayre *Dues* had forst him leau behind;
 And yet more sad, that *Vna* his deare dreed
 Her truth had staynd with treason so vnkind;
 Yet cryme in her could neuer creature find,
 But for his loue, and for her own selfe sake,
 She wandred had from one to other *Ynd*,
 Him for to seeke, ne euer would forsake,
 Till her vnwares the fiers *Sansloy* did ouertake.

Who after *Archimagoes* fowle defeat,
 Led her away into a forest wilde,
 And turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat;
 With beastly sin thought her to haue defilde,
 And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.
 Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
 Her to persuaue, that stubborne fort to yilde:
 For greater conquest of hard loue he gaynes,
 That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while,
 And looking louely, and oft sighing sore,
 Her constant hart did tempt with diuerse guile:
 But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhorre,
 As rock of Diamond stedfast euermore.
 Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
 He snatcht the vele, that hong her face before;
 Then gan her beautie shyne, as brightest skye,
 And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
 And subtile engines bett from batteree,
 With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
 Whersof he weend possesse soone to bee,

And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
 Ah heauens, that doe this hideous act behold,
 And heauenly virgin thus outraged see,
 How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,
 And hurle not flashing flames vpō that Paynim bold?

The pitteous mayden carefull comfortlesse,
 Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
 The last vaine helpe of wemens great distresse,
 And with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes,
 That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;
 And *Phæbus* flying so most shamefull fight,
 His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
 And hides for shame. What witt of mortall wight
 Can now deuise to quitt a thrall from such a plight?

Eternall prouidence exceeding thought,
 Where none appeares can make her selfe a way:
 A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
 From Lyons claws to pluck the gryped 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 a way
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
 Whiles old *Sylvanus* slept in shady arber fownd,

Who when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
 In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
 And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
 To weet, what wight so loudly did lament.
 Vnto the place they come incontinent:
 Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
 A rude, mishappen, monstrous rablement,
 Whose like he neuer saw, he durst not byde,¹
 But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

The wyld woodgods arriued in the place,
 There find the virgin doolfull 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 vncouth sight,
 And gin to pittie her vnhappie state,
 All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
 In their rude eyes vnworthy of so wofull plight.

She more amazd, in double dread doth dwell;
 And euery tender part for feare does shake:
 As when a greedy Wolfe through hunger fell
 A feely Lamb far from the flock does take,
 Of whom he meanes his bloody 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 euery lim
 With change of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

Such feareful! fitt affaid her trembling hart,
 Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to moue she had:
 The saluage 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 a syde 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 obey.

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet committ,
 Her single person to their barbarous truth,
 But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
 Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th,

They

They in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beautie souerayne,
 Are wonne with pittie and vnwonted ruth,
 And all prostrate vpon the lowly playne, (fayne.
 Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,
 And yielde 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 shepherds ryme,
 And with greene branches strowing all the ground,
 Do worship her, as Queene, with oliue girlond croud.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
 That all the woods with doubled Eccho 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 gouerning,
 And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle stout,
 And with an yuic twyne his waste is girt about.

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

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
 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* neuer had so sober mood;
 Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to be,
 But misseth bow, and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

By vew of her he ginneth to reuiue
 His ancient loue, and dearest *Cyparisse*,
 And calles to mind his pourtraiture aliue,
 How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this,
 And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
 A gentle Hynd, the which the louely boy
 Did loue as life, aboue all worldly blisse;
 For griefe whercof the lad n'ould after ioy,
 But pynd away in anguish and selfewild annoy.

The woody Nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*
 Her to behold do thether runne apace,
 And all the troupe of light-foot *Naiades*,
 Flocke all about to see her louely face:
 But when they vewed haue her heauenly grace,
 They enuy her in their malitious 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
 Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky mayd,
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
 And long time with that saluage people stayd,
 To gather breath in many miseryes.
 During

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
 Frō her own worship, they her Assē would worship sayn.

It fortun'd a noble warlike knight
 By iust occasion to that forrest came,
 To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
 From whence he tooke his weldeferued 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 euer lou'd to fight for Ladies right,
 But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

A Satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
 By straunge aduventure 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 vnruely swayne;
 Who had more ioy to raunge the forrest wyde,
 And chase the saluage beast with busie payne,
 Then serue his Ladies loue, & waste in pleasures vayne.

The forlorne mayd did with loues longing burne,
 And could not lacke her louers company,
 But to the wood she goes, to serue her turne,
 And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly,
 And followes other game and venery:
 A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde,
 And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
 The loyall linkes of wedlocke did vnbinde,
 And made her person thrall vnto his beastly kind.

So long in secret cabin there he held
 Her captiue to his sensuall desyre,
 Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
 And bore a boy vnto that saluage syre:
 Then home he suffred her for to retyre,
 For ransome leauing him the late-borne childe;
 Whom till to ryper yeares he gan aspyre,
 He noursled vp in life and manners wilde, (exilde.
 Emongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of men

For all he taught the tender ymp was but
 To banish cowardize and bastard feare;
 His trembling hand he would him force to put
 Vpon the Lyon and the rugged Beare,
 And from the 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 ouertake,
 That euerie beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

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

And for to make his powre approued more,
 Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell;
 The spotted Panther, and the rusked Bore,
 The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell;

The Antelope, and Wolfe both fierce and fell;
 And them constraîne in equall tēme 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.

His louing mother came vpon a day
 Vnto the woodes, to see her little sonne;
 And chaunst vnwares 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.

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

In these and like delightes of bloody game
 He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught,
 And there abode, whylst 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 aduentures sought:
 In which his might was neuer ouerthrowne,
 But through al Faery lond his famous worth was blown

Yet euermore it was his inaner faire,
 After long labours and aduentures spent,
 Vnto thole natiue woods for to repaire,
 To see his syre and offspring auncient.
 And now he thether came for like intent;
 Where he vnwares the fairest *Vna* found,
 Sraunge Lady, in so straunge habiliment,
 Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around
 Trew sacred lore, which frō her sweet lips did redound.

Hewondred at her wisdom heuently rare,
 Whose like in womens witt he neuer 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 trow:
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
 And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

But she all vovd vnto the *Redcrosse* knight,
 His wandring perill closely did lament,
 Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight,
 But her deare heart with anguith did torment,
 And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
 How to escape. At last in priuy wise
 To *Satyrane* she shewed her intent;
 Who glad to gain such fauour, gan deuise,
 How with that pensiu Maid he best might thence arise.

So on a day when Satyres all wēre gone,
 To doe their seruice to *Syluanus* 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 euer hope recouer her againe:
 In vaine he seekes that hauing cannot hold.
 So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
 That they the wods are past, & come now to the plaine.

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

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
 And soild with dust of the long dried way;
 His sandales were with toilsome trauell torne,
 And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
 As he had traueild many a sommers day,
 Through boyling sands of *Arabie* and *Ynde*;
 And in his hand a *Jacobs* staffe, to stay
 His weary limbs vpon: and eke behind,
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

The knight approching nigh, of him inquerd
 Tidings of warre, and of aduentures new;
 But warres, nor new aduentures none he herd.
 Then *Vna* 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 (qd. he) well may I rew
 To tell the sad sight, which mine eies haue red:
 These eies did see that knight both liuing, and eke ded.

That cruell word her tender hart so thrid,
 That suddain cold did ronne through euery vaine,
 And stony horroure all her sences fill
 With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.
 The knight her lightly reared vp againe,
 And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
 Then wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
 The further proccesse of her hidden griefe;
 The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chief.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunst this day,
 This fatall day, that shall I euer rewe,
 To see two knights in trauell on my way
 (A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,
 Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew:
 My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
 To see their blades so greedily imbrow,
 That dronke with blood, yet thirsted after life: (knife.
 What more, the Redcrosse knight was slain with Paynim

^{vs 7}
 Ah dearest Lord (qd. she) how might that bee,
 And he the stoutest knight, that euer wonne?
 Ah dearest dame (qd. hee) how might I see
 The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?
 Where is (said *Satyrane*) that Paynims foune,
 That him of life, and vs of ioy hath reft?
 Not far away (qd. she) he hence doth wonne
 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him lefte (were cleft.
 Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
 Whiles *Vna* with huge heauinesse opprest,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast,
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,

Whereas

Whereas that *Pagan* proud him selfe did rest,
 In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
 Euen he it was, that earst would haue supprest
 Faire *Vna*: whom when *Satyrane* espide,
 With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide.

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

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

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
 To thunder blowes, and fierly to assaile
 Each other, bent his enemy to quell,
 That with their force they perst both plate & maile,
 And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
 That it would pittie any liuing cie.
 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.

So long they fight, and full reuenge pursue,
 That fainting each, them selues to breathen lett,
 And ofte refreshed, battell oft renue:
 As when two Bores with rancling malice mett,
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett,
 Til breathlesse both them selues aside retire,
 Where foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whett,
 And trample th'earth, the whiles they may respire;
 Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So fierly, when these knights had breathed once,
 They gan to fight retourne, increasing more
 Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
 With heaped strokes more hugely, then before,
 That with their drery wounds and bloody gore
 They both deformed, scarcely could bee known.
 By this sad *Vna* fraught with anguish sore, (throwne:
 Led with their noise, which through the aire was
 Arriud, wher they in erth their fruitles blood had sowne.

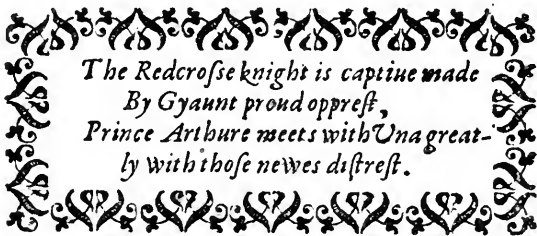
Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
 Espide, he gan reuiue the memory
 Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin,
 And leste the doubtfull battell hastily,
 To catch her, newly offred to his eie:
 But *Satyran*e with strokes him turning, staid,
 And sternely bad him other businesse plie,
 Then hunt the steps of pure vnspotted Maid:
 Wherewith he al enrag'd, these bitter speeches said.

O foolish faeries sonne, what fury mad
 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 loue another. Lo then for thine ayd
 Here take thy louers token on thy pate.
 So they to fight; the whiles the royall Mayd
 Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afrayd

But that false *Pilgrim*, which that leasing told,
 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.

Cant. VII.



What man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
 As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
 By which deceit doth malke in visour faire,
 And cast her coulours died deepe ingraine,
 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 att was that false Dame,
 The false *Duess*, cloked with *Fidess*es name.

Who when returning from the dreary *Night*,
 She fownd not in that perilous hous of *Pryde*,
 Where she had left, the noble *Redcross* 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 fate,
 To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine syde,
 Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate,
 And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

Hee feedes vpon the cooling shade, and bayes
 His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd,
 Which through the trébling leaues full gently playes
 Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
 Doe chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mynd,
 The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
 And with reproch of carelesnes vnkynd,
 Vpbrayd, for leauing her in place vnmeet, (sweet.
 With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony

Vnkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
 And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,
 Which shielde dthem against the boyling heat,
 And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
 About the fountaine like a girlond made,
 Whose bubbling waue did euer freshly well,
 Ne euer would through feruent sommer fade
 The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
 Was out of *Dianes* fauor, as it then befell.

The cause was this: one day when *Phæbe* fayre
 With all her band was following the chace,
 This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre
 Satt downe to rest in midst 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.

Hereof this gentle knight vnweeting was,
 And lying downe vpon the sandie graile,
 Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas;
 Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
 And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle:
 His changed powres at first them selues not felt,
 Till crudled cold his corage gan assayle,
 And chearefull blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
 Which like a feuer fit through all his body swelt.

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
 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 sound, (bownd,
 Which through the wood loud bellowing, did re-
 That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
 And trees did tremble. Th'Elfe therewith astownd,
 Vpstarte lightly from his looser make,
 And his vnready weapons gan in hand to take.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or gett his shield, his monstrous enemy
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
 An hideous Geant horrible and hie,
 That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye,
 The ground eke groned vnder him for dreed;
 His liuing like saw neuer liuing eye,
 Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed.
 The high of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

The greatest Earth his vncouth mother was,
 And blustering *AEolus* his boasted fyre,
 Who with his breath, which through the world doth
 Her hollow wombe did secretly inspyre,
 And filld her hidden caues with stormie yre,
 That she conceiu'd; and trebling the dew time,
 In which the wombes of women doe expyre,
 Brought forth this monstous masse of earthly flyme,
 Pust vp with emptie wynd, and filld with sinfull cryme.

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

That when the knight he spyde, he gan aduaunce
 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 inwarldly dismayde,
 And eke so faint in euery ioynt and vayne,
 Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,
 That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
 That could haue ouerthrowne a stony towre,
 And were not heuenly grace, that him did blesse,
 He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre:

But

But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
 And lightly lept from vnderneath the blow
 Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre
 That with the winde it did him ouerthrow,
 And all his fences stoond, that still he lay full low.

As when that diuclish yron Engin wrought
 In deepest Hell, and framd by *Furies* skill,
 With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
 And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
 Conceiueth fyre, the heauens 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 dusky stinking smok,
 That th'onely breath him daunts, who hath escapt the
 (stroke)

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,
 His heauie hand he heaued vp on hys,
 And him to dust thought to haue battred quight,
 Vntill *Duessa* loud to him gan crye;
 O great *Orgoglio*, greatest vnder skye,
 O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
 Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
 But vanquisht thine eternall bondslaue make,
 And me thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take.

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
 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 vp he tooke the flombred sencelesse corse,
 And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
 Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
 And in a Doungeon deep him threw without remorse.

From that day forth *Dueffa* was his deare,
 And highly honourd in his haughtie eye,
 He gaue her gold and purple pall to weare,
 And triple crowne set on her head full hie,
 And her endowd with royall maiestye:
 Then for to make her dteaded more of men,
 And peoples hartes with awfull terror eye,
 A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksom den.

Such one it was, as that renoumed Snake
 Which great *Alcides* in *Stremona* slew,
 Long fostred in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
 Whose many heades out budding euer new,
 Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew:
 But this same Monster much more vgly was;
 For seuen 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.

His taylor was stretched out in wondrous length,
 That to the hous of heuenly gods it raught,
 And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
 The euerburning lamps from thence it braught,
 And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught;
 And vnderneath his filthy feet did tread,
 The sacred thinges, and holy heastes foretaught:
 Vpon this dreadfull Beast with seuenfold head
 He sett the false *Dueffa*, for more aw and dread.

The wofull Dwarf, which saw his maisters fall,
 Whiles he had keeping of his grasng steed,
 And valiant knight become a raytiue thrall,
 When all was past, tooke vp his forlorne weed,
 His

His mightie Armour, missing most at need;
 His siluer shield, now idle maisterlesse;
 His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
 The ruefull monuments of heauinesse,
 And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

He had not trauaild long, when on the way
 He wofull Lady, wofull *Vna* 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 tydings spake,
 She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
 And liuely breath her sad brest did forsake,
 Yet might her pittious hart be seene to pant and quake.

The messenger of so vnhappy newes,
 Would faine haue dyde: dead was his hart within,
 Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
 At last recouering hart, he does begin
 To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
 And euerie tender part does tosse and turne:
 So hardly he the flitted life does win,
 Vnto her natiue prison to retourne:
 Then gins her grieued ghost thus to lament & mourne.

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

O lightsome day, the lampe of highest Ioue,
 First made by him, mens wandring wayes to guyde,
 When darknesse he in deepest dongeon droue,
 Henceforth thy hated face for euer hyde,
 And shut vp heauens windowes shyning wyde:
 For earthly sight can nought but sorow breed,
 And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
 Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
 But seeled vp with death, shall haue their deadly meed.

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

Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
 And thrilling sorrow throwne his vtmost dart;
 Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight,
 Then that I seele, 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 fauour I haue found.

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,
 The subtil traines of *Archimago* old;
 The wanton loues of false *Fidessa* fayre,
 Bought with the blood of vanquisht *Paynim* bold:

The wretched payre transform'd to treen mould;
 The house of *Pryde*, and perilles round about;
 The combat, which he with *Sansloy* did hould;
 The lucklesse conflict with the *Gyaunt* stout,
 Wherein captiu'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

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

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

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

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

His haughtie Helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightnesse, and great terrour bredd,
 For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and ouer all did spredd
 His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hedd
 Close couched on the beuer, seemd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
 That suddeine horrour to faint hartes did show;
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

Vpon the top of all his loftie crest,
 A bounch of heares discolourd diuersly,
 With sprinckled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity,
 Like to an Almond tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene *Selinis* all alone,
 With blossoms braue be decked daintily;
 Her tender locks do tremble euery one
 At euerie little breath, that vnder heauen is blowne.

His warlike shield all closely couer'd was,
 Ne might of mortall eye be euer seene;
 Not made of steeld, nor of enduring bras,
 Such earthly mettals soone consumed beene.

But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
 It framed was, one massy entire mould,
 Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
 That point of speare it neuer percen could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword diuide the substance would.

The same to wight he neuer wont disclose,
 But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
 Or daunt vnequall armies of his foes,
 Or when the flying heauens he would affray:
 For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
 That *Phæbus* golden face it did attaint,
 As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay
 And siluer *Cynthia* waxed pale and faynt,
 As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
 Nor bloody wordes of bold Enchaunters call,
 But all that was not such, as seemd in sight,
 Before that shield did fade, and suddaine 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.

Ne let it seene that credence this exceeds,
 For he that made the same, was knowne right well
 To haue done much more admirable deedes.
 It *Merlin* was, which whylome did excell
 All liuing 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.

A gentle youth, his dearely loued Squire
 His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
 Whose harmeful head, thrise heated in the fire,
 Had riuen many a brest with pikehead square;
 A goodly person, and could menage faire,
 His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,
 Who vnder him did amble as the aire,
 And chaust, that any on his backe should sitt;
 The yron rowels into frothy some he bitt.

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

What worlds delight, or ioy of liuing speach
 Can hart, 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 vpon my bitter bale:
 Such helpelesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
 Then rip vp griefe, where it may not auaille,
 My last left comfort is, my woes to weepe and waile.

Ah Lady deare, qd. then the gentle knight,
 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

But woefull Lady, let me you intrete,
 For to vnfold the anguith of your hart:
 Mishaps are maistred by aduice discrete,
 And counsell mitigates the greatest smart;
 Found neuer help, who neuer would his hurts impart.

O but (qd. she) great grieffe will not be tould,
 And can more easily be thought, then said.
 Right so (qd. he) but he, that neuer would,
 Could neuer: will to might giues greatest aid.
 But grieffe (qd. she) does greater grow displaid,
 If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.
 Despaire breeds not (qd. he) where faith is yaid.
 No faith so fast (qd. she) but flesh does paire.
 Flesh may empaire (qd. he) but reason can repaire.

His goodly reason, and well guided speach
 So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
 That her perswaded to disclose the breach,
 Which loue and fortune in her heart had wrought,
 And said faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
 You to inquere the secrets of my grieffe,
 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 brieffe.

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eies haue seene
 — The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
 Am th'onely daughter of a King and Queene,
 Whose parents deare whiles equal destinies,
 Did come about, and their felicities
 The fauourable heauens did not enuy,
 Did spred their rule through all the territories,
 Which *Phison* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
 And *Gebons* golden waues doe walk continually.

Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
 An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,
 Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*,
 With murdrous rauine, and deuouring might
 Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight:
 Themselues, 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 the thrall.

Full many knights aduenturous and stout
 Haue enterprizd that Monster to subdew;
 From euery coast that heauen walks about,
 Haue thither come the noble Martial crew,
 That famous harde atchieuements still pursew,
 Yet neuer 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 haue bin.

At last yled with far reported praise,
 Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
 Of doughty knights, whom Fary land d.d raise,
 That noble order hight of maidenhed,
 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 deliuer might.

Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and good)
 There for to find a fresh vnproued knight,
 Whose manly hand imbrawd in guilty blood
 Had neuer beene, ne euer by his might

Had

Had throwne to ground the vnregarded 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
 Haue felt the bitter dint of his auenging blade.

And ye the forlornereliques of his powre,
 His biting sword, and his deuouring speare,
 Which haue endured many a dreadfull 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 disauenturous deare:
 O heauie record of the good *Redcrosse*, (tosse?)
 Where haue yee left your lord, that could so well you

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
 That he my captiue languor should redeeme,
 Till all vnweeting, 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 iudge ye heauens, that all things right esteeme,
 How I him lou'd, and loue with all my might,
 So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

Thenceforth me desolate he quite forfooke,
 To wander, where wilde fortune would me lead,
 And other bywaies he himselte betooke,
 Where neuer foote of liuing 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,
 Inueigled him to follow her desires vnmeete.

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

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
 But he her comforted, and faire bespake,
 Certes, Madame, ye haue 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 haue acquitt your captiue knight,
 Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.
 His chearefull words reuiu'd her chearelesse spright,
 So forth they went, the Dwarfē thē guiding euer right.

Cant. VIII.

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

AY me, how many perils doe enfold
 The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
 Were not that heavenly grace doth him vphold,
 And stedfast truth acquite him out of all:

Her loue is firme, her care continuall,
 So oft as he thorough his own foolish pride,
 Or weaknes is to sinfull bands made thrall:
 Els should this *Redcrosse* knight in bands haue dyde,
 For whose deliuerāce she this Prince doth tether guyd.

They sadly traueild thus, vntill they came
 Nigh to a castle builed 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.

So with his Squire, th'admirer of his might,
 He marched forth towards that castle wall;
 Whose gates he fownd fast thutt, ne liuing wight
 To warde the same, nor answere commers call.
 Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
 Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold,
 And tasselles gay. Wyde wonders ouer all
 Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
 Which had approued bene in yfes manifold.

Was neuer wight, that heard that shrilling sownd,
 But trembling feare did feel in euery vaine;
 Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
 And Ecchoes three aunswerd it selfe againe:
 No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull 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 percing noise flew open quite, or braff.

The same before the Geaunts gate he blew,
 That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
 And euery dore of freewill open flew:
 The Gyaunt selfe dismaied with that sownd,
 Where he with his *Duessa* dalliaunce 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.

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

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

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might,
 The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
 Missing the marke of his misfaymed fight
 Did fall to ground, and with his heauy sway

So deeply dinted in the driuen clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow vp did throw:
The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grieuous vnderneath the blow, (show.
And trembling with strange feare, did like an erthquake

As when almightie *Ioue* in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enroll in flames, and smouldring dremment,
Through riuen 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 vp a mount of clay.

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen vp againe so light,
But that the knight him at aduantage fownd,
And whiles he stroue his combred clubbe to quight,
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott of his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriu'd of natiue might;
Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riuen rocke.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of vnwonted payne,
He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling fownd,
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 murmuring.

That

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

The proud *Duessa* full of wrathfull spight,
 And fiers disdaine, to be affronted so,
 Enforst her purple beast with all her might
 That stop out of the way to ouerthroe,
 Scorning the let of so vnequall 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.

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

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
 Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
 That life nigh cruisht out of his panting brest;
 No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize,

That

That when the carefull knight gan well auise,
 He lightly left the foe; with whom he fought,
 And to the beast gan turne his enterprife;
 For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
 To see his loued Squire into such thraldom brought.

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

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

The force, which went in two to be disperst,
 In one alone left hand he now vnites; (erft;
 Which is through rage more strong then both were
 With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
 And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
 That strongest Oake might seeme to ouerthrow:
 The stroke vpon his shield so heauie lites,
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low (blow?
 What mortall wight could euer beare so monstrous

And

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

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

At her so pitteous cry was much amou'd,
 Her champion stout, and for to ayde his friend,
 Againe his wonted angry weapon proou'd:
 But all in vaine: for he has redd his end
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
 Them selues in vaine: for since that glauncing fight,
 He hath no poure to hurt, nor to defend;
 As where th'Almighties lightning brond does light,
 It dimmes the dazed eyes, and daunts the fences quight.

Whom when the Prince, to batteill new adrest,
 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

That downe he tumbled; as an aged tree,
 High growing on the top of rocky clift,
 Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
 The mightie trunk halfe rent, with ragged rift
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

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

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
 With mortall steele him smot againe so fore,
 That headlesse his vnweldy bodie lay,
 All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
 Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
 But soone as breath out of her 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 blader was.

Whose griuous fall, when false *Duess* spyde,
 Her golden cup she cast vnto 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 leauing all behind her, fled away:
 The light-foot Squyre her quickly turnd around,
 And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
 So brought vnto his Lord, as his deserued pray.

The roiall Virgin, which beheld from farre,
 In pensiue plight, and sad perplexitie,
 The whole atchieuement 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 braunch of noblesse, flowre of cheualrie,
 That with your worth the world amazed make,
 How shall I quite the paynes, ye suffer for my sake?

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

But sith the heauens, and your faire handling
 Haue made you master of the field this day,
 Your fortune maister eke with gouerning,
 And well begonne 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.

Forthwith he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,
 That scarlot whore to keepen carefully;
 Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
 Into the Castle entred forcibly,

Where

Where liuing creature none he did espie;
 Then gan he lowdly through the house to call:
 But no man car'd to answere to his crye.
 There raignd a solemne silence ouer all, (hall.
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or

At last with creeping crooked pace forth came
 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 vnused rust did ouergrow:
 Those were the keyes of euery inner dore,
 But he could not them vse, but kept them still in store.

But very vncouth sight was to behold,
 How he did fashion his vntoward pace,
 For as he forward mooud his footing old,
 So backward still was turnd his wrinckled face,
 Vnlike to men, who euer 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 Gyaunt dead;
 His name *Ignaro* did his nature right aread.

His reuerend heares and holy grauitee
 The knight much honord, as befeemed well,
 And gently askt, where all the people bee,
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
 Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
 Againe he askt, where that same knight was layd,
 Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puissaunce fell
 Had made his caytiue thrall; againe he sayde,
 He could not tell: ne euer other answere made.

Then asked he, which way he in might pas:

He could not tell, againe he answered.

Thereat the courteous knight displeas'd was,

And said, Old syre, it seemes thou hast not red:

How ill it sits with that same siluer hed,

In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:

But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed

With natures pen, in ages graue degree,

Aread in grauer wise, what I demaund of thee.

His answer likewise was, he could not tell.

Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance

When as the noble Prince had marked well,

He ghest his nature by his countenance,

And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.

Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach

Those keyes, and made him selfe free enterance.

Each dore he opened without any breach;

There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

There all within full rich arayd he found,

With royall arras and resplendent gold,

And did with store of seuerie thing abound,

That greatest Princes presence might behold.

But all the floore (too filthy to be told)

With blood 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 ouer it was strowed new.

And there beside of marble stone was built

An Altare, caru'd with cunning ymagery;

On which trew Christians blood was often spilt;

And holy Martyres often doen to dye,

With

With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
 Whose blessed sprites from vnderneath the stone
 To God for vengeance cryde continually,
 And with great grieffe were often heard to grone,
 That hardest heart would bleede, to heare their piteous
 (mone.

Through euery rowme he sought, and euerie bowr,
 But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
 At last he came vnto 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 liuing wight
 Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
 These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound;
 O who is that, which bringes me happy choyce
 Of death, that here lye dying euery stound,
 Yet liue perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
 For now three Moones haue chāged thrice their hew,
 And haue beene thrice hid vnderneath the ground,
 Since I the heauens chearefull face did vew,
 O welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew.

Which whē that Champion heard, with percing point
 Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore,
 And trembling horror ran through euery 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 euer forth a filthie banefull smell.

But net her darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
 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 vp to reare;
 Whose feeble thighes, vnhable to vphold
 His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare,
 A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

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

Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran
 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 euill starre
 On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
 That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
 And this misseeming hew your māly looks doth marre?

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
 Whose presence I haue lackt too long a day;
 And fie on Fortune mine auowed foe,
 Whose wrathful wreaques them selues doe now alay.
 And

And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
 Of treble good: good growes of euils priefe.
 The chearelesse man, whom sorow did difmay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his grieffe;
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,
 The things, that grieuous were to doe, or beare,
 Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight,
 Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare:
 But th'only 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.

Henceforth Sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
 And maister these mishaps with patient might;
 Loe wher your foe lies stretcht 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 liue, or die.
 To doe her die (qd. *Vna*) were despight,
 And shame t'auenge so weake an enemy;
 But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.

So as she bad, that witch they difaraid,
 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 despoyle her tire and call,
 Such as she was, their eies might her behold,
 That her misshaped parts did them appall,
 A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill fauoured, old,
 Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told,

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
 And as in hate of honorable eld,
 Was ouergrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;
 Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
 And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
 Her dried duges, lyke bladders lacking wind,
 Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
 Her wrizled skin as rough, as maple rind,
 So scabby was, that would haue loathd all womankind.

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
 My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write.
 But at her rompe she growing had behind
 A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight;
 And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight;
 For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
 With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight,
 The other like a beares vneuen paw:
 More vgly shape yet neuer liuing creature saw.

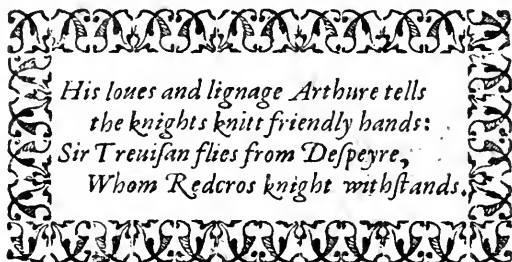
Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
 And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
 Such then (said *Vna*) as she seemeth here,
 Such is the face of falshood, such the fight
 Of fowle *Ducssa*, when her borrowed light
 Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.
 Thus when they had the witch disrobed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

Shee flying fast from heauens hated face,
 And from the world that her discovered wide,
 Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
 From liuing eies her open shame to hide,

And

And lurkt in rocks and caues long vnespide.
 But that faire crew of knights, and *Vna* faire
 Did in that castle afterwards abide,
 To rest them selues, and weary powres repaire,
 Where store they fownd of al, that dainty was and rare.

Cant. IX.



○ Goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere
 The vertues linked are in louely wize:
 And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
 In braue poursuitt of cheualrous emprize,
 That none did others safety despize,
 Nor aid enuy to him, in need that stands;
 But friendly each did others praise deuize,
 How to aduaunce with fauourable hands, (bands.
 As this good Prince redeemd the *Redcrosse* knight from

Who when their powres empayrd through labor long,
 With dew repast they had recured well,
 And that weake captiue wight now wexed strong,
 Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
 But forward fare, as their aduentures fell,
 But ere they parted, *Vna* faire besought
 That straunger knight his name and nation tell;
 Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
 Should die ynknown, & buried be in thankles thought.
 Faire

Faire virgin (said the Prince) yee me require
 A thing without the compas of my witt:
 For both the lignage and the certein Sire,
 From which I sprong, from mee are hidden yitt.
 For all so soone as life did me admitt
 Into this world, and shewed heuens light,
 From mothers pap I taken was vnfit:
 And streight deliuered to a Fary knight,
 To be vpbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

Vnto old *Timon* he me brought byliue,
 Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeares hath bene
 In warlike feates th' expertest man aliuie,
 And is the wisest now on earth I weene;
 His dwelling is low in a valley greene;
 Vnder the foot of *Rauran* mossly hore,
 From whence the riuier *Dee* as siluer cleene
 His tombling dillowes rolls with gentle rore;
 There all my daies he traird mee vp in vertuous lore.

Thether the great magicien *Merlin* came,
 As was his vse, oft times to visitt mee
 For he had charge my discipline to frame,
 And Tutors nouriture to ouersee.
 Him oft and oft I askt in priuity,
 Of what loines and what lignage I did spring.
 Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
 That I was sonne and heire vnto a king,
 As time in her iust term the truth to light should bring.

Well worthy impe, said then the Lady gent,
 And Pupill fit for such a Tutors hand.
 But what aduenture, or what high intent
 Hath brought you hether into Fary land,

Aread Prince *Arthure*, crowne of Martiall band?
 Full hard it is (qd. he) to read aright
 The course of heauenly cause, or vnderstand
 The secret meaning of th'eternall might, (wight.
 That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of liuing

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

Deare Dame (quoth he) you sleeping sparkes awake,
 Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow,
 Ne euer will their feruent fury flake,
 Till liuing moylsture into smoke do flow,
 And wasted life doe lye in ashes low.
 Yet sithe silence lesseneth not my fire,
 But told it flames, and hidden it does glow,
 I will reuele, what ye so much desire:
 Ah Loue, lay down thy bow, that whiles I may respire

It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
 When corage first does creepe in manly chest,
 Then first that cole of kindly heat appears
 To kindle loue in euerie liuing brest;
 But me had warnd old *Cleons* wise behest,
 Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
 Before their rage grew to so great vnrest,
 As miserable louers vse to rew,
 Which still wex old in woe, whiles wo stil wexeth new.
 That

That ydle name of loue, and louers life,
 As losse of time, and vertues enemy
 I euer scorn'd, and ioyd to stirre vp strife,
 In middest 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, grieu'd at my libertie,
 Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent,
 But I them warded all with wary gouernment.

But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
 Ne fleshly brest can armed be so soun'd,
 But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
 Or vnawares at disauantage 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 disauentrous fight,
 And yeeldes his caytiue neck to victours most despight.

Ensample make of him your haplesse ioy,
 And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
 Whose prouder vaunt that proud auenging 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 heauens with one consent
 Did seme to laugh at me, and fauour mine intent.

For wearied with my sportes, I did alight
 From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
 The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
 And pillow was my helmet fayre displayd:

Whiles

Whiles euery sence the humour sweet embayd,
 And flombring 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 neuer sunny day.

Most goodly glee and louely blandishment
 She to me made, and badd me loue her deare;
 For dearely sure her loue was to me bent,
 As when iust time expired should appeare.
 But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
 Was neuer hart so rauisht with delight,
 Ne liuing man like wordes did euer heare,
 As she to me deliuered all that night;
 And at her parting said, She Queene of Faries hight.

When I awoke, and found her place deuoyd,
 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 lou'd that face diuyn;
 From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
 To seeke her out with labor, and long tyne,
 And neuer vowd to rest, till her I fynd,
 Nyne monethes I seek in vain yet ni'll that vow vnbynd.

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
 And change of hew great passion did bewray;
 Yett still he stroue to cloke his inward bale,
 And hide the smoke, that did his fire display,
 Till gentle *Vna* thus to him gan say;
 O happy Queene of Faries, that hast fownd
 Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd:
 True Loues are ostē sown, but seldom grow on ground
 Thine.

Thine, O then, said the gentle *Redcrosse* knight,
 Next to that Ladies loue, shalbe the place,
 O fayrest virgin, full of heauenly light,
 Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
 Was firmeest 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
 Yfliuing man mote worthie be, to be her liefe.

So diuerfly discoursing of their loues,
 The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
 And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoues,
 With fresh desire his voyage to pursue:
 Als *Vna* earnd her traueill to renew.
 Then those two knights, fast frendship for to bynd,
 And loue establish each to other trew,
 Gaue goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
 And eke as pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

Prince *Arthur* gaue a boxe of Diamond sure,
 Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
 Wherein were clofd few drops of liquor pure,
 Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
 That any wovnd could heale incontinent:
 Which to requite, the *Redcrosse* knight him gaue
 A booke, wherein this Saueours testament
 Was writt with golden letters rich and braue;
 A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to saue.

Thus beene they parted, *Arthur* on his way
 To seeke his loue, and th'other for to fight
 With *Vnaes* foe, that all her realme did pray.
 But she now weighing the decayed light,

And

And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
 Would not a while her forward course pursue,
 Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
 Till he recouered had his former hew:
 For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

So as they traueild, lo they gan espy
 An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
 That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
 Or other grieously 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 braist,
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
 As he had beene a foole of *Pegasus* his kynd.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head
 To bee vnarmd, and curld vncombed heares
 Vpstarting stiffe, dismayd with vncouth 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.

The *Redcrosse* knight toward him crossed fast,
 To weet, what mister wight was so dismayd:
 There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
 That of him selfe he seemd to be afraid,
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
 Till he these wordes to him deliuer might;
 Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight:
 For neuer knight I saw in such misseeming plight.

He

He answerd nought at all, but adding new
 Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde
 With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow hew,
 Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
 Internall furies, with their chaines vntyde.
 Him yett againe, and yett againe bespake
 The gentle knight, who nought to him replyde,
 But trembling euery ioynt did inly quake, (shake.
 And soltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to

For Gods deare loue, Sir knight, doe me not stay;
 For loe he comes, he comes fast after mee.
 Est looking back would faine haue runne away;
 But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
 The secrete cause of his perplexitie,
 Yett nathemore by his bold hartie speech,
 Could his blood frosen hart emboldened bee,
 But through his boldnes rather feare did reach,
 Yett forst, at last he made through silēce suddē breach.

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

I lately chaunst (Would I had neuer chaunst)
 With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
 Sir *Termin* hight, that well himselfe aduaunst
 In all affayres, and was both bold and free,

But not so happy as more happy bee:
 He lou'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
 That him againe lou'd in the least degree:
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,
 And ioyd to see her louer languish and lament.

From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
 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 vs greets, and after fayre arcedes
 Of tydings straunge, and of aduentures rare:
 So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

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

With which sad instrument of hasty death,
 That wofull louer, loathing lenger light,
 A wyde way made to let forth liuing breath.
 But I more fearefull, or more lucky 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 neuer let his charmed speeches heare.

How may a man (said he) with idle speech
 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 subtile tong, like dropping honny, mealt'h
 Into the heart, and searcheth euery vaine,
 That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
 His powre is rest, and weaknes doth remaine.
 O neuer Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

Certes (sayd he) hence shall I neuer rest,
 Till I that treachours art haue heard and tryde;
 And you Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
 Of grace do me vnto his cabin guyde.
 I that hight *Trenisan* (quoth he) will ryde
 Against my liking backe, to doe you grace:
 But nor for gold nor glee will I abyde
 By you, when ye arriue in that same place;
 For leuer had I die, then see his deadly face.

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow caue,
 Far vnderneath a craggy clift yplight,
 Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy graue,
 That still for carrion carcases doth craue:
 On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owle,
 Shrieking his balefull note, which euer draue
 Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
 And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle & howle.

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
 Whereon nor fruite, nor leafe was euer seene,
 Did hang vpon the ragged rocky knees,
 On which had many wretches hanged beene,

Whose

Whose carcasses were scattred on the greene,
 And throwne about the clifts. Arriued there,
 That bare-head knight for dread and dolefull teene,
 Would faine haue fled,ne durst approchen neare,
 But th'other forst him staye , and comforted in feare.

That darke some caue they enter , where they find
 That curfed man, low sitting on the ground,
 Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
 His grieffe lockes, long growen, and vnbound,
 Difordred 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 thronke into his iawes, as he did neuer dyne.

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
 With thornes together pind and patched was,
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
 And him beside there lay vpon the gras
 A dreary 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 rusty knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

Which piteous spectacle, approuing trew
 The wofull tale, that *Trevisan* had told,
 When as the gentle *Redcrosse* knight did vew,
 With fire zeale he burnt in courage bold,
 Him to auenge, before his blood were cold,
 And to the vellein sayd, Thou damned wight,
 The authour of this fact, we here behold,
 What iustice can but iudge against thee right; (fight,
 With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in

What franticke fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
 Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to giue?
 What iustice euer other iudgement taught,
 But he should dye, who merites not to liue?
 None els to death this man despayring driue,
 But his owne guiltie mind deseruing death.
 Is then vniust to each his dew to giue?
 Or let him dye, that loatheth liuing breath?
 Or let him die at ease, that liueth here vneath?

Who trauailes by the wearie wandring way,
 To come vnto his wished home in haste,
 And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay,
 Is not great grace to helpe him ouer past,
 Or free his feet, that in the myresticke fast?
 Most enuious man, that grieues at neighbours good,
 And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
 Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
 Vpon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the flood?

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

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
 And sayd, The terme of life limited,
 Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
 The souldier may not moue from watchfull sted,
 Nor

Nor leaue his stand, vntill 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.

Is not his deed, what euer thing is donne,
 In heauen and earth? did not he all create,
 To die againe? all ends that was begonne.
 Their times in his eternall booke of fate
 Are written sure, and haue their certein date.
 Who then can striue with strong necessitie,
 That holds the world in his still chaunging state,
 Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie? (why.
 Whē houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor

The lenger life, I wote the greater sin,
 The greater sin, the greater punishment:
 All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,
 Through strife, and blood-shed, and auengement,
 Now prayst, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
 For life must life, and blood must blood repay.
 Is not enough thy euill life forespent?
 For he, that once hath missed the right way.
 The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

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

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

Why then doest thou, O man of sin, desire
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
 High heaped vp with huge iniquitee,
 Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
 Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
 Thou falsest hast thy faith with periuree,
 And sold thy selfe to serue *Duesssa* vild,
 With whom in al abuse thou hast thy selfe defild?

Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
 From highest heuen, and beares an equall eie?
 Shall he thy sins vp in his knowledge fold,
 And guilty be of thine impietie?
 Is not his lawe, Let euery sinner die:
 Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
 Is it not better to doe willinglie,
 Then linger, till the glas be all out ronne?
 Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faries sonne.

The knight was much enmoued with his speach,
 That as a sword's poynt through his bart did perse,
 And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
 Well knowing trew all, that he did reherse,

And to his fresh remembraunce did reuerse,
 The vgly 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.

In which amazement, when the Miscreant
 Perceiued him to wauer weake and fraile,
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
 And hellish anguish did his soule assaile,
 To driue him to despaire, and quite to quaille,
 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 euer shall remaine.

The sight whereoffo throughly him dismaid,
 That nought but death before his eies he saw,
 And euer burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th'Almighties law:
 Then gan the villein him to ouercraw,
 And brought vnto 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 prouokt Gods ire.

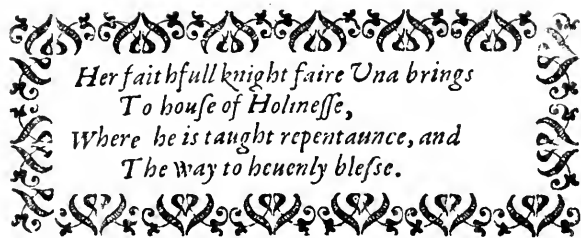
But whenas none of them he saw him take,
 He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
 And gaue it him in hand: his hand did quake,
 And tremble like a leafe of Aspin Greene,
 And troubled blood through his pale face was scene
 To come, and goe with tidings from the heart,
 As it a ronning messenger had beene.
 At last resolu'd to worke his finall smart,
 He lifted vp his hand, that backe againe did start.

Which whenas *Vna* heard, through euey vaine
 The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
 As in a swowne: but soone reliu'd againe,
 Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rise,
 And to him said, Fie fie, faint hearted knight,
 What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
 Is this the battaile, which thou vauntst to fight
 With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

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

So vp he rose, and thence amounted streight.
 Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
 Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight,
 He chose an halter from among the rest,
 And with it hong him selfe, vnbid vnblest.
 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.

Cant. X.



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

By that, which lately hapned, *Vna* saw,
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was vnfit for bloody fight:
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recouered had his late decayed plight.

There was an auncient house not far away,
Renownd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure vnspotted life: so well they say
It gouerned was, and guided euermore,

Through

Through wisedome of a matrone graue and hore;
 Whose onely ioy was to relieue 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.

Dame *Calia* men did her call, as thought
 From heauen to come, or thether to arise,
 The mother of three daughters, well vpbrought
 In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
 The eldest two most sober, chaste, and wise,
Fidelia and *Speranza* virgins were,
 Though spould, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
 But faire *Charissa* to a louely fere
 Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

Arriued there, the dore they find fast lockt;
 For it was warely watched night and day,
 For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,
 The Porter opened vnto them 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 *Humilita*. They passe in stouping low;
 For streight & narrow was the way, which he did shew.

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

There

There fayrely them receiues a gentle Squire,
 Of myld demeanure, and rare courtesee,
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre;
 In word and deede that shewd great modestee,
 And knew his good to all of each degree,
 Hight *Reuerence*. He them with speaches meet
 Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
 But simple trew, and eke vnfained sweet,
 As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

And afterwarde them to his Dame he leades,
 That aged Dame, the Lady of the place:
 Who all this while was busy at her beades:
 Which doen, she vp arose with seemely grace,
 And toward them full matronely did pace.
 Where when that fairest *Vna* she beheld,
 Whom well she knew to spring from heuently race,
 Her heart with ioy vnwonted inly sweld,
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

And her embracing said, O happy earth,
 Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,
 Most vertuous virgin borne of heuently berth,
 That to redeeme thy woefull parents head,
 From tyrans rage, and euer-dying dread,
 Hast wandred through the world now long a day;
 Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead,
 What grace hath thee now hether brought this way?
 Or doen thy feeble feet vnweeting hether stray?

Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
 Here in this place, or any other wight,
 That hether 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 euill plight,
 Then with a few to walke the rightest way;
 O foolish men, why hast ye to your owne decay?

Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
 O matrone sage (quoth she) I hether came,
 And this good knight his way with me adrest,
 Ledd with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,
 That vp to heuen is blowne. The auncient Dame,
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
 And enterteynd them both, as best became,
 With all the court'sies, that she could deuise,
 Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wise.

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges deuise,
 Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
 Ylinked arme in arme in louely wise,
 With countenance demure, and modest grace,
 They numbred euen steps and equall pace:
 Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight,
 Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face,
 That could haue dazd the rash beholders sight,
 And round about her head did shine like heuens light.

She was araied all in lilly white,
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
 With wine and water fild vp to the hight,
 In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
 That horroure made to all, that did behold;
 But she no whitt did change her constant mood:
 And in her other hand she fast did hold
 A booke that was both signd and seald with blood,
 Wherin darke things were writt, hard to be vnderstood.

Her younger Sister, that *Speranza* hight,
 Was clad in blew, that her befeemed well;
 Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
 As was her sifter; whether dread did dwell,
 Or anguith in her hart, is hard to tell:
 Vpon her arme a siluer anchor lay,
 Whereon she leaned euer, as befell:
 And euer vp to heuen, as she did pray,
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarued other way.

They seeing *Vna*, towards her gan wend,
 Who them encounters with like courtesee;
 Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
 And greatly ioy each other for to see:
 Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
 They turne them selues, at *Vnaes* meeke request,
 And him salute with well befeeming glee;
 Who faire them quites, as him befeemed best,
 And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

Then *Vna* thus; But she your sifter deare,
 The deare *Charissa* where is she become?
 Or wants she health, or busie is elswhere?
 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 be trouble sore,
 But thank be God, and her encrease so euermore.

Then saide the aged *Caelia*, Deare dame,
 And you'good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle,
 And labors long, through which ye hether came,
 Ye both forweatied 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,

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
 And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
 Fayre *Vna* gan *Fidelia* fayre request,
 To haue her knight into her schoolehous plaste,
 That of her heauenly learning he might taste,
 And heare the wisdom of her wordes diuine.
 She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,
 That she him taught celestially discipline,
 And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywritt,
 That none could reade, except she did them teach,
 She vnto him disclosed euery whitt,
 And heauenly documents therout did preach,
 That weaker witt of man could neuer reach,
 Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free will,
 That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
 For she was hable, with her wordes to kill,
 And rayse againe to life the hart, that she did thrill.

And when she list poure out her larger spright,
 She would commaund the hasty Sunne to stay,
 Or backward turne his course from heuens hight,
 Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay,
 And eke huge mountaines from their natiue seat
 She would commaund, themselues to beare away,
 And throw in raging sea with roaring threat. (great!
 Almighty God her gaue such powre, and puissaunce

The faithfull knight now grew in litle space,
 By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
 To such perfection of all heuently grace;
 That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
 And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
 Greeud 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,

But wife *Speranza* gaue him comfort sweet,
 And taught him how to take assured hold
 Vpon her siluer anchor, as was meet;
 Els had his sinnes so great, and manifold
 Made him forget all, that *Fidelia* told.
 In this distressed doubtfull agony,
 When him his dearest *Vna* did behold,
 Disdeining life, desiring leaue to dye,
 She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity

And came to *Caelia* to declare her smart,
 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 aduisement right,
 And straightway sent with carefull diligence,
 To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
 In that disease of grieued conscience,
 And well could cure the same; His name was *Patience*.

Who comming to that fowle-diseased knight,
 Could hardly him intreat, to tell his grief:
 Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauie spright,
 Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief.

Of salues and med'cines, which had passing prief,
 And there to added wordes of wondrous might:
 By which to ease he him recured brief,
 And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
 That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

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

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
 His daintie corse, proud humors to abate,
 And dieted with fasting euery day,
 The swelling of his woundes to mitigate,
 And made him pray both earely and eke late:
 And euer as superfluous flesh did rott
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
 To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
 That soone in him was leste no, one corrupted iott.

And bitter *Penance* with an yron whip,
 Was wont him once to disple euery day:
 And sharpe *Remorse* his hart did prick and nip,
 That drops of blood thence like a well did play;
 And sad *Repentance* vsed 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 (dore.
 The man that would not liue, but erst lay at deathes

In which his torment often was so great,
 That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
 And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes ear.
 His owne deare *Vna* hearing euermore
 His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
 Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden heare,
 For pittie of his payne and anguish fore;
 Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;
 For well she wist, his cryme could els be neuer cleare.

Whom thus recouer'd by wise Patience,
 And trew *Repentaunce* they to *Vna* brought;
 Who ioyous of his cured conscience,
 Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
 Himselfe 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 fayre *Vna* brought this vnacquainted guest.

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

A multitude of babes about her hong,
 Playing their sportes, that ioyd her to behold,
 Whom still she fed, whiles they were weak & young,
 But thrust them forth still, as they waxed old:

And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
 Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
 Whose passing price vneath was to be told;
 And by her syde there sate a gentle payre
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yuory chayre.

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

She was right ioyious of her iust request,
 And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
 Gan him instruct in euerie good behest,
 Of loue, and righteousnes, 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 heauē she teacheth him the ready path.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guyde,
 An auncient matrone she to her does call,
 Whose sober looks her wisdom well descryde:
 Her name was *Mercy*, well knowne ouer all,
 To be both gracious, and eke liberall:
 To whom the carefull charge of him she gaue,
 To leade aright, that he should neuer fall
 In all his waies through this wide worldes waue,
 That *Mercy* in the end his righteous soule might saue.

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

Estfoones vnto an holy Hospitall,
 That was fore by the way, she did him bring,
 In which seuen Bead-men that had vowed all
 Their life to seruice of high heauens king
 Did spend their daies in doing godly thing :
 There gates to all were open euermore,
 That by the wearie way were traueiling,
 And one fate wayting euer them before,
 To call in-commers by, that needy were and pore.

The first of them that eldest was, and best,
 Of all the house had charge and gouernement,
 As Guardian and Steward of the rest :
 His office was to giue entertainment
 And lodging, vnto all that came, and went :
 Not vnto such, as could him feast againe,
 And double quite, for that he on them spent,
 But such, as want of harbour did constraîne :
 Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

The second was as Almner of the place,
 His office was, the hungry for to feed,
 And thrifty giue to drinke, a worke of grace :
 He feard not once him selfe to be in need,

Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breede:
 The grace of God he layd vp still in store,
 Which as a stocke he left vnto his seede;
 He had enough, what need him care for more?
 And had he lesse, yet some he would giue to the pore.

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

The fourth appointed by his office was,
 Poore prisoners to relieue with gracious ayd,
 And captiues to redeeme with price of bras,
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
 And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
 That God to vs forgiueth euery howre
 Much more then that, why they in bands were layd,
 And he that harrowd hell with heauie stowre,
 The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly
 (bowre.

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

The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
 In seemely fort their corfes to engraue,
 And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
 That to their heauenly spouse both sweet and braue
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall faue.
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
 Whose face he made, all beastes to feare, and gaue
 All in his hand, euen dead we honour should.
 Ah dearest God me graunt, I dead be not defould.

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

There when the Elfin knight arriued was,
 The first and chiefest of the seuen, whose care
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas:
 Where seeing *Mercie*, that his steps vpbare,
 And alwaies led, to her with reuerence rare
 He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
 And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
 For of their order she was Patroneffe,
 Albe *Chariffa* were their chiefest foundereffe.

There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to rest,
 That to the rest more habile he might bee:
 During which time, in euery 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 vnto the last degree,
 His mortall life he learned had to frame
 In holy righteoufnesse, without rebuke or blame.

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas,
 Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy;
 On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
 And eke a litle Hermitage thereby,
 Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
 That day and night said his deuotion,
 Ne other worldly busines did apply;
 His name was heuently *Contemplation*;
 Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

Great grace that old man to him giuen had;
 For God he often saw from heauens hight,
 All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
 Yet wondrous quick and perfaunt 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.

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

Who when these two approaching he aspide,
 At their first presence grew agriued fore,
 That forst him lay his heuently thoughts aside;
 And had he not that Dame respected more,
 Whom highly he did reuerence and adore,
 He would not once haue moued for the knight.
 They him saluted standing far afore;
 Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
 And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious hight.

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

Thrise happy man, said then the father graue,
 Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
 And shewes the way, his sinfull soule to saue.
 Who better can the way to heauen aread,
 Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
 In heuently throne, where thousand Angels shine?
 Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
 Present before the maiesty diuine,
 And his auenging wrath to clemency incline.

Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne.
 Then come thou man of earth, and see the way,
 That neuer yet was seene of Faries sonne,
 That neuer leads the trauciler astray,

But after labors long, and sad delay,
 Bring 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 haue her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

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

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
 Adorn'd with fruitfull Oliues all arownd,
 Is, as it were for endlesse memory
 Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was fownd,
 For euer with a flowring girlond crown'd:
 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 heuently notes, and make full many a louely lay.

From thence, far off he vnto him did shew
 A litle path, that was both steepe and long,
 Which to a goodly Citty led his vew;
 Whose wals and towres were builded high & 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 Citty of the greate king hight it well,
 Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
 The blessed Angels to and fro descend.
 From highest heuen, in glad some compance,
 And with great ioy into that Citty wend,
 As commonly as frend does with his frend.
 Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
 What stately building durst so high extend
 Her lofty towres vnto the starry sphere;
 And what vnknown nation there empeopled were.

Faire knight (qd. he) *Hierusalem* that is,
 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 piteous blood, which cruelly was spilt
 On cursed tree, of that vnspotted lam,
 That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:
 Now are they Saints all in that Citty sam,
 More dear vnto their God, then younglings to their dam.

Till now, said then the knight, I weened well,
 That great *Cleopolis*, where I haue beene,
 In which that fairest *Fary 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 surpas, (glas.
 And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of

Most trew, then said the holy aged man,
 Yet is *Cleopolis* for earthly fame,
 The fairest peece, that eie beholden can:
 And well besecemes all knights of noble name,

That

That couett in th'immortall booke of fame
 To be eternized, that same to haunt,
 And doen their seruice to that soueraigne Dame,
 That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:
 For she is heuenly borne, and heauen may iustly vaunt.

And thou faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
 How euer now accompted Elfins sonne,
 Well worthy doest thy seruice for her grace,
 To aide a virgin desolate fore donne.
 But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
 And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
 Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,
 And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
 For blood can nought but sin, & wars but sorrows yield.

Then seek this path, that I to thee presage,
 Which after all to heauen 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 friend
 And Patrone: thou Saint *George* shalt called bee,
Saint George of mery England, the signe of victoree.

Vnworthy wretch (qd. he) of so great grace,
 How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?
 These that haue it attaynd, were in like cace
 As wretched men, and liued in like paine.
 But deeds of armes must I at last be faine,
 And Ladies loue to leaue so dearely bought?
 What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,
 (Said he) and bitter battailes all ate fought?
 As for loose loues they are vaine, & vanish into nought.

O let

O let me not (quoth he) then turne againe
 Backe to the world, whose ioyes so fruitlesse are,
 But let me heare for aie in peace remaine,
 Or streight way on that last long voiage fare,
 That nothing may my present hope empare.
 That may not be (said he) ne maist thou yitt
 Forgoe that royall maides bequeathed care,
 Who did her cause into thy hand committ,
 Till from her cursed foe thou haue her freely quitt.

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

For well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
 Of *Saxon* kinges, that haue with mightie hand
 And many bloody battailes fought in face
 High reard their royall throne in *Britans* land
 And vanquisht them, vnable to withstand:
 From thence a Faery thee vnweeting rest,
 There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
 And her base Elfin brood there for thee left. (theft.
 Such men do Chaungelings call, so chaungd by Faeries

Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,
 And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
 Where thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,
 As he his toylefome teme that way did guyde,

And

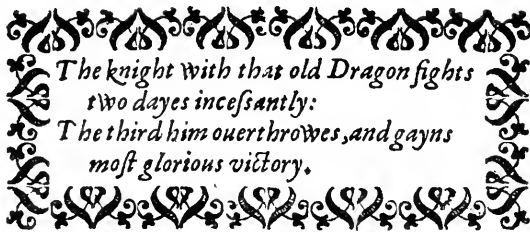
And brought thee vp in ploughmans state to byde,
 Whereof *Georgos* he thee gaue to name;
 Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
 To Fary court thou cam'st to seeke for fame, (came.)
 And proue thy puiffaunt armes, as seemes thee best be-

O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight
 The many fauours I with thee haue fownd,
 That hast my name and nation redd aright,
 And taught the way that does to heauen bownd?
 This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd,
 To haue returnd, but dazed were his eyne,
 Through passing brightnes, which did quite cōfound
 His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
 So darke are earthly things compar'd to things diuine.

At last whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,
 To *Vna* back he cast him to retyre;
 Who him awaited still with pensue mynd.
 Great thanks and goodly meed to that good syre,
 He thens departing gaue for his paynes hyre.
 So came to *Vna*, who him ioyd to see,
 And after litle rest, gan him desyre,
 Of her aduenture myndfull for to bee.
 So leaue they take of *Caelia*, and her daughters three.

Cant.

Cant XI.



High time now gan it wex for *Vna fayre*,
To thinke of those her captiue 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 euer knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heuen behold the tedious toyle, ye for me take.

Now are we come vnto my natiue soyle,
And to the place, where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly spoyle,
Therefore henceforth bee it your keeping well,
And euer ready for your foeman fell.
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And striue your excellent selfe to excell;
That shall ye euermore renomed make,
About all knights on earth, that batteill yndertake.

With that they heard a roaring hideous fownd,
That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
And seemd vneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadfull Dragon they espyde,

Where

Where stretcht he lay vpon 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 heuen with light did fill,
 Herousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them vntill.

Then badd the knight this Lady yede aloof,
 And to an hill her selfe withdraw asyde,
 From whence she might behold that battailles proof
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
 She him obayd, and turnd a litle wyde,
 Now O thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,
 Fayre ympe of *Phœbus*, and his aged bryde,
 The Nourse of time, and euerlasting fame,
 That warlike handes ennoblest with immortall name;

O gently come into my feeble brest,
 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 neuer he so sownd,
 And feared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

Fayre Goddesse lay that furious fitt asyde,
 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 heuen 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.

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

And ouer, all with brazen scales was armd,
 Like plated cote of Steele, so couched neare, (harmd
 That nought mote perce, ne might his corse bee
 With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare,
 Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
 His aery plumes doth rouze, 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 vnto the knight.

His flaggy wings when forth he did display,
 Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
 Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
 And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
 Were like mayne-yardes, with flying canuas kynd,
 With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
 And there by force vnwonted passage fynd,
 The clowdes before him fledd for terror great,
 And all the heuens stood still amazed with his threat.

His huge long tayle wovnd vp in hundred foldes,
 Does ouerspred his long bras-scaly back,
 Whose wreathed boughtes when euer he vnfoldes,
 And thick entangled knots adown does slack,
 Bespotted

Bespotted all 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 farr.

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

And that more wondrous was, in either iaw
 Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
 In which yett trickling blood and gobbets raw
 Of late deuoured 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.

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

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

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
 And fierfely ran at him with rigorous might:
 The pointed steele arriuing rudely theare,
 His harder hyde would nether perce, nor bight,
 But glauncing by foorth passed forward right,
 Yet fore amoued with so puiffaunt push,
 The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
 And him so rudely passing by, did brush (rush.
 With his longtyle, that horse and man to ground did

Both horse and man vp lightly rose againe,
 And fresh encounter towards him addrest:
 But th'ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
 And found no place his deadly point to rest.
 Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
 To be auenged of so great despight;
 For neuer felt his imperceable brest
 So wondrous force, from hand of liuing wight;
 Yet had he prou'd the powre of many a puiffant knight.

Then with his wauing wings displayed wyde,
 Himselfe vp high he lifted from the ground,
 And with strong flight did forcibly diuyde
 The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found

Her sitting parts, and element vnfound,
 To beare so great a weight: he cutting way
 With his broad sayles, about him soared round:
 At last low stouping with vnweldy sway,
 Snatcht vp both horse & man, to beare the quite away.

Long he them bore about the subiect plaine,
 So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
 Till struggling strong did him at last constraîne,
 To let them downe before his flightes end:
 As hagar d hauke presuming to contend
 With hardy fowle, aboue his hable might,
 His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend,
 To trusse the pray too heauy for his flight; (fight.
 Which comming down to ground, does free it selfe by

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

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

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

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
 And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
 Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
 Striuing 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 of the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
 For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd.

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
 With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
 That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:
 Vpon 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.

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
 And sinot 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 flye about the ground;
 But his late wounded wing vnseruiceable found.

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
 He lowdly brayd, that like was neuer heard,
 And from his wide deuouring ouen 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 leaue, and helmet to vnlace.

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

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, griued, brent
 With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, & inward fire
 That neuer man such mischiefes did torment;
 Death better were, death did he oft desire,
 But death will neuer come, when needs require.
 Whom so 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.

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

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

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

Which when his pensiuè Lady saw from farre,
 Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
 As weening that the sad end of the warre,
 And gan to highest God entirely pray,

That feared 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.

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

At last she saw, where he vpstarted braue
 Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay;
 As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean waue,
 Where he hath leste his plumes all hory gray,
 And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
 Like Eyas hauke vp mounts vnto the skies,
 His newly budded pineons to assay,
 And merueiles at him selfe, (til as he flies:
 So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

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

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

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

The same aduauncing high about his head,
 With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
 That to the earth him droue, as stricken dead,
 Ne liuing wight would haue him life behott:
 The mortall sting his angry needle shott
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder scald,
 Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
 The grieue thereof him wondrous sore diseald,
 Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeald.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
 Then of the grieuous smart, which him did wring,
 From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
 And stroue to loose the far infixt sting:

Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heste,
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
 Of his huge taile he quite a sonder clefted,
 Fiue ioints thereof he hewd, & but the stump him lefte.

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage, and what cries,
 VVith fowle enfoldred smoake and flashing fire,
 The hell-bred beast threw forth vnto the skies,
 That all was couered with darknesse dire:
 Then fraught with rancour, and engorged yre,
 He cast at once him to auenge for all,
 And gathering vp himselve out of the mire,
 With his vneuen wings did fiercely fall,
 Vpon his sunne-bright shield, and grypt it fast with all.

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist yett, how his talaunts to vnfold;
 For harder was from *Cerberus* greedy iaw
 To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
 To reauce 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.

Tho when he saw no power might preuaile,
 His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
 Wherewith he fierfly did his foe assaile,
 And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
 That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;
 As sparckles from the Anduile vse to fly,
 When heauy hammers on the wedg are swaid;
 Therewith at last he forst him to vnty
 One of his grasping feete, him to defend threby.

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield
 Whenas no strength, nor stroks mote him constraine
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledg to yield,
 He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
 That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine;
 Vpon 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.

For grieffe thereof, and diuelish despight,
 From his infernall founace forth he threw
 Huge flames, that dimmed all the heuens 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 cloudes and filthy smoke,
 That al the land with stēch, & heuen with horror choke.

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

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
 As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,
 Whereof great vertues ouer all were redd:

For happy life to all, which thereon fedd,
 And life eke euerlasting did befall:
 Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
 With his Almighty hand, and did it call
 The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
 Saue 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 ouerthow.
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof who so did eat, eftsoones did know
 Both good and ill: O mournfull memory:
 That tree through one mās fault hath doen vs all to dy.

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
 A trickling streame of Balme, most soueraine
 And dainty deare, which on the ground still sell,
 And ouerflowed all the fertile plaine,
 As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
 Life and long health that gracious ointment gaue,
 And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
 The sencelesse corse appointed for the graue.
 Into that same he fell: which did from death him saue.

For nigh thereto the euer damned Beast
 Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
 And al that life preserued, did detest:
 Yet he it oft aduentur'd to inuade.
 By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
 And yield his rowme to sad succeeding night,
 Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
 The face of earth, and wayes of liuing wight,
 And high her burning torch set vp in heauen bright.
 When

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

The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
 And fayre *Aurora* from the dewy bed
 Of aged *Tithone* gan her selfe to reare,
 With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red;
 Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
 About her eares, when *Vna* her did marke
 Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred;
 From heuen high to chace the chearelesse darke,
 With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.

Then freshly vp arose the doughty knight,
 All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
 And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
 Whose early foe awaiting him beside
 To haue deuourd, 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 aduanced neare.

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
 He thought attonce him to haue swallowd quight,
 And rusht vpon him with outragious pryde;
 Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
 Perforce

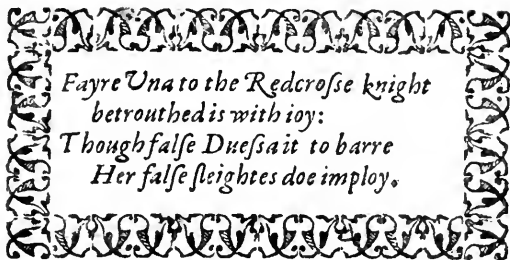
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright
 Taking aduantage of his open iaw,
 Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
 That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
 And back retyrd, his life blood forth with all did draw.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
 That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
 So downe he fell, that th'earth him vnderneath
 Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
 So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
 Whose false foundation waues haue 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.

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

Cant.

Cant. XII.



BEhold I see the hauen nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shere, and beare vp 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 iourneys end:
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

Scarfely had *Phæbus* in the glooming East,
Yett harnessed his fyrie footed teeme,
Ne reard aboute the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seme,
Vnto 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,

Vprose with hasty ioy, and feeble speed
That aged Syre, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet, if trew indeed
Those tydinges were, as he did vnderstand,

Which:

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 ioy and peace through all his state;
 For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

Then gan triumphant Trompets fownd on hye,
 That sent to heuen the ecchoed report
 Of their new ioy, and happie victory
 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.

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

Vnto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
 And him before themselues 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 meadow greene doe grow,
 When morning deaw vpon their leaues doth light:
 And in their handes sweet Timbrels all vpheld on hight.
 And

And them before, the fry of children yong
 Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
 And to the Maydens sowingd tymbrels song
 In well attuned notes, a ioyous lay,
 And made delightfull musick all the way,
 Vntill 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,

So she beheld those maydens meriment.
 With chearefull vew; who when to her they came,
 Themselues to ground with gracious humbleffe bent
 And her ador'd by honorable name,
 Lifting to heuen her euerlasting fame:
 Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,
 And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
 Who in her self-remembrance well beseene,
 Did seeme such, as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

And after all the raskall many ran,
 Heaped together in rude rablement,
 To see the face of that victorious man:
 Whom all admired, as from heauen sent,
 And gazd vpon with gaping wonderment,
 But when they came, where that dead Dragon lay,
 Stretcht 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.

Some feard, and fledd; some feard and well it faynd;
 One that would wiser seeme, then all the rest,
 Warn'd 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 Dragonettes, his fruitfull seede;
 Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
 Yet sparckling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
 Another said, he saw him moue his eyes indeed.

One mother, whenas her foolehardy chylde
 Did come to neare, and with his talants play
 Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe reuyld,
 And to her gossibs gan in counsell say;
 How can I tell, but that his talents may
 Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand.
 So diuersly them selues in vaine they fray;
 Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
 To proue how many acres he did spred of land.

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

And after to his Pallace he them bringes,
 With shaumes, & trompets, & with Clarions sweet;
 And all the way the ioyous people singes,
 And with their garments strowes the paved street
 Whence mounting vp, they fynd purueyaunce meet
 Of all, that royall Princes court became,
 And all the floore was vnderneath their feet
 Be spredd with costly scarlott of great name,
 On which they lowly sitt, and sitting purpose frame.

What

What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,
 In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
 What needes of dainty dishes to deuize,
 Of comely seruices, or courtly trayne?
 My narrow leaues cannot in them containe
 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 vp but late.

Then when with meates and drinckes of euery kinde
 Their feruent appetites they quenched had,
 That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
 Of straunge aduentures, and of perils sad,
 Which in his trauell him befallen had,
 For to demaund of his renomed guest:
 Who then with vt'rance graue, and count'nance sad,
 From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
 Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

Great pleasure mixt with pittifull regard,
 That godly King and Queene did passionate,
 Whyles they his pittifull aduentures 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 neuer gentle knight, as he of late,
 So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;
 And all the while salt teares bedewd the hearers cheeks.

Then sayd that royall Pere in sober wise;
 Deare Sonne, great beene the euils, which ye bore
 From first to last in your late enterprise,
 That I note, whether praise, or pittie more:

For neuer liuing man, I weene, so fore
 In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;
 But since now safe ye seised haue the shore,
 And well arriued arc, (high God be blest) -
 Let vs deuize of ease and euerlasting rest.

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

Vnhappy falls that hard necessity,
 (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 vndoe; (for vowes may not be vayne)
 Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
 Ye then shall hether backe retourne agayne,
 The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twayn.

Which for my part I couet to performe,
 In sort as through the world I did proclame,
 That who so kild that monster most deforme,
 And him in hardy battayle ouercame,
 Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
 And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:
 Therefore since now to thee perteynes the same,
 By dew desert of noble cheualree,
 Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo I yield to thee.

Then

Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
 The fairest *Vn'* his onely daughter deare,
 His onely daughter, and his only hayre;
 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 her selfe in light.

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

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

So fairely dight, when she in presence came,
 She to her Syre made humble reuerence,
 And bowed low, that her right well became,
 And added grace vnto her excellence:

Who with great wisdome, and graue 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 sayd.

All in the open hall amazed stood,
 At suddeinnesse of that vnwary 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 humbleesse 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.

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

To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
 He was affyaunced long time before,
 And sacred pledges he both gaue, and had,
 False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore:
 Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
 And guilty heauens of his bold periury,
 Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
 Yet I to them for iudgement iust doe fly,
 And them coniure t'auenge this shamefull iniury.

Therefore

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

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

What meane these bloody vowes, and idle threats,
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?
 What heuens? what altars? what enraged heates
 Here heaped vp with termes of loue vnkynd,
 My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd?
 High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame.
 But if your selfe, Sir knight, ye faulty fynd,
 Or wrapped be in loues of former Dame,
 With cryme doe not it couer, but disclose the same.

To whom the *Redcrosse* knight this answere sent,
 My Lord, my king, be nought hereat dismayd,
 Till well ye wote by graue intendment,
 What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbrayd

With breach of loue, and loialty betrayd.
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 I lately traueild, that vnwares I stayd
 Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;
 That day should faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

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

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
 And on the ground her selfe prostrating low,
 With sober countenaunce thus to him sayd,
 O pardon me, my soueraine Lord, to sheow
 The secret treasons, which of late I know
 To haue bene wrought by that false forcereffe.
 Shee onely she it is, that earst did throw
 This gentle knight into so great distresse,
 That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse.

And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
 This crafty messenger with letters faine,
 To worke new woe and improuided scath,
 By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine;
 Wherein she vsed hath the practicke paine
 Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
 Whome if ye please for to discouer plaine;
 Ye shall him *Archimago* find; I ghesse,
 The falsest man aliuie; wo tries shall find no lesse.

The king was greatly moued at her speach,
 And all with suddain indignation fraight,
 Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
 Eftfoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
 Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait:
 Who seeming forely 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.

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

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
 That none but death for euer can diuide;
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
 The housling fire did kindle and prouide,
 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 euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
 And made great feast to solemnize that day;
 They all perfumde with frankincense diuine,
 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 driue away the dull Melancholy;
 The whiles one sung a song of loue and iollity.

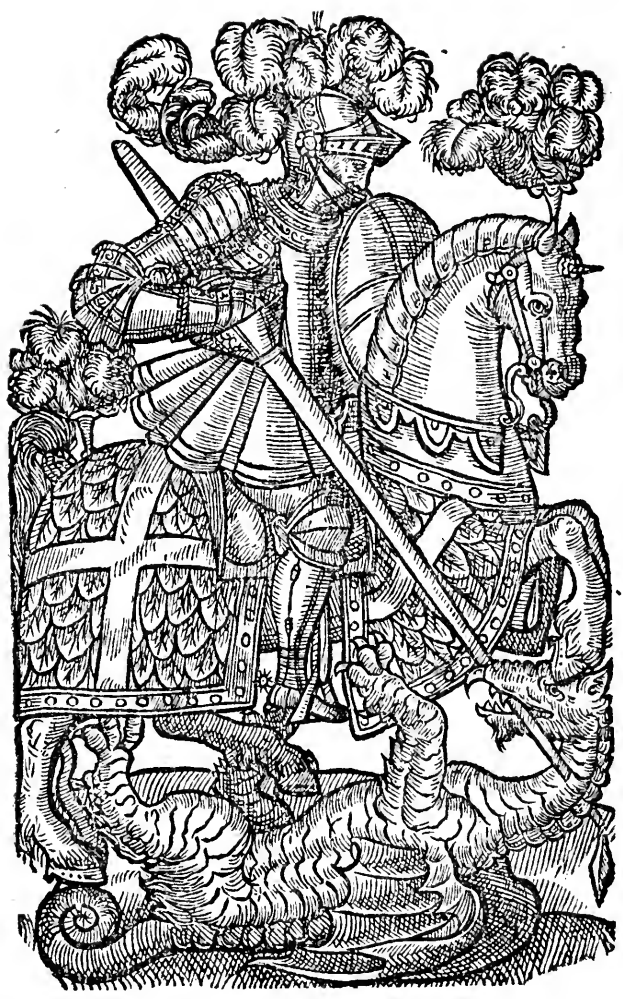
During the which there was an heauenly noise
 Heard soun'd through all the Pallace pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an Angels voice,
 Singing before th'eternall maiesty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hye;
 Yett wist no creature, whence that heuenly sweet
 Proceeded, yet eachone felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby reſte of his ſences meet,
 And rauished with rare impression in his sprite.

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
 And ſolemne feaſt proclaym'd throughout the land,
 That their exceeding merth may not be told:
 Suffice it heare by ſignes to vnderſtand
 The vſuall ioyes at knitting of loues band.
 Thriſe happy man the knight himſelfe did hold,
 Poſſeſſed of his Ladies hart and hand,
 And euer, when his eie did her behold,
 His heart did ſeeme to melt in pleaſures manifold.

Her ioyous preſence and ſweet company
 In full content he there did long enioy,
 Ne wicked enuy, ne vile gealofy
 His deare delights were hable to annoy:
 Yet ſwimming in that ſea of bliſſfull ioy,
 He nought forgott, how he whilome had ſworne,
 Incaſe he could that monſtrous beaſt deſtroy,
 Vnto his Faery Queene backe to retourne:
 The which he ſhortly did, and *Vna* left to mourne.

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

Finis Lib. I.





The second Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Contayning

The Legend of Sir Guyon.

O R

Of Temperaunce.

Right well I wote most mighty Soueraine,
 That all this famous antique history,
 Of some th'abundance of an ydle braine
 Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
 Rather then matter of iust memory,
 Sith none, that breatheth liuing aire, does knowe,
 Where is that happy land of Faery,
 Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where showe,
 But vouch antiquities, which no body can knowe.

But let that man with better sence aduize,
 That of the world least part to vs is red:
 And daily how through hardy enterprize,
 Many great Regions are discouered,

Which

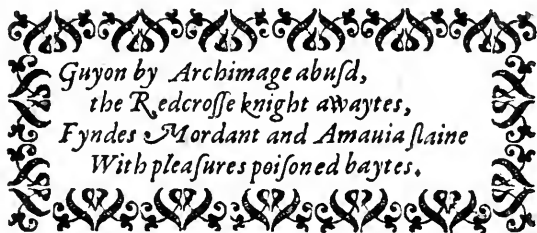
Which to late age were neuer mentioned,
 Who euer heard of th'Indian *Peru*
 Or who in venturous vessell measured
 The *Amarons* huge riuer now found trew
 Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did euer vew.

Yet all these were when no man did them know,
 Yet haue from wisest ages hidden beene
 And later times things more vnknowne shall show
 Why then should witlesse man so much misweene
 That nothing is but that which he hath seene:
 What if within the Moones fayre shining spheare
 What if in euery other starre vnseene
 Of other worldes he happily should heare
 He wöder would much more, yet such to some appeare

Of faery lond yet if he more inquire
 By certain signes here sett in sondrie place
 He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre
 But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace
 That no'te without an hound fine footing trace
 And then O fayrest Princeesse vnder sky
 In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face
 And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery
 And in this antique ymage thy great auncestry.

The which O pardon me thus to enfold
 In couert vele and wrap in shadowes light
 That feeble eyes your glory may behold
 Which ells could not endure those beames bright
 But would bee dazled with exceeding light
 O pardon and vouchsafe with patient care
 The braue aduentures of this faery knight
 The good Sir *Guyon* gratioously to heare (peare.
 In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth ap-
 Cant.

Cant I.



T Hat conning Architect of cancred guyle,
Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
For falsed letters and suborned wyle,
Soone as the *Redcrosse* knight he vnderstands,
To beene departed out of *Eden* landes,¹
To serue againe his soueraine *Elfin* Queene,
His artes he moues, and out of caytiues handes
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes vnseene;
His shackles emptie lefte, him selfe escaped cleene.

And forth he fares full of malicious mynd,
To worken mischief and auenging woe,
Where euer he that godly knight may fynd,
His onely hart fore, and his onely foe,
Sith *Vna* now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did earst restore
To natiue crowne and kingdom late ygoe:
Where she enioyes sure peace for euer more,
As wetherbeaten ship arry'd on happie shore.

Him therefore now the obiect of his spight
And deadly food he makes: him to offend
By forged treason, or by open fight
He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed end:

There to

The Redcrosse knight
 by Archimage abused
 the Redcrosse knight
 awaytes
 Fyndes Mordant
 and Amania slaine
 With pleasures
 poisoned baytes
 Guyon
 by Archimage
 abused
 the Redcrosse
 knight
 awaytes
 Fyndes Mordant
 and Amania
 slaine
 With pleasures
 poisoned
 baytes
 There to

There to his subtil engins he does bend
 His practick witt, and his fayre fyled tonge,
 With thousand other sleights: for well he kend,
 His credit now in doubt full ballaunce hong;
 For hardly could bee hurt, who was already stong.

Still as he went, he craftie stailes did lay.
 With cunning traynes him to entrap vnwares,
 And priuy spyals plast in all his way,
 To weete what course he takes, and how he fares;
 To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares.
 But now so wise and wary was the knight
 By tryall of his former harmes and cares,
 That he descryde, and shonned still his slight:
 The fish that once was caught, new bait wil hardly byte.

Nath'lesse th'Enchaunter would not spare his payne,
 In hope to win occasion to his will;
 Which when he long awaited had in vayne,
 He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill:
 For to all good he enemy was still.
 Vpon the way him fortun'd to meet,
 Fayre marching vnderneath a shady hill,
 A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
 That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

His carriage was full comely and vpright,
 His countenance demure and temperate,
 But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,
 That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate:
 He was an Elfin borne of noble state,
 And mickle worship in his natie land,
 Well could he tourney and in lists debate,
 And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huons* hand,
 When with king *Oberon* he came to *Fary* land.

Him als accompanyd vpon the way
 A comely Palmer, clad in black attyre,
 Of rypest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,
 That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
 Least his long way his aged limbes should tire:
 And if by lookes one may the mind aread,
 He seemd to be a sage and sober fyre,
 And euer with slow pace the knight did lead, (read.
 Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to

Such whenas *Archimago* them did view,
 He weened well to worke some vncouth wyle,
 Eftsoones vntwisting his deceitfull clew,
 He gan to weaue a web of wicked guyle,
 And with faire countenance and flattring style,
 To them approching, thus the knight bespake:
 Fayre sonne of *Mars*, that seeke with warlike spoyle.
 And great atchieu'ments great your selfe to make,
 Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
 And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt;
 Who feigning then in euery limb to quake,
 Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faynt
 With piteous mone his piercing speach gan paynt;
 Deare Lady how shall I declare thy cace,
 Whom late I left in languorous constraynt?
 Would God thy selfe now present were in place,
 To tell this ruefull tale; thy sight could win thee grace.

Or rather would, O would it so had chaunst,
 That you, most noble Sir, had present beene;
 When that lewd rybauld with vyle lust aduaunst
 Laid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene,

To spoyle her dainty corps so faire and sheene,
 As on the earth, great mother of vs all,
 With liuing eye more fayre was neuer scene,
 Of chastity and honour virginall:
 Witnes ye heauens, whom she in vaine to help did call.

How may it be, sayd then the knight halfe wroth,
 That knight should knighthood euer so haue shent?
 None but that saw (qd. he) would weene for troth,
 How shamefully that Mayd he did torment.
 Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
 And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe sword,
 Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
 And threatned death with many a bloodie word;
 Tounge hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhord.

Therewith amoued from his sober mood,
 And liues he yet (said he) that wrought this act,
 And doen the heauens afford him vitall food?
 He liues, (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,
 Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt.
 Where may that treachour then (sayd he) be found,
 Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?
 That shall I shew (sayd he) as sure, as hound
 The stricke Deare doth chaleng by the bleeding wound.

He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
 And zealous haste away is quickly gone,
 To seeke that knight, where him that crafty Squire
 Supposd to be. They do arriue anone,
 Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
 With garments rent, and heare discheueled,
 Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone;
 Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
 And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

The knight approaching nigh, thus to her said,
 Fayte Lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,
 Great pittie is to see you thus dismayd,
 And marre the blossom of your beauty bright:
 For thy appease your griefe and heauy plight,
 And tell the cause of your conceiued payne:
 For if he liue, that hath you doen despight,
 He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,
 Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

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

Till her that Squire bespake, Madame my life,
 For Gods deare loue be not so wilfull bent,
 But doe vouchsafe now to receiue reliefe,
 The which good fortune doth to you present.
 For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment,
 When ill is chaunft, but doth the ill increase,
 And the weake minde with double woe torment?
 When she her Squire heard speake, she gan appeale
 Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret case.

Estsoone she said, Ah gentle trustie Squire,
 What comfort can I wofull wretch conceaue,
 Or why should euer I henceforth desyre,
 To see faire heauens face, and life not leaue,

Sith that false Traytour did my honour reave?
 False traytour certes (saide the Faerie knight)
 I read the man, that euer would deceaue
 A gentle Lady, or her wrong through might:
 Death were too little paine for such a fowle despight.

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

Now by my head (saide *Guyon*) much I muse,
 How that same knight should do so fowle amis,
 Or euer gentle Damzell so abuse:
 For may I boldly say, he surely is
 A right good knight, and trew of word ywis:
 I present was, and can it witnesse well,
 When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris.
 Th'adventure of the *Errant damozell*,
 In which he hath great glory wonne, as I heare tell.

Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
 And fairely quit him of th'imputed blame,
 Els be ye sure he dearely shall abyde,
 Or make you good amendment for the same:
 All wrongs haue mendes, but no amendes of shame.
 Now therefore Lady, rise out of your paine,
 And see the saluing of your blotting name.
 Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did saine,
 For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

Her purpose was not such, as she did faine,
 Ne yet her person such, as it was seene,
 But vnder simple shew and semblant plaine
 Lurkt false *Duefja* secretly vnseene,
 As a chaste Virgin, that had wronged beene :
 So had false *Archimago* her disguysd,
 To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
 And eke himselfe had craftily deuysd
 To be her Squire, and do her seruice well aguysd.

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
 Where she did wander in waste wildernesse,
 Lurking in rockes and caues far vnder ground,
 And with greene mosse cou'ring her nakednesse,
 To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
 Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
 And borrowd beauty spoyle. Her nathelless
 Th'enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
 Did thus reuest, and deckt with dew habiliments.

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

So now he *Guyon* guydes an vncouth way
 Through woods & mountaines, till they came at last
 Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
 Betwixt two hils, whose high heads ouerplast,

The valley did with coole shade ouercast;
 Through midst thereof a little riuer rold,
 By which there sate a knight with helme vnlaste,
 Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
 After his trauell long, and labours manifold.

Lo yonder he, cryde *Archimage* aloud,
 That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew,
 And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
 To fly the vengeance for his outrage dew;
 But vaine: for ye shall dearely do him rew,
 So God ye speed, and send you good successe;
 Which we far off will here abide to vew.
 So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
 That streight against that knight his speare he did ad-
 (dresse.

Who seeing him from far so fierce to pricke,
 His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
 And in the rest his ready speare did sticke;
 Tho when as still he saw him towards pace,
 He gan rencounter him in equall race:
 They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,
 When suddeinly that warriour gan abace
 His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
 Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap.

And cryde, Mercie Sir knight, and mercie Lord,
 For mine offence and heedelesse hardiment,
 That had almost committed crime abhord,
 And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,
 Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,
 The sacred badge of my Redeemers death,
 Which on your shield is set for ornament:
 But his fierce foe his steed could stay vneath,
 Who prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell breath
 But

But when he heard him speake streight way he knew
 His errour, and himselfe inclyning sayd,
 Ah deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you,
 But me behoueth rather to vpbrayd,
 Whose hastie hand so far from reason strayd,
 That almost it did haynous violence
 On that fayre ymage of that heauenly Mayd,
 That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
 Your court'sie takes on you anothers dew offence,

So beene they both at one, and doen vpreare
 Their beuers bright, each other for to greet;
 Goodly comportsaunce each to other beare,
 And entertaine themselues with court'sies meet;
 Then saide the *Redcrosse* knight, Now mote I weete,
 Sir *Guyon*, why with so fierce saliaunce,
 And fell intent ye did at earst me meet;
 For sith I know your goodly gouernaunce,
 Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some vncouth
 (chaunce.

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

So can he turne his earnest vnto game,
 Through goodly handling and wise temperaunce.
 By this his aged Guide in presence came,
 Who soone as one that knight his eye did glaunce,

Est soones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
 Sith him in Faery court he late auizd;
 And sayd, fayre sonne, God giue you happy chaunce,
 And that deare Crosse vppon your shield deuizd,
 Wherewith aboue all knights ye goodly seeme aguizd.

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

Palmer, him answered the *Redcrosse* knight,
 His be the praise, that this atchieuement wrought,
 Who made my hand the organ of his might;
 More then goodwill to me attribute nought:
 For all I did, I did but as I ought.
 But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensues,
 Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought,
 That home ye may report these happy newes;
 For well ye worthy bene for worth and gentle thewes.

So courteous conge both did giue and take,
 With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
 Then *Guyon* for ward gan his voyage make,
 With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still.
 Still he him guided ouer dale and hill,
 And with his steedy staffe did point his way:
 His race with reason, and with words his will,
 From fowle intempraunce he ofte did stay,
 And suffred not in wrath his hasty steps to stray.

In this faire wize they traueild long yfere,
 Through many hard affayes, which did betide,
 Of which he honour still away did beare,
 And spred his glory through all countryes wide.
 At last as chaunst them by a forest side
 To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
 They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride,
 With percing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay;
 Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

But if that carelesse heuens (qd she) despise
 The doome of iust reuenge, and take delight
 To see sad pageants of mens miseries,
 As bownd by them to liue in liues despight,
 Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
 Come then, come soone, come sweet death to me,
 And take away this long lene loathed light:
 Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be,
 And take away our ioynt soules from weary thraldome free.

But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning froward fate
 Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
 Sith heuen thee deignes to hold in liuing state,
 Long maist thou liue, and better thriue withall,
 Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall:
 Liue thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
 That cleare she dide from blemish criminall;
 Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest
 Loe I for pledges leaue. So giue me leaue to rest.

With that a deadly shriek she forth did throw,
 That through the wood reechoed againe,
 And after gaue a grone so deepe and low,
 That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,

Or thrild with point of thorough piercing paine;
 As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell Steele
 Through laūched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
 Whiles the sad pang approaching thee does feele,
 Braies out her latest breath, and vp her eies doth seele.

Which when that Warriour heard, dismounting straiēt
 From his tall steed, he rusht into the thicke,
 And soone arriued, where that sad pourtraict
 Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick,
 In whose white alabaster brest did stick
 A cruell knife, that made a grieſly wovnd,
 From which forth gusht a stream of goreblood thicke,
 That all her goodly garments staine arownd,
 And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
 Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
 Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
 And the cleane waues with purple gore did rays;
 Als in her lap a louely babe did play
 His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
 For in her streaming blood he did embay
 His litle hands, and tender ioints embrew;
 Pitifull spectacle, as euer eie did vew.

Besides them both, vpon the soiled gras
 The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
 Whose armour all with blood besprincled was;
 His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red
 Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded,
 Seemd to haue beene a goodly personage,
 Now in his freshest flowre of lusty hed,
 Fitt to inflame faire Lady with loues rage,
 But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

VVhom

VWhom when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold,
 His hart gan wexe as starke, as marble stone,
 And his fresh blood did frieze with fearefull cold,
 That all his senses seemd berefte attone:
 At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
 As Lion grudging in his great disdain,
 Mournes inwardly, and makes to him selfe mone,
 Til ruth and fraile affection did constraîne,
 His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
 He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop
 VWith his faire garment: then gan softly feel
 Her feeble pulse, to proue if any drop
 Of liuing blood yet in her veynes did hop;
 v Which when he felt to moue, he hoped faire
 To call backe life to her forsaken shop;
 So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
 That at the last shee gan to breath out liuing aire.

VWhich he perceiuing greatly gan reioice,
 And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
 Is meetest med'cine, tempred with sweete voice;
 Ay me, deare Lady, which the ymage art
 Of ruefull pittie, and impatient smart,
 VVhat direfull chaunce, armd with auenging fate,
 Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
 Thus fowle to hasten your vntimely date;
 Speake, O dear Lady speake: help neuer comes too late.

Therewith her dim eie-lids she vp gan reare,
 On which the drery death did sitt, as sad
 As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare;
 But when as him all in bright armour clad

Before

Before her standing she espied had,
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
 She weakely started, yet she nothing drad:
 Streight downe againe her selfe in great despight,
 She groueling threw to grouid, as hating life and light.

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
 Vplifted light, and softly did vphold:
 Thrise he her reard, and thrise she sunck againe,
 Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
 And to her said; Yet if the stony cold
 Hauē not all seized on your frozen hart,
 Let one word fall that may your grieſe vnfold,
 And tell the secrete of your mortall smart;
 He oft finds present helpe, who does his grieſe impart.

Then casting vp a deadly looke, full low
 Shee sight from bottome of her wounded brest,
 And after, many bitter throbs did throw
 With lips full pale and foltring tong opprest,
 These words she breathed forth from riuen chest;
 Leaue, ah leaue of, what euer wight thou bee,
 To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,
 And trouble dying soules tranquilittee.
 Take not away now got, which none would giue to me.

Ah far be it (said he) Deare dame fro mee,
 To hinder soule from her desired rest,
 Or hold sad life in long captiuitee:
 For all I seeke, is but to haue redrest
 The bitter pangs, that doth your heart infest.
 Tell then O Lady tell, what fatall priefe
 Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest:
 That I may cast to compas your reliefe,
 Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your grieſe,

With

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hie,
 As heuen accusing guilty of her death,
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
 In these sad wordes she spent her vtmost breath:
 Heare then, O man, the sorrowes that vneath
 My tong can tell, so far all fence they pas:
 Loe this dead corpse, that lies here vnderneath,
 The gentlest knight, that euer on greene gras (was.
 Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mortdant

Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now)
 My Lord my loue; my deare Lord, my deare loue,
 So long as heuens iust with equall brow,
 Vouchsafed to behold vs from aboue,
 One day when him high corage did emmoue,
 As wont ye knightes to seeke aduentures wilde,
 He pricked forth his puiffaunt force to proue,
 Me then he left enwombd of this childe,
 This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with blood defild.

Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
 To come, where vile *Acrasia* does wonne,
Acrasia a false enchaunteresse,
 That many errant knightes hath fowle fordonne:
 Within a wandring Island; that doth ronne.
 And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is,
 Fayre Sir, if euer there ye trauell, shonne
 The curld land where many wend amis,
 And know it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of blis.*

Her blis is all in pleasure and delight,
 Wherewith she makes her louers dronken mad,
 And then with words & weedes of wondrous might,
 On them she workes her will to vses bad:

My liefest Lord she thus beguiled had
 For he was flesh: (all flesh doth fraytie breed)
 Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad
 Weake wretch I wrapt my selfe in Palmers weed
 And cast to seek him forth through danger & great dread

Now had fayre *Cynthia* by euen tournes
 Full measured three quarters of her year,
 And thrise three tymes had fild her crooked hornes,
 Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear,
 And bad me call *Lucina* to me neare.
Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought: (weare,
 The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my midwiues
 Hard helpe at need. So deare thee babe I bought
 Yet nought to dear I deemd, while so my deare I sought

Him so I sought, and so at last I fownd
 Where him that witch had thralld to her will,
 In chaines of lust and lewde desyres ybownd
 And so transformed from his former skill,
 That me he knew not, nether his owne ill;
 Till through wise handling and faire gouernance,
 I him recured to a better will,
 Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce:
 Then meanes I gan deuise for his deliuerance.

Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiu'd,
 How that my Lord from her I would repriue,
 With cup thus charmd, him parting she deceiud;
*Sad verse giue death to him that death does giue,
 And losse of loue, to her that lones to liue,
 So soone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does lincke,*
 So parted we, and on our iourney driue,
 Till comming to this well, he stoupt to drinke:
 The charme fulfild, dead suddainly he downe did sincke.
 Which

Which when I wretch, Not one word more she sayd
 But breaking of, the end for want of breath,
 And flyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
 And ended all her woe in quiet death.
 That seeing good Sir *Guyon*, could vneath
 From teares abstayne. for grieffe his hart did grate,
 And from so heaueight his head did wreath,
 Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
 Which plunged had faire Lady in so wretched state.

Then turning to his Palmer said, Old fyre
 Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
 And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshy tyre
 When raging passion with fierce tyranny
 Robs reason of her dew regalitie,
 And makes it seruauant to her basest part:
 The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
 And with bold furie armes the weakest hart;
 The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weak
 (through smart.

But temperaunce (said he) with golden squire
 Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
 Nether to melt in pleasures whott desyre,
 Nor frye in hartlesse grieffe and dolefull tene.
 Thrife happy man, who fares them both atweene.
 But sith this wretched woman ouercome
 Of anguith, rather then of crime hath bene,
 Reserue her cause to her eternall doome,
 And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

Palmer, qd. he, death is an equall doome
 To good and bad, the commen In of rest;
 But after death the tryall is to come,
 When best shall bee to them, that liued best.

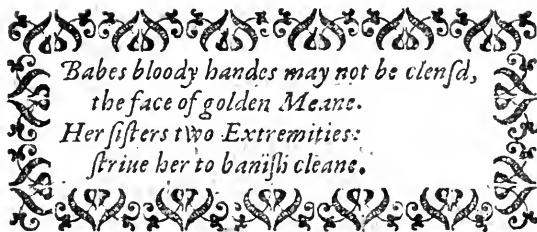
But both alike, when death hath both suppress;
 Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,
 Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest:
 For all so greet shame after death I weene,
 As selfe to dyen bad, vnburied bad to beone.

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

The dead knights sword our of his sheath he drew,
 With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,
 Which medling with their blood & earth, he threw
 Into the graue, and gan deuoutly sweare;
 Such and such euil God on *Guyon* reare,
 And worse and worse young Orphane bethy payne,
 If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbear,
 Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne:
 So shedding many teares, they closd the earth agayne.

Cant.

Cant II.



THus when Sir Guyon with his faithful guyde
Had with dew rites and dolorous lament
The end of their sad Tragedie vptyde,
The litle babe vp in his armes he hent;
Who with sweet pleasaunce and bold blandishment
Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deepe (steepe.
In that knightes hart, and wordes with bitter teares did

Ah lucklesse babe, borne vnder cruell starre,
And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
Full little weeneft thou, what sorrowes are
Left thee for porcion of thy liuelyhed,
Poore Orphane in the wide world scattered,
As budding braunch rent from the natiue tree,
And throwen forth, till it be withered:
Such is the state of men: Thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with miseree.

Then soft him selfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So loue does loath disdaine full nicitee.)
His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene;

He

He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
 For all his washing cleaner. Still he stroue,
 Yet still the litle hands were bloody scene,
 The which him into great amaz'ment droue,
 And into diuerse doubt his wauering wonder cloue.

He wist not whether blott of fowle offence
 Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
 Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
 Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
 To shew how fore bloodguiltinesse he hat'th;
 Or that the charme and veneme, which they dronck,
 Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
 Being diffused through the sencelesse tronck,
 That through the great contagion direful deadly stonck,

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
 With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake;
 Ye bene right hart amated, gracious Lord,
 And of your ignorance great merucill make,
 Whiles cause not well concoiued ye mistake.
 But know, that secret vertues are infused
 In euery fountaine, and in euerie lake,
 Which who hath skill them rightly to haue chusd,
 To prooffe of passing wonders hath full often vsd.

Of those some were so from their soure indewd
 By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
 Their welheads spring, and are with moisture dewd;
 Which feedes each liuing plant with liquid sap,
 And filles with flowres fayre *Floraes* painted lap:
 But other some by guifte of later grace,
 Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
 Had vertue pourd into their waters bace, (place.
 And thenceforth were renownd, and sought from place
 Such

Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
 Which to her Nymph befell. Vpon a day,
 As ſhe the woodes with bow and ſhaftes did raunge,
 The hartleſſe Hynd and Robucke to diſmay,
Dan Faunus chaunſt to meet her by the way,
 And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
 Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
 And chaced her, that faſt from him did fly;
 As Hynd from her, ſo ſhe fled from her enemy.

At laſt when fayling breath began to faint,
 And ſaw no meanes to ſcape, of ſhame affrayd,
 She ſet her downe to weepe for ſore constraint,
 And to *Diana* calling lowd for ayde,
 Her deare beſought, to let her die a mayd.
 The goddeſſe heard, and ſuddeine where ſhe ſate,
 Welling out ſtreames of teares, and quite diſmayd
 With ſtony feare of that rude ruſtick mate,
 Transformd her to a ſtone from ſtedfaſt virgins ſtate.

Lo now ſhe is that ſtone, from whoſe two heads,
 As from two weeping eyes, freſh ſtreames do flow,
 Yet colde through feare, and old conceiued dreads;
 And yet the ſtone her ſemblance ſeemes to ſhow,
 Shapt like a maide, that ſuch ye may her know;
 And yet her vertues in her water byde:
 For it is chaſte and pure, as pureſt ſnow,
 Ne lets her waues with any filth be dyde,
 But euer like her ſelfe vnſtayned hath beene tryde.

From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand
 May not be clenſd with water of this well:
 Ne certes Sir ſtrive you it to withſtand,
 But let them ſtill be bloody, as befell,

That they his mothers innocēce may tell,
 As she bequeathd in her last testament;
 That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
 In her sonnes flesh, to mind reuengement,
 And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse monument.

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe
 Vptaking, to the Palmer gauē to beare;
 But his sad fathers armes with blood defilde,
 An heauie load himselfe did lightly reare,
 And turning to that place, in which whyleare
 He left his loftie steed with golden fell,
 And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not there.
 By other accident that earst befell,
 He is conuaide, but how or where, here fits not tell.

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

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
 The children of one syre by mothers three;
 Who dying whylome did diuide this fort
 To them by equall shares in equall fee:
 But stryfull mind, and diuerse qualitee
 Drew them in partes, and each made others foe:
 Still did they striue, and daily disagree,
 The eldest did against the youngest goe,
 And both against the middelt meant to worken woe.

Where

Where when the knight arriu'd, he was right well
 Receiu'd, as knight of so much worth became,
 Of second sister, who did far excell
 The other two; *Medina* was her name,
 A sober sad, and comely courteous Dame;
 Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guise,
 In goodly garments, that her well became,
 Fayre marching forth in honorable wize,
 Him at the threshold mett, and well did enterprize.

She led him vp into a goodly bowre,
 And comely courted with meet modestie,
 Ne in her speech, ne in her hauiour,
 Was lightnesse seene, or looser vanitie,
 But gracious womanhood, and grauitie,
 About the reason of her youthly yeares:
 Her golden lockes she roundly did vptye
 In breaded tramels, that no looser hears
 Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

Whilest she her selfe thus busily did frame,
 Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
 Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
 Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
 Accounting each her friend with lauish fest:
 They were two knights of perelesse puissaunce,
 And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
 Which to these Ladies loue did countenaunce,
 And to his mistresse each himselfe stroue to aduaunce.

He that made loue vnto the eldest Dame,
 Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;
 Yet not so good of deedes, as great of name,
 Which he by many rash aduentures wan,

Since errant armes to sew he first began ;
 More huge in strength , then wise in workes he was,
 And reason with foole-hardize ouer ran ;
 Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
 And was for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras.

But he that lou'd the youngest , was *Sansloy*,
 He that faire *Vna* late fowle outraged,
 The most vnruely, and the boldest boy,
 That euer warlike weapons menaged,
 And to all lawlesse lust encouraged,
 Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might :
 Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
 By tortious wrong , or whom bereau'd of right.
 He now this Ladies Champion chose for loue to fight.

These two gay knights, vovd to so diuerse loues,
 Each other does envy with deadly hate,
 And daily warre against his foeman moues,
 In hope to win more fauour with his mate,
 And th'others pleasing seruice to abate,
 To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,
 How in that place straunge knight arriued late,
 Both knightes and ladies forth right angry far'd,
 And ferceely vnto battell sterne themselues prepar'd.

But ere they could proceede vnto the place,
 Where he abode, themselues at discord fell,
 And cruell combat ioynd in middle space :
 With horrible assault, and fury fell,
 They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life to quell,
 That all on vprore from her settled seat,
 The house was raysd, and all that in did dwell;
 Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
 Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring heat.
 The

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
 To weet, what dreadfull thing was there in hand;
 Where when as two brauc knightes in bloody fight
 With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
 His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
 And shyning blade vnsheathd, with which he ran
 Vnto that stead, their strife to vnderstond;
 And at his first arriuall, them began
 With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

But they him spying, both with greedy forse
 Attonce vpon him ran, and him beset
 With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
 And on his shield like yron sledges bet:
 As when a Beare and Tygre being met
 In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
 Espye a traueiler with feet surbet,
 Whom they in equall pray hope to diuide,
 They stint their strife, and him assaile on euerie side.

But he, not like a weary traueilere,
 Their sharp assault right boldly did rebut,
 And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
 But with redoubled buffes them backe did put:
 Whose grieued mindes, which choler did englut,
 Against themselues turning their wrathfull spight,
 Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and cut;
 But still when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
 With heauie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
 Whom raging windes threatning to make the pray
 Of the rough rockes, doe diuerfly disease,
 Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,

That her on either side doe fore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy graue; (way,
 Shee scorning both their spights, does make wide
 And with her brest breaking the fomy waue,
 Does ride on both their backs, & faire her self doth saue.

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
 Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
 Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
 He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
 When two so mighty Warriours he dismade:
 Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and paies,
 Now forst to yield, now forcing to inuade,
 Before, behind, and round about him laies:
 So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
 Three combates ioine in one, and to darraine
 A triple warre with triple enmittee,
 All for their Ladies froward loue to gaine,
 Which gotten was but hate. So loue does raine
 In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
 He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
 And yett his peace is but continuall iarre:
 O miserable men, that to him subiect arre.

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
 The faire *Medina* with her tresses torne,
 And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,
 Emongst them ran, and falling them besorne,
 Besought them by the womb, which them had born,
 And by the loues, which were to them most deare,
 And by the knight hood, which they sure had sworn,
 Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
 And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare.

But

But her two other sisters standing by,
 Her lowd gainfald, and both her champions bad
 Pursew the end of their strong enmity,
 As cuer of their loues they would be glad.
 Yet she with pitthy words and counsell sad,
 Still stroue their stubborne rages to reuoke,
 That at the last suppressing fury mad,
 They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
 And hearken to the sober speaches, which she spoke.

Ah puiffaunt Lords, what cursed euill Spright,
 Or fell *Erinny*s in your noble harts,
 Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
 And stird you vp to worke your wilfull smarts?
 Is this the ioy of armes: be these the parts
 Of glorious knight hood, after blood to thrust,
 And not regard dew right and iust desarts?
 Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vniust,
 That more to mighty hāds, thē rightfull cause doth trust.

And were their rightfull cause of difference,
 Yet were not better, fayre it to accord,
 Then with bloodguiltneffe to heape offence,
 And mortal vengeaunce ioyne to crime abhord?
 O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefest Lord:
 Sad be the sights, and bitter fruites of warre,
 And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword;
 Ne ought the praise of prowesse more doth marre,
 Then fowle reuenging rage, and base contentious iarre.

But louely concord, and most sacred peace
 Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
 Weake the make strōg, & strong thing does increace,
 Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds:

Braue be her warres, and honorable deeds,
 By which she triumphes ouer yre and pride,
 And winnes an Oliue girlond for her meeds:
 Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,
 And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside.

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
 And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
 That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,
 And lowly did abase their lofty crests
 To her faire presence, and discrete behests.
 Then she began a treaty to procure,
 And stablish termes betwixt both their requests,
 That as a law for euer should endure;
 Which to obserue in word of knights they did assure.

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
 After their weary sweat and bloody toile,
 She them besought, during their quiet treague,
 Into her lodging to repaire a while,
 To rest themselues, and grace to reconcile.
 They soone consent: so forth with her they fare,
 Where they are wellreceiud, and made to spoile
 Themselues of soiled armes, and to prepare
 Their minds to pleasure, & their mouths to dainty fare.

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

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
 Ne ought would speake, but euermore did seeme
 As discontent for want of merth or meat;
 No solace could her Paramour intreat
 Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliaunce,
 But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
 She scould; and frownd with froward countenaunce,
 Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernaunce.

But young *Perissa* was of other mynd,
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
 And quite contrary to her sisters kynd;
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
 But poured out in pleasure and delight;
 In wine and meats she flowd about the banck,
 And in excessse exceeded her owne might;
 In sumptuous tire she ioyd her selfe to pranck,
 But of her loue too lauiſh (litle haue she thanck.)

First by her side did sitt the bold *Sansloy*,
 Fitt mate for such a mincing mineon,
 Who in her looseness tooke exceeding ioy;
 Might not be found a francker franion,
 Of her leawd parts to make companion:
 But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent,
 Did see and grieue at his bold fashion;
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
 Yett still he satt, and inly did him selfe torment.

Betwixt them both the faire *Medina* sate
 With sober grace, and goodly carriage:
 With equall measure she did moderate
 The strong extremities of their outrage,

That

That forward paire she euer would asswage,
 When they would striue dew-reason to exceed;
 But that same froward twaine would accorage,
 And of her plenty adde vnto their need:
 so kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed.

Thus fairely shee attempted her feast,
 And pleased them all with meeete satiety:
 At last when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
 She *Guyon* deare besought of curtesie,
 To tell from whence he came through iecopardy,
 And whether now on new aduenture bownd.
 Who with bold grace, and comely grauity,
 Drawing to him the eies of all arownd,
 From lofty siege began these words aloud to sownd.

This thy demaund, O Lady, doth reuiue
 Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
 Great and most glorious virgin Queene aliue,
 That with her soueraine powre, and scepter shene
 All Faery lond does peaceably sustene.
 In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
 That ouer all the earth it may be seene;
 As morning Sunne her beames dispredden cleare,
 And in her face faire peace, and mercy doth appeare.

In her the richesse of all heauenly grace,
 In chiefe degree are heaped vp on hie:
 And all that els this worlds enclosure bace,
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye.
 Adornes the person of her Maiestye;
 That men beholding so great excellence,
 And rare perfection in mortalitye,
 Doe her adore with sacred reuerence,
 As th'Idole of her makers great magnificence.

To her I homage and my seruice owe,
 In number of the noblest knightes on ground,
 Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
 Order of *Maydenhead*, the most renownd,
 That may this day in all the world be found,
 Any earely solemne feast she wontes to make
 The day that first doth lead the yeare around;
 To which all knights of worth and courage bold
 Resort, to heare of straunge aduentures to be told.

There this old Palmer shewd himselfe that day,
 And to that mighty Princeesse did complaine
 Of grievous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
 Whereof he crau'd redresse. My Soueraigne,
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
 Estfoones deuisd redresse for such annoyes;
 Me all vnfit for so great purpose she employes,

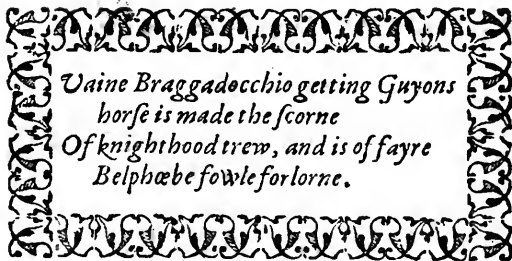
Now hath faire *Phebe* with her siluer face
 Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather world,
 Sith last I left that honorable place,
 In which her roiall presence is entold;
 Ne euer shall I rest in house nor hold,
 Till I that false *Acrasia* haue wonne;
 Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to bee told
 I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
 Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne,

Tell on, sayre Sir, said she, that dolefull tale,
 From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
 That we may pittie such unhappie bale,
 And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine:

Ill by ensample good doth often gayne.
 Then forward he his purpose gan pursue,
 And told the story of the mortall payne,
 Which *Mordant* and *Amanïa* did rewe;
 As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately vew.

Night was far spent, and now in *Ocean* deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
 His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
 When of his pitteous tale he end did make;
 Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake,
 Those guesstes beguyled, did beguyle their eyes
 Of kindly sleepe, that did them ouertake.
 At last when they had markt the chaunged skyes,
 They wist their houre was spēt; thē each to rest him hys

Cant. III.



Soone as the morrow fayre with purple beames
 Disperst the shadowes of the milty night,
 And *Titan* playing on the eastern streames,
 Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light,
 Sir *Guyon* mindfull of his vow yplight,
 Vp rose from drowse couch, and him adrest
 Vnto the iourney which he had behight:
 His puissaunt armes about his noble brest,
 And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

Then

Then taking *Congè* of that virgin pure,
 The bloody-handed babe vnto her truth
 Did earnestly committ, and her coniure,
 In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
 And all that gentle noriture ensueth:
 And that so soone as ryper yeares he rought,
 He might for mēemory of that dayes ruth,
 Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
 T'auenge his Parents death on thē, that had it wrought.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
 Sith his good steed is lately from him gone;
 Patience perforce: helpleffe what may it boot
 To frett for anger, or for grieffe to mone?
 His Palmer now shall foot no more alone:
 So fortune wrought, as vnder greene woodes fyde:
 He lately hard that dying Lady grone,
 He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
 And rushed in on foot to ayd her, ere she dyde.

The whyles a losell wandring by the way,
 One that to bountie neuer cast his mynd,
 Ne thought of honour euer did assay
 His baser brest, but in his kestrell kynd
 A pleasing vaine of glory he did fynd,
 To which his flowing tounge, and troublous spright
 Gauē him great ayd, and made him more inclynd:
 He that braue steed there finding ready dight,
 Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

Now gan his hart all swell in iollity,
 And of him selfe great hope and help conceiu'd,
 That puffed vp with smoke of vanity,
 And with selfe-loued personage deceiu'd,

He gan to hope, of men to be receiu'd
 For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
 But for in court gay portauce he perceiu'd,
 And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
 Eftsoones to court he cast r'aduance his first degree.

And by the way he chaunced to espy
 One sitting ydle on a sunny banck,
 To whom auauenting in great brauery,
 As Peacocke, that his painted plumes doth pranck,
 He smote his courser in the trembling flank,
 And to him threatned his hart-thrilling (speare:
 The feely man seeing him ryde so ranck,
 And ayme at him, fell flatt to ground for feare,
 And crying Mercy loud, his pitious handes gan reare.

Thereat the Scarerow wexed wondrous proud,
 Through fortune of his first aduenture fayre,
 And with big thundring voice reuyld him lowd;
 Vile Caytiue, vassall of dread and despayre,
 Vnworthie of the commune breathed ayre,
 Why liuest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
 And doest not vnto death thy selfe prepayre.
 Dy, or thy selfe my captiue yield for ay;
 Great fauour I thee graunt, for aunswere thus to stay.

Hold, O deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
 Then loud he cryde, I am your humble thrall:
 Ah wretch (qd. he) thy destinies withstand
 My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
 I giue thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
 And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee,
 The Miser threw him selfe, as an Offfall,
 Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
 And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee,

So happy peace they made and faire accord:
 Eftfoones this liegeman gan to wexe more bold,
 And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
 In his owne kind he gan him felfe vnfold:
 For he was wylie witted, and growne old
 In cunning fleighes and practick knauery.
 From that day forth he caft for to vphold
 His ydle humour with fine flattery,
 And blow the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

Trompart fitt man for *Braggadocchio*,

To ferue at court in view of vaunting eye;
 Vaineglorious man, when fluttering wind does blow
 In his light winges, is lifted vp to skye:
 The fcorae of knighthood and trew cheualrye,
 To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
 And noble worth to be aduanced hye:
 Such prayse is shame; but honour vertues meed
 Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable feed.

So forth they pas, a well conforred payre,
 Till that at length with *Archimage* they meet:
 Who feeing one that thone in armour fayre,
 On goodly course thondring with his feet,
 Eftfoones fupposed him a person meet,
 Of his reuenge to make the instrument:
 For fince the *Redicoffe* knight he erft did weet,
 To beene with *Guyon* knitt in one consent,
 The ill, which earft to him, he now to *Guyon* ment.

And comming close to *Trompart* gan inquere
 Of him, what mightie warriour that mote bee,
 That rode in golden fell with fingle fpere,
 But wanted fword to wreake his enmittee,

He is a great aduenturer, (said he)
 That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
 And now hath vovd, till he auenged bee,
 Of that despight, neuer to wearen none;
 That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.

Th' enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,
 And weened well ere long his will to win,
 And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt.
 Tho to him louting lowly did begin
 To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin
 By *Guyon*, and by that false *Redcrosse* knight,
 Which two through treason and deceiptfull gin,
 Had slayne Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:
 That mote him honour win, to wreak so foule despight.

Therewith all suddainly he seemd enragd,
 And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,
 As if their liues had in his hand beene gagd;
 And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
 To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
 Thus said; Old man, great sure shalbe thy need,
 If where those knights for feare of dew vengeance
 Doe lurke, thou certainly to mee areed,
 That I may wreake on them their hainous hateful deed.

Certes, my Lord, (said he) that shall I soone,
 And giue you eke good helpe to their decay.
 But mote I wisely you aduise to doon;
 Giue no ods to your foes, but doe puruay
 Your selfe off sword before that bloody day:
 For they be two the prowest knights on grownd,
 And oft approu'd in many hard assay,
 And eke of surest Steele, that may be fownd,
 Doe arme your self against that day, them to confownd.

Dotard, (saide he) let be thy deepe aduise;

Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,

And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,

Els neuer should thy iudgement be so frayle,

To measure manhood by the sword or mayle.

Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,

Withouten sword or shield, an hoste to quayle?

Thou litle wotest, what this right-hand can: (wan.

Speake they, which haue beheld the battailes, which it

The man was much abashed at his boast;

Yet well he wist, that who so would contend

With either of those knightes on euen coast,

Should neede of all his armes, him to defend;

Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,

When *Braggadocchio* saide, Once I did sweare, (end,

When with one sword seuen knightes I brought to

Thence forth in battaile neuer sword to beare,

But it were that, which noblest knight on earth doth

weare.

Perdy Sir knight, saide then th'enchauter bliue,

That shall I shortly purchase to your hond:

For now the best and noblest knight aliue,

Prince *Arthur* is, that wonnes in Faerie lond;

He hath a sword, that flames like burning brond.

The same by my deuce I vndertake

Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.

At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,

And wondred in his minde, what mote that Monster

(make.

He stayd not for more bidding, but away

Was suddein vanished out of his sight:

The Northerne winde his wings did broad display

At his commaund, and reared him vp light

P

From

From of the earth, to take his aerie flight.

They lookt about, but no where could espye

Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright

They both nigh were, and each bad other flye:

Both fled attonce, ne euer backe retourned eye.

Till that they come vnto a forrest greene,

In which they shrowd theselues from causeles feare,

Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene,

Each trembling leafe, and whistling wind they heare,

As ghastly bug does vnto them affeare:

Yet both doe striue their fearefulnesse to faine,

At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare

Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,

And made the forrest ring, as it would riue in twaine.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush,

With noyse whereof he from his losie steed

Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,

To hide his coward head from dying dreed,

But *Trompart* stoutly stayd to taken heed,

Of what might hap. Eftsoone there stepped foorth

A goodly Ladie clad in hunters weed,

That seemd to be a woman of great worth,

And by her stately portance, borne of heauenly birth,

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,

But heuenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,

Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,

Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;

And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew

Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,

The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,

And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,

Hable to heale the sicke, and to reuiue the ded.

In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,
 Kindled aboue at th'heuenly makers light,
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
 So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereau'd the rash beholders sight:
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
 For with dredd Maiestie, and awfull yre,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bace desyre.

Her yuorie forehead, full of bountie braue,
 Like a broad table did it selfe disprede,
 For Loue his loftie triumphes to engraue,
 And write the battailes of his great godhed:
 All good and honour might therein be red:
 For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
 Sweete wordes, like dropping honny she did shed,
 And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
 A siluer sound, that heauenly musicke seemd to make.

Vpon her eyelids many Graces fate,
 Vnder the shadow of her euen browes,
 Working belgardes, and amorous retrate,
 And euerie one her with a grace endowes:
 And euerie one with meekenesse to her bowes.
 So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
 And soueraine moniment of mortall vowes,
 How shall frayle pen descriue her heauenly face,
 For feare through want of skill her beauty to disgrace?

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
 She seemd, when she presented was to sight,
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a silken Camus lylly whight,

Purled vpon with many a folded plight,
 Which all about besprinkled was throughout,
 With golden ayglets, that glistred bright,
 Like twinckling starres, and all the skirt about
 Was hemd with golden fringe, illuminant per tout.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,
 And her streight legs most brauely were embayld
 In gilden buskins of costly Cordwayne,
 All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
 With curious antickes, and full fayre arrayld:
 Before they fastned were vnder her knee
 In a rich iewell, and therein entrayld
 The ends of all the knots, that none might see,
 How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee.

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

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
 And at her backe a bow and quieter gay,
 Stuft with steele-headed dartes, wherewith she queld
 The saluage beastes in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
 Athwart her snowy brest, and did diuide
 Her daintie paps; which like young fruit in May
 Now little gan to swell, and being tide,
 Through her thin weed their places only signified.

Her yellow lockes crisped, like golden wyre,
 About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
 And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
 They waued like a penon wyde dispred
 And low behinde her backe were scattered:
 And whether art it were, or heedelesse hap,
 As through the flourishing Forrest rash she fled,
 In her rude heares sweet flowres themselues did lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaues and blossomes did enwrap.

Such as *Diana* by the sandy shore
 Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene,
 Where all the Nymphes haue her vnwares forlore,
 Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
 To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene
 Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
 The day that first of *Priame* she was seene,
 Did shew her selfe in great triumphant ioy,
 To succour the weake state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* her did vew,
 He was dismayed in his coward minde,
 And doubted, whether he himselfe should shew,
 Or fly away, or bide alone behinde:
 Both feare and hope he in her face did finde,
 When she at last him spying thus bespake;
 Hayle Groome; didst not thou see a bleeding Hynde,
 Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow strake?
 If thou didst, tell me, that I may her ouertake.

Wherewith reuiu'd, this answere forth he threw;
 O Goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee)
 For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,
 Nor voyce sound mortall; I auow to thee,

Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
 Sith earst into this forrest wild I came.
 Bur mote thy goodlyhed forgiue it mee,
 To weete, which of the Gods I shall thee name,
 That vnto thee dew worship I may rightly frame.

To whom she thus, but ere her words ensewd,
 Vnto the bush her eye did suddain glaunce,
 In which vaine *Braggadocchio* was mewd,
 And saw it stirre: she leste her percing launce,
 And towards gan a deadly shafte aduaunce,
 In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
 Out crying, O what euer heuently powre,
 Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre.

O stay thy hand, for yonder is no game
 For thy fiers arrowes, them to exercize,
 But loe my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,
 Is far renownd through many bold emprize;
 And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.
 She staid: with that he crauld out of his nest,
 Forth creeping on his caitiue hands and thies,
 And standing stoutly vp, his lofty crest
 Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late frō rest.

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret caue
 For dread of soring hauke her selfe hath hid,
 Not caring how her sily life to saue,
 She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
 Seeing at last her selfe from daunger rid,
 Peepes forth, and soone renews her natiue pride;
 She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
 Prowdly to prune, and sett on euery side,
 So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
 He gan himselfe to vaunt : but when he vewd
 Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
 Soone into other fitts he was transmewd,
 Till she to him her gracious speach renewd;
 All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,
 As all the like, which honor haue pursewd
 Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall;
 All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.

To whom he thus, O fairest vnder skie,
 Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
 That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
 Therein I haue spent all my youthly daies,
 And many battailes fought, and many fraies
 Throughout the world, wher so they might be found,
 Endeuoring my dreaded name to raise
 About the Moone, that fame may it resound
 In her eternall tromp, with laurell girlond croud.

But what art thou, O Lady, which doest raunge
 In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
 And doest not it for ioyous court exchange,
 Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
 And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
 There thou maist loue, and dearly loued be,
 And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
 There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:
 The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fitt for thee.

Who so in pompe of prowd estate (qd. she)
 (Does swim, and bathes him selfe in courtly blis,
 (Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
 (And in obliuion euer buried is:

Where ease abownds, yt's eath to doe amis;
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
 Behaues with cares, cannot so easy mis.
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd
 Who seekes with painfull toile, shal honor soonest fynd.

In woods, in waues, in warres she wons to dwell,
 And wilbe found with perill and with paine;
 Ne can the man, that moulds in ydle cell,
 Vnto her happy mansion attaine:
 Before her gate high God did Sweate ordaine,
 And wakefull watches euer to abide:
 But easy is the way, and passage plaine
 To pleasures pallace; it may soone be spide,
 And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

In Princes court. The rest she would haue sayd,
 But that the foolish man, fild with delight
 Of her sweete words, that all his sence dismayd,
 And with her wondrous beauty rauisht quight,
 Gan burne in filthy lust, and leaping light,
 Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
 With that she swaruing backe, her Iauelin bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
 So turned her about, and fled away apace.

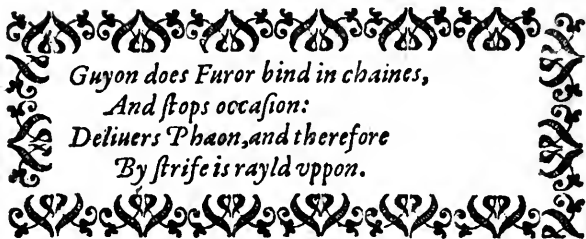
Which when the Pesaunt saw, amazd he stood,
 And grieued at her flight; yet durst he nott
 Pursew her steps, through wild vnknownen wood;
 Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shott
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgott:
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vayne,
 But turning said to *Trompart*, What fowle blott
 Is this to knight, that Lady should agayne
 Depart to woods vntoucht, & leaue so proud disdayne?
 Perdy

Perdy (said *Trompart*) lett her pas at will,
 Least by her presence daunger mote befall.
 For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
 But that she is some powre celestiall:
 For whiles she spake, her great words did apall
 My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,
 That yet I quake and tremble ouer all.
 And I (said *Braggadocchio*) thought no lesse,
 When first I heard her horn sound with such ghaftlinesse.

For from my mothers wombe this grace I haue
 Me giuen by eternall destiny,
 That earthly thing may not my corage braue
 Dismay with feare, or cause on foote to flye,
 But either hellish feends, or powres on hye:
 Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,
 Weening it had bene thunder in the skye,
 I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;
 But when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard.

But now for feare of worse, that may betide,
 Let vs soone hence depart. They soone agree;
 So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride,
 As one vnfitt theretore, that all might see
 He had not trayned bene in cheualrec.
 Which well that valiaunt courser did discern;
 For he despisd to tread in dew degree,
 But chaufd and fom'd, with corage fiers and sterne,
 And to be easd of that base burden still diderne.

Cant. IIII.



IN braue pourfuitt of honorable deed,
There is I know not (what) great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which vnto things of valorours pretence
Seemes to be borne by natiue influence;
As feates of armes, and loue to entertaine,
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science
Proper to gentle blood; some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

But he the rightfull owner of that steede,
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty guide;
Who suffred not his wandring feete to slide.
But when strong passion or weake fleshlinesse,
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperaunce and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weak to strēgthen, & the strōg suppressse.

It fortun'd forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seemed for to see
Some troublous vppore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in hast it to agree.

A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
 Drew by the heare along vpon the grownd,
 A handſom ſtripling with great crueltee,
 Whom ſore he bett, and gor'd with many a wownd,
 That cheekes with teares, & ſydes with blood did all a-
 (bownd.

And him behynd, a wicked Hag did ſtalke,
 In ragged robes, and filthy diſaray,
 Her other leg was lame, that ſhe no'te walke.
 But on a ſtaffe her feeble ſteps did ſtay;
 Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
 Grew all afore, and looſly hong vnrold,
 But all behinde was bald, and worne away,
 That none thereof could euer taken hold,
 And eke her face ill fauourd, full of wrinckles old.

And euer as ſhe went, her toung did walke
 In fowle reproch, and termes of vile deſpight,
 Prouoking him by her outrageous talke,
 To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;
 Somtimes ſhe raught him ſtones, wherwith to ſmite,
 Sometimes her ſtaffe, though it her one leg were,
 Withouten which ſhe could not goe vpright;
 Ne any euill meanes ſhe did forbear,
 That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

The noble *Guyon* mou'd with great remorse,
 Approching, firſt the Hag did thruſt away,
 And after adding more impetuous forſe,
 His mighty hands did on the madman lay,
 And pluckt him backe; who all on fire ſtreight way,
 Againſt him turning all his fell intent,
 With beaſtly brutiſh rage gan him aſſay,
 And ſmott, and bitt, and kickt, and ſcratcht, and rent,
 And did he wiſt not what in his auengement.

And

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
 Had he had gouernaunce, it well to guyde:
 But when the frantick fitt inflamd his spright,
 His force was vaine, and strooke more often wyde,
 Then at the aymed marke, which he had eyde:
 And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt vnwares,
 Whylest reasō blent through pasciō, nought descryde
 But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares, (nought cares.
 And where he hits, nought knowes, & whom he hurts,

His rude assault and rugged handeling
 Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
 In fayre defence and goodly menaging
 Of armes was wont to fight, yet nathemoe
 Was he abashed now not fighting so,
 But more enfierced through his currish play,
 Him sternly grypt, and hailing to and fro,
 To ouerthrow him strongly did assay,
 But ouerthrew him selfe vnwares, and lower lay.

And being downe the villein fore did beate,
 And bruze with clownish fistes his manly face:
 And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat.
 Still cald vpon to kill him in the place.
 With whose reproch and odious menace
 The knight emboyling in his haughtie hart,
 Knitt all his forces, and gan soone vnbrace
 His grasping hold: so lightly did vpstart,
 And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
 Not so O *Guyon*, neuer thinke that so
 That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:
 He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,

As Steele can wound, or strength can ouerthroe.
 That same is *Furor*, cursed cruel wight,
 That vnto knighthood workes much shame & woe;
 And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the roote of all wrath and despight,

With her, who so will raging *Furor* tame,
 Must first begin, and well her amenge:
 First her restraine from her reprochfull blame,
 And euill meanes, with which she doth enrage
 Her frantick sonne, and kindles his corage,
 Then when she is withdrawne, or strong withstood,
 It's eath his ydle fury to aswage,
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood;
 The bankes are ouerflowne, when stopped is the flood.

Therewith Sir *Guyon* left his first emprise,
 And turning to that woman, fast her hent
 By the hoare lockes, that hong before her eyes,
 And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
 Her bitter rayling and foule reuilement,
 But still prouokt her sonne to wreake her wrong;
 But nathelasse he did her still torment,
 And catching hold of her vngratious tongue,
 Thereon an yron lock, did fasten firme and strong.

Then whenas vse of speach was from her rest,
 With her two crooked handes the signes did make,
 And beckned him, the last help she had left:
 But he that last left helpe away did take,
 And both her handes fast bound vnto a stake,
 That she note stirre. Then gan her sonne to flye
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
 But *Guyon* after him in hast did hye,
 And soone him ouertooke in sad perplexitye.

In his strong armes he stifly him embrace,
 Who him gainstriuing, nought at all preuaile:
 For all his power was vtterly defaste,
 And furious fitts at earst quite weren quaild:
 Oft he re'nfort, and oft his forces sayld,
 Yet yield he would not, nor his rancor slack,
 Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
 And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
 And both his feet in fetters to an yron rack.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
 And hundred knots that did him sore constraine:
 Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind,
 And grimly gnash, threatning reuenge in vaine:
 His burning eyen, whom bloody strakes did staine,
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fyre,
 And more for ranck despight, then for great paine,
 Shakt his long locks, colourd like copper-wyre,
 And bitt his tawny beard to shew his raging yre.

Thus whenas *Guyon Furer* had captiud,
 Turning about he saw that wretched Squire,
 Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriud,
 Lying on ground, all soild with blood and myre:
 Whom whenas he perceiued to respyre,
 He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse.
 Being at last recured, he gan inquire,
 What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
 And made that caytiues thrall, the thrall of wretched-
 (nesse,

With hart then throbbing, and with watty eyes,
 Fayre Sir (qd. he) what man can shun the hap,
 That hidden lyes vnwares him to surpryse
 Misfortune waites aduantage to entrap

The man most wary in her whelming lap.
 Some weake wretch, of many weakeſt wretch,
 Vnwecting, and vnware of ſuch miſhap,
 She brought to miſchiefe through her guilful trech,
 Where this fame wicked villein did me wādring ketch.

It was a faithleſſe Squire, that was the ſourſe
 Of all my ſorrow, and of theſe ſad teares,
 With whom from tender dug of commune nourſe,
 Attonce I was vpbrought, and eſt when yeares
 More rype vs reaſon lent to choſe our Peares,
 Our ſelues in league of vowed loue weeknitt:
 In which we long time without gealous feares,
 Or faultie thoughts cōtynewd, as was fitt;
 And for my part I vow, diſſembled not a whit.

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

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake,
 Of all my loue and all my priuitie;
 Who greatly ioyous ſeemd for my ſake,
 And gracious to that Lady, as to mee,
 Ne euer wight, that mote ſo welcome bee,
 As he to her, withouten blott or blame;
 Ne euer thing, that ſhe could thinke or ſee,
 But vnto him ſhe would impart the ſame:
 O wretched man, that would abuſe ſo gentle Dame.

At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
 That I that Lady to my spouſe had wonne;
 Accord of friends, conſent of Parents ſought,
 Affyaunce made, my happineſſe begonne,
 There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
 Which mariage make; that day too farre did ſeeme:
 Moſt ioyous man, on whom the ſhining Sunne,
 Did ſhew his face, my ſelfe I did eſteeme,
 And that my falſer friend did no leſſe ioyous deeme,

But ear that wiſhed day his beame diſcloſd,
 He either enuying my toward good,
 Or of him ſelfe to treason ill diſpoſd
 One day vnto me came in friendly mood,
 And told for ſecret how he vnderſtood
 That Lady whom I had to me aſſynd,
 Had both diſtaind her honorable blood,
 And eke the faith, which ſhe to me did bynd;
 And therefore wiſht me ſtay, till I more truth ſhould fynd.

The gnawing anguiſh and ſharpe gelouſy,
 Which his ſad ſpeech infixd in my breaſt,
 Ranckled ſo ſore, and feſtred inwardly,
 That my engreued mind could find no reſt,
 Till that the truth thereof I did out wreſt,
 And him beſought by that ſame ſacred band
 Betwixt vs both, to counſell me the beſt.
 He then with ſolemne oath and plighted hand
 Affurd, ere long the truth to let me vnderſtand.

Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
 Saying, he now had boulted all the flour,
 And that it was a groome of baſe degree,
 Which of my loue was partener Paramoure:

Who

Who vsed in a darke some inner bowre
 Her oft to meete: which better to approue,
 He promised to bring me at that howre,
 When I should see, that would me nearer moue,
 And driue me to withdraw my blind abused loue.

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

But if shee had her least helpe to thee lent,
 T'adorne thy forme according thy desert,
 Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone haue blent,
 And staynd their prayses with thy least good part;
 Ne should faire *Claribell* with all her art,
 Though shee thy Lady be, approach thee neare:
 For prooffe thereof, this euening, as thou art,
 Aray thy selfe in her most gorgeous geare,
 That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

The Maydē proud through praise, & mad through loue
 Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe arayd,
 The whiles to me the treachour did remoue
 His craftie engin, and as he had sayd,
 Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
 The sad spectatour of my Tragedie;
 Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
 Disguised like that groome of base degree,
 Whom he had seignd th'abuser of my loue to be.

Eftsoones he came vnto th'appointed place,
 And with him brought *Pryene*, rich arayd,
 In *Claribellae* clothes. Her proper face
 I not discerned in that darke some shade,
 But weend it was my loue, with whom he playd.
 Ah God, what horroure and tormenting grieffe
 My hart, my handes, mine eyes, and all assayd:
 Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe, (priefe.
 Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of such re-

I home retourning, fraught with fowle despight,
 And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
 Soone as my loathed loue appeared in sight,
 With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent;
 That after soone I dearly did lament:
 For when the cause of that outrageous deede
 Demanded, I made plaine and euident,
 Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did breede,
 Confest, how *Philemon* her wrought to change her
 (weede.

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
 And hellish fury all enragd, I fought
 Vpon my selfe that vengeable despight
 To punish: yet it better first I thought,
 To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought.
 To *Philemon*, false faytour *Philemon*
 I cast to pay, that I so dearly bought;
 Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,
 And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.

Thus heaping crime on crime, and grieffe on grieffe,
 To losse of loue adioyning losse of frend,
 I meant to purge both with a third mischiefe,
 And in my woes beginner it to end:

That was *Pryene*; she did first offend,
 She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
 When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
 She fled away with ghastly dremment,
 And I poursewing my fell purpose, after went.

Feare gaue her winges, and rage enforst my flight;
 Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
 Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
 Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space,
 As I her, so he me poursewd apace,
 And shortly ouertooke, I breathing yre,
 Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
 And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre;
 Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspyre.

Betwixt them both, they haue me doen to dye,
 Through wounds, & strokes, & stubborne handeling,
 That death were better, then such agony,
 As grieffe and fury vnto me did bring;
 Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
 That during life will neuer be appeafd.
 When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
 Said *Guyon*, Squire, sore haue ye beene diseafd;
 But all your hurts may soone through tēperance be easd.

Then gan the Palmer thus, most wretched man,
 That to affections does the bridle lend;
 In their beginning they are weake and wan,
 But soone through suffrance growe to fearefull end;
 Whiles they are weake betimes with them contend:
 For when they once to perfect strength do grow,
 Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
 Gainst fort of Reason, it to ouerthrow: (low.
 Wrath, gelosy, grieffe, loue this Squire haue laide thus
 Q 2 Wrath,

Wrath, gealofie, griefe, loue do thus expell:

Wrath is a fire, and gealofie a weede,

Griefe is a flood, and loue a monster fell,

The fire of sparkes, the weede of little feede,

The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breede:

But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus delay;

The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweed

The drops dry vp, and filth wipe cleane away:

So shall wrath, gealofy, griefe, loue die and decay.

Vnlucky Squire (saide *Guyon*) sith thou hast

Falne into mischief through intemperaunce,

Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,

And guyde thy waies with warie gouernaunce,

Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce.

But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.

Phaon I hight (quoth he) and do aduaunce

Mine auncestry from famous *Coradin*,

Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin.

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde

A varlet ronning towards hastily,

Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde;

That round about a cloud of dust did fly,

Which mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye:

He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,

And all so soyld, that none could him descry;

His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not

For *Guyons* lookes, but scornfull eyglance at him shot.

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,

On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,

A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,

And round about the wreath this word was writ,

Burnt I doe burne. Right well befeemed it,
 To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
 And in his hand two dartes exceeding flit,
 And deadly sharp he held, whose heads were dight
 In poyson and in blood, of malice and despight.

When he in presence came, to *Guyon* first
 He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
 Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
 For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
 Or bide the chaunce at thine owne iepardee.
 The knight at his great boldnesse wondered,
 And though he scorn'd his ydle vanitee,
 Yet mildly him to purpose answered;
 For not to grow of nought he it coniectured.

Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
 Yielded by him, that held it forcibly. (seeme
 But whence shold come that harme, which thou dost
 To threat to him, that mindes his chaunce t'abye?
 Perdy (sayd he) here comes, and is hard by
 A knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,
 That neuer yet encountred enemy,
 But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
 Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.

How hight he then (sayd *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrrhocles is his name, renowned farre
 For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
 Full oft approud in many a cruell warre,
 The brother of *Cymochles*, both which arte
 The sonnes of old *Acrates* and *Despight*,
Acrates sonne of *Phlegeton* and *Iarre*;
 But *Phlegeton* is sonne of *Herebus* and *Night*;
 But *Herebus* sonne of *Aeternitie* is hight.

So from immortall race he does proceede,
 That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
 Drad for his derring doe, and bloody deed;
 For all in blood aud spoile is his delight.
 His am I *Azin*, his in wrong and right,
 That matter make for him to worke vpon,
 And stirre him vp to strife and cruell fight,
 Fly therefore, fly this fearfull stead anon,
 Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion.

His be that care, whom most it doth concerne.
 (Said he) but whether with such hasty flight
 Art thou now bownd? for well mote I discern
 Great cause, that carries thee so swifte and light.
 My Lord (sd. he) me sent, and streight behight
 To seeke *Occasion*; where so she bee:
 For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
 And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltee,
 Hard is his hap, that first fals in his ieopardie.

Mad man (said then the Palmer) that does seeke
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
 Shee comes vnought, and shonned followes eke.
 Happy, who can abstaine, when Rancor rise
 Kindles Reuenge, and threats his rusty knife;
 Woe neuer wants, where euery cause is caught,
 And rash *Occasion* makes vnquiet life.

Then loe, wher bound she sits, whō thou hast fought,
 Said *Guyon*, let that message to thy Lord be brought.

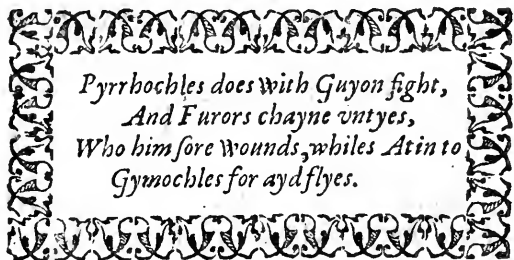
That when the varlett heard and saw, streight way
 He waxed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight;
 That knights & knight hood doest with shame vp-
 And shewt th'entaple of thy childishe might, (bray,

With

With silly weake old woman that did fight,
 Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou gott,
 And stoutly prou'd thy puissaunce here in fight;
 That shall *Pyrrhocles* well requite; I wott,
 And with thy blood abolish so reprochfull blott.

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
 Headed with yre and vengeable despight;
 The quiuering steele his aymed end wel knew,
 And to his brest it selfe intended right:
 But he was wary, and ere it empight
 In the meant marke, aduaunst his shield atweene,
 On which it seizing, no way enter might,
 But backe rebownding, left the forckhead keene;
 Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

Cant. V.



WHo euer doth to temperaunce apply
 His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
 Trust me, shal find no greater enemy,
 Then stubborne perturbation, to the same;
 To which right wel the wise doe giue that name,
 For it the goodly peace of staied mindes
 Does ouerthrow, and troublous warre proclame:
 His owne woes author, who so bound it findes,
 As did *Pirrhocles*, and it wilfully vnbindes.

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
 Ere on the plaine fast pricking *Guyon* spide
 One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
 That as the Sunny beames doe glaunce and glide
 Vpon the trembling waue, so shined bright,
 And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
 That seemd him to enflame on euery side:
 His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,
 When with the maistring spur he did him roughly fire.

Approching nigh, he neuer staid to greeete,
 Ne chaffar words, prowd corage to prouoke,
 But prickt so fiers, that vnderneath his feete
 The smouldring dust did rownd about him smoke,
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
 And fayrly couching his steeleheaded speare,
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
 It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare
 To thincke, such hideous puiffaunce on foot to beare.

But lightly shunned it, and passing by,
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
 That the sharpe steele arriuing forcibly
 On his broad shield, bitt not, but glauncing fell
 On his horse necke before the quilded sell,
 And from the head the body sundred quight.
 So him dismounted low, he did compell
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
 The truncked beast fast bleeding, did him fowly dight.

Sore bruized with the fall, he slow vprose,
 And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;
 Disleall knight, whose coward corage chose
 To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,

And

And shund the marke, at which it should be ment,
 Therby thine armes seem strong, but manhood frayl:
 So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent;
 But litle may such guile thee now auayl,
 If wonted force and fortune doe me not much fayl.

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

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blow,
 And much ashamd, that stroke of liuing arme
 Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,
 Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
 Tho hurling high his yron braced arme,
 He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
 That all his left side it did quite disarm;
 Yet there the steele stayd not, but inly hate
 Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

Deadly dismayd, with horror of that dint
Pyrrhocles was, and griued eke entyre;
 Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
 But added flame vnto his former fire,
 That welnigh molt his hart in raging yre;
 Ne thenceforth his approued skill, to ward,
 Or strike, or hurtle rownd in warlike gyre,
 Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufgard,
 But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel tygre far'd.

He hewd, and laht, and soynd, and thondred blowes,
 And euery way did seeke into his life,
 Ne plate, ne male could ward so mighty throwes,
 But yeilded passage to his cruell knife.
 But *Guyon*, in the heat of all his strife,
 Was wary wise, and closely did awayt
 Auantage, whilest his foe did rage most rife;
 Sometimes a thwart, sometimes he strook him strayt,
 And falsed oft his blowes, tillude him with such bayt.

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
 A prowde rebellious Vnicorne defyes,
 T'auoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
 Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applyes,
 And when him roning in full course he spyes,
 He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
 His precious horne, sought of his enemye
 Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
 But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

With such faire sleight him *Guyon* often fayld,
 Till at the last all breathlesse, weary, faint
 Him spying, with fresh onsett he assayld,
 And kindling new his corage seeming queint,
 Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
 He made him stoup perforce vnto his knee,
 And doe vnwilling worship to the Saint,
 That on his shield depainted he did see;
 Such homage till that instant neuer learned hee.

Whom *Guyon* seeing stoup, poursewed fast
 The present offer of faire victory,
 And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
 Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
 That

That streight on grownd made him full low to lye;
 Then on his brest his victor foote he thrust,
 With that he cryde, Mercy, doe me not dye,
 Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome vniust,
 That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust.

Eftsoones his cruel hand Sir *Guyon* stayd,
 Tempring the passion with aduizement slow,
 And maistring might on enemy dismayd;
 For th'equall die of warre he well did knowe.
 Then to him said, Liue and allegaunce owe,
 To him, that giues thee life and liberty,
 And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,
 That hastily wroth, and heedlesse hazardry
 Doe breede repentaunce late, and lasting infamy.

So vp he let him rise, who with grim looke
 And count'naunce sterne vpstanding, gan to grind
 His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
 His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
 Knotted in blood and dust, for grieve of mind,
 That he in ods of armes was conquered;
 Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
 That him so noble knight had maystered,
 Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wõdered.

Which *Guyon* marking said, Be nought agrieu'd,
 Sir knight, that thus ye now subdewed arre:
 Was neuer man, who most conquestes archieud
 But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
 Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre:
 Losse is no thame, nor to bee lesse then foe,
 But to bee lesser, then himselfe, doth marre
 Both loosers lott, and victours prayse alsoe.
 Vaine others ouerthrowes, who selfe doth ouerthrow.

Fly, O *Pyrrhocles*, fly the dreadfull warre,
 That in thy selfe thy lesser partes doe moue,
 Outrageous anger, and woe working iarre,
 Direfull impatience, and hartmurdring loue;
 Those, those thy foes, those Warriours far remoue,
 Which thee to endlesse bale captiued lead.
 But sith in might thou didst my mercy proue,
 Of courtesie to mee the cause aread,
 That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

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

Thereat Sir *Guyon* smylde, And is that all
 (Said he) that thee so sore displeas'd hath?
 Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
 Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath.
 Nath'lesse now quench thy whott embayling wrath:
 Loe there they bee; to thee I yield them free.
 Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
 Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
 And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitee.

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntyde,
 Before her sonne could well asfoyled bee,
 She to her vse returnd, and streight defyde
 Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrhocles*: th'one (said hee)

Bycause

Bycause he wonne; the other because hee
 Was wonne: So matter did she make of nought,
 To stirre vp strife, and garre them disagree:
 But soone as *Furor* was enlargd, she sought
 To kindle his quencht fyre, & thousand causes wrought.

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
 That he would algates with *Pyrrhochles* fight,
 And his redeemer chalengd for his foe,
 Because he had not well mainteind his right,
 But yielded had to that same straunger knight:
 Now gan *Pyrrhochles* wax as wood, as hee,
 And him affronted with impatient might:
 So both together fiers engrasped bee,
 Whyles *Guyon* stāding by, their vncouth strife does see.

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

Their fell contention still increased more,
 And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
 That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,
 And him in blood and durt deformed quight.
 His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
 Now brought to him a flaming fyer brond,
 Which she in *Stygian* lake, ay burning bright
 Had kindled: that she gaue into his hond,
 That armd with fire, more hardly he mote him withstōd
 Tho

Tho gan that villein wex so fiers and strong,
 That nothing might sustaine his furious forse;
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along
 Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
 And fowly battered his comely corse,
 That *Guyon* much disdeign'd so loarhly sight.
 At last he was compeld to cry perorse,
 Help, O Sir *Guyon*, helpe most noble knight,
 To ridd a wretched man from handes of hellish wight.

The knight was greatly moued at his playnt,
 And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
 Till that the Palmer, by his graue restraynt,
 Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse;
 And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth repress,
 Ne letthy stout hart melt in pittie vayne:
 He that his sorow sought through wilfulnesse,
 And his foe fettred would release agayne,
 Deserues to taste his follies fruit, repented payne.

Guyon obeyd; So him away he drew
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to poursew.
 But rash *Pyrrhocles* varlett, *Atin* hight,
 When late he saw his Lord in heauie plight,
 Vnder Sir *Guyon*s puiffaunt stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
 Fledd fast away, to tell his funerall
 Vnto his brother, whom *Cynochles* men did call.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
 And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:
 Full many doughtie knightes he in his dayes

Had doene to death, subdewde in e quall frayes,
 Whose carkases, for terrour of his name,
 Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
 And hong their conquerd armes for more defame
 On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
 The vyle *Acrasia*, that with vaine delightes,
 And ydle pleasures in her *Bowre of Blisse*,
 Does charme her louers, and the feeble sprightes
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes:
 Whom then she does traforme to mostrous hewes,
 And horribly misshapes with vgly fightes,
 Captiu'd eternally in yron mewes,
 And darksom dens, where *Titan* his face neuer shewes.

There *Atin* fownd *Cymochles* sojourning,
 To serue his Lemans loue: for he by kynd,
 Was giuen all to lust and loose liuing,
 When euer his fiers handes he free mote fynd:
 And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
 In daintie delices, and lauish ioyes,
 Hauing his warlike weapons cast behynd,
 And flowes in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes,
 Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lasciuious boyes.

And ouer him, art stryuing to compayre,
 With nature, did an Arber greene dispred,
 Framed of wanton Yuie, flourishing fayre,
 Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
 His prickling armes, entrayld with roses red,
 Which daintie odours round about them threw,
 And all within with flowres was garnished,
 That when myld *Zephyrus* emongst them blew,
 Did breath out bounteous sinels, & painted colors shew
 And

Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
 The sugred licour through his melting lips:
 One boastes her beautie, and does yield to vew
 Her dainty limbes about her tender hips;
 Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

He, like an Adder, lurking in the weedes,
 His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
 And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes;
 Sometimes he falsly faines himselfe to sleepe,
 Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe,
 To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
 Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe:
 So, he them deceiues, deceiud in his conceipt,
 Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

Attin arriuing there, when him he spyde,
 Thus in still waues of deepe delight to wade,
 Fiercely approching, to him lowdly cryde,
Cymochles; oh no, but *Cymochles* shade,
 In which that manly person late did fade,
 What is become of great *Acrates* sonne?
 Or where hath he hong vp his mortall blade,
 That hath so many haughty conquests wonne?
 Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

Then pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,
 He saide; vp, vp, thou womanish weake knight,
 That here in Ladies lap entomb'd art,
 Vnmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
 And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despight,
 Whiles sad *Pyrrbochles* lies on sencelesse ground,
 And groneth out his vtmost grudging spright,
 Through many a stroke, & many a streaming wound,
 Calling thy help in vaine, that here in ioyes art dround.

Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame
 The man awoke, and would haue questiond more;
 But he would not endure that wofull theame
 For to dilate at large, but vrged fore
 With percing wordes, and pittifull implore,
 Him hasty to arise. As one affright
 With hellish feends, or *Furies* mad vpröre,
 He then vprose, instamid with fell despight,
 And called for his armes; for he would al gates fight!

They beneybrought; he quickly does him dight,
 And lightly mounted, passeth on his way,
 Ne Ladies loues, ne sweete entreaties might
 Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay,
 For he has vovd, to beene auengd that day,
 (That day it selfe him seemed all too long:)
 On him, that did *Pyrrhocles* deare dismay:
 So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
 And *Atinay* him pricks with spurs of shame & wrong.

Cant. VI.

*Guyon is of immodest Merth,
 led into loose desyre,
 Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-
 ther burnes in furious fyre.*

A Harder lesson, to learne Continnence
 In ioyous pleasure, then in grieuous paine:
 For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
 So strongly, that vneathes it can refraine

From

From that, which feeble nature couets faine;
 But grieve and wrath, that be her enemies,
 And foes of life, she better can abstaine;
 Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
 And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maysteries.

Whom bold *Cymochles* traueiling to finde,
 With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
 The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,
 Came to a riuer, by whose vtmost brim
 Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
 A long the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
 A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim
 With boughes and arbours wouen cunningly,
 That like a litle Forrest seemed outwardly.

And therein sate a Lady fresh and fayre,
 Making sweete solace to herselfe alone;
 Sometimes she song, as lowd as larke in ayre,
 Sometimes she laught, as merry as Pope Ione,
 Yet was there not with her else any one,
 That to her might moue cause of meriment:
 Matter of merth enough, though there were none
 She could deuise, and thousand waies inuent,
 To feede her foolish humour, and vaine iolliment.

Which when far of *Cymochles* heard, and saw,
 He lowdly cald to such, as were aboard,
 The little barke vnto the shore to draw,
 And him to ferry ouer that deepe ford:
 The merry mariner vnto his word
 Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
 Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike Lord
 She in receiu'd; but *Atin* by no way
 She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
 More swift, then swallow theres the liquid skye,
 Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
 Or winged canuas with the wind to fly,
 Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
 It cut away vpon the yielding wauc,
 Ne cared she her course for to apply:
 For it was taught the way, which she would haue,
 And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely saue.

And all the way, the wanton Damsell found
 New merth, her passenger to entertaine:
 For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
 And greatly ioyed merry tales to faine,
 Of which a store-house did with her remaine,
 Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
 For all her wordes she drown'd with laughter vaine,
 And wanted grace in vt'ring of the same,
 That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would deuize,
 As her fantasticke wit did most delight,
 Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
 With gaudy girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
 About her necke, or rings of rushes plight;
 Sometimes to do him laugh, she would assay
 To laugh at shaking off the leaues light,
 Or to behold the water worke, and play
 About her little frigot, therein making way.

Her light behaiour, and loose dalliaunce
 Gaue wondrous great contentment to the knight,
 That of his way he had no souenaunce,
 Nor care of vow'd reuenge, and cruell fight.

But to weake wench did yield his martiall might.
 So easie was to quench his flamed minde
 With one sweete drop of sensuall delight.
 So easie is, t'appease the stormy winde
 Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind.

Diuerse discourses in their way they spent,
 Mongst which *Cymochles* of her questioned,
 Both what she was, and what that vsage ment,
 Which in her cott she daily practized.
 Vaine man (saide she) that wouldest be reckoned
 A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
 Of *Phadria* (for so my name is red)
 Of *Phadria*, thine owne fellow seruaunt;
 For thou to serue *Acrasia* thy selfe doest vaunt.

In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
 The *Idle lake*, my wandring ship I row,
 That knowes her port, and thether sayles by ayme,
 Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind do blow,
 Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow:
 Both slow and swift alike do serue my tourne,
 Ne swelling *Neptune*, ne lowd thundring *Ioue*
 Can change my cheare, or make me euer mourne;
 My little boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
 They were far past the passage, which he spake,
 And come vnto an Island, waste and voyd,
 That floted in the midst of that great lake,
 There her small Gondelay her port did make,
 And that gay payre issewing on the shore
 Disburnded her. Their way they forward take
 Into the land, that lay them faire before, (store.
 Whose pleasaunce she him shewd, and plentifull great

It was a chosen plott of fertile land,
 Emongst wide waues sett, like a litle nest,
 As if it had by Natures cunning hand,
 Bene choycely picked out from all the rest,
 And laid forth for ensample of the best:
 No dainty flowre or herbe, that growes on grownd,
 No arborett with painted blossomes drest,
 And smelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
 To bud out faire, & throwe her sweete smels al arownd.

No tree, whose braunches did not brauely spring;
 No branch, whereon a fine bird did not sitt:
 No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetely sing,
 No song but did containe a louely ditt:
 Trees, braunches, birds, and songs were framed fitt,
 For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
 Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake witt
 Was ouercome of thing, that did him please;
 So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

Thus when shee had his eyes and senses fed
 With false delights, and fild with pleasures vayn;
 Into a shady dale she soft him led,
 And laid him downe vpon a grassy playn;
 And her sweete selfe without dread, or disdayn,
 She sett beside, laying his head disarnd
 In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
 Where soone he slumbred fearing not be harmd,
 The whils with a loue lay she thus him sweetly charmd.

Behold, O man, that toilesome paines doest take
 The flowrs, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes,
 How they them selues doe thine ensample make,
 Whiles nothing enuious nature them forth throwes

Out of her fruitfull lap; how noman knowes,
 They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
 And decke the world with their rich pōpous thowes;
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

The lilly, Lady of the flowring field,
 The flowre deluce, her louely Paramoure,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
 And soone leaue off this toylsome weary stoure;
 Loe loe how braue she decks her bounteous boure,
 With silkin curtens and gold couerletts,
 Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure,
 Yet nether spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor fretts,
 But to her mother Nature all her care she letts.

Why then dost thou, O man, that of them all
 Art Lord, and eke of nature Soueraine,
 Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
 And waste thy ioyous howres in needelesse paine,
 Seeking for daunger and aduentures vaine?
 What bootes it a' to haue, and nothing vse?
 Who shall him rew, that swimming in the maine,
 Will die for thrift, and water doth refuse?
 Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse.

By this she had him lulled fast a sleepe,
 That of no wordly thing he care did take;
 Then she with liquors strong his eies did sleepe,
 That nothing should him hastily awake:
 So she him leste, and did herselfe betake
 Vnto her boat again, with which she clesie
 The slouthfull waue of that great griefy lake;
 Soone shee that Island far behind her leste, (weste.
 And now is come to that same place, where first she

By this time was the worthy *Guyon* brought
 Vnto the other side of that wide strond,
 Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
 Him needed not long call, shee soone to hond
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,
 With his sad guide; him selfe shee tooke a boord,
 But the *Blacke Palmer* suffred still to stond,
 Ne would for price, or prayers once affoord,
 To ferry that old man ouer the perlous foord.

Guyon was loath to leaue his guide behind,
 Yet being entred, might not backe retyre;
 For the flitt barke, obeying to her mind,
 Forth launched quickly, as shee did desire,
 Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged sire
 Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
 Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
 Whom nether wind out of their seat could forse,
 Nor timely tides did driue out of their sluggish course.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
 Her mery fit shee freshly gan to reare,
 And did of ioy and iollity deuize,
 Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare:
 The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
 Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;
 But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and gear,
 And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
 Her dalliaunce he despisd, and follies did forsake.

Yet she still followed her former style,
 And said, and did all thar mote him delight,
 Till they arriued in that pleasaunt Ile,
 Where sleeping late she leste her other knight.

But

But whenas *Guyon* of that land had sight,
 He wist him selfe amisse, and angry laid;
 Ah Dame, perdy ye haue not doen me right,
 Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid:
 Melite needed from my right way to haue straid.

Faire Sir (qd. she) be not displeas'd at all;
 Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,
 Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
 The sea is wide, and easy for to stray;
 The wind vnstable, and doth neuer stay.
 But here a while ye may in safety rest,
 Till season serue new passage to assay;
 Better safe port, then be in seas distrest.
 Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in iest.

But he halfe discontent, more nathelless
 Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore:
 The ioyes whereof, and happy fuitfulnesse,
 Such as he saw, she gan him lay before,
 And all though pleasaunt, yet she made much more:
 The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
 The trees did bud, and early blossomes bore,
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
 And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

And she more sweete, then any bird on bough,
 Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
 And striue to passe (as she could well enough)
 Their natiue musicke by her skilful art:
 So did she all, that might his constant hart
 Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
 And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
 Where noise of armes, or vew of martiall guize
 Might not reuiue desire of knightly exercize.

But

But he was wise, and wary of her will,
 And euer held his hand vpon his hart:
 Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
 As to despise so curteous seeming part,
 That gentle Lady did to him impart,
 But fairly temping fond desire subdewd,
 And euer her desired to depart.
 Shelist not heare, but her disports poursewd,
 And euer bad him stay, till time the tide renewd.

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was spent,
 That he awoke out of his ydle dreme,
 And shaking off his drowsy dreriment,
 Gan him auize, howe ill did him beseme,
 In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
 And quench the brond of his conceiued yre.
 Tho vp he started, stird with shame extreme,
 Ne staied for his Damsell to inquire,
 But marched to the Strond, their passage to require.

And in the way he with Sir *Guyon* mett,
 Accompanyde with *Phadria* the faire,
 Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly frett,
 Crying, Let be that Lady debonaire,
 Thou recreaunt knight, and soone thy selfe prepare
 To batteile, if thou meane her loue to gayn:
 Loe, loe already, how the fowles in aire
 Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtayn
 Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy payn.

And therewith all he fierfly at him flew,
 And with importune outrage him assayld;
 Who soone prepard to field, his sword forth drew,
 And him with equall valew counteruayld:

Their

Their mightie strokes their habericons dismayld,
 And naked made each others manly spalles;
 The mortall steele despiteously entayld
 Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
 That a large purple stream adown their giambeux falles

Cymocles, that had neuer mett before,
 So puissant foe, with enuious despight
 His prowd presumed force increased more;
 Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight;
 Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,
 As those vnknightly raylinges, which he spoke,
 With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
 Thereof deuising shortly to be wroke,
 And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery stroke.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
 And both attonce their huge blowes down did sway;
Cymochles sword on *Guyons* shield yglaunst,
 And there of nigh one quarter sheard away;
 But *Guyons* angry blade so fiers did play
 On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* shone,
 That quite it cloue his plumed crest in tway,
 And bared all his head vnto the bone;
 Wherewith astonisht, still he stood, as fencelesse stone.

Still as he stood, fayre *Phædria*, that beheld
 That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran;
 And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
 Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'nance wan;
 Ah well away, most noble Lords, how can
 Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
 To shed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,
 That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
 In his owne flesh, and make way to the liuing spright.

If euer loue of Lady did empierce

Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
Withhold your bloody handes from battaill fierce,
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly stryfe a space.

They stayd a while: and forth the gan proceed:

Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,

That am the authour of this hainous deed, (breed.

And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights do

But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,

Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes

Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,

And doolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:

Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes:

Another warre, and other weapons I

Doe loue, where loue does giue his sweet Alarmes,

Without bloodshed, and where the enemy

Does yield vnto his foe a pleasaunt victory.

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmity

The famous name of knighthood sowly shend;

But louely peace, and gentle amity,

And in Amours the passing howres to spend,

The mightie martiall handes doe most commend;

Of loue they euer greater glory bore,

Then of their armes: *Mars* is *Cupidoes* friend,

And is for *Venus* loues renowned more,

Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They though full bent,

To proue extremities of bloody fight,

Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,

And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight,

Such

Such powre haue pleasing wordes: such is the might
 Of courteous clemency in gentle hart.
 Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
 Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
 And yield him ready passage to that other part.

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was
 Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
 And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
 A foe of folly and immodest toy,
 Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
 Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
 That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
 Troubled with terrour and vnquiet iarre,
 That she well pleased was thence to amoue him farre.

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
 Forthwith directed to that further strand;
 The which on the dull waues did lightly flore
 And soone arriued on the shallow sand,
 Where gladsome *Guyon* salied forth to land,
 And to that Damsell thanks gaue for reward.
 Vpon that shore he spied *Atin* stand,
 Thereby his maister left, when late he far'd
 In *Phædrias* flitt barck ouer that perlous shard.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
 He with *Pyrrhocies* sharp debatement made;
 Streight gan he him reuyle, and bitter rate,
 As Shepherds curre, that in darke eueninges shade
 Hath traſted forth some saluage beastes trade;
 Vile Miscreaunt (said he) whether dost thou flye
 The shame and death, which will thee soone inuade?
 What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
 That art thus fowly fledd from famous enemy?

With

With that he stilly shooke his steelhead dart;
 But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so rayle,
 Though somewhat moued in his mightie hart,
 Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
 And passed fayrely forth. He turning taile,
 Backe to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,
 Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
 The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd
 The hasty heat of his auowd reuenge delayd,

Whylest there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
 An armed knight, that towards him fast ran,
 He ran on foot, as if in lucklesse warre
 His forlorne steed from him the victour wan;
 He seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,
 And all his armour sprinckled was with blood,
 And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
 Discerne the hew thereof. He neuer stood,
 But bent his hastie course towardses the ydle flood.

The varlett saw, when to the flood he came,
 How without stop or stay he fierly lept,
 And deepe him selfe beducked in the same,
 That in the lake his loftie crest was stept,
 Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept,
 But with his raging armes he rudely flasht,
 The waues about, and all his armour swept,
 That all the blood and filth away was washt,
 Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

Atin drew nigh, to weete, what it mote bee;
 For much he wondred at that vncouth sight;
 Whom should he, but his own deare Lord, therefore,
 His owne deare Lord *Pyrrhocles*, in sad plight,

Ready

Ready to drowne him selfe for fell despight.
 Harrow now out, and well away, he cryde,
 What dismall day hath lent but this his cursed light,
 To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde
Pyrrhocles, O *Pyrrhocles*, what is thee betyde?

I burne, I burne, I burne, then lowd he cryde,
 O how I burne with implacable fyre,
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming fyde,
 Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre,
 Nothing but death can doe me to respyre.
 Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrrhocles* farre
 After pursewing death once to requyre,
 Or think, that ought those puissant hands may marre
 Death is for wretches borne vnder vnhappy starre.

Perdye, then is it fitt for me (said he)
 That am, I weene, most wretched man alieue,
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And dying dayly, dayly yet reuiue:
 O *Atin*, helpe to me last death to giue.
 The varlet at his plaint was grieved so sore,
 That his deepe wounded hart in two did riue,
 And his owne health remembring now no more,
 Did follow that ensample, which he blam'd afore.

Into the lake he leapt, his Lord to ayd,
 (So Loue the dread of daunger doth despise)
 And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
 From drowning. But more happy he, then wise
 Of that seas nature did him not auise.
 The waues thereof so slow and sluggish were,
 Engroft with mud, which did them fowle agrise,
 That euery weighty thing they did vpbeare,
 Ne ought mote euer sinck downe to the bottom there.
 Whyles

Whiles thus they strugled in that ydle waue,
 And stroue in vaine, the one him selfe to drowne,
 The other both from drowning for to saue,
 Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
 Whose hoary locks great grauitie did crowne,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
 By fortune came, ledd with the troublous sowne:
 Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
 The carefull seruaunt, stryuing with his raging Lord.

Him *Atin* spying, knew right well of yore,
 And lowdly cald, Help helpe, O *Archimage*,
 To saue my Lord, in wretched plight forlore;
 Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage:
 Weake handes, but counsell is most strong in age.
 Him when the old man, saw he woundred fore,
 To see *Pyrrhochles* there so rudely rage:
 Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
 Then pittie, he in hast approched to the shore.

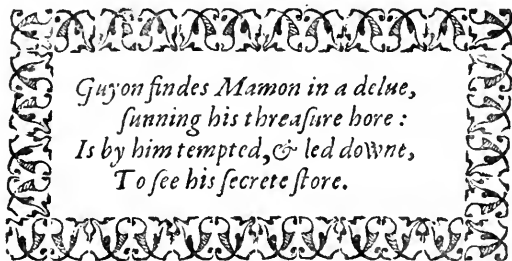
And cald, *Pyrrhochles*, what is this, I see?
 What hellish fury hath at earst thee hent?
 Furious euer I thee knew to bee,
 Yet neuer in this straunge astonishment.
 These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me torment.
 What flames (qd. he) when I thee present see,
 In daunger rather to be drent, then brent?
 Harrow, the flames, which me consume (said hee)
 Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles bee.

That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,
Furor, oh *Furor* hath me thus bedight:
 His deadly woundes within my huers swell,
 And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles bright,
 Kindled

Kindled through his infernall brood of spight,
 Sith late with him I batteill vaine would boſte,
 That now I weene *Ioues* dreaded thunder light
 Does ſcorch not halfe ſo ſore, nor damned ghofte
 In flaming *Phlegeton* does not ſo felly roſte.

Which when as *Archimago* heard, his grieſe
 He knew right well, and him attonce diſarmd:
 Then ſearcht his ſecret woundes, and made a priefe
 Of euery place, that was with bruſing harmd,
 Or with the hidden fier inly warmd.
 Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
 And euermore with mightie ſpels them charmd,
 That in ſhort ſpace he has them qualifyde,
 And him reſtor'd to helth, that would haue algates dyde.

Cant. VII.



*Guyon findes Mamon in a delue,
 ſunning his threasure hore:
 Is by him tempted, & led downe,
 To ſee his ſecret ſtore.*

AS Pilot well expert in perilous waue,
 That to a ſtedfaſt ſtarre his courſe hath bent,
 When foggy miſtes, or cloudy tempeſts haue
 The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
 And couer'd heauen with hideous dreriment,
 Vpon his card and compas firmes his eye,
 The mayſters of his long experiment,
 And to them does the ſteddy helme apply,
 Bidding his winged veſſell fairely forward fly.

So *Gayon* hauing lost his trustie guyde,
 Late left beyond that *Ydle lake*, proceedes
 Yet on his way, of none accompanyde;
 And euermore himselve with comfort feedes,
 Of his owne vertues, and praise-worthie deedes.
 Long so he yode, yet no aduenture found,
 Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes:
 For still he traueild through wide wastfull ground,
 That nought but desert wildernesse shewed all around.

At last he came vnto a gloomy glade,
 Couer'd with boughes & shrubs from heauens light,
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
 An vncouth, saluage, and vnciuile wight,
 Of grieuely hew, and fowle ill fauour'd sight;
 His face with smoke was tand & eies were beard
 His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
 His cole-blacke hands did seeme to haue ben seard
 In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes ap-
 peard.

His yron cote all ouergrowne with rust,
 Was vnderneath enueloped with gold,
 Whose glistring glosse darkned with filthy dust,
 Well yet appeared, to haue beene of old
 A worke of rich entayle, and curious mould,
 Wouen with antickes and wyld ymagery:
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
 And turned vpside downe, to feede his eye
 And couetous desire with his huge threasury.

And round about him lay on euery side
 Great heapes of gold, that neuer could be spent:
 Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
 Of *Malcibers* deuouring element;

Some others were new driuen, and distent
 Into great Ingowes, and to wedges square;
 Some in round plates withouten monument:
 But most were stampt, and in their metal bare
 The antique shapes of kings and kesars straung & rare.

Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright
 And haste he rose, for to remoue aside
 Those pretious hills from straungers enuious sight,
 And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
 But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd
 His hand, that trembled, as one terrifyde;
 And though him selfe were at the sight dismayd,
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd.

What art thou man, (if man at all thou art)
 That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
 And these rich hills of welth doest hide apart
 From the worldes eye, and from her right vsaunce?
 Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
 In great disdain, he answerd, Hardy Elfe,
 That darest vew my direfull countenaunce,
 I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,
 To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
 Great *Mammon*, greatest god below the skye,
 That of my plenty poure out vnto all,
 And vnto none my graces do enuye:
 Riches, renownme, and principality,
 Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
 For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth haue their eternall brood.

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and serue,
 At thy commaund lo all these mountaines bee;
 Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew
 All these may not suffice, there shall to thee
 Ten times so much be nombred francke and free.
Mammen (said he) thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
 And idle offers of thy golden fee;
 To them, that couet such eye-glutting gaine,
 Proffer thy giftes, and fitter seruants entertaine.

Me ill besits, that in derdoing armes,
 And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
 Vnto thy bounteous baytes, and pleasing charmes,
 With which weake men thou witchest, to attend:
 Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
 And low abase the high heroicke spright,
 That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;
 Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my delight:
 Those be the riches fit for an aduent'rous knight.

Vaine glorious Elfe (saide he) doest not thou weert,
 That money can thy wantes at will supply?
 Shields, steedes, and armes, and all things for thee meet
 It can purvay in twinckling of an eye;
 And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
 Doe not I kings create, and throw the crowne
 Sometimes to him, that low in dust doth ly?
 And him that raignd, into his rowme thrust downe,
 And whom I lust, do heape with glory and renoune?

All otherwise (saide he) I riches read,
 And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
 First got with guile, and then prefer'd with dread,
 And after spent with pride and lauishnesse,
 Leaving

Leauing behind them grieffe and heauinesse,
 Infinite mischiefes of them doe arize,
 Strife, and debate, bloodshed, and bitternesse,
 Outrageous wrong, and hellish couetize,
 That noble heart in great dishonour doth despize.

Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
 But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
 And loyall truth to treason doest incline;
 Witnesse the guiltlesse blood pourd oft on ground,
 The crowned often slaine, the slayer croud,
 The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
 And purple robe gored with many a wound;
 Castles surprizd, great citties sackt and brent:
 So mak'it thou kings, & gaynest wrongfull gouernmēt.

Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tosse
 The priuate state, and make the life vnsweet:
 Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
 And in frayle wood on *Adrian* gulf doth fleet,
 Doth not, I weene, so many euils meet.
 Then *Mammon* waxing wroth, And why then, sayd,
 Are mortall men so fond and vndisciet,
 So euill thing to seeke vnto their ayd,
 And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vpbrayd?

Indeede (quoth he) through fowle intemperaunce,
 Frayle men are oft captiu'd to couetise:
 But would they thinke, with how small allowaunce
 Vntroubled Nature doth her selfe suffise,
 Such superfluities they would despise,
 Which with sad cares empeach our natie ioyes:
 At the well head the purest streames arise:
 But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,
 And with vncomely weedes the gentle waue accloyes.

The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
 Fownd no defect in his Creators grace,
 But with glad thanks, and vnreproued truth,
 The gifts of soueraine bounty did embrace:
 Like Angels life was then mens happy caces,
 But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
 Abusd her plenty, and fat swolne encrease
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
 The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
 Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,
 And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe,
 With Saeriledge to dig. Therein he fownd
 Fountaines of gold and siluer to abownd,
 Of which the matter of his huge desire
 And pomppous pride est soones he did compownd;
 Then auarice gan through his veins inspire
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-deuouting fire.

Sonne (said he then) lett be thy bitter scorne,
 And leaue the rudenesse of that antique age
 To them, that liu'd therein in state forlorne;
 Thou that doest line in later times, must wage
 Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage:
 If then thee list my offred grace to vse,
 Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
 If thee list not, leaue haue thou to refuse:
 But thing refused, doe not afterward accuse.

Me list not (said the Elfin knight) receaue
 Thing offred, till I know it well be gott,
 Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereaue
 From rightfull owner by vnrighteous lott.

Or that bloodguiltneffe or guile them blott.
 Perdy (qd. he) yet neuer eie did vew,
 Ne tong did tell; ne hand these handled not,
 But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,
 From heuens sight, and powre of al which the poursew.

What secret place (qd. he) can safely hold
 So huge a masse, and hide from heauen eie?
 Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
 Thou canst preferue from wrong and robbery?
 Come thou (qd. he.) and see. So by and by.
 Through that thicke couert he him led, and fownd
 A darkefome way, which no man could descry,
 That deep descended through the hollow grownd,
 And was with dread and horror compassed arownd.

At length they came into a larger space,
 That stretcht it selfe into an ample playne,
 Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
 That streight did lead to *Plutoes* grieufully rayne:
 By that wayes side, there sate internall Payne,
 And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
 The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
 The other brandished a bloody knife,
 And both did gnash their teeth, & both did threten life.

On thother side in one confort there sate,
 Cruell Reuenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate,
 But gnawing Gealofy out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
 And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place, wher safe he shroud him might,
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye.
 And thame his vgly face did hide from liuing eye.

And ouer them sad horror with grim hew,
 Did alwaies fore, beating his yron wings;
 And after him Owles and Night-rauens flew,
 The hatefull messengers of heauy things,
 Of death and dolor telling sad tidings;
 Whiles sad *Celeno*, sitting on a clifte,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That hart of flint a sonder could haue riste:
 Which hauing ended, after him she flyeth swifte:

All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
 By whom they passing, spake vnto them nought.
 But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way:
 Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
 At last him to a litle dore he brought,
 That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
 Was next adioyning, ne them parted nought:
 Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
 That did the house of Richesse from hellmouth diuide.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For feare least Force or Fraud should vnaware,
 Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard:
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither ward
 Approach, albe his drowsy den were next;
 For next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd:
 Therefore his house is vnto his annex't;
 Here Sleep; ther Richesse; & Helgate the both betwext.

So soone as *Mammon* there arriud, the dore
 To him did open, and afforded way;
 Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* euer more,
 Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dismay.

Soone

Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way
 Did shutt, and from behind it forth there leapt
 An vgly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
 The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
 And euer as he went, dew watch vpon him kept.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
 If euer couetous hand, or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on thing, that likte him best,
 Or euer sleepe his eiestrings did vntye,
 Should be his pray. And therefore still on hie
 He ouer him did hold his cruellclawes,
 Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,
 And rend in peeces with his rauinous pawes,
 If euer he transgrest the fatall *Stygian* lawes.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
 Lyke an huge caue, hewne out of rocky clifte,
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hong,
 Embost with massy gold of glorious guifte,
 And with rich metall loaded euery rifte,
 That heauy ruine they did seeme to threat,
 And ouer them *Arachne* high did lifte
 Her cunning web, and spred her subtile nett, (lett.
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black then

Both rooffe, and floore, and walls were all of gold,
 But ouergrowne with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darkenes, that none could behold
 The hew thereof: for vew of cherefull day
 Did neuer in that house it selfe display,
 But a faint shadow of vncertein light,
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:
 Or as the Moone cloathed with cloudy night,
 Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.

In all that rowne was nothing to be seene,
 But huge great yron chestes and coffers strong,
 All bard with double beids, that none could weene
 Them to efforce by violence or wrong:
 On euery side they placed were along,
 But all the grownd with sculs was scattered,
 And dead mens bones, which round about were flog,
 Whose liues, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
 And their vile carcasses now left vnburied:

They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spoke word,
 Till that they came vnto an yron dore,
 Which to them opened of his owne accord,
 And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
 As eie of man did neuer see before,
 Ne euer could within one place be fownd,
 Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
 Could gathered be through all the world arownd,
 And that about were added to that vnder grownd.

The charge thereof vnto a couetous Spright
 Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
 And warily awaited day and night,
 From other couetous feends it to defend,
 Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
 Then *Hammon* turning to that warriour, said;
 Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end,
 To which all men doe ayme, rich to be made:
 Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

Certes (sayd he) I nill thine offred grace,
 Ne to be made so happy doe intend:
 Another blis before mine eyes I place,
 Another happines, another end.

To

To them, that list, these base regards blend:
 But I in armes, and in atchievements braue,
 Do rather choose my fitting houres to spend,
 And to be Lord of those, that riches haue,
 Then them to haue my selfe, and be their seruile slaue.

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
 And grieu'd, so long to lacke his greedie pray;
 For well he weened, that so glorious bayte
 Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay:
 Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
 More light then Culuer in the Faulcons fist.
 Eternal God thee saue from such decay.
 But whenas *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
 Him to entrap vnwares another way he wist.

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
 Vnto another rowme, whose dore forthright,
 To him did open, as it had bene taught:
 Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
 And hundred founaces all burning bright;
 By euery founace many feendes did byde,
 Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
 And euery feend his busie paines applyde,
 To melt the golden metall; ready to be tryde.

One with great belloues gathered filling ayre,
 And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
 Another did the dying bronds repaire
 With dying tongs, and sprinkled ofte the same
 With liquid waues, fiers *Vulcan*: rage to tame,
 Who maystring them, renewd his former heat;
 Some found the drosse, that from the metall came.
 Some stird the molten owre with ladles great,
 And euery one did swincke, and euery one did sweat.

But when an earthly wight they present saw,
 Glistring in armes and battailous aray,
 From their whot work they did themselves withdraw
 To wonder at the fight: for till that day,
 They neuer creature saw, that cam that way.
 Their staring eyes sparckling with seruent fyre,
 And vgly shapés did nigh the man dismay,
 That were it not for shame, he would retyre,
 Till that him thus bespake their soueraine Lord & fyre.

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

Suffise it then, thou Money God (qd. hee)
 That all thine ydle offers I refuse.
 All that I need I haue; what needeth mee
 To couet more, then I haue cause to vse?
 With such vaine shewes thy worldinges vyle abuse:
 But giue me leaue to follow mine emprise,
Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse,
 But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise,
 And thence him forward ledd, him further to entise.

He brought him through a darksom narrow strayt,
 To a broad gate; all built of beaten gold:
 The gate was open, but therein did wayt
 A sturdie villcin, stryding stiffe and bold,

As if the highest God defy he would;
 In his right hand an yron club he held,
 And he himselfe was all of yron mould,
 Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld
 That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

Disdayne he called was, and did *disdayne*
 To be so cald, and who so did him call:
 Sterne was his looke, and full of stomacke vayne,
 His portauince terrible, and stature tall,
 Far passing th' hight of men terrestriall;
 Like an huge Gyant of the *Titans* race,
 That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
 And with his pride all others powre deface: (place.
 More fitt emongth black fendes, then men to haue his

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espie,
 That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,
 His harmetull club he gan to hurtle hie,
 And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
 Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
 Till *Mammon* did his hasty hand withhold,
 And counfeld him abstaine from perilous fight:
 For nothing might abash the villein bold,
 Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

So hauing him with reason pacifyde,
 And the fiers Carle commaunding to forbear,
 He brought him in. The rowme was large and wyde;
 As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare:
 Many great golden pillours did vpbeare
 The massy rooffe, and riches huge sustayne,
 And euery pillour decked was full deare
 With crownes and Diademes, &c titles vaine, (rayne.
 Which mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did

A route of people there assembled were,
 Of euery sort and nation vnder skye,
 Which with great vprore preaced to draw nere
 To th' vpper part, where was aduanced hye
 A stately sieg of soueraine maiestye,
 And thereon satt a woman gorgeous gay,
 And richly cladd in robes of royaltie,
 That neuer earthly Prince in such aray
 His glory did enhance and pompous pryde display.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
 That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
 Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
 Yet was not that same her owne natiue hew,
 But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
 Thereby more louers vnto her to call;
 Nath'lesse most heuently faire in deed and vew
 She by creation was, till she did fall, (all.
 Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crimewith-

There as in gliftring glory she did sitt,
 She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
 Whose vpper end to highest heuen was knit,
 And lower part did reach to lowest Hell,
 And all that preace did rownd about her swell,
 To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
 To climbe aloft, and others to excell:
 That was *Ambition*, rash desire to sty,
 And euery linck thereof a step of dignity.

Some thought to raise themselues to high degree,
 By riches and vnrighteous reward,
 Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
 Others through friendes, others for base regard;
 And

And all by wrong waies for themselues prepard.
 Those that were vp themselues, kept others low,
 Those that were low themselues, held others hard,
 Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow,
 But euery one did strue his fellow downe to throw.

Which whenas *Guyon* saw, he gan inquire,
 What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
 And what she was that did so high aspyre.
 Him *Mammon* answered, That goodly one,
 Whom all that folke with such contention,
 Doe flock about, my deare my daughter is,
 Honour and dignitie from her alone,
 Deriued are, and all this worldes blis
 For which ye men doe strue: few gett, but many mis.

And fayre *Philotime* she rightly hight,
 The fairest wight that wonneth vnder skye,
 But that this darksom neather world her light
 Doth dim with horror and deformity,
 Worthie of heuen and hie felicitie,
 From whence the gods haue her for enuy thrust:
 But sith thou hast found fauour in mine eye,
 Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
 That she may thee aduance for works and merits iust.

Gramercy *Mammon* (said the gentle knight)
 For so great grace and offred high estate,
 But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
 Vnworthy match for such immortall mate
 My selfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate,
 And were I not, yet is my trowth yplight,
 And loue auowd to other Lady late,
 That to remoue the same I haue no might:
 To change loue causelesse is reproch to warlike knight

Mannin enmoued was with inward wrath;
 Yet forcing it to fayne, him forth thence ledd
 Through grieſly ſhadowes by a beaten path,
 Into a gardin goodly garniſhed
 With hearbs & fruits, whoſe kinds mote not be redd.
 Not ſuch, as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
 Throwes forth to men ſweet and well favored,
 But direfull deadly black both leafe and bloom,
 Fitt to adorne the dead and deck the drery toombe.

There mournfull *Cypreſſe* grew in greateſt ſtore;
 And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* ſad,
 Dead ſleeping *Poppy*, and black *Hellebore*,
 Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
 Mortall *Samnitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
 Which with th'vniuſt *Atheniens* made to dy
 Wiſe *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
 Poured out his life, and laſt Philoſophy
 To the fayre *Critias* his deareſt Belamy.

The *Gardin of Proſerpina* this hight;
 And in the miſt thereof a ſiluer ſeat,
 With a thick Arber goodly ouerdight,
 In which ſhe often vſd from open heat
 Her ſelfe to ſhroud, and pleaſures to entreat.
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
 With branches broad diſpredd and body great,
 Clothed with leaues, that none the wood mote ſee
 And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

Their fruit were golden apples gliſtring bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold,
 On earth like neuer grew, ne liuing wight
 Like euer ſaw, but they from hence were ſold;

For those, which *Hercules* with conquest bold
 Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
 And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold
 And those, with which the *Eubean* young man wan
 Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out ran.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
 With which *Acontius* got his louer trew,
 Whom he had long time sought with fruitelesse suit:
 Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
 The which emongest the Gods false *Ate* threw:
 For which th' *Idean* Ladies disagreed,
 Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
 And had of her, fayre *Helen* for his meed,
 That many noble *Greekes* and *Troians* made to bleed.

The warlike *Elfe*, much wondred at this tree,
 So fayre and great, that shadowed all the ground,
 And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
 Did stretch themselues without the vtmost bound
 Of this great gardin, compast with a mound,
 Which ouer-hanging, they themselues did steepe,
 In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round,
 That is the riuer of *Cocytus* deepe,
 In which full many foules do endlesse wayle and weepe.

Which to behold, he clomb vp to the bancke,
 And looking downe, saw many damned wightes,
 In those sad waues, which direfull deadly stancke,
 Plonged continually of cruell Sprightes,
 That with their piteous cryes, and yelling shrighes,
 They made the further shore resounden wide:
 Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sightes,
 One cursed creature, he by chance espide,
 That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the Garden side.

Deepe was he drenched to the vpmost chin,
 Yet gaped still as coueting to drinke,
 Of the cold liquour which he waded in,
 And stretchng forth his hand, did often thinke
 To reach the fruit which grew vpon the brincke:
 But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth
 Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swinke:
 The whiles he steru'd with hunger, and with drouth
 He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth.

The knight him seeing labour so in vaine,
 Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby:
 Who groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;
 Most cursed of all creatures vnder skye,
 Lo *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
 Of whom high *Ioue* wont whylome feasted bee,
 Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:
 But if that thou be such, as I thee see,
 Of grace I pray thee, giue to eat and drinke to mee.

Nay, nay, thou greedy *Tantalus* (quoth he)
 Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
 And vnto all that liue in high degree,
 Ensamble be of mind more temperate,
 To teach them how to vse their present state.
 Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,
 Accusing highest *Ioue* and gods ingrate,
 And eke blaspheming heauen bitterly,
 As authour of vniustice, there to let him dye.

He lookt a litle further, and espyde
 Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent:
 Within the riuier, which the same did hyde:
 But both his handes most filthy feculent,

Above the water were on high extent,
 And faynd to wash themselues incessantly,
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
 But rather fowler seemed to the eye,
 So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

The knight him calling, asked who he was,
 Who lifting vp his head, him answerd thus:
 I *Pilate* am the falsest Judge, alas,
 And most vniust that by vnrighteous
 And wicked doome to Iewes despiteous,
 Deliuered vp the Lord of life to dye,
 And did acquite a murdrer felonous,
 The whiles my handes I washt in purity,
 The whiles my soule was soyld with fowle iniquity.

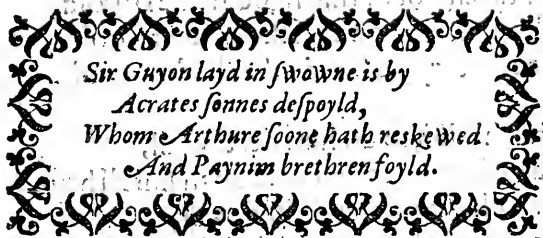
Infinite moe, tormented in like paine
 He there beheld, too long here to be told:
 Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remayne,
 For terrour of the tortures manifold,
 In which the damned soules he did behold,
 But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole
 Why takest not of that same fruite of gold,
 Ne fittest downe on that same siluer stoole,
 To rest thy weary person, in the shadow coole.

All which he did, to do him deadly fall,
 In frayle intemperaunce through sinfull bayt,
 To which if he inclyned had at all,
 That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him wayt,
 Would him haue rent in thousand peeces strait:
 But he was wary wise in all his way,
 And well perceiued his deceptfull sleight,
 Ne suffred lust his safety to betray;
 So goodly did beguile the Guyler of his pray.

And now he has so long remained there,
 That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
 For want of food, and sleepe, which two vpbear,
 Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
 That none without the same enduren can,
 For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
 Since he this hardy enterprize began:
 For thy great *Mammon* fayrely he besought,
 Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him brought.

The God, though loth, yet was constraynd t'obay,
 For lenger time, then that, no liuing wight
 Below the earth, might suffred be to stay:
 So backe againe, him brought to liuing light,
 But all so soone as his enfeebled spright,
 Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
 As ouercome with too exceeding might,
 The life did flit away out of her nest,
 And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.

Cant. VIII.



*Sir Guyon layd in swowne is by
 Acrates sonnes despoild,
 Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed:
 And Paynim brethbren foyld.*

ANd is there care in heauen? and is their loue
 In heauenly spirits to these creatures be,
 That may compassion of their euilles moue?
 There is: else much more wretched were the case

Of men then beasts. But O th'exceeding grace
 Of highest God, that loues his creatures so,
 And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed Angels, he sends to and fro,
 To serue to wicked man, to serue his wicked foe.

How oft do they, their siluer bowers leaue,
 To come to succour vs, that succour want,
 How oft do they with golden pineons, cleaue
 The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuiuant,
 Against fowle feendes to ayd vs militant:
 They for vs fight, they watch and dewly ward,
 And their bright Squadrons round about vs plant,
 And all for loue, and nothing for reward:
 O why should heuently God to men haue such regard.

During the while, that *Guyon* did abide
 In *Mamons* house, the Palmer, whom whyleare
 That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
 By further search had passage found elsewhere,
 And being on his way, approched neare,
 Where *Guyon* lay in traunce, when suddeinly
 He heard a voyce, that called lowd and cleare,
 Come hether, come hether, O come hastily;
 That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

The Palmer lent his eare vnto the noyce,
 To weet, who called so importunely:
 Againe he heard a more efforced voyce,
 That bad him come in haste. He by and by
 His feeble feet directed to the cry;
 Which to that shady delue him brought at last,
 Where *Mammon* earst did sunne his threasury:
 There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
 In senceles dreame; which sight at first him sore aghast.

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
 Of wondrous beauty, and of freshest yeares,
 Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
 And florith faire about his equall peares;
 His snowy front curled with golden heares,
 Like *Phoebus* face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
 Diuinely shone, and two sharpe winged sheares,
 Decked with diuerse plumes, like painted Iayes,
 Were fixed at his baeke, to cut his ayery wayes.

Like as *Cupido* on *Idean* hill,
 When hauing laid his cruell bow away,
 And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
 The world with murderous spoiles and bloody pray,
 With his faire mother he him dights to play,
 And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three;
 The Goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
 Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
 The whiles the other Ladies mind they mery glee.

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
 Through fear and wonder, that he nought could say,
 Till him the childe bespoke, Long lackt, alas,
 Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,
 Whiles deadly fitt thy pupill doth dismay;
 Behold this heauy sight, thou reuerend Sire,
 But dread of death and dolor doe away;
 For life ere long shall to her home retire,
 And he that breathlesse seems, shall corage bold respire.

The charge, which God doth vnto me arrett,
 Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
 Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
 The care thereof my selfe vnto the end,

But euermore him succour, and defend
 Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;
 For euill is at hand him to offend.
 So hauing said, effsoones he gan display
 His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

The Palmer seeing his lefte empty place,
 And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
 Woxe fore affraid, and standing still a space,
 Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight;
 At last him turning to his charge behight,
 With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try,
 Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
 He much reioyst, and courd it tenderly,
 As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

At last he spide, where towards him did pace
 Two Paynim knights, al armd as bright as skie,
 And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
 And far before a light-foote Page did flie,
 That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;
 Those were the two sonnes of *Acrates* old,
 Who meeting earst with *Archimago* ste,
 Foreby that idle strond, of him were told,
 That he, which earst them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

Which to auenge on him they dearly vovd,
 Where euer that on ground they mote him find;
 False *Archimago* prouokte their corage prouvd,
 And stryful *Atin* in their stubborne mind
 Coles of contention and whot vengeance tind.
 Now bene they come, whereas the Palmer sate,
 Keeping that slombred corse to him assind;
 Well knew they both his person, sith of late
 With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

Whom when *Pyrochles* saw, inflam'd with rage,
 That fire he fowl bespake, Thou dotard vile,
 That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
 Abandon soone, I read, the caytiue spoile
 Of that same outcast carcass, that ere while
 Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
 And crownd his eoward crest with knightly stile;
 Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
 To prooue he liued il, that did thus fowly dye.

To whom the Palmer fearlesse answered,
 Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,
 Thus for to blott the honor of the dead,
 And with fowle cowardize his carcass shame,
 Whose liuing handes immortalizd his name.
 Vile is the vengeaunce on the ashes cold,
 And enuy base, to barke at sleeping fame:
 Was neuer wight, that treason of him told;
 Your self his prowesse prou'd & found him fiers & bold.

Then sayd *Cymochles*, Palmer, thou doest dote,
 Necantst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
 Saue as thou seest or hearst. But well I wote,
 That of his puissaunce tryall made extreme;
 Yet gold al is not, that doth golden seeme,
 Ne all good knights, that shake well speare & shield:
 The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
 And then dew praise, or dew reproch them yield;
 Bad therefore I him deeme, that thus lies dead on field.

Good or bad, gan his brother fiers reply,
 What doe I recke, sith that he dide entire?
 Or what doth his bad death now satisfy,
 The greedy hunger of reuenging yre;

Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
 Yet since no way is lefte to wreake my spight,
 I will him reauce of armes, the victors hire,
 And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
 For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

Fayr Sir, said then the Palmer suppliant,
 For knightoods loue, doe not so fowle a deed,
 Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vaunt
 Of vile reuenge. To spoile the dead of weed
 Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed;
 But leaue these relicks of his liuing might,
 To decke his herce, and trap his tomblacke steed.
 What herce or steed (said he) should he haue dight,
 But be entombd in the rauens or the kight?

With that, rude hand vpon his shield he laid,
 And th'other brother gan his helme vnlace,
 Both fiercely bent to haue him disaraid;
 Till that they spyde, where towards them did pace
 An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
 Whose squire bore after him an heben launce,
 And couerd shield. Well kend him so far space
 Th'enchauter by his armes and amenaunce,
 When vnder him he saw his Lybian steed to prounce.

And to those brethren sayd, Rise rise byliue,
 And vnto batteill doe your selues addresse;
 For yonder comes the prowest knight alieue,
 Prince *Archieur*, flowre of grace and nobilesse,
 That hath to Paynim knights wrought gret distresse.
 And thousand Sar'zins fowly donne to dye.
 That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
 That both estsoones vpstartd furiously,
 And gan themselues prepare to batteill greedily.

But

But siers *Pyrrhocles*, lacking his owne sword,
 The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
 And *Archimage* besought, him that afford,
 Which he had brought for *Braggadocchio* vaine.
 So would I (said th' enchaunter) glad and faine
 Betee me to you this sword, you to defend,
 Or ought that els your honor might maintaine,
 But that this weapons powre I well haue kend,
 To be contrary to the worke, which ye intend.

For that same knights owne sword this is of yore,
 Which *Merlin* made by his almightie art,
 For that his nourling, when he knighthood swore,
 Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.
 The metall first he mixt with *Medswart*,
 That no enchantment from his dint might saue;
 Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,
 And seuen times dipped in the bitter waue
 Of hellish *Styx*, which hidden vertue to it gaue.

The vertue is, that nether steele, nor stone
 The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend;
 Ne euer may be vsed by his sone,
 Ne forst his rightful owner to offend,
 Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend.
 Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
 In vaine therefore, *Pyrrhocles*, should I lend
 The same to thee, against his lord to fight;
 For sure yt would deceiue thy labor, and thy night

Foolish old man, said then the Pagan wroth,
 That weenest words or charms may force withstond:
 Soone shalt thou see, and then belieue for troth,
 That I can carue with this inchaunted brond

His Lords owne flesh. Therewith out of his hond
 That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
 And *Guyons* shield about his wrest he bond;
 So ready dight, fierce battaile to assay,
 And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

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

Sayd he then to the Palmer, Reuerend fyre,
 What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
 Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
 Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
 How euer, sure I rewe his pitteous plight.
 Not one, nor other, sayd the Palmer graue,
 Hath him besalne, but cloudes of deadly night
 A while his heauy eylids couer'd haue,
 And all his fences drowned in deep sencelesse waue.

Which those same foes, that stand hereby,
 Making aduantage, to reuenge their spight,
 Would him disarme, and treaten shamefully,
 Vnworthe vsage of redoubted knight.
 But you, faire Sir, whose honourable sight
 Doth promise hope of helpe, and timely grace,
 Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
 And by your powre protect his feeble case:
 First prayse of knighthood is, to wle outrage to deface.

Palmer

Palmer, (said he) no knight so rude, I weene,
 As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:
 Ne was there euer noble corage seene,
 That in aduantage would his puissaunce boast:
 Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
 May bee, that better reason will aswage,
 The rash reuengers heat. Words well dispost
 Haue secrete powre, t'appease inflamed rage:
 If not, leaue vnto me thy knights last patronage.

Tho turning to those brethren, thus bespoke,
 Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might
 It seemes, iust wronges to vengeance doe prouoke,
 To wreake your wrath on this dead seeming knight,
 Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
 And settle patience in so furious heat?
 Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
 But for this carkas pardon I entreat,
 Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat.

To whom *Cymochles* said, For what art thou,
 That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
 The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now,
 On this vile body from to wreak my wrong,
 And make his carkas as the outcast dong?
 Why should not that dead carrion satisfie
 The guilt, which if he liued had thus long,
 His life for dew reuenge should deare abyee?
 The trespass still doth liue, albee the person dye.

Indeed, then said the Prince, the euill donne
 Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leaue,
 But from the grandfyre to the Nephewes soune,
 And all his seede the curle doth often cleaue,

Till vengeance vtterly the guilt bereaue:
 So strenghtly God doth iudge: But gentle knight,
 That doth against the dead his hand vpreare,
 His honour stains with rancour and despight,
 And great disparagment makes to his former might.

Pyrrhocles gan reply the second tyme;
 And to him said, Now felon sure I read,
 How that thou art partaker of his cryme:
 Therefore by *Termagaunt* thou shalt be dead.
 With that his hand, more sad then lomp of lead,
 Vplifting high, he weened with *Morddure*,
 His owne good sword *Morddure*, to cleaue his head.
 The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
 But swaruing from the marke, his Lordes life did assure.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
 That horse and man it made to reele asyde;
 Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell:
 For well of yore he learned had to ryde,
 But full of anger fierly to him cryde;
 Falsse traitour miscraunt, thou broken hast.
 The law of armes, to strike foe vndefide.
 But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste
 Right sowre, & feele the law, the which thou hast defast:

With that his balefull speare, he fiercely bent
 Against the Pagons brest, and therewith thought
 His cursed life out of her lodg haue rent:
 But ere the point arriued, where it ought,
 That seuen fold shield, which he from *Guyon* brought:
 He cast between toward the bitter stownd: (wrought
 Through all those foldes the steelehead passage
 And through his shoulder perst; wherwith to groud
 He groueling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

Which

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
 And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
 And fowly saide, By *Mahoune*, cursed thiefe,
 That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby.
 Then hurling vp his harmefull blade on hy,
 Smote him so hugely ou his haughtie crest,
 That from his saddle forced him to fly:
 Els mote it needes downe to his manly brest
 Hauē cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossēt

Now was the Prince in daungerous distresse,
 Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:
 His single speare could doe him small redresse,
 Against two foes of so exceeding might,
 The least of which was match for any knight.
 And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
 Had reard him selfe againe to cruel fight,
 Three times more furious, and more puissaunt,
 Vnmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

So both atonce him charge on either syde,
 With hideous strokes, and importable powre,
 That forced him his ground to trauerse wyde,
 And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre:
 For in his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
 Their strokes did raine, yet did he neuer quaille,
 Ne backward shrinke, but as a stedfast towre,
 Whom foe with doubly battry doth assaile, (uaile.
 Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought a-

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,
 Till that at last, when he aduantage spyde,
 His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway
 At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his shield was wyde,

That

That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde:
 He swaruing with the force, within his flesh
 Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde:
 Out of the wound the redblood flowed fresh,
 That vnderneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

Horribly then he gan to rage, and rayle,
 Cursing his Gods, and him selfe damning deepe:
 Als when his brother saw the redblood rayle
 Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
 For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
 And said, Caytiue, curse on thy cruell hond,
 That twise hath spedd, yet shall it not thee keepe
 From the third brunt of this my fatall brond: (stond.
 Lo where the dreadfull Death behynd thy backe doth

With that he strooke, and thother strooke withall,
 That nothing seemd mote beare so mōstrous might:
 The one vpon his couered shield did fall,
 And glauncing downe would not his owner byte:
 But th' other did vpon his troncheon smyte,
 Which hewing quite a sunder, further way
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
 The which diuiding with importune sway,
 It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
 Red as the Rose, thence gushed grieuously,
 That when the Paynym spyde the streaming blood,
 Gaue him great hart, aud hope of victory.
 On thother side, in huge perplexity,
 The Prince now stood, hauing his weapon broke;
 Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly:
 Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
 Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot reuoke.

Whom

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
 Sir *Guyons* sword he lightly to him raught,
 And said, fayre Sonne, great god thy right hād bleffe,
 To vse that sword so well, as he it ought.
 Glad was the knight, & with fresh courage fraught,
 When as againe he armed felt his hond;
 Then like a Lyon, which hath long time saught
 His robbed whelpes and at the last them fond
 Emongst the shepeheard swaynes, then wexeth wood &
 (yond.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
 On either side, that neither mayle could hold,
 Ne shield defend the thunder of his throwes:
 Now to *Pyrrhocles* many strokes he told;
 Est to *Cymochles* twise so many fold:
 Then backe againe turning his busie hond,
 Them both atonce compeld with courage bold,
 To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
 And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both
 (withstand.

As saluage Bull, whom two fierce mastiues bayt,
 When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
 Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,
 But with his dreadfull hornes them driues afore,
 Or flings aloft or treads downe in the flore,
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdain,
 That all the forest quakes to heare him rore:
 So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twaine,
 That neither could his mightie puissaunce sustaine.

But euer at *Pyrrhocles* when he smitt,
 Who *Guyons* shield cast euer him before.
 Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was writt,
 His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,
 And

And his deare hart the picture gan adore,
 Which oft the Paynim sau'd from deadly stowre.
 But him henceforth the same can saue no more;
 For now arriued is his fatall howre,
 That no'te auoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

For when *Cymochles* saw the fowle reproch,
 Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie shame,
 And inward grieffe, he fiercely gan approach,
 Resolu'd to put away that loathly blame,
 Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
 And on the haubergh stroke the Prince so sore,
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,
 And pierced to the skin, but bit not thore,
 Yet made him twise to reele, that neuer moou'd afore.

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,
 He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
 That it empiet the Pagans burganet,
 And cleauing the hard steele, did deepe inuade
 Into his head, and cruell passage made (ground,
 Quite through his brayne. He tombling downe on
 Breathd out his ghost, which to th'infernall shade
 Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
 For all the sinnes, wherewith his lewd life did abound.

Which when his german saw, the stony feare,
 Ran to his hart, and all his fence dismayd,
 Ne thenceforth life ne corage did appeare,
 But as a man, whom hellish feendes haue frayd,
 Long trembling still he stooode: at last thus sayd,
 Traytour what hast thou doen? how euer may
 Thy cursed hand so cruelly haue swayd
 Against that knight: Horrow and well away,
 After so wicked deede why liu'st thou lenger day?

With that all desperate as loathing light,
 And with reuenge desyring soone to dye,
 Assembling all his force and vtmost might,
 With his owne swerd he fierce at him did flye,
 And strooke, and foynd, and lastt outrageously,
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
 The Prince, with patience and sufferaunce flye
 So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew:
 Tho when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan renew-

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
 The clowdes, as things affrayd, before him flye;
 But all so soone as his outrageous powre
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre,
 And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
 Now all attonce their malice forth do poure;
 So did ~~Sir Guyon~~ *Sir Guyon* beare himselfe in fight,
 And suffred rash *Pyrrhocles* waste his ydle might.

At last when as the Sarazin perceiu'd,
 How that straunge sword refusd, to serue his neede,
 But when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiu'd,
 He slong it from him, and deuoyd of dread,
 Vpon him lightly leaping without heed,
 Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
 Thinking to ouerthrowe and downe him tred:
 But him in strength and skill the Prince surpass,
 And through his nimble sleight did vnder him down cast

Nought booted it the Paynim then to striue;
 For as a Bittur in the Eagles clawe,
 That may not hope by flight to scape aliue,
 Still waytes for death with dread and trembling aw,

So he now subiect to the victours law,
 Did not once moue, nor vpward cast his eye,
 For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
 His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
 As one that loathed life, and yet despyd to dye.

But full of princely bounty and great mind,
 The Conquerour nought cared him to slay,
 But casting wronges and all reuenge behind,
 More glory thought to giue life, then decay,
 And sayd, Paynim, this is thy dismall day;
 Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,
 And my trew liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,
 Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,
 And all thy wronges will wipe out of my souenaunce.

Foole (sayd the Pagan) I thy gift desye,
 But vse thy fortune, as it doth befall,
 And say, that I not ouercome doe dye,
 But in despight of life, for death doe call.
 Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall,
 That he so wilfully refused grace;
 Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
 His shining Helmet he gan soone vnlace,
 And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

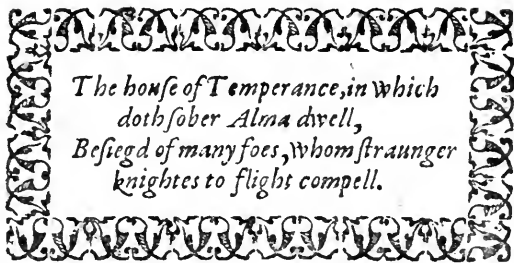
By this Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awakt,
 Life hauing maystered her fencelesse foe;
 And looking vp, when as his shield he lakt,
 And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
 But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
 Had lost, he by him spyde, right glad he grew,
 And saide, Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
 I long haue lakt, I ioy thy face to vew;
 Firme is thy faith, whom daunger neuer from me drew.

But read, what wicked hand hath robbed mee
 Of my good sword and shield? The Palmer glad,
 With so fresh hew vprying him to see,
 Him answered; fayre sonne, be no whit sad
 For want of weapons, they shall soone be had.
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
 Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,
 Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostrate.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
 His hart with great affection was embayd,
 And to the Prince with bowing reuerence dew,
 As to the Patrone of his life, thus sayd;
 My Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious ayd
 I liue this day, and see my foes subdewd,
 What may suffise, to be for meede repayd
 Of so great graces, as ye haue me shewd,
 But to be euer bound

To whom the Infant thus, Fayre Sir, what need
 Good turnes be counted, as a seruile bond,
 To bind their dooers, to receiue their meed?
 Are not all knightes by oath bound, to withstond
 Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?
 Suffise, that I haue done my dew in place.
 So goodly purpose they together fond,
 Of kindnesse and of courteous aggrace;
 The whiles false *Archimage* and *Atin* fled apace.

Cant. IX.



OF all Gods workes, which doe this world adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent,
Then is mans body both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government;
But none then it, more sowle and incedent,
Distempred through misrule and passions bace:
It growes a Monster, and incontinent
Doth loose his dignity and natieue grace.
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The *Briton* Prince recou'ring his stolne sword,
And *Guyon* his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in fayre accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
Sir knight, mote I of you this court'sy read,
To weet why on your shield so goodly scord
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full liuely is the semblaunt, though the substance dead.

Fayre Sir (sayd he) if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
What mote ye weene, if the trew liuely-head
Of that most glorious visage ye did vew?

But yf the beauty of her mind ye knew,
 That is her bounty, and imperiall powre,
 Thousand times fairer then her mortal hew,
 O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,
 And infinite desire into your spirite ponre.

Shee is the mighty Queene of *Faery*,
 Whose faire retraitt I in my shield doe beare;
 Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity,
 Throughout the world renowned far and neare,
 My liefe, my liege, my Soueraine, my deare,
 Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
 And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;
 Far reach her mercies, and her praises farre,
 As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre.

Thrise happy man, (said then the *Briton* knight)
 Whom gracious lott, and thy great valiaunce
 Haue made thee soldier of that Princessse bright,
 Which with her bounty and glad countenaunce
 Doth blesse her seruauents, and them high aduaunce.
 How may straunge knight hope euer to aspire,
 By faithfull seruice, and meete amenaunce,
 Vnto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
 For losse of thousand liues, to die at her desire.

Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed so great,
 Or grace of earthly Prince so soueraine,
 But by your wondrous worth add warlike feat
 Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
 But were your will, her sold to entertaine,
 And numbred be mongst knights of *Maydenhead*,
 Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
 And in her fauor high bee reckoned,
 As *Arthogall*, and *Sophy* now bene honored.

Certes (then said the Prince) I God auow,
 That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
 My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
 To serue that Queene with al my powre and might.
 Seuen times the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,
 Hath walkte about the world, and I no lesse,
 Sith of that Goddesse I haue sought the fight,
 Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
 Heuen doth to me enuy, and fortune fauourlesse.

Fortune, the foe of famous cheuifauce
 Seldome (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue aide,
 But in her way throwes mischief and mischaunce,
 Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.
 But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,
 But constant keepe the way, in which ye stand;
 Which were it not, that I am els delaid
 With hard adventure, which I haue in hand,
 I labour would to guide you through al Fary land.

Gramercy Sir (said he) but mote I wote,
 What straunge aduerture doe ye now pursue?
 Perhaps my succour, or aduizement meete
 Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew.
 Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew
 Offalie *Acrasia*, and her wicked wiles,
 Which to auenge, the Palmer him forth drew
 From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles
 They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

And now faire *Phcebus* gan decline in haste
 His weary wagon to the Westerne vale,
 Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaste
 Foreby a riuer in a pleasaunt dale,

Which choosing for that euenings hospitale,
 They thether marcht: but when they came in sight,
 And from their sweaty Courfers did auale,
 They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
 And eevery loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
 Was to them doen, their entraunce to forstall,
 Till that the Squire gan nigher to approch,
 And wind his horne vnder the castle wall,
 That with the noise it shooke; as it would fall.
 Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire
 The watch, and lowd vnto the knights did call,
 To weete, what they so rudely did require.
 Who gently answered, They entraunce did desire.

Fly fly, good knights, (said he) fly fast away
 If that your liues yeloue, as meete ye should;
 Fly fast, and saue your selues from neare decay,
 Here may ye not haue entraunce, though we would:
 We would and would againe, if that we could;
 But thousand enemies about vs raue,
 And with long siege vs in this castle hould:
 Seuen yeares this wize they vs besieged haue, (saue.
 And many good knights fline, that haue vs sought to

Thus as he spoke, loe with outragious cry
 A thousand villeins rownd about them swarmd
 Out of the rockes and caues adioyning nye,
 Vile caitiue wretches, ragged, rude, deformed,
 All threaning death, all in straunge manner armd,
 Some with vnweldy clubs, some with long speares,
 Some rusty knives, some staues in fier warmd.
 Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed steares,
 Staring with hollow eies, and stiffe vpsstanding heares.
 Fierfly

Fierfly at first those knights they did assayle,
 And droue them to recoile: but when againe
 They gaue fresh charge, their forces gan to fayle,
 Vnhable their encounter to sustaine;
 For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
 Those Champions broke on them, that forst thē fly,
 Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shepherds swaine
 A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye,
 With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

A while they fled, but soone retourn'd againe
 With greater fury, then before was fownd;
 And euermore their cruell Captaine
 Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them rownd,
 And ouerrōne to tread them to the grownd. (blades
 But soone the knights with their bright-burning
 Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confownd,
 Hewing and flashing at their idle shades; (fades.
 For though they bodies seem, yet substaunce from them

As when a swarme of Gnats at euentide
 Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
 Their murmuring small trompetts fownden wide,
 Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
 That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
 Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,
 For their sharpe wounds, and noyous iniuries,
 Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustring blast
 Doth blow them quite away, and in the *Ocean* cast.

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
 Vnto the castle gate they come againe,
 And entraunce crau'd, which was denied erst.
 Now when report of that their perloous paine,

And

And combrous conflict, which they did sustaine,
 Came to the Ladies eare, which there did dwell,
 Shee forth issewed with a goodly traine
 Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
 And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright,
 That had not yet felt *Cupides* wanton rage,
 Yet was shee wooed of many a gentle knight,
 And many a Lord of noble parentage,
 That sought with her to lincke in marriage:
 For shee was faire, as faire mote euer bee,
 And in the flowre now of her freshest age;
 Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
 That euen heuen reioyced her sweete face to see.

In robe of lilly white shee was arayd,
 That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
 The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
 Braunched with gold & perle, most richly wrought,
 And borne of two faire Damsels, which were taught
 That seruice well. Her yellow golden heare
 Was trimly wouen, and in tresses wrought,
 Ne other tire shee on her head did weare,
 But crownd with a garland of sweete *Rosiere*.

Goodly shee entertaind those noble knights,
 And brought them vp into her castle hall;
 Where gentle court and gracious delight
 Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
 Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall:
 Then when they rested had a season dew,
 They her besought of fauour speciall,
 Of that faire Castle to afford them view;
 Shee graunted, & them leading forth, the same did shew.

First she him led vp to the Castle wall,
 That was so high, as foe might not it clime,
 And all so faire, and sensible withall,
 Not built of bricke, ne yet of stone and lime,
 But of thing like to that *AEgyptian* slime,
 Whereof king *Nine* whilome built *Babell* towre,
 But O great pitty, that no lenger a time
 So goodly workemanship should not endure:
 Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

The frame thereof seemd partly circular, e,
 And part triangulare, O worke diuine;
 Those two the first and last proportions are,
 The one imperfect, mortall, foeminine;
 Th'other immortall, perfect, masculine,
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
 Proportioned equally by seuen and nine;
 Nine was the circle sett in heauens place,
 All which compacted made a goodly *Dyapase*.

The rein two gates were placed seemly well:
 The one before, by which all in did pas,
 Did th'other far in workmanship excell;
 For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
 But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
 Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
 That when it locked, none might thorough pas,
 And when it opened, no man might it close,
 Still open to their friendes, and closed to their foes.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
 Stone more of vales, and more smooth and fine,
 Then Iett or Marble far from Ireland brought;
 Ouer the which was cast a wandring vine,

Enchaced

Enchaced with a wanton yuie twine.
 And ouer it a fayre Portcullis hong,
 Which to the gate directly dīd incline,
 With comely compasse, and compacture strong,
 Nether vnseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,
 Day and night duely keeping watch and ward,
 Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate,
 But in good order, and with dew regard;
 Vtters of secrets he from thence debarde,
 Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme.
 His larumbell might lowd and wyde be hard,
 When cause requyrd, but neuer out of time;
 Early and late it rong, at euening and at prime.

And rownd about the porch on euery syde.
 Twise sixteene warders satt, all armed bright,
 In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde:
 Tallyeomen seemed they, and of great might,
 And were enraunged ready, still for fight.
 By them as *Alma* passed with her gwestes,
 They did obeysaunce, as besceemed right,
 And then againe retourned to their restes:
 The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
 Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,
 And ready dight with drapets festiuall,
 Against the viaundes should be ministred.
 At th'upper end there sate, yclad in red
 Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
 That in his hand a white rod menaged,
 He Steward was, hight *Diet*; rype of age,
 And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
 A iolly yeoman, Marshall of the fame,
 Whose name was *Appetite*; he did bestow
 Both guesstes and meate, when euer in they came,
 And knew them how to order without blame,
 As him the Steward badd. They both attone
 Did dewty to their Lady, as became;
 Who passing by, forth ledd her guesstes anone
 Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

It was a vault built for great dispence,
 With many raunges reard along the wall;
 And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence,
 The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
 There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
 Vpon a mightie fornace, burning whott,
 More whott, then *Aetn'*, or flaming *Mongiball*:
 For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
 So long as any thing it in the caudron gott.

But to delay the heat, least by mischaunce
 It might breake out, and set the whole on fyre,
 There added was by goodly ordinaunce,
 An huge great payre of bellows, which did styre
 Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
 About the Caudron many Cookes accoyld,
 With hookes and ladles, as need did requyre;
 The whyles the viaundes in the vessell boyl'd
 They did about their businesse sweat, and forely toyld.

The maister Cooke was cald *Conccction*,
 A carefull man, and full of comely guyse:
 The kitchin clerke, that hight *Digestion*,
 Did order all th' Achates in seemely wise,

And

And set them forth, as well he could deuise.
 The rest had feuerall offices assynd,
 Some to remoue the scum, as it did rise;
 Others to beare the same away did mynd;
 And others it to vse according to his kynd.

But all the liquour, which was fowle and waste,
 Not good nor seruiceable elles for ought,
 They in another great rownd vessell plaste,
 Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:
 And all the rest, that noyous was, and nought,
 By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
 Was close conuaid, and to the backgate brought,
 That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, whereby
 It was auoided quite, and throwne out priuily.

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill
 Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight;
 And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill;
 For neuer had they seene so straunge a sight.
 Thence backe againe faire *Alma* led them right,
 And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
 That was with royall arras richly dight,
 In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,
 Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

And in the midst thereof vpon the floure,
 A louely beuy of faire Ladies fate,
 Courted of many a iolly Paramoure,
 The which them did in modest wise amate,
 And eachone sought his Lady to aggrate:
 And eke emongst them litle *Cupid* playd
 His wanton sportes, being retourned late
 From his fierce warres, and hauing from him layd
 His cruel bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

Diuerſe delights they fownd them ſelues to pleaſe;
 Some ſong in ſweet conſort, ſome laught for ioy,
 Some plaid with ſtrawes, ſome ydly fatt at eaſe,
 But other ſome could not abide to toy,
 All pleaſaunce was to them grieſe and annoy:
 This froūd, that faund, the third for ſhame did bluſh,
 Another ſeemed enuiouſ, or coy,
 Another in her teeth did gnaw a ruſh:
 But at theſe ſtraungers preſence euery one did huſh.

Soone as the gracious *Alma* came in place,
 They all attonce out of their ſeates aroſe,
 And to her homage made, with humble grace:
 Whom when the knights beheld, they gan diſpoſe
 Themſelues to court, and each a damzell choſe:
 The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light,
 That was right faire and freſh as morning roſe,
 But ſomewhat ſad, and ſolemne eke in fight,
 As if ſome penſiue thought cōſtraind her gentle ſpright

In a long purple pall, whoſe ſkirt with gold,
 Was fretted all about, ſhe was arayd,
 And in her hand a Poplar braunch did hold:
 To whom the prince in courteous maner ſayd,
 Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus diſmayd,
 And your faire beautie doe with ſadnes ſpill?
 Lines any, that you hath thus ill apayd?
 Or doen your loue, or doen you lack your will?
 What euer bee the cauſe, it ſure beſeemes you ill.

Fayre Sir, ſaid ſhe halfe in diſdainefull wiſe,
 How is it, that this word in me ye blame,
 And in your ſelfe doe not the ſame aduiſe.
 Him ill beſeemes, anothers fault to name,

That

That may vnwares bee blotted with the same:
 Pensieue I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
 Through great desire of glory and of fame;
 Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd, (find.
 That haue three years sought one, yet no where can her

The Prince was inly moued at her speech,
 Well weeting trew, what she had rashly told,
 Yet with faire semblaunt sought to hyde the breach,
 Which change of colour did perforce vnfold,
 Now seeming flaming whott, now stony cold.
 Tho turning soft aside, he did inqyre
 What wight she was, that Poplar braunch did hold:
 It answered was, her name was *Pray* desire,
 That by well doing sought to honour to aspyre.

The whyles, the *Faery* knight did entertayne
 Another Damsell of that gentle crew,
 That was right fayre, and modest of demayne,
 But that too oft she chaung'd her natie hew:
 Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
 Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight:
 Vpon her fist the bird, which shoneth vew
 And keepes in couerts close from liuing wight,
 Did sit, as yet ashamd, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

So long as *Guyon* with her commoned,
 Vnto the grownd she cast her modest eye,
 And euer and anone with rosy red
 The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,
 That her became, as polisht yuory,
 Which cunning Craftesman hand hath ouerlayd
 With fayre vermilion or pure lastery
 Great wonder had the knight, to see the mayd.
 So straungely passioned, and to her gently said.

Fayre Damzell, seemeth, by your troubled cleare,
 That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
 You to molest, or other ill to feare
 That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
 From whence it doth, as cloud from sea arise.
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
 But if ought else that I mote not deuise,
 I will, if please you it discure, assay,
 To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame,
 Held downe her head, the whiles her louely face,
 The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
 And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
 That *Guyon* meruayld at her vncouth cace;
 Till *Alma* him bespake, why wonder yee
 Faire Sir at that, which ye so much embrace?
 She is the fountaine of your modestee;
 You shamefast are, but *shamefastnes* it selfe is shee.

Thereat the Elfe did blush in priuitee,
 And turnd his face away; but she the same
 Dissembled faire, and faynd to ouersee.
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
 Themselues did solace each one with his Dame,
 Till that great Lady thence away them fought,
 To vew her Castles other wondrous frame.
 Vp to a stately Turret she them brought,
 Ascending by ten steps of Alablaster wrought.

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
 Like highest heauen compassed around,
 And lifted high aboue this earthly masse,
 Which it suruewd, as hills doen lower ground;

But not on ground mote like to this be found,
 Not that, which antique *Cadmus* whylome built
 In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;
 Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly guilt,
 From which young *Hectors* blood by cruell *Greekes* was
 (spilt.

The roose hereof was arched ouer head,
 And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
 Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
 Therein gaue light, and flamd continually:
 For they of liuing fire most subtilly,
 Were made, and set in siluer sockets bright,
 Couer'd with lids deuiz'd of substance sly,
 That readily they shut and open might.
 O who can tell the prayses of that makers might?

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
 This parts great workmanship, & wondrous powre,
 That all this other worldes worke doth excell,
 And likest is vnto that heavenly towre,
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
 Therein were diuers rowmes, and diuers stages,
 But three the chiefest, and of greatest powre,
 In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
 The wisest men, I weene, that liued in their ages.

Not he, whom *Greece*, the Nourse of all good arts,
 By *Phabus* doome, the wisest thought aliue,
 Might be compar'd to this by many parts:
 Nor that sage *Pylian* syre, which did suruiue
 Three ages, such as mortall men contriue,
 By whose aduise old *Priams* cittie fell,
 With these in praise of pollicies mote striue.
 These three in these three rowmes did sondry dwell,
 And counselled faire *Alma*, how to gouerne well.

The first of them could things to come foresee;
 The next could of thinges present best aduize;
 The third things past could keepe in memoree,
 So that no time, nor reason could arize,
 But that the same could one of these comprize.
 For thy the first did in the forepart sit,
 That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize:
 He had a sharpe foresight, and working wit,
 That neuer idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

His chamber was dispainted all with in,
 With sondry colours, in the which were writ
 Infinite shapes of thinges disperfed thin;
 Some such as in the world were neuer yit,
 Ne can deuized be of mortall wit;
 Some daily seene, and knowen by their names,
 Such as in idle fantasies doe flit:
 Infernall Hags, *Centaurs*, feendes, *Hippodames*,
 Apes, Lyons, Aegles, Owles, fooles, louers, children,
 (Dames.

And all the chamber filled was with flyes,
 Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,
 That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,
 Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round,
 After their hiues with honny do abound:
 All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,
 Deuices, dreames, opinions vnfound,
 Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophesies;
 And all that fained is, as leafings, tales, and lies.

Emongst them all sate he, which wonned there,
 That hight *Phantastes* by his nature trew,
 A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,
 Offwarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,

That him full of melancholy did shew;
 Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
 That mad or foolish seemd: one by his vew
 Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
 When oblique *Saturne* fate in the house of agonyes.

Whom *Alma* hauing shewed to her guesstes,
 Thence brought the to the second rowme, whose wals
 Were painted faire with memorable gesses,
 Of famous *Wifards*, and with picturals
 Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
 Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
 Of lawes, of iudgementes, and of decretals;
 All artes, all science, all Philosophy,
 And all that in the world was ay thought wittily.

Of those that rowme was full, and them among
 There fate a man of ripe and perfect age,
 Who did them meditate all his life long,
 That through continuall practise and vsage,
 He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.
 Great plesure had those straunger knightes, to see
 His goodly reason, and graue personage,
 That his disciples both desyrd to bee,
 But *Alma* thence the led to th'hindmost rowme of three.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
 And therefore was remoued far behind,
 Yet were the wals, that did the same vphold,
 Right firme & strong, though somewhat they declind;
 And therein sat an old oldman, halfe blind,
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
 Yet liuely vigour rested in his mind,
 And recompens't him with a better scorse:
 Weake body welis chang'd for minds redoubled forse.

This

This man of infinite remembraunce was,
 And things foregone through many ages held,
 Which he recorded still, as they did pas,
 Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
 As all things els, the which this world doth weld,
 But laid them vp in his immortall scrine,
 Where they for euer incorrupted dweld:
 The warres he well remembred of king *Nine*,
 Of old *Asaracus*, and *Inachus* diuine.

The yeares of *Nestor* nothing were so his,
 Ne yet *Mathusalem* though longest liu'd;
 For he remembred both their infancis:
 Ne wonder then, if that he were depriu'd
 Of natiue strength now, that he them suruiu'd.
 His chamber all was hangd about with rolls,
 And old records from auncient times deriud,
 Some made in books, some in log parchment scrolls,
 That were all worm-caten, and full of canker holes.

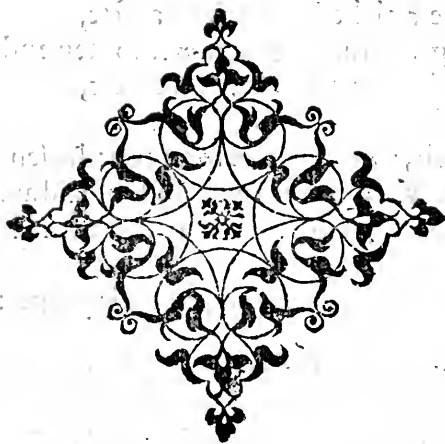
Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
 Tossing and turning them withouten end;
 But for he was vnhabie them to sett,
 A litle boy did on him still attend,
 To reach, when euer he for ought did send;
 And oft when thinges were lost, or laid amis,
 That boy them sought, and vnto him did lend.
 Therefore he *Anamnestes* cleped is,
 And that old man *Eumnestes*, by their propertis.

The knightes there entring, did him reuerence dew
 And wondred at his endlesse exercise,
 Then as they gan his Library to vew,
 And antique Regesters for to auise,

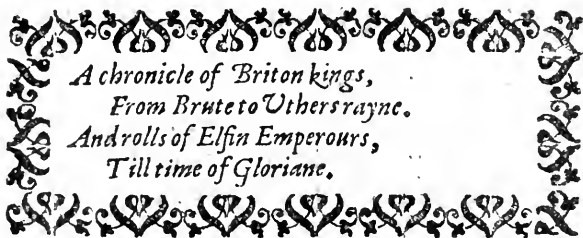
There chanced to the Princes hand to rize,
 An auncient booke, hight *Briton moniments*;
 That of this lands first conquest did deuize,
 And old diuision into Regiments,
 Till it reduced was to one mans gouernements.

Sir *Guyon* chaunst eke on another booke,
 That hight, *Antiquitee of Faery lond*.
 In which whenas he greedily did looke,
 Th'offspring of Elues and Faryes there he fond,
 As it deliuered was from hond to hond:
 Whereat they burning both with feruent fire,
 Their countreys auncestry to vnderfond,
 Crau'd leaue of *Alma*, and that aged fire,
 To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.

Cant.



Cant. X.



*A chronicle of Briton kings,
From Brute to Others rayne.
And rolls of Elfin Emperours,
Till time of Gloriane.*

Who now shall giue vnto me words and sound,
Equall vnto this haughty enterprise?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which frō ground
My lowly verſe may loftily ariſe,
And liſt it ſelſe vnto the higheſt ſkyes?
More ample ſpirit, then hetherto was wount,
Here needes me, whiles the famous aunceſtryes
Of my moſt dreaded Soueraigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes ſhe doth far ſurmount.

Ne vnder Sunne, that ſhines ſo wide and faire,
Whence all that liues, does borrow life and light,
Liues ought, that to her lineage may compaire,
Which though from earth it be deriued right,
Yet doth it ſelſe ſtretch forth to heuens hight,
And all the world with wonder ouerspred;
A labor huge, exceeding far my might:
How ſhall fraile pen, with feare diſparaged,
Conceiue ſuch ſoueraigne glory, and great bountyhed?

Argument worthy of *Maonian* quill,
Or rather worthy of great *Phœbus* rote,
Whereon the ruines of great *Oſſa* hill,
And triumphes of *Phlegræan* Ioue he wrote,

That all the Gods admird his lofty note.
 But if some relish of that heuently lay
 His learned daughters would to me report,
 To decke my song withall, I would aslay,
 Thy name, O soueraine Queene, to blazon far away.

Thy name O soueraine Queene, thy realme and race,
 From this renowned Prince deriued arre,
 Whom mightily vpheld that royall mace,
 Which now thou bearst, to thee descended farre
 From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
 Thy fathers and thy great Grandfathers of gold,
 Whose noble deeds about the Northern starre
 Immortall fame for euer hath enrold;
 As in that old mansbooke they were in order told.

The land, which warlike Britons now possesse,
 And therein haue their mighty empire rayd,
 In antique times was saluage wilderness,
 Vnpeopled, vnmannurd, vnproud, vnprayd,
 Ne was it Island then, ne was it payd
 Amid the *Ocean* waues, ne was it sought
 Ofmerchaunts faire, for profits therein prayd,
 But was all desolate, and of some thought
 By sea to haue bene fto the *Celticke* mayn-land brought.

Ne did it then deserue a name to haue,
 Till that the venturous Mariner that way
 Learning his ship from those white rocks to saue,
 Which all along the Southerne sea-coast lay,
 Threatning vnheedy wrecke and rash decay,
 For safety that same his sea-marke made,
 And namd it *Albion*. But later day
 Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
 Gan more the same frequent, and further to inuade.

But far in land a saluage nation dwelt,
 Of hideous Giaunts, and halfe beastly men,
 That neuer tasted grace, nor goodnes felt,
 But like wild beastes lurking in loathsome den,
 And flying fast as Roebucke through the fen,
 All naked without shame, or care of cold,
 By hunting and by spoiling liueden;
 Of stature huge, and eke of corage bold,
 That sonnes of men amazd their sterneesse to behold.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begott,
 Vneath is to assure, vneath to wene
 That monstrous error, which doth some aslott,
 That *Dioclesians* fifty daughters shene
 Into this land by chaunce haue driuen bene,
 Where companing with feends and filthy Sprights
 Through vaine illusion of their lust vnclene,
 They brought forth Geaunts & such dreadful wights,
 As far exceeded men in their immeasurd mights.

They held this land, and with their filthinesse
 Polluted this same gentle soyle long time:
 That their owne mother loathd their beastlinesse,
 And gan abhorre her broods vnkindly crime,
 All were they borne of her owne netiue slime;
 Vntil that *Brutus* anciently deriu'd
 From roiall stocke of old *Asaracs* line,
 Driuen by fatall error, here arriu'd,
 And them of their vniust possession depriu'd.

But ere he had established his throne,
 And spred his empire to the vtmost shore,
 He fought great batteils with his saluage fone;
 In which he them defeated euermore,

And

And many Giaunts left on groning flore,
 That well can witnes yet vnto this day
 The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the gore
 Of mighty *Goemot*, whome in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

And eke that ample Pitt, yet far renownd,
 For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd;
 Into the which retourning backe, he fell,
 But those three monstrous stones doe most excell
 Which that huge sonne of hideous *Albion*,
 Whose father *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,
 Great *Codmer* threw, in fierce contention,
 At bold *Canutus*; but of him was slaine anon.

In meed of these great conquests by them gott,
Corineus had that Prouince vtmost west,
 To him assigned for his worthy lott,
 Which of his name and memorable gest
 He called *Cornwaile*, yet so called best:
 And *Debons* shayre was, that is *Deuonshyre*:
 But *Canute* had his portion from the rest,
 The which he cald *Canutium*, for his hyre;
 Now *Cantium*, which Kent we comenly inquyre.

Thus *Brute* this Realme vnto his rule subdewd,
 And raigned long in great felicity,
 Lou'd of his freends, and of his foes eschewd,
 He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
 Borne of fayre *Inogene* of *Italy*;
 Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
 And *Lochrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.
 At last ripe age bad him surrender late
 His life, and long good fortune vnto finall fate.

Loocrine was left the foueraine Lord of all;
 But *Albanect* had all the Northerne part,
 Which of him selfe *Albania* he did call;
 And *Camber* did possesse the Westerne quart,
 Which *Seuerne* now from *Logris* doth depart:
 And each his portion peaceably enjoyd,
 Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
 That once their quiet gouernment annoyd,
 But each his paynes to others profit still employd.

Vntill a nation straung, with visage swart,
 And corage fierce, that all men did affray,
 Which through the world the swarind in euery part,
 And ouerflow'd all countries far away,
 Like *Noyes* great flood, with their importune sway,
 This land inuaded with like violence,
 And did themselues through all the North display:
 Vntill that *Loocrine* for his Realmes defence,
 Did head against them make, and strong munificence.

He them encountred, a confused rout,
 Foreby the Riuer, that whylome was hight
 The ancient *Abus*, where with courage stout
 He them defeated in victorious fight,
 And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight,
 That forst their Chiefetain, for his safeties sake,
 (Their Chiefetain *Humber* named was aright,)
 Vnto the mighty streame him to betake,
 Where he an end of batteill, and of life did make.

The king retourned proud of victory,
 And insolent vox through vnwonted ease,
 That shortly he forgot the iopardy,
 Which in his land he lately did appease,

And

And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
 He lou'd faire *Ladie Estrild*, leudly lou'd,
 Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
 That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remou'd;
 Frō *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithful prou'd.

The noble daughter of *Corineus*
 Would not endure to bee so vile disdaind,
 But gathering force, and corage valorous,
 Encountred him in batteill well ordaind,
 In which him vanquisht she to fly constrained:
 But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke,
 And threw in bands, where he till death remaind
 Als his faire *Leman*, flying through a brooke,
 She ouerhent, nought moued with her piteous looke.

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,
 Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
 The faire *Sabrina* almost dead with feare,
 She there attached, far from all succoure;
 The one she slew vpon the present floure,
 But the sad virgin innocent of all,
 Adowne the rolling riuer she did poure,
 Which of her name now *Seuerne* men do call:
 Such was the end, that to disloyall loue did fall.

Then for her sonne, which she to *Locrin* bore,
Madan was young, vnmeet the rule to sway,
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
 Till ryper yeares he raught, and stronger stay:
 During which time her powre she did display
 Through all this realme, the glory of her sex,
 And first taught men a woman to obey:
 But when her sonne to mans estate did wax,
 She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger vex.

Tho *Madan* raigned, vnworthie of his race:
 For with all shame that sacred throne he filld:
 Next *Memprise*, as vnworthy of that place,
 In which being comforted with *Manild*,
 For thirst of single kingdom him he kild.
 But *Ebranck* salued both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and warreyd on *Brunchild*
 In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
 Braue monuments remaine, which yet that land enuies.

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
 And happy father of faire progeny:
 For all so many weekes, as the yeare has,
 Somany children he did multiply;
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply,
 Their mindes to prayse, and cheualrous desyre:
 Those germans did subdew all *Germany*,
 Of whom it hight; but in the end their Syre
 With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to retyre,

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his seat,
 The second *Brute*, the second both in name,
 And eke in semblaunce of his puissaunce great,
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of euerlasting fame.
 He with his victour sword first opened,
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered; (ked.
 Since which, with sondrie spoiles, she hath bene ransac-

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
 And let the marth of *Esthane bruges* tell,
 What colour were their waters that same day,
 And all the moore twixt *Eluersham* and *Dell*,

With

With blood of *Henalois*, which therein fell.
 How oft that day did sad *Brunchildis* see
 The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermell:
 That not the same man ~ ~ he mote seeme to bee,
 But rather a ghoste, his face and handes all bloodye bee.

His sonne king *Leill* by fathers labour long,
 Enioyd an heritage of lasting peace,
 And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* strong.
 Next *Huddibras* his realme did not encrease,
 But taught the land from wearie wars to cease.
 Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in artes
 Exceld at *Athens* all the learned preace,
 From whēce he brought them to these saluage parts
 And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

Ensamplē of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
 And in their entrailles, full of quick Brimston,
 Nourish the flames, which they are warmd vpon,
 That to her people wealth they forth do well,
 And health to euery forreyne nation:
 Yet he at last contending to excell
 The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell,

Next him king *Leyr* in happie peace long raynd,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were well vptraind,
 In all that seemed fitt for kingly seed:
 Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
 To haue diuided. Tho when feeble age
 Nigh to his vtmost date he saw proceed,
 He cald his daughters; and with speeches sage
 Inquyrd, which of them most did loue her parentage.

The eldest *Gonorill* gan to protest,
 That she much more then her owne life him lou'd:
 And *Regan* greater loue to him profest,
 Then all the world, when euer it were proou'd;
 But *Cordell* said she lou'd him, as behoou'd:
 Whose simple answer, wanting colours fayre
 To paint it forth,, him to displeasaunce moou'd,
 That in his crown he counted her no hayre, (shayre.
 But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did

So wedded th'one to *Maglan* king of Scottes,
 And thother to the king of *Cambria*,
 And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lottes:
 But without dowre the wife *Cordelia*,
 Was sent to *Aggannip* of *Celtica*.
 Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,
 A priuate life ledd in *Albania*;
 With *Gonorill*, long had in great renowne, (downe.
 That nought him grieu'd to beene from rule depofed

But true it is that when the oyle is spent,
 The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;
 So when he had resign'd his regiment,
 His daughter gan despise his drouping day;
 And wearie wax of his continuall stay.
 Tho to his daughter *Regan* he repayrd,
 Who him at first well vsed euery way;
 But when of his departure she despayrd,
 Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

The wretched man gan then auise to late,
 That loue is not, where most it is profest,
 Too truely tryde in his extremest state;
 At last resolu'd likewise to proue the rest,

He

He to *Cordelia* him selfe addrest,
 Who with entyre affection him receau'd,
 As for her Syre and king her seemed best;
 And after all au army strong she leau'd,
 To war on those, which him had of his realme bereau'd

So to his crowne she him restord againe,
 In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
 And after wild, it should to her remaine:
 Who peaceably the same long time did weld:
 And all mens harts in dew obedience held:
 Till that her sisters children, woxen strong,
 Through proud ambition against her rebeld,
 And ouercommen kept in prison long,
 Till weary of that wretched life, her selfe she hong.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to raine:
 But fierce *Cundah* gan shortly to enuy
 His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud disdaine,
 To haue a pere in part of souerainty,
 And kindling coles of cruell enmity,
 Raisd warre, and him in batteill ouerthrew:
 Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,
 Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him slew:
 Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

His sonne *Riuall* his dead rowme did supply,
 In whose sad time blood did from heauen rayne:
 Next great *Gurgustus*, then faire *Cecily*,
 In constant peace their kingdomes did contayne,
 After whom *Lago*, and *Kimmarke* did rayne,
 And *Gorbogud*, till far in yeares he grew:
 Then his Ambitious sonnes vnto them twayne,
 Arraught the rule, and from their father drew,
 Stout *Ferrex* and sterne *Porrex* him in prison threw.

But O, the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
 That knowes no kinred, nor regardes no right,
 Stird *Porrex* vp to put his brother downe;
 Who vnto him assembling forreigne might,
 Made warre on him, and fell him selfe in fight:
 Whose death t'auenge, his mother mercileffe,
 Most mercileffe of women, *Wyden* hight,
 Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
 And with most cruell hand him murdred pittileffe.

Here ended *Brutus* sacred progeny,
 Which had seuen hundred yeares this scepter borne,
 With high renowme, and great felicity;
 The noble braunch from th'antique stocke was torne
 Through discord, and the roiall throne forlorne:
 Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,
 Whilest each of *Brutus* boasted to be borne,
 That in the end was left no monument
 Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glorie auncient.

Then vp arose a man of matchlesse might,
 And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,
 Who stird with pittie of the strested plight
 Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres
 By such, as claymd theselues *Brutes* rightfull hayres,
 Gathered the Princes of the people loose,
 To taken counsell of their common cares;
 Who with his wisdom won, him streight did choose
 Their king, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

Then made he head against his enimies,
 And *Ymner* slew, of *Logris* miscreate;
 Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allyes,
 This of *Albany* newly nominate,

And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,
 He ouerthrew through his owne valiaunce;
 Whose countries he refus'd to quiet state,
 And shortly brought to ciuile gouernaunce,
 Now one, which earst were many, made through vari-
 (aunce.

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
 Were vnto him reueald in vision,
 By which he freed the Traueilers high way,
 The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
 Restraining stealth, and strong extortion;
 The gracious *Numa* of great *Britany*:
 For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
 By strength was wielded without pollicy;
 Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignity.

Donwallo dyde (for what may liue for ay?)

And left two sonnes, of pearelesse prowesse both;
 That sacked *Rome* too dearely did assay,
 The recompence of their periured oth,
 And ranfackt *Greece* wel tryde, whē they were wroth;
 Besides subiected *France*, and *Germany*,
 Which yet their praises speake, all be they loth,
 And inly tremble at the memory
 Of *Brennus* and *Belinus*, kinges of *Britany*.

Next them did *Gurgiunt*, great *Belinus* sonne
 In rule succede, and eke in fathers praise;
 He Easterland subdewd, and *Denmarke* wonne,
 And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
 The which was dew in his dead fathers daies:
 He also gaue to fugitiues of *Spayne*,
 Whom he at sea found wandring from their waies,
 A seate in *Ireland* safely to remayne,
 Which they should hold of him, as subiect to *Britayne*.

After

After him raigned *Guitheline* his hayre,
 The iustest man and trewest in his daies,
 Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fayre,
 A woman worthy of immortall praise,
 Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
 And wholesome Statutes to her husband brought:
 Her many deemd to haue beene of the *Fayes*,
 As was *Aegerie*, that *Numa* tought:
 Those yet of her be *Mertiā* lawes both nam'd & thought.

Her sonne *Sifillus* after her did rayne,
 And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius*;
 Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne sustayne,
 Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
 And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
 And mightie deedes, should matched haue the best:
 As well in that same field victorious
 Against the forreine *Morands* he exprest;
 Yet liues his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

Fiue sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
 All which successiuelly by turnes did rayne;
 First *Gorboman* a man of vertuous life;
 Next *Archigald*, who for his proud disdayne,
 Deposed was from pryncedome souerayne,
 And pitteous *Elidure* put in his sted;
 Who shortly it to him restord agayne,
 Till by his death he it recouered;
 But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him disthronized.

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
 Till they outraigned had their vtmost date,
 And then therein reseized was againe,
 And ruled long with honorable state,

Till he surrendred Realme and life to fate.
 Then all the sonnes of these fiue brethren raynd
 By dew successe, and all their Nephewes late,
 Euen thrise eleuen descents the crowne retaynd,
 Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gaynd.

He had two sonnes, whose eldest called *Lud*
 Left of his life most famous memory,
 And endlesse monuments of his great good:
 The ruin'd wals he did rexdifye
 Of *Troynouant*, gainst force of enemy,
 And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
 By which helyes entombed solemnly;
 He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

Whilst they were young, *Cafsibalane* their Eme
 Was by the people chosen in their sted,
 Who on him tooke the roiall Diademe,
 And goodly well long time it gouerned,
 Till the prowde *Romanes* him disquieted,
 And warlike *Cesar*, tempted with the name
 Of this sweet Island, neuer conquered,
 And enuying the Britons blazed fame,
 (O hideous hunger of dominion) hether came.

Yet twise they were repulsd backe againe,
 And twise renforst, backe to their ships to fly,
 The whiles with blood they all the shore did staine,
 And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy:
 Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
 Had not *Androgeus*, false to natiue soyle,
 And enuious of Vncles soueraintie,
 Betrayd his countrey vnto forreine spoyle:
 Nought els, butt treason, from the first this land did soyle

So by him *Cesar* got the victory,
 Through great bloodshed, and many a sad assay,
 In which himselfe was charged heuily
 Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did slay,
 But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
 Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
 T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obay,
 Till *Arthur* all that reckoning defrayd;
 Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

Next him *Tenantius* raignd, then *Kimbeline*,
 What time th'eternall Lord in fleshly slime
 Enwombd was, from wretched *Adams* line
 To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime:
 O ioyous memorie of happy time,
 That heauenly grace so plenteously displayd;
 (O too high ditty for my simple rime.)
 Soone after this the *Romanes* him warrayd;
 For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd.

Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,
 An army brought, and with him batteile fought,
 In which the king was by a Treachetour
 Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
 Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;
 For *Arvirage* his brothers place supplyde,
 Both in his armes, and crowne, and by that draught
 Did driue the *Romanes* to the weaker syde,
 That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifyde.

Was neuer king more highly magnifide,
 Nor dredd of *Romanes*, then was *Arvirage*,
 For which the Emperour to him allide
 His daughter *Genuis'* in marriage:

Yet shortly he renounst the vassallage
 Of *Rome* againe, who hether hastily sent
Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
 Forwasted all, till *Genuiffa* gent
 Persuaded him to ceasse, and her lord to relent.

He dide; and him succeeded *Marius*,
 Who ioyd his dayes in great tranquillity.
 Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
 That first receiued Christianity,
 The sacred pledge of Christes Euangely:
 Yet true it is, that long before that day
 Hither came *Ioseph* of *Arimathy*,
 Who brought with him the holy grayle, (they say)
 And preacht the truth; but since it greatly did decay.

This good king shortly without isswe dide,
 Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
 That did her selfe in sondry parts diuide,
 And with her powre her owne selfe ouerthrew,
 Whilest *Romanes* daily did the weake subdew:
 Which seeing stout *Bunduca*, vp arose,
 And taking armes, the *Britons* to her drew;
 With whom she marched streight against her foes,
 And them vnwares besides the *Seuerne* did enclose.

There she with them a cruell batteill tryde,
 Not with so good successe, as shee deseru'd;
 By reason that the Captaines on her syde,
 Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her sweru'd:
 Yet such, as were through former flight preseru'd,
 Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
 And with fresh corage on the victor seru'd:
 But being all defeated, saue a few,
 Rather then fly, or be captiu'd, her selfe she slew.

O famous monument of womens prayse,
 Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
 Whom antique history so high doth rayse,
 Or to *Hypsiphil*, or to *Thomiris*:
 Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is;
 Who whiles good fortune fauoured her might,
 Triumphed oft against her enemies;
 And yet though ouercome in haplesse fight,
 Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

Her reliques *Fulgent* hauing gathered,
 Fought with *Seuerus*, and him ouerthrew;
 Yet in the chace was slaine of them, that fled:
 So made them victors, whome he did subdew.
 Then gan *Carausius* tirannize anew,
 And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,
 But him *Allectus* treacherously slew,
 And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
 Nath'lesse the same enioyed but short happy howre:

For *Asclepiodate* him ouercame,
 And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
 Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
 Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne;
 But shortly was by *Coyll* in batteill slaine:
 Who after long debate, since *Lucies* tyme,
 Was of the *Britons* first crownd Soueraine:
 Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime;
 He of his name *Coylchester* built of stone and lime.

Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hether sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
 With whome king *Coyll* made an agreement,
 And to him gaue for wife his daughter bright.

Fayre *Helena*, the fairest living wight;
 Who in all godly thewes, and goodly praise,
 Did far excell, but was most famous hight
 For skil in Musicke of all in her daies,
 Aswell in curious instruments as cunning laies.

Of whom he did great *Constantine* begett,
 Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*;
 To which whiles absent he his mind did sett,
Octavius here lept into his roome,
 And it vsurped by vnrighteous doome:
 But he his title iustifide by might,
 Slaying *Traberne*, and hauing ouercome
 The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:
 So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right.

But wanting yflew male, his daughter deare,
 He gaue in wedlocke to *Maximian*,
 And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
 Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
 Till murdred by the freends of *Gratian*;
 Then gan the Hunnes and Piets inuade this land,
 During the raigne of *Maximinian*;
 Who dying left none heire them to withstand.
 But that they ouerran all parts with easy hand.

The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth
 Was by *Maximian* lately ledd away,
 With wretched miseryes, and woefull ruth,
 Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
 And daily spectacle of sad decay: (yeares,
 Whome *Romane* warres, which now fowr hundred
 And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
 Til by consent of Commons and of Peares,
 They crownd the secōd *Constantine* with ioyous teares,
 Who

Who hauing oft in batteill vanquished
 Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
 Long time in peace his realme established,
 Yet oft annoyd with sondry bordragings.
 Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings,
 With which the world did in those dayes abound:
 Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
 From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,
 Which from *Alcluid* to *Pannvelt* did that border bownd.

Three sonnes he dying left, all vnder age;
 By meanes whereof, their vncl *Vortigere*
 Vsurpt the crowne, during their pupillage;
 Which th'Infants tutors gathering to feare,
 Them closely into *Armorick* did beare:
 For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
 He sent to *Germany*, straunge aid to reare,
 From whence eftsoones arriued here three hoyes
 Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safety imployes.

Two brethren were their Capitayns, which hight
Hengist and *Horsus*, well approu'd in warre,
 And both of them men of renowned might;
 Who making vantage of their ciuile iarre,
 And of those forreyners, which came from farre,
 Grew great, and got large portions of land,
 That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre,
 Then they which sought at first their helping hand,
 And *Vortiger* haue forst the kingdome to aband.

But by the helpe of *Vortimere* his sonne,
 He is againe vnto his rule restord,
 And *Hengist* seeming sad, for that was donne,
 Receiued is to grace and new accord,

Through

Through his faire daughters face, & flattering word,
 Soone after which, three hundred Lords he flew
 Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;
 Whose dolefull monuments who list to rew,
 Th'eternall marks of treason may at *Stonheng* vew.

By this the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambrose and *Vther* did ripe yeares attayne,
 And here arriuing, strongly challenged
 The crowne, which *Vortiger* did long detain:
 Who flying from his guilt, by them was slayne,
 And *Hengist* eke soone brought to shamfull death.
 Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did rayne,
 Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;
 So now entombed lies at *Stoneheng* by the heath.

After him *Vther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
 Succeeding There abruptly it did end,
 Without full point, or other Cefure right,
 As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
 Or th' Author selfe could not at least attend
 To finish it: that so vntimely breach
 The Prince him selfe halfe seemed to offend,
 Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
 And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speach.

At last quite ravisht with delight, to heare
 The royall Offspring of his natie land,
 Cryde out, Deare countrey, O how dearely deare
 Ought thy remembraunce, and perpetual band
 Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
 Did commun breath and nouriture receaue?
 How brutish is it not to vnderstand,
 How much to her we owe, that all vs gae,
 That gae vnto vs all, what euer good we haue.

But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,
 Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
 And ample volume, that doth far exceed
 My leasure, so long leaues here to repeat:
 It told, how first *Prometheus* did create
 A man, of many parts from beasts deryu'd,
 And then stole fire from heuen, to animate
 His worke, for which he was by *Ioue* depryu'd
 Of life him self, and hart-strings of an *Aegle* ryu'd.

That man so made, he called *Elfe*, to weete
 Quick, the first author of all *Elfin* kynd:
 Who wandring through the world with wearie feet,
 Did in the gardins of *Adonis* fynd
 A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mynd
 To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
 Or Angell, th'authour of all woman kynd;
 Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
 Of whom all *Faryes* spring, & fetch their lignage right.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
 And puissant kinges, which all the world warrayd,
 And to them selues all Nations did subdew:
 The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
 Was *Elfin*, him all *India* obayd,
 And all that now *America* men call:
 Next him was noble *Elfsian*, who laid
Cleopolis foundation first of all:
 But *Elfiline* enclofd it with a golden wall.

His sonne was *Elfinell*, who ouercame
 The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloody field:
 But *Elfant* was of most renoumed fame,
 Who all of *Christall* did *Panthes* build:

Then *Elfar*, who two brethren gyauntes kild,
 The one of which had two heades, th' other three:
 Then *Elfnor*, who was in magick skild;
 He built by art vpon the glassy See (bee.
 A bridge of bras, whose sound heuēs thunder seem'd to

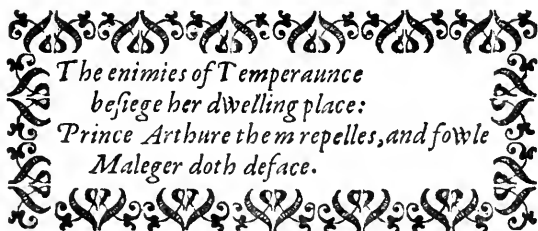
He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
 And all their Offspring, in their dew descents,
 Euen seuen hundred Princes, which maintaynd
 With mightie deedes their sondry gouernments;
 That were too long their infinite contents
 Here to record, ne much materiall:
 Yet should they be most famous monuments,
 And braue ensample, both of martiall,
 And ciuil rule to kinges and states imperiall.

After all these *Elficles* did rayne,
 The wise *Elficles* in great Maiestie,
 Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
 And with rich spoyles and famous victorie,
 Did high aduaunce the crowne of *Faery*:
 He left two sonnes, of which faire *Elferon*
 The eldest brother did vntimely dy;
 Whose emptie place the mightie *Oberon*
 Doubly supplide, in spoufall, and dominion.

Great was his power and glorie ouer all,
 Which him before, that sacred seate did fill,
 That yet remains his wide memoriall:
 He dying left the fairest *Tanaquill*,
 Him to succede therein, by his last will:
 Fairer and nobler liueth none this howre,
 Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
 Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre,
 Long mayst thou *Glorian* liue, in glory & great powre.
 Beguyld

Beguyld thus with delight of nouelties,
 And naturall desire of countryes state,
 So long they redd in those antiquities,
 That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
 Till gentle *Alma* seeing it so late,
 Perforce their studies broke, and them besought
 To thinke, how supper did them long awaite.
 So halfe vnwilling from their bookes them brought,
 And fayrely feasted, as so noble knightes she ought.

Cant XI



W Hat warre so cruel, or what siege so sore,
 As that, which strong affections doe apply
 Against the forte of reason euermore,
 To bring the fowle into captiuity:
 Their force is fiercer through infirmity
 Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
 And exercise most bitter tyranny
 Vpon the partes, brought into their bondage:
 No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.

But in a body which doth freely yeeld
 His partes to reasons rule obedient,
 And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
 All happy peace and goodly government

Is fetled there in sure establishment,
 There *Alma* like a virgin Queene most bright,
 Doth florish in all beautie excellent:
 And to her guesstes doth bounteous banquet dight,
 Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray,
 The windowes of bright heauen opened had,
 Through which into the world the dawning day
 Might looke, that maketh euery creature glad,
 Vp rose Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
 And to his purposd iourney him prepar'd:
 With him the Palmer eke in habit sad,
 Him selfe adrest to that aduenture hard:
 So to the riuers syde they both together far'd.

Where'them awaited ready at the ford
 The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had behight,
 With his well rigged bote: They goe aboard,
 And he estsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
 Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
 And fast the land behynd them fled away.
 But let them pas, whiles winde and wether right
 Doe serue their turnes: here I a while must stay,
 To see a cruell fight doen by the prince this day.

For all so soone, as *Guyon* thence was gon
 Vpon his voyage with his trustie guyde,
 That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
 That castle to assaile on euery side,
 And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.
 So huge and infinite their numbers were,
 That all the land they vnder them did hyde;
 So fowle and vgly, that exceeding feare
 Their visages imprest, when they approched neare.

Them in twelue troupes their Captein did dispart,
 And round about in fittest steades did place,
 Where each might best offend his proper part,
 And his contrary obiekt most deface,
 As euery one seem'd meetest in that cace.
 Seuen of the same against the Castle gate,
 In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
 Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate,
 They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate.

The other fine, fise sondry wayes he sett,
 Against the fise great Bulwarkes of that pyle,
 And vnto each a Bulwarke did arrett,
 T'assayle with open force or hidden guyle,
 In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
 They all that charge did feruently apply,
 With greedie malice and importune toyle,
 And planted there their huge artillery,
 With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
 Of fowle mishapen wightes, of which some were
 Headed like Owles, with beckes vncomely bent,
 Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
 And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,
 And euery one of them had Lyncees eyes,
 And euery one did bow and arrowes beare:
 All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt enuyes,
 And couetous aspects, all cruel enemyes.

Those same against the bulwarke of the *Sight*
 Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
 Ne once did yield it respitt day nor night,
 But soone as *Titan* gan his head exault,

And

And soone againe as he his light withhault,
 Their wicked engins they against it bent:
 That is each thing, by which the eyes may fault,
 But two then all more huge and violent,
 Beautie, and money they against that Bulwarke lent.

The second Bulwarke was the *Hearing* sence,
 Gainst which the second troupe assignment makes,
 Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,
 Some hauing heads like Harts, some like to Snakes,
 Some like wilde Bores late rouzd out of the brakes,
 Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies,
 Leasinges, backbytinges, and vaine glorious crakes,
 Bad counsels, prayfes, and false flatteries,
 All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the *Smell*
 Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd:
 Whose hideous shapes were like to feendes of hell,
 Some like to houndes, some like to Apes, dismayd,
 Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arayd:
 All shap't according their conditions,
 For by those vgly formes weren pourtrayd,
 Foolish delights and fond abusions,
 Which doe that sence besiege with light illusions.

And that fourth band which cruell battry bent,
 Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Taste*,
 Was as the rest a grysier ablement,
 Some mouth'd like greedy Oystriages, some faste
 Like loathly Toades, some fashioned in the waste
 Like swine; for so deformed is luxury,
 Surfeat, misdiet, and vnthrifitic waste,
 Vaine feastes, and ydle superfluity:
 All those this sences Fort assayle incessantly.

But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,
 And ferce of force, is dreadfull to report:
 For some like Snailles, some did like spyders shew,
 And some like vgly Vrchins thicke and short:
 Cruelly they assayed that fift Fort,
 Armed with dartes of sensuall delight,
 With stinges of carnall lust, and strong effort
 Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
 Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

Thus these twelue troupes with dreadfull puissaunce
 Against that Castle restlesse siege did lay,
 And euermore their hideous Ordinaunce
 Vpon the Bulwarkes cruelly did play,
 That now it gan to threaten neare decay.
 And euermore their wicked Capitayn
 Prouoked them the breaches to assay,
 Somtimes with threats, somtimes with hope of gayn,
 Which by the ranfack of that peece they should attayn.

On th'other syde, th'assieged Castles ward
 Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
 And many bold repulse, and many hard
 Atchieuement wrought with perill and with payne,
 That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine:
 And those two brethren Gyautes did defend
 The walles so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,
 That neuer entraunce any durst pretend,
 But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

The noble Virgin, Ladie of the Place,
 Was much dismayed with that dreadful sight:
 For neuer was she in so euill cace,
 Till that the Prince seeing her wofull plight,

Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
 Offring his seruice, and his dearest life
 For her defence, against that Carle to fight,
 Which was their chiefe and th'authour of that strife:
 She him remerci'd as the Patrone of her life.

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,
 And his well proued weapons to him hent;
 So taking courteous conge he behight,
 Those gates to be vnbar'd, and forth he went.
 Fayre mote he thee, the prouest and most gent,
 That euer brandished bright steele on hye:
 Whom soone as that vnruely rablement,
 With his gay Squyre issewing did espye,
 They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry.

And therewithall attonce at him let fly
 Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,
 And round about him flocke impetuouly,
 Like a great water flood, that tomling low
 From the high mountaines, threates to ouerflow
 With suddain fury all the fertile playne,
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw,
 A downe the streame and all his vowes make vayne,
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustayne.

Vpon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
 And with his sword disperst the raskall flocks,
 Which fled a sonder, and him fell before,
 As withered leaues drop from their dried stockes,
 Whē the wroth Western wind does reauē their lockes
 And vnder neath him his courageous steed,
 The fierce *Spumador* trode them downe like docks,
 The fierce *Spumador* borne of heauenly seed:
 Such as *Laomedon* of *Phabus* race did breed

Which

Which suddaine horrour and confused cry,
 When as their Capteine heard, in haste he yode,
 The cause to weet, and fault to remedy,
 Vpon a Tygre swift and fierce he rode,
 That as the winde ran vnderneath his lode,
 Whiles his long legs nigh raught vnto the ground,
 Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
 But of such subtile substance and vnfound,
 That like a ghost he seem'd, whose graue-clothes were
 vnbound.

And in his hand a bended bow was seene,
 And many arrowes vnder his right side,
 All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
 Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide,
 Such as the *Indians* in their quiuers hide,
 Those could he well direct and streight as line,
 And bid them strike the marke, which he had eyde,
 Ne was their salue ne was their medicine,
 That mote recure their wounds: so inly they did tine.

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
 His body leane and meagre as a rake,
 And skin all withered like a dryed rooke,
 Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
 That seemd to tremble euermore, and quake:
 All in a canuas thin he was bedight,
 And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
 Vpon his head he wore an Helmet light,
 Made of a dead mans skull, that seemd a ghastly sight.

Maleger was his name, and after him,
 There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags,
 With hoary lockes all loose, and visage grim;
 Their feet vnsod, their bodies wrapt in rags,

And both as swift on foot, as chased Stags,
 And yet the one her other legge had lame,
 Which with a staffe, all full of litle snags
 She did support, and *Impotence* her name:
 But th'other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

Soone as the Carle from far the Prince espyde,
 Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
 His Beast he felly prickt on either syde,
 And his mischieuous bow full readie bent,
 With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:
 But he was warie, and it warded well
 Vpon his shield, that it no further went,
 But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
 Then he another and another did expell.

Which to preuent, the Prince his mortall speare
 Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
 To be auenged of that shot whyleare:
 But he was not so hardy to abide
 That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
 His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:
 Whom to pursue, the Infant after hide,
 So fast as his good Courser could him beare,
 But labour lost it was, to weene approach him neare.

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
 That vew of eye could scarce him ouertake,
 Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tread;
 Through hils and dales he speedy way did make,
 Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
 And in his flight the villein turn'd his face,
 (As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,
 When as the *Russian* him in fight does chace)
 Vnto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
 Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew,
 And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
 That him his foe more fiercely should poursew:
 But when his vncouth manner he did vew,
 He gan auize to follow him no more,
 But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
 Vntill he quite had spent his perlous store,
And then assaile him fresh, ere he could shift for more.

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
 His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
 And to him brought fresh batteill to renew:
 Which he espying, cast her to restraine
 From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,
 And her attaching, thought her hands to tye;
 But soone as him dismounted on the plaine,
 That other Hag did far away espye
 Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily.

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
 Him backward ouerthrew, and downe him stayd
 With their rude handes and gryesly graplement,
 Till that the villein comming to their ayd,
 Vpon him fell, and lode vpon him layd;
 Full litle wanted, but he had him slaine,
 And of the battell balefull end had made,
 Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
 May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
 So feeble is mans state, and life vnfound,
 That in assurance it may neuer stand,

Till it dissolued be from earthly band,
 Proofs be thou Prince, the prouest man alyue,
 And noblest borne of all in *Britons* land,
 Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely driue,
 That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not reuiue.

The Squire arriuing, fiercely, in his armes
 Snatcht first the one, and then the other Iade,
 His chiefest letts and authors of his harmes,
 And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
 Least that his Lord they should behinde inuade;
 The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochful shame,
 As one awakte out of long slombing shade,
 Reuiuyng thought of glory and of fame,
 Vnited all his powres to purge him selfe from blame.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue
 Hath long bene vnderkept, and down suppress,
 With murmurous disdayne doth inly raue,
 And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
 At last breakes forth with furious infest,
 And striues to mount vnto his natie fear;
 All that did earst it hinder and molest,
 Yt now deuoures with flames and scorching heat,
 And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

So mightely the *Briton* Prince him rouzd
 Out of his holde, and broke his caytiue bands,
 And as a Beare whom angry cures haue touzd,
 Hauing off-shakt them, and escapt their hands,
 Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
 Treads down and ouerthrowes. Now had the Carle
 Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
 Discharged of his bow and deadly quarle,
 To seize vpon his foe flat lying on the marle,

Which

Which now him turnd to difauantage deare,
 For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
 But trust vnto his strength and manhood meate,
 Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme,
 And of his weapons did him selfe difarme.
 The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
 Fiercely aduaunst his valorous right arme,
 And him so fore smott with his yron mace,
 That groueling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

Wel weened hee, that field was then his owne,
 And all his labor brought to happy end,
 When suddein vp the villeine ouerthrowne,
 Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,
 And gan him selfe to second battaill bend,
 As hurt he had not beene. Thereby there lay
 An huge great stone, which stood vpon one end,
 And had not bene remoued many a day;
 Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of sundry way.

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
 Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
 To thonne the engin of his meant decay;
 It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
 But grownd he gaue, and lightly lept areare:
 Este fierce retourning, as a faulc on fayre
 That once hath failed of her soufe full neare,
 Remounts againe into the open ayre,
 And vnto better fortune doth her selfe prepayre.

So braue retourning, with his brandisht blade,
 He to the Carle him selfe agayn addrest,
 And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
 An open passage through his riuen brest,

That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest;
 Which drawing backe, he looked euermore
 When the hart blood should gush out of his chest,
 Or his dead corse should fall vpon the flore;
 But his dead corse vpon the flore fell nathemore.

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
 All were the wovnd so wide and wonderous,
 That through his carcas one might playnly see:
 Halfe in amaze with horror hideous,
 And halfe in rage, to be deluded thus,
 Again through both the sides he strooke him quight,
 That made his spright to grone full piteous:
 Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,
 But freshly as at first, prepard himselfe to fight.

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
 And trembling terror did his hart apall,
 Ne wist he, what to thinke of that same sight,
 Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all;
 He doubted, least it were some magicall
 Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
 Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,
 Or aery spirite vnder false pretence,
 Or hellish feend rayfd vp through diuelish science.

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
 That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
 And oft of error did him selfe appeach:
 Flesh without blood, a person without spright,
 Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
 That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
 That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight,
 That was most strong in most infirmittee;
 Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see.

A while

A while he stood in this astonishment,
 Yet would he not for all his great dismay
 Giue ouer to effect his first intent,
 And th'vmost meanes of victory assay,
 Or th'vmost yflew of his owne decay.
 His owne good sword *Mordure*, that neuer fayld
 At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
 And his bright shield, that nought him now auayld,
 And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

Twixt his two mighty armes him vp he snatcht,
 And crusht his carcas so against his brest,
 That the disdainfull fowle he thence dispatcht,
 And th'ydle breath all vterly exprest:
 Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
 The lumpish corse vnto the sencelesse grownd,
 Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
 That backe againe it did alofte rebownd,
 And gaue against his mother earth a gronefull sownd.

As when *Ioues* harnesse-bearing Bird from hye
 Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdayne,
 The stone-dead quarry falls so forciblye,
 That yt rebownds against the lowly playne,
 A second fall redoubling backe agayne.
 Then thought the Prince all peril sure was past,
 And that he victor onely did remayne;
 No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
 Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was cast.

Nigh his wits end then woxe th'amazed knight,
 And thought his labor lost and trauell vayne,
 Against his lifelesse shadow so to fight:
 Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,

That

That whiles he maruaild still, did still him payne:
 For thy he gan some other wayes aduize,
 How to take life from that dead-liuing swayne,
 Whom still he marked freshly to arize
 From th'earth, & from her womb new spirits to reprice.

He then remembred well, that had bene sayd,
 How th'Earth his mother was, and first him bore,
 Shee eke so often, as his life decayd,
 Did life with vsury to him restore,
 And reysd him vp much stronger then before,
 So soone as he vnto her wombe did fall;
 Therefore to grownd he would him cast no more,
 Ne him committ to graue terrestriall,
 But beare him farre from hope of succour vsuall.

Tho vp he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
 And hauing scruzd out of his carrion corse
 The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
 Vpon his shoulders carried him perorse
 About three furlongs, taking his full course,
 Vntill he came vnto a standing lake;
 Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
 Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake; (make.
 So end of that Charles dayes, and his owne paynes did

Which when those wicked Hags from far did spye,
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
 And th'one of them with dreadfull yelling crye,
 Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
 And hauing quencht her burning fier brands,
 Hedlong her selte did cast into that lake;
 But *Impotence* with her owne wilfull hands,
 One of *Malegers* cursed darts did take,
 So ryu'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

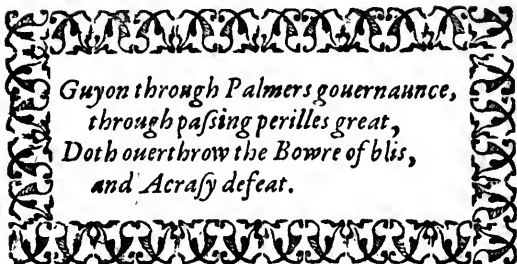
Thus now alone he conquerour remaines;
Tho cunning to his Squire, that kept his steed,
Thought to haue mounted, but his feeble vaines
Him faild thereto, and serued not his need, (bleed,
Through losse of blood, which from his wounds did
That he began to faint, and life decay:
But his good Squire him helping vp with speed,
With stedfast hand vpon his horse did stay,
And led him to the Castle by the beaten way.

Where many Groomes and Squyres ready were,
To take him from his steed full tenderly,
And eke the fayrest *Alma* mett him there
With balme and wine and costly spicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity;
Estefoones shee cauld him vp to be conuayd,
And of his armes despoyled easily,
In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd,
And al the while his woūds were dressing, by him stayd

Cant.



Cant. XII.



Now ginnes this goodly frame of Temperaunce
 Fayrely to rise, and her adorned hed
 To pricke of highest prayse forth to aduance,
 Formerly grounded, and fast setteled
 On firme foundation of true bountyhed;
 And this braue knight, that for this vertue fightes,
 Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
 Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
 Mongst thousand dāgers, & ten thousand Magick mightes.

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
 Ne euer land beheld, ne liuing wight,
 Ne ought saue perill, still as he did pas:
 Tho when appeared the third *Morrow* bright,
 Vpon the waues to spred her trembling light,
 An hideous roring far away they heard,
 That all their senses filled with affright,
 And streight they saw the raging surges reard
 Vp to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

Said then the Boteman, Palmer stere aright,
 And keepe an euen course; for yonder way
 We needes must pas (God doe vs well acquight,)
 That is the *Gulfe of Greedinesse*, they say,

That

That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray:
 Which hauing swallowd vp excessiue,
 He soone in vomit vp againe doth lay,
 And belcheth forth his superfluity,
 That all the seas for feare did seeme away to fly.

On thother syde an hideous Rock is pight,
 Of mightie *Magnes* stone, whose craggie clift
 Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
 Ouer the waues his rugged armes doth lift,
 And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift,
 On who so cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
 All passengers, that none from it can shift:
 For whiles they fly that Gulfes deuouring iawes,
 They on this Rock are rent, and sunck in helples wawes.

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
 Vntill they nigh vnto that Gulfe arryue,
 Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
 Then he with all his puifauce doth stryue
 To strike his oares, and mightily doth dryue
 The hollow vessell through the threatfull waue,
 Which gaping wide, to swallow them alyue,
 In th' huge abyffe of his engulfsing grave,
 Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terrour raue.

They passing by, that grisely mouth did see,
 Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
 That seemd more horrible then hell to bee,
 Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* steepe,
 Through which the damned ghosts doen often creep
 Backe to the world, bad liuers to torment:
 But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,
 Ne that approacheth nigh the wyde descent,
 May backe retourne, but is condemned to be drent.

On thother side, they saw that perilous Rocke,
 Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
 On whose sharp cliftes the ribs of vessels broke,
 And shiuered ships, which had beene wrecked late,
 Yet stuck, with carcases exanimate
 Of such, as hauing all their substance spent
 In wanton ioyes, and lustes intemperate,
 Did afterwarde make shipwrack violent,
 Both of their life, and fame for euer fowly blent.

For thy this hight *The Rock of vile Reproch*,
 A daungerous and detestable place,
 To which nor fish nor fowle did once approach,
 But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoars and bace,
 And Cormoyraunts, with birds of rauenuous race,
 Which still sat weiting on that wastfull clift,
 For spoile of wretches, whose vnhappy cace,
 After lost credit and consumed thrift,
 At last them driuen hath to this despairefull drift,

The Palmer seeing them in safetic past,
 Thus saide, behold th'ensamples in our sightes,
 Of lustfull luxurie and thriftlesse wast:
 What now is left of miserable wightes,
 Which spent their looser daies in leud delightes,
 But shame and sad reproch, here to be red,
 By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plightes?
 Let all that liue, hereby be counselled,
 To shunne *Rock of Reproch* and it as death to dread,

So forth they rowed, and that *Ferryman*
 With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
 That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
 And the light bubbles daunced all along,

Whiles

Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
 At last far off they many Islandes spy,
 On euery side floating the floodes among:
 Then said the knight, Lo I the land descrie,
 Therefore old Syre thy course doe thereunto apply.

That may not bee, said then the *Ferryman*
 Least wee vnweeting hap to be fordonne:
 For those same Islands, seeming now and than,
 Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
 But stragling plots, which to and fro doe ronne
 In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
 The *wandring Islands*. Therefore doe them shonne;
 For they haue ofte drawne many a wandring wight
 Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew,
 Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispred,
 With grassy greene of delectable hew,
 And the tall trees with leaues appareled,
 Are deckt with blossoms dyde in white and red,
 That mote the passengers thereto allure;
 But whosoever once hath fastened
 His foot thereon, may neuer it recure,
 But wandreth euer more vn certein and vn sure.

As th' Isle of *Delos* whylome men report
 Amid th' *Aegean* sea long time did stray,
 Ne made for shipping any certeine port,
 Till that *Latona* traueiling that way,
 Flying from *Iuno*s wrath and hard assay,
 Of her fayre twins was there deliuered,
 Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
 Thenceforth it firmly was established,
 And for *Apolloes* temple highly her ried.

They

They to him hearken, as besee meth mee te,
 And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
 That one of those same Islands, which doe fleet
 In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
 Which seemd so sweet and pleasaunt to the eye,
 That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
 Vpon the banck they sitting did espy
 A daintie damsell, dressing of her heare,
 By whom a little skippet floting did appeare.

She them espying, loud to them can call,
 Bidding them nigher draw vnto the shore;
 For she had cause to busie them withall;
 And therewith lowdly laught: But nathemore
 Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
 Which when she saw, she left her lockes vndight,
 And running to her boat wihtouten ore,
 From the departing land it launched light,
 And after them did driue with all her power and might.

Whom ouertaking, she in merry sort
 Them gan to bord, and purpose diuersly,
 Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,
 Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly;
 Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
 Her to rebuke, for being loose and light:
 Which not abiding, but more scornfully
 Scoffing at him, that did her iustly wite,
 She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

That was the wanton *Phædria*, which late
 Did ferry him ouer the *Idle lake*:
 Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
 And all her vaine allurements did forsake,

When

When them the wary Boteman thus bespake;
 Here now behoueth vs well to auyse,
 And of our safety good heede to take;
 For here before a perlous passage lyes,
 Where many Mermayds haunt, making false melodies.

But by the way, there is a great Quicksand,
 And a whirlepoole of hidden ieopardy,
 Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an euen hand;
 For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.
 Scarfe had he saide, when hard at hand they spy
 That quicksand nigh with water couered;
 But by the checked waue they did descry
 It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
 It called was the quicke sand of *Vnthristyhed*.

They passing by, a goodly Ship did see,
 Laden from far with precious merchandize,
 And brauely furnished, as ship might bee,
 Which through great disaunture, or mesprize,
 Her selfe had ronned into that hazardize;
 Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle,
 Labour'd in vaine, to haue recut'd their prize,
 And the rich wares to saue from pitteous spoyle,
 But neither toyle nor traueill might her backe recoyle.

On th'other side they see that perilous Poole,
 That called was the *Whirlepoole of decay*,
 In which full many had with haplesse doole
 Beene suncke, of whom no memorie did stay:
 Whose circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
 Like to a restlessle wheele, still ronning round,
 Did couet, as they passed by that way,
 To draw their bote within the vtmost bound
 Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to haue them dround.

But th'earnest Boreman strongly forth did stretch
 His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,
 That th'vtmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
 Whiles the dredd daunger does behind remaine.
 Suddenie they see from midst of all the Maine,
 The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
 And the great sea pufte vp with proud disdain,
 To swell about the measure of his guise,
 As threatening to deuoure all, that his powre despise.

The waues come rolling, and the billowes rore
 Outragiously, as they enraged were,
 Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them driue before
 His whirling charet, for exceeding feare:
 For not one pufte of winde there did appeare,
 That all the three thereat woxe much afraid,
 Vnweeting, what such horrour straunge did reare.
 Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd,
 Of huge Sea monsters, such as liuing sence dismayd.

Most vgly shapes, and horrible aspects,
 Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
 Or shame, that euer should so fowle defects
 From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
 All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
 Spring-headed *Hydres*, and sea-shouldring Whales,
 Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee;
 Bright *Scolopendraes*, arm'd with siluer scales,
 Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeasured tayles.

The dreadfull Fish, that hath deseru'd the name
 Of Death, and like him looks in dreadfull hew,
 The grieſly Wasserman, that makes his game
 The flying ships with swiftnes to pursue,

The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,
Huge *Ziffius*, whom Mariners eschew
No lesse, then rockes, (as trauellers informe,)
And greedy *Rosmarines* with visages deforme.

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
With dreadfull noise, and hollow rombling rore,
Came rushing in the fomy waues enrold,
Which seem'd to fly for feare, them to behold:
Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall;
For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

Feare nought, then saide the Palmer well auiz'd;
For these same Monsters are not these in deed,
But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
By that same wicked witch, to worke vs dread,
And draw from on this iourney to proceed.
Tho lifting vp his vertuous staffe on hye,
He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye
Into great *Tethys* bosome, where they hidden lye.

Quit from that danger, forth their course they kept,
And as they went, they heard a ruefull cry
Of one, that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the sea the resounding plaints did fly:
At last they in an Island did espy
A seemely Maiden, sitting by the shore,
That with great sorrow and sad agony,
Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for succour called euermore.

Which *Guyon* hearing, streight his Palmer bad,
 To sterc the bote towards that dolefull Mayd,
 That he might know, and ease her sorrow sad:
 Who him auizing better, to him sayd;
 Faire Sir, be not displeas'd if disobayd:
 For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
 For she is inly nothing ill apayd,
 But onely womanish fine forgery,
 Your stubborne hart t' affect with fraile infirmity.

To which when she your courage hath inclin'd
 Through foolish pittie, then her guilefull bayt
 She will embosome deeper in your mind,
 And for your ruine at the last awayt.
 The Knight was ruled, and the Boteman strayt
 Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
 Ne euer shroncke, ne euer sought to bayt
 His tyred armes for toyle some wearinesse,
 But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

And now they nigh approched to the sted,
 Where as those Mermayds dwelt: it was a still
 And calmy bay, on th'one side sheltered
 With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill,
 On th'other side an high rocke toured still,
 That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,
 And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:
 There those five sisters had continuall trade,
 And vsd to bath themselues in that deceitfull shade.

They were faire Ladies, till they fondly striu'd
 With th'*Heliconian* maides for maystery;
 Of whom they ouer-comen, were depriu'd
 Of their proud beautie, and th'one moyity

Transform'd

Transformd to fish, for their bold surquedry,
 But th'vpper halfe their hew retayned still,
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
 Which euer after they abusd to ill,
 Tallure weake traueillers, whom gotten they did kill.

So now to *Guyon*, as he passed by,
 Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde;
 O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faery,
 That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
 Aboute all knights, that euer batteill tryde,
 O turne thy rudder hetherward a while:
 Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde;
 This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
 The worldes sweet In, frō paine & wearisome turmoyle.

With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
 In his big base them fitly answered,
 And on the rocke the waues breaking aloft,
 A solemne Meane vnto them measured,
 The whiles sweet *Zephyrus* lowd whisteled
 His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony,
 Which *Guyons* senses softly tickeled,
 That he the boreman bad row easily,
 And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

But him the Palmer from that vanity,
 With temperate aduice discourtelled,
 That they it past, and shortly gan descry
 The land, to which their course they leueled;
 When suddainly a grosse fog ouer spred
 With his duill vapour all that desert has,
 And heauens chearefull face enueloped,
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,
 And this great Vniuerse seemd one confused mas.

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
 How to direct theyr way in darkenes wide,
 But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,
 For tomling into mischiefe vnespide.
 Worse is the daunger hidden, then descride.
 Suddenly an innumerable flight
 Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering, cride,
 And with their wicked wings them ofte did smight,
 And fore annoyed, groping in that grisly night.

Euen all the nation of vnfortunate
 And fatall birds about them flocked were,
 Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
 The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere,
 The hoars Night-rauen, trump of dolefull dreere,
 The lether-winged Batt, dayes enemy,
 The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere,
 The whistler shrill, that who so heares, doth dy,
 The hellish Harpyes, prophets of sad destiny.

All those, and all that els does horror breed,
 About them flew, and filld their sayles with feare:
 Yet stayd they not, hut forward did proceed,
 Whiles th'one did row, and th'other stilly steare;
 Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
 And the faire land it selfe did playnly sheow.
 Said then the Palmer Lo where does appeare
 The sacred soile, where all our perills grow;
 Therefore, Sir knight, your ready arms about you throw.

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
 The whiles the nimble bote so well her sped,
 That with her crooked keele the land she strooke,
 Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,

And his sage Palmer, that him gouerned;
 But th'other by his bote behind did stay.
 They marched fayrly forth, of nought ydred,
 Both firmly armd for euery hard assay,
 With constancy and care, gainst daunger and difmay.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
 Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
 As if that hungers poynt, or *Venus* sting
 Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
 Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
 Vntill they came in vew of those wilde beasts:
 Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
 And rearing fercely their vpsfaring crests,
 Ran towards, to deuoure those vnexpected guests.

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
 The Palmer ouer them his staffe vpheld,
 His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
 Estefoones their stubborne corages were queld,
 And high aduanced crests downe meekely feld,
 Instead of staying, they them selues did feare,
 And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
 Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
 All monsters to subdew to him, that did it beare.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,
 Of which *Caduceus* whilome was made,
Caduceus the rod of *Mercury*,
 With which he wonts the *Stygian* realmes inuade,
 Through ghastly horror, and eternall shade;
 Th'internall feends with it he can asswage,
 And *Orcus* tame, whome nothing can perswade,
 And rule the *Furies*, when they most doe rage:
 Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryue,
 Whereas the Bowre of *Blisse* was situate;
 A place pickt out by choyce of best alyue,
 That natures worke by art can imitate:
 In which what euer in this worldly state
 Is sweete, and pleasing vnto liuing sense,
 Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
 And made there to abound with lauish affluence.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
 Aswell iheir entred guesstes to keep within,
 As those vnruely bealts to hold without;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
 Nought feard theyr force, that fortilage to win,
 But wisdomes powre, and temperaunces might,
 By which the migtest things efforced bin:
 Andcke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
 Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

Yt framed was of precious yuory,
 That seemd a worke of admirable witt;
 And therein all the famous history
 Of *Iason* and *Medea* was ywritt;
 Her mighty charmes, her furious louing fitt,
 His goodly couquest of the golden fleece,
 His falsed fayth, and loue too lightly flitt,
 The wondred *Argo*, which in venturous peece
 First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flour of *Greece*.

Ye might haue seene the frothy billowes fry
 Vnder the shipp, as thorough them she went,
 That seemd the waues were into yuory,
 Or yuory into the waues were sent,

And

And otherwhere the snowy substaunce sprent
 With vermell, like the boyes blood therein shed,
 A piteous spectacle did represent,
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkled;
 Yt seemd thenchaunted flame, which did *Crensa* wed.

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
 Be red; that euer open stood to all,
 Which thether came: but in the Porch their fate
 A comely personage of stature tall,
 And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,
 That traueilers to him seemd to entize;
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
 Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercize.

They in that place him *Genius* did call:
 Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
 Of life, and generation of all
 That liues, perteines in charge particulare,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And straunge phantomes doth lett vs ofte forsee,
 And ofte of secret ill bids vs beware:
 That is our Selfe, whom though we doe not see,
 Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceiue to bee.

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
 Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call:
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good enuyes to all,
 That secretly doth vs procure to fall,
 Through guilefull semblants, which he makes vs see.
 He oft his Gardin had the gouernall,
 And Pleasures porter was deuizd to bee,
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee

With

With diuerse flowres he daintily was deckt,
 And strowed rownd about, and by his side
 A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was sett,
 As if it had to him bene sacrificide;
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyficde:
 So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by:
 But he his ydle curtesie defide,
 And ouerthrew his bowle disdainfully; (fly.
 And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
 A large and spacious plaine, on euery side
 Strowed with pleasauns, whose fayre grassy grownd
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of *Floraes* pride,
 Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
 Did decke her, and too lauishly adorne, (morne.
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th'early

Therewith the Heauens alwayes Iouiall,
 Lookte on them louely, still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaues to violate,
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
 T'afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell,
 But the milde ayre with season moderate
 Gently attempred, and disposd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit & holesom smell.

More sweet and holesome, then the pleasaunt hill
 Of *Rhodope*, on which the Nimphe, that bore
 A gyaunt babe, her selfe for grieffe did kill:
 Or the *Thessalian Tempe*, where of yore

Fayre *Daphne Phœbus* hart with loue did gore;
 Or *Ida*, where the Gods lou'd to repayre,
 When euer they their heauenly bowres forlore;
 Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of Muses fayre;
 Or *Eden* selfe, if ought with *Eden* mote compayre,

Much wondred *Guyon* at the fayre aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
 To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect,
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
 Brydling his will, and maystering his might:
 Till that he came vnto another gate,
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With bowes and braunches, which did broad dilate
 Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

So fashioned a Porch with rare deuice,
 Archt ouer head with an embracing vine,
 Whose bounches hanging downe, seemd to entice
 All passers by, to taste their lushious wine,
 And did them selues into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered:
 Some deepe empurpled as the *Hyacine*,
 Some as the *Rubine*, laughing sweetely red,
 Some like faire *Emeraudes*, not yet well ripened.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
 So made by art, to beautify the rest,
 Which did themselues amongst the leaues enfold,
 As lurking from the vew of couetous guest,
 That the weake boughes, with so rich load opprest,
 Did bow adowne, as ouerburdened.
 Vnder that Porch a comely dame did rest,
 Clad in fayre weedes, but fowle disordered,
 And garments loose, that seemd vnmeet for womanhed.

In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
 Into her cup she scruzd, with daintie breach
 Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
 That so faire winepresse made the wine more sweet:
 Thereof she vsd to giue to drinke to each,
 Whom passing by she happened to meet:
 It was her guise, all Straungers goodly so to greet.

So she to *Guyon* offred it to tast,
 Who taking it out of her tender hond,
 The cup to ground did violently cast,
 That all in peeces it was broken fond,
 And with the liquor stained all the lond:
 Whereat *Excesse* exceedinly was wroth,
 Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
 But suffered him to passe, all weire she loth;
 Who nought regarding her displeasure, forward goth.

There the most daintie Paradise on ground,
 It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
 And none does others happinesse enuye:
 The painted flowres, the trees vps shooting hye,
 The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
 The trembling groues, the christall running by,
 And that, which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would haue thought, (so cunningly, the rude
 And scorned partes were mingled with the fine,)
 That nature had for wantonnesse ensude
 Art, and that Art at nature did repine;

So striuing each th'other to vndermine,
 Each did the others worke more beautify;
 So diff'ring both in willes, agreed in fine:
 So all agreed through sweete diuersity,
 This Gardin to adorne with all variety.

And in the midst of all, a fountaine stood,
 Of richest substance, that on earth might bee,
 So pure and shiny, that the siluer flood
 Through euery channell running one might see;
 Most goodly it with curious ymagerie
 Was ouerwrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
 Of which some seemd with liuely iollitee,
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
 Whylest others did them selues embay in liquid ioyes,

And ouer all, of purest gold was spred,
 A trayle of yuie in his natie hew:
 For the rich metall was so coloured,
 That wight, who did not well auil'd it vew.
 Would surely deeme it to bee yuie trew:
 Low his lasciuious armes adown did creepe,
 That themselues dipping in the siluer dew,
 Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
 Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones to weep.

Infinite streames continually did well
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
 The which into an ample lauer fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
 That like a litle lake it seemd to bee;
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
 That through the waues one might the bottom see,
 All pau'd beneath with Iaspas shining bright,
 That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle vpright.

And

And all the margent round about was sett,
 With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend
 The sunny beames, which on the billowes bett,
 And those which therein bathed, mote offend:
 As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,
 Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
 Which therein bathing, seemed to' contend,
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde,
 Their dainty partes from vew of any, which them eyd.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
 About the waters, and then downe againe
 Her plong, as ouer maystered by might,
 Where both awhile would couered remaine,
 And each the other from to rise restraine;
 The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
 So through the christall waues appeared plaine:
 Then suddainly both would themselues vnhele,
 And th'a marous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes reuele.

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
 His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
 Or as the *Cyprian* goddesse, newly borne
 Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
 Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
 Christalline humor dropped downe apace.
 Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him neare,
 And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace,
 His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
 Gazing a while at his vnwonted guise;
 Then th'one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
 Absent, that her a straunger did advise:

But thother rather higher did arise,
 And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
 And all, that might his melting hart entyse
 To her delights, she vnto him bewrayd:
 The rest hidd vnderneath, him more desirous made.

With that, the other likewise vp arose,
 And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
 Vp in one knott, she low adowne did lose:
 Which flowing long and thick, her cloth'd arownd,
 And th'yuorie in golden mantle gownd:
 So that faire spectacle from him was rest,
 Yet that, which rest it, no lesse faire was fownd:
 So hidd in lockes and waues from lookers theft,
 Nought but her louely face she for his looking left.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
 That blushing to her laughter gaue more grace,
 And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:
 Now when they spyde the knight to slacke his pace,
 Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
 The secrete signes of kindled lust appeare,
 Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
 And to him beckned, to approach more neare, (reare.
 And shewd him many sights, that corage cold could

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
 He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
 And counfeld well, him forward thence did draw.
 Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of blis*
 Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis:
 When thus the Palmer, Now Sir, well auise;
 For here the end of all our traueill is:
 Here wonnes *Acrasta*, whom we must surprise,
 Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
 Such as attonce might not on liuing ground,
 Saue in this Paradise, be heard elswhere:
 Right hard it was, for wight, which did it heare,
 To read, what manner musicke that mote bee:
 For all that pleasing is to liuing eare,
 Was there conformed in one harmonce,
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

The ioyous birdes shrouded in chearefull shade,
 Their notes vnto the voice attempred sweet;
 Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
 To th' instruments diuine respondence meet:
 The siluer sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the waters fall:
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, vnto the wind did call:
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,
 Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing,
 With a new Louer, whom through forcerece
 And witchcraft, she from farre did thether bring:
 There she had him now laid a slombering,
 In secreet shade, after long wanton ioyes:
 Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
 Many faire Ladies, and lasciuious boyes,
 That euer mixt their song with light licentious toys.

And all that while, right ouer him she hong,
 With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
 As seeking medicine, whence she was stong,
 Or greedily depasturing delight:

And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

The whiles some one did chaunt this louely lay;
Ah see, who so fayre thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes, the lesse ye see her may;
Lo see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Lo see soone after, how she fades, and falls away.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre,
Of many a Lady', and many a Paramowre:
Gather therefore the Rose, whilest yet is prime,
For soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the Rose of loue, whilest yet is time,
Whilest louing thou mayst loued be with equall crime.

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birdes
Their diuerse notes t'attune vnto his lay,
As in approuaunce of his pleasing wordes.
The constant payre heard all, that he did say,
Yet swarued not, but kept their forward way,
Through many couert groues, and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton Lady, with her louer lose,
Whose sleepeie head she in her lap did soft dispose.

Vpon a bed of Roses she was layd,
 As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
 And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
 All in a ucle of silke and siluer thin,
 That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
 But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
 More subtile web *Arachne* cannot spin,
 Nor the fine nets, which oft we wouen see
 Of scorched deaw, do not in th'ayre more lightly flee.

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoyle
 Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild,
 And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,
 Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,
 That like pure Orient perles adowne it trild,
 And her faire eyes sweet smyling in delight,
 Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrid
 Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light
 Which sparckling on the silent waues, does seeme more
 (bright.

The young man sleeping by her, seemd to be
 Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
 That certes it great pittie was to see
 Him his nobility so fowle deface;
 A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
 Mixed with manly sterneresse did appeare
 Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face,
 And on his tender lips the downy heare
 Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms beare.

His warlike Armes, the ydle instruments
 Of sleeping praise, were hong vpon a tree,
 And his braue shield, full of old monuments,
 Was fowly ra'lt, that none the signes might see,

Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
 Ne ought, that did to his aduancement tend,
 But in lewd loues, and wastfull luxuree,
 His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend.

The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew
 So nigh them, minding nought, but lustfull game,
 That suddain forth they on them rusht, and threw
 A subtile net, which only for that same
 The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.
 So held them vnder fast, the whiles the rest
 Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
 The faire Enchauntresse, so vnwares opprest,
 Tryde all her arts, & all her sleights, thence out to wrest.

And eke her louer stroue: but all in vaine;
 For that same net so cunningly was wound,
 That neither guile, nor force might it distraine.
 They tooke them both, & both them strongly bound
 In captiue bandes, which there they readie found:
 But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;
 For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound;
 But *Verdant* (so he hight) he soone vntyde,
 And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde,

But all those pleasaunt bowres and Pallace braue,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittilesse;
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might saue
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
 But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse:
 Their groues he feld, their gardins did deface,
 Their arbors spoyle, their Cabinets suppressse,
 Their banquet houses burne, their buildings race,
 And of the fayrest late, now made the fowlest place.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
 Till they arriued, where they larely had
 Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with furie mad.
 Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
 As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
 But them the Palmer soone did pacify. (did ly.
 Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those beastes, which there

Sayd he, these seeming beastes are men indeed,
 Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
 Whylome her louers, which her lustes did feed,
 Now turned into figures hideous,
 According to their mindes like monstuous.
 Sad end (quoth he) of life intemperate,
 And mournfull meed of ioyes delicious:
 But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returned be vnto their former state.

Streight way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
 And streight of beastes they comely men became;
 Yet being men they did vnmanly looke,
 And stared ghastly, some for inward shame,
 And some for wrath, to see their captiue Dame:
 But one about the rest in speciall,
 That had an hog beene late, hight *Grylle* by name,
 Repyned greatly, and did him miscall,
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

Saide *Guyon*, See the mind of beastly man,
 That hath so soone forgot the excellence
 Of his creation, when he life began,
 That now he chooseth, with vile difference,

To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.

To whom the Palmer thus, The donghill kinde

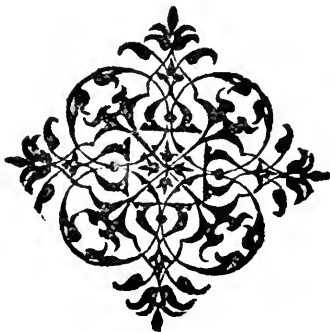
Delightes in filth and fowle incontinence:

Let *Gryll* be *Gryll*, and haue his hoggish minde;

But let vs hence depart, whilest wether serues & winde.

Bb 3

Cant.



1873
The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the County of ...

and

...

...



The thirde Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Contayning

The Legend of Britomartis.

O R

Of Chastity.

IT falls me here to write of Chastity,
The fayrest vertue, far aboute the rest;
For which what needes me fetch from *Faery*
Forreine ensamples, it to haue exprest?

Sith it is shrined in my Soueraines brest,
And formd so liuely in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which haue it profest,
Neede but behold the pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might bee by any liuing art.

But liuing art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt,
All were it *Zeuxis* or *Praxicles*:
His dædale hand would faile, and greatly faynt,

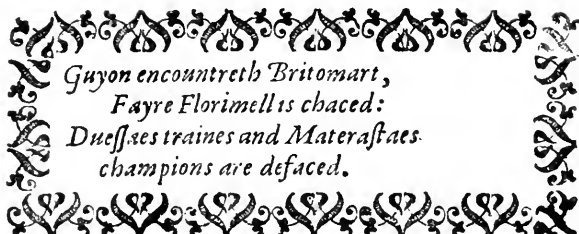
And her perfections with his error taynt:
 Ne Poets witt, that passeth Painter farre
 In picturing the parts of beauty daynt,
 So hard a workmanship aduenture darre,
 For fear through wāt of words her excellence to marre.

How then shall I, Apprentice of the skill,
 That whilome in diuineſt wits did rayne,
 Presume so high to stretch mine humble quill?
 Yet now my luckelesse lott doth me conſtrayne
 Hereto perforce. But O dredd Souerayne
 Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest witt
 Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne,
 That I in colourd shoues may shadow itt,
 And antique praises vnto present persons fitt.

But if in liuing colours, and right hew,
 Thy selfe thou couet to see pictured,
 Who can it doe more liuely, or more trew,
 Then that sweete verse, with *Nectar* sprinckled,
 In which a gracious seruauant pictured
 His *Cynthia*, his heauens fayrest light?
 That with his melting sweetnes rauished,
 And with the wonder of her beames bright,
 My senses lulled are in slomber of delight.

But let that same delitious Poet lend
 A little leaue vnto a rusticke Muse
 To sing his mistresse prayse, and let him mend,
 If ought amis her liking may abuse:
 Ne let his fayrest *Cynthia* refuse,
 In mirrors more then one her selfe to see,
 But either *Gloriana* let her chuse,
 Or in *Belphebe* fashioned to bee:
 In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chastitee.

Cant. I.



THe famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,
 After long wayes and perillous paines endur'd,
 Hauing their weary limbes to perfect plight
 Restord, and sory wounds right well recur'd,
 Of the faire *Alma* greatly were procur'd,
 To make there lenger soiourne and abode;
 But when thereto they might not be allur'd,
 From seeking praise, and deeds of armes abrode,
 They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

But the captiu'd *Acrasia* he sent,
 Because of traueill long, a nigher way,
 With a strong gard, all reskew to preuent,
 And her to Faery court safe to conuay,
 That her for witnes of his hard assay,
 Vnto his *Faery* Queene he might present:
 But he him selfe betooke another way,
 To make more triall of his hardiment,
 And seeke aduentures, as he with Prince Arthure went.

Long so they traueiled through wastefull wayes,
 Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
 To hunt for glory and renomed prayse;
 Full many Countreyes they did ouerronne,

From

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke;
 For neuer yet, fith warlike armes he bore,
 And shiuering speare in bloody field first shooke,
 He fownd him selfe dishonored so sore.
 Ah gentlest knight, that euer armor bore,
 Let not the grieue dismounted to haue beene,
 And brought to grownd, that neuer wast before;
 For not thy fault, but secret powre vnseene, (greene.
 That speare enchanted was, which layd thee on the

But weenedst thou, what wight thee ouerthrew,
 Much greater grieue and shamefuller regrett
 For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
 That of a single damzell thou wert mett
 On equall plaine, and there so hard besett;
 Euen the famous *Britomart* it was,
 Whom straunge aduenture did from *Britayne* fett,
 To seeke her louer' (loue far sought alas,) .
 Whose image shee had seene in *Venus* looking glas.

Full of disdainfull wrath, he fierce vprose,
 For to reuenge that fowle reprochfull shame,
 And snatching his bright sword began to close
 With her on foot, and stoutly forward came;
 Dye rather would he, then endure that same.
 Which when his Palmer saw, he gan to feare
 His toward perill and vntoward blame,
 Which by that new rencounter he should reare:
 For death late on the point of that enchanted speare.

And hasting towards him gan fayre perswade,
 Not to prouoke misfortune, nor to weene
 His speares default to mend with cruell blade;
 For by his mightie Science he had seene

The secrete vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puissaunce mote not withstond:
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene.
Great hazard were it, and aduenture fond,
To loose long gotten honour with one euill hond.

By such good meanes he him discourselfed,
From prosecuting his reuenging rage;
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reason to aswage,
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his starting steed, that swaru'd asyde,
And to the ill purueyaunce of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmly tyde:
So is his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

Thus reconcilement was betweene them knitt,
Through goodly temperaunce, and affection chaste,
And either vowd with all their power and witt,
To let not others honour be defaste,
Offriend or foe, who euer it embaste,
Ne armes to beare against the others syde:
In which accord the Prince was also plaste,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.
So goodly all agreed, they forth ysere did ryde,

O goodly vsage of those antique tymes,
In which the sword was seruauant vnto right;
When not for malice and contentious crymes,
But all for prayse, and prooffe of manly might,
The martiall brood accustomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquished had no despight:
Let later age that noble vse enuy,
Vyle rancor to avoid, and cruel surquedry.

Long they thus traueiled in friendly wise,
 Through countreyes waste, and eke well edifyde,
 Seeking aduentures hard, to exercise
 Their puiffaunce, whylome full dernly tryde:
 At length they came into a forest wyde,
 Whose hideous horror and sad trembling fownd
 Full grieſly ſeemd: Therein they long did ryde,
 Yet tract of liuing creature none they fownd,
 Saue Beares, Lyons, & Bulls, which romed them arownd.

All ſuddenly out of the thickeſt buſh,
 Vpon a milkwite Palfrey all alone,
 A goodly Lady did foreby them ruſh,
 Whoſe face did ſeeme as cleare as Chriſtall ſtone,
 And eke through feare as white as whales bone:
 Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
 And all her ſteed with tinſell trappings ſhone,
 Which fledd ſo faſt, that nothing mote him hold,
 And ſcarſe them leaſure gaue, her paſſing to behold.

Still as ſhe fledd, her eye ſhe backward threw,
 As fearing euill, that pourſewd her faſt;
 And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
 Loofely diſperſt with puff of euery blaſt:
 All as a blazing ſtarre doth farre outcaſt
 His hearie beames, and flaming lockes diſpredd,
 At ſight whereof the people ſtand aghaſt:
 But the ſage wiſard telles, as he has redd,
 That it importunes death and dolefull drearyhedd.

So as they gazed after her a whyle,
 Lo where a grieſly foſter forth did ruſh^e
 Breathing out beaſtly luſt her to deſyle:
 His tyreling Iade he fierſly forth did puſh,
 Through

Mainely they all attonce vpon him laid,
And sore beset on euery side arownd,
That nigh he breathlesse grew, yet nought dismaid,
Ne euer to them yielded foot of grownd
All had he lost much blood through many a wownd,
But stoutly dealt his blowes, and euery way
To which he turned in his wrathfull stownd,
Made them recoile, and fly from dredd decay,
That none of all the six before, him durst assay.

Like dastard Cures, that hauing at a bay
The saluage beast emboist in wearie chace,
Dare not aduenture on the stubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but come from place to place,
To get a snatch, when turned is his face.
In such distresse and doubtfull ieopardy,
When *Britomart* him saw, she ran apace
Vnto his reskew, and with earnest cry,
Badd those same sixe forbear that single enemy.

But to her cry they list not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mightie strokes surceasse,
But gathering him rownd about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encrease;
Till that she rushing through the thickest preasse,
Perforce disparted their compacted gyre,
And soone compeld to hearken vnto peace:
Tho gan she myldly of them to inquire
The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

Whereto that single knight did answere frame;
These six would me enforce by oddes of might,
To change my lief, and loue another Dame,
That death me liefes were, then such despight,

So vnto wrong to yield my wrested right:
 For I loue one, the truest one on grownd,
 Ne list me change; the th' *Errant damzell* hight,
 For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd,
 I haue endurd, and tasted many a bloody wownd.

Certes (said she) then beene ye fixe to blame,
 To weene your wrong by force to iustify:
 For knight to leaue his Lady were great shame,
 That faithfull is, and better were to dy.
 All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
 Then losse of loue to him, that loues but one;
 Ne may loue be compeld by maistry;
 For soone as maistry comes, sweet loue anone
 Taketh his nimble wings, and soone away is gone.

Then spake one of those six, There dwelleth here
 Within this castle wall a Lady fayre,
 Whose foueraigne beautie hath no liuing pere,
 Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,
 That neuer any mote with her compayre.
 She hath ordaind this law, which we approue,
 That euery knight, which doth this way repayre,
 In case he haue no Lady, nor no loue,
 Shall doe vnto her seruice neuer to remoue.

But if he haue a Lady or a Loue,
 Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame,
 Or els with vs by dint of sword approue,
 That she is fairer, then our fairest Dame,
 As did this knight, before ye hether came.
 Perdy (said *Britomart*) the choise is hard:
 But what reward had he, that ouercame?
 He should aduanced bee to high regard,
 (Said they) and haue our Ladies loue for his reward.

There-

By what means may a young man best. his life learn
 If that he meete a foote thy sword. and then in his time
 what vnto a man best

Therefore a read Sir, if thou haue a loue.

Loue haue I sure, (quoth she) but Lady none;
 Yet will I not fro mine owne loue remoue,
 Ne to your Lady will I seruice done, (lone,
 But wreake your wronges wrought to this knight a-
 And proue his cause. With that her mortall speare
 She mightily auentred towards one,
 And downe him smot, ere well aware he weare,
 Then to the next she rode, & downe the next did beare.

Ne did she stay, till three on ground she layd,
 That none of them himselfe could reare againe;
 The fourth was by that other knight dismayd,
 All were he wearie of his former paine,
 That now there do but two of six remaine;
 Which two did yield, before she did them smight.
 Ah (sayd she then) now may ye all see plaine,
 That truth is strong, and trew loue most of might,
 That for his trusty seruants doth so strongly fight,

Too well we see, (saide they) and proue too well
 Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse might:
 For thy, faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,
 Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
 And we your liegemen faith vnto you plight.
 So vnderneath her feet their swords they shard,
 And after her besought, well as they might,
 To enter in, and reape the dew reward:
 She graunted, and then in they all together far'd.

Long were it to describe the goodly frame,
 And stately port of *Castle Ioyeous*,
 (For so that Castle hight by commun name)
 Where they were entertaynd with courteous

And comely glee of many gracious
 Faire Ladies, and of many a gentle knight,
 Who through a Chamber long and spacious,
 Estfoones them brought vnto their Ladies sight,
 That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight*.

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
 Of that great chamber, should be labour lost:
 For liuing wit, I weene, cannot display
 The roiall riches and exceeding cost,
 Of euery pillour and of euery post;
 Which all of purest bullion framed were,
 And with great perles and pretious stones embost,
 That the bright glister of their beames cleare
 Did sparckle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

These stranger knights through passing, forth were led
 Into an inner rowme, whose royaltie
 And rich purueyance might yneath be red;
 More Princes place be seeme so deckt to bee.
 Which stately manner when as they did see,
 The image of superfluous riotize,
 Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
 They greatly wondred, whence so sumptuous guize
 Might be maintaynd, and each gan diuerfely deuize.

The wals were round about appareiled
 With costly clothes of *Arras* and of *Toure*,
 In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
 The loue of *Venus* and her Paramoure,
 The fayre *Adonis*, turned to a flowre,
 A worke of rare deuce, and wondrous wit.
 First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
 Which her assayd with many a feruent fit,
 When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit.

Then

Then with what sleights and sweet allurements she
 Entyft the Boy, as well that art she knew,
 And wooed him her Paramoure to bee;
 Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
 To crowne his golden lockes with honour dew;
 Now leading him into a secret shade
 From his Beauperes, and from bright heauens vew,
 Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
 Or bathe him in a fountaine by some couert glade.

And whilst he slept, she ouer him would spred
 Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
 And her soft arme lay vnderneath his hed,
 And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
 And whilst he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes,
 She secretly would search each daintie lim,
 And throw into the well sweet Rosemaryes,
 And fragrant violets, and Paunces trim,
 And euer with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle him.

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,
 And ioyd his loue in secret vnespyde.
 But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
 To hunt the saluage beast in forreist wyde,
 Dreadfull of daunger, that mote him betyde,
 She oft and oft aduiz'd him to refraine
 From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde
 Mote breede him scath vnwares: but all in vaine;
 For who can shun the chance, that dest'ny doth ordaine?

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languishing,
 Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore,
 And by his side the Goddesse groueling
 Makes for him endlesse mone, and euermore

With her soft garment wipes away the gore,
 Which staynes his snowy skin with hatefull hew:
 But when she saw no helpe might him restore,
 Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
 Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it liuely grew.

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
 And rownd about it many beds were dight,
 As whylome was the antique worldes guize,
 Some for vntimely ease, some for delight,
 As pleased them to vse, that vse it might:
 And all was full of Damzels, and of Squyres,
 Dauncing and reueling both day and night,
 And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres,
 And *Cupid* still emongest them kindled lustfull fyres.

And all the while sweet Musicke did diuide
 Her looser notes with *Lydian* harmony;
 And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
 Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
 Ay caroling of loue and iollity,
 That wonder was to heare their trim consort. (eye,
 Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull
 They sdeigned such lasciuious disport,
 And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort,

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies vew,
 Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
 That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
 As the proud *Persian* Queenes accustomed:
 She seemd a woman of great bountihed,
 And of rare beautie, sauing that askaunce
 Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,
 Did roll too highly, and too often glaunce,
 Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

Long worke it were, and needlesse to deuize
 Their goodly entertainement and great glee:
 She caused them be led in courteous wize
 Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
 And cheared well with wine and spicere: e
 The *Redcrosse* Knight was soone disarmed there,
 But the braue Mayd would not disarmed bee,
 But onely vented vp her vmbriere,
 And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

As when fayre *Cynthia*, in darke some night,
 Is in a noyous cloud enueloped,
 Where she may finde the substance thin and light,
 Breakes forth her siluer beames, and her bright hed,
 Discouers to the world discomfited;
 Of the poore traueiler, that went astray,
 With thousand blessings she is heried;
 Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
 With which fayre *Britomart* gaue light vnto the day.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,
 Now were disarmed, and did them selues present
 Vnto her vew, and company vnfought;
 For they all seemed courteous and gent,
 And all fixe brethren, borne of one parent,
 Which had them traynd in all ciuillitee,
 And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
 Now were they liegmen to this Ladie free,
 And her knights seruice ought, to hold of her in fee.

The first of them by name *Gardante* hight,
 A iolly person, and of comely vew;
 The second was *Parlante*, a bold knight,
 And next to him *Iocante* did ensue;

Basciante did him selfe most courteous shew;
 But fierce *Bacchante* seemd too fell and keene;
 And yett in armes *Noelante* greater grew:
 All were faire knights, and goodly well becene,
 But to faire *Britomart* they all but shadowes beene.

For shee was full of amiable grace,
 And manly terror mixed therewithall,
 That as the one stird vp affections bace,
 So th'other did mens rash desires apall,
 And hold them backe, that would in error fall;
 As hee, that hath espide a vermeill Rose,
 To which sharpe thornes and breres the way forstall,
 Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
 But wishing it far off, his ydle wish doth lose.

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight.
 All ignorant of her contrary sex,
 (For shee her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
 Shee greatly gan enamoured to wax,
 And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
 Her fickle hart conceiued hasty fyre,
 Like sparkes of fire, that fall in slender flex,
 That shortly brent into extreme desyre,
 And ransackt all her veines with passion entyre.

Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience
 And into termes of open outrage brust,
 That plaine discovered her incontinence,
 Ne reckt shee, who her meaning did mistrust;
 For she was giuen all to fleshly lust,
 And poured forth in sensuall delight,
 That all regard of shame she had discust,
 And meet respect of honor putt to flight:
 So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathly sight.

Faire Ladies, that to loue captiued arre,
 And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,
 Let not her fault your sweete affections marre,
 Ne blott the bounty of all womankind;
 'Mongst thousands good one wanton Dame to find:
 Emongst the Roses grow some wicked weeds;
 For this was not to loue, but lust inclin'd;
 For loue does alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds,
 And in each gentle hart desire of honor breeds.

Nought so of loue this looser Dame did skill,
 But as a cole to kindle fleshly flame,
 Giuing the bridle to her wanton will,
 And treading vnder foote her honest name:
 Such loue is hate, and such desire is shame.
 Still did she roue at her with crafty glaunce
 Of her false eies, that at her hart did ayme,
 And told her meaning in her countenance;
 But *Britomart* dissembled it with ignoraunce.

Supper was shortly dight and downe they satt,
 Where they were serued with all sumptuous fare,
 Whiles fruitfull *Ceres*, and *Lyæus* satt
 Pourd out their plenty, without spight or spare:
 Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;
 And aye the cups their bancks did ouerflow,
 And aye betweene the cups, she did prepare
 Way to her loue, and secret darts did throw;
 But *Britomart* would not such guilfull message know.

So when they flaked had the feruent heat
 Of appetite with meates of euery sort,
 The Lady did faire *Britomart* entreat,
 Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport

To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort,
 But when shee mote not thereunto be wonne,
 (For shee her sexe vnder that straunge purport
 Did vse to hide, and plaine apparaunce shonne:)
 In playner wise to tell her grieuance shee begonne.

And all attonce discovered her desire.

With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, & piteous grieffe.
 The outward sparkes of her inburning fire;
 Which spent in vaine, at last shee told her brieffe,
 That but if shee did lend her short relieffe,
 And doe her comfort, shee mote algates dye.
 But the chaste damzell, that had neuer priefe
 Of such malengine and fine forgerie,
 Did easely beleeu her strong extremitie.

Full easly was for her to haue belieffe,

Who by self-feeling of her feeble sexe,
 And by long triall of the inward grieffe,
 Wherewith imperious loue her hart did vexe,
 Could iudge what paines doe louing harts perplexe.
 Who meanes no guile, be-guiled soonest shall,
 And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annexe;
 The bird, that knowes not the false fowlers call,
 Into his hidden nett full easely doth fall.

For thy shee would not in discourteise wise,

Scorne the faire offer of good will protest;
 For great rebuke it is, loue to despise,
 Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;
 But with faire countenaunce, as beseeemd best,
 Her entertaynd; nath'lesse shee inly deemd
 Her loue too light, to wooc a wandring guest:
 Which shee misconstruing, thereby esteemd (steemd.
 That from like inward fire that outward smoke had

Therewith

Therewith a while she her flit fancy fedd,
 Till she mote winne fit time for her desire,
 But yet her wound still inward freshly bledd,
 And through her bones the false instilled fire
 Did spred it selfe, and venime close inspire.
 Tho were the tables taken all away,
 And euery knight, and euery genle Squire
 Gan choose his dame with *Bascimano* gay,
 With whom he ment to make his sport & courtly play.

Some fell to daunce, some fel to hazardry,
 Some to make loue, some to maké meryment,
 As diuerse witts to diuerse things apply;
 And all the while faire *Malecasta* bent
 Her crafty engins to her close intent.
 By this th'eternall lampes, wherewith high *Ioue*
 Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
 And the moift daughters of huge *Atlas* stroue
 Into the *Ocean* deepe to driue their weary droue.

High time it seemed then for euerie wight
 Them to betake vnto their kindly rest;
 Estefoones long waxen torches weren light,
 Vnto their bowres to guyden euery guest:
 Tho when the Britonesse saw all the rest
 Auoided quite, she gan her selfe despoile,
 And safe committ to her soft fethered nest,
 Wher through long watch, & late daies weary toile,
 She foundly slept, & carefull thoughts did quite assoile.

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
 Ythrowded was, and euery mortall wight
 Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
 Faire *Malecasta*, whose engriued spright

Could

Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
 Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
 And vnder the blacke vele of guilty Night,
 Her with a scarlott mantle couered,
 That was with gold and Ermines faire enuveloped.

Then panting softe, and trembling euery ioynt,
 Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mou'd.
 Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
 To lodge the warlike maide vnwisely loou'd,
 And to her bed approaching, first she proou'd,
 Whether she slept or wakte; with her softe hand
 She softely felt, if any member mou'd,
 And lent her weary care to vnderstand,
 If any puffe of breath, or signe of sence shee fond.

Which whenas none shee fond, with easy shifte,
 For feare least her vnwares shee should abrayd,
 Th'embroderd quilt shee lightly vp did lifte,
 And by her side her selfe shee softly layd,
 Of euery finest fingers touch affrayd;
 Ne any noise shee made, ne word shee spake.
 But inly sigh'd. At last the royall Mayd
 Out of her quiet slomber did awake,
 And chaungd her weary side, the better ease to take.

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
 Shee lightly lept out of her filed bedd,
 And to her weapon ran, in mind to gride
 The loathed leachour. But the Dame halfe dedd
 Through suddein feare and ghastly drierihedd,
 Did shriek alowd, that through the hous it rong,
 And the whole family therewith adredd,
 Rashly out of their rouzed couches sprong,
 And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

And those sixe knights that ladies Champions,
And eke the *Redcrosse* knight ran to the stownd,
Halfe armd and halfe vnarmd, with them attons:
Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
Their lady lying on the fencelesse grownd;
On thother side, they saw the warlike Mayd
Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks vnbownd,
Threatning the point of her auenging blaed,
That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

About their Ladye first they flockt arownd,
Whom hauing laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen swownd;
And afterwarde they gan with fowle reproch
To stirre vp strife, and troublous contecke broch:
But by ensample of the last dayes losse,
None of them rashly durst to her approach,
Ne in so glorious spoile themselues embosse,
Her succourd eke the Champion of the bloody Crosse.

But one of those sixe knights, *Gardante* light,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keene,
Which forth he sent with felonous despight,
And fell intent against the virgin sheene:
The mortall steele stayd not, till it was seene
To gore her side, yet was the wound not dcepe,
But lightly rased her soft silken skin,
That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe,
Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steep.

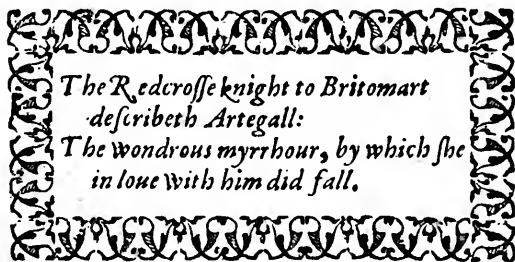
Wherewith enrag'd, she fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming sword about her layd,
That none of them foule mischiefe could eschew,
But with her dreadfull strokes were all dismayd:

Here,

Here, there, and euery where about her swayd
 Her wrathfull Steele, that none mote it abyde;
 And eke the *Redcrosse* knight gaue her good ayd,
 Ay ioyning foot to foot, and syde to syde,
 That in short space their foes they haue quite terrifyde.

Tho whenas all were put to shamefull flight,
 The noble *Britomartis* her arayd,
 And her bright armes about her body dight:
 For nothing would she lenger there be stayd,
 Where so loose life, and so vngentle trade
 Was vsd of knyghtes and Ladies seeming gent:
 So carely ere the grosse Earthes gryefsy shade,
 Was all disperst out of the firmament,
 They tooke their steeds, & forth vpō their iourney went

Cant. II.



Here haue I cause in men iust blame to find,
 That in their proper praise too partiall bee,
 And not indifferent to woman kind,
 To whom no share in armes and cheualree,
 They doe impart, ne maken me moree
 Of their braue gestes and prowesse martiall;
 Scarfe doe they spare to one or two or thre,
 Rowme in their writtes; yet the same writing small
 Does all their dedes deface, and dims their glories all,
 But

But by record of antique times I finde,
 That wemen wont in warres to beare most sway,
 And to all great exploités them selues inclind:
 Of which they still the girlond bore away,
 Till enuious Men fearing their rules decay,
 Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty,
 Yet sith they warlike armes haue laide away,
 They haue exceld in artes and pollicy,
 That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t'enuy.

Of warlike puiffaunce in ages spent,
 Be thou faire *Britomart*, whose prayse I wryte,
 But of all wisdom bee thou precedent,
 O soueraine *Queene*, whose prayse I would endyte,
 Endite I would as dewtie doth excyte;
 But ah my rymes to rude and rugged arre,
 When in so high an obiect they doe lyte,
 And striuing, fit to make, I feare doe marre:
 Thy selfe thy prayses tell, and make them knowen farre.

She traueiling with *Guyon* by the way,
 Of sondry thinges faire purpose gan to find,
 T'abridg their iourney long, and lingring day;
 Mongst which it fell into that Fairies mind,
 To aske this Briton Maid, what vncouth wind,
 Brought her into those partes, and what inquest
 Made her dissemble her disguised kind:
 Faire Lady she him seemd, like Lady drest,
 But fairest knight aliue, when armed was her brest.

Thereat she sighing softly, had no powre
 To speake a while, ne ready answere make,
 But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
 As if she had a feuer fitt, did quake,

And

And euery daintie limbe with horreur shake,
 And euer and anone the rosy red,
 Flash't through her face, as it had beene a flake
 Of lightning, through bright heuen fulmin'd;
 At last the passion past she thus him answered.

Faire Sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
 I taken was from nourses tender pap,
 I haue beene trained vp in warlike stowre,
 To tossen speare and shield, and to affrap
 The warlike ryder to his most mishap;
 Sithence I loathed haue my life to lead,
 As Ladies wont, in pleasures wanton lap,
 To finger the fine needle and nyce thread,
 Me leuer were with point of foemans speare be dead.

All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
 To hunt out perilles and aduentures hard,
 By sea, by land, where so they may be mett,
 Onely for honour and for high regard,
 Without respect of richesse or reward.
 For such intent into these partes I came,
 Withouten compasse, or withouten card,
 Far fro my natiue soyle, that is by name
 The greater *Brytaine*, here to seeke for praise and fame.

Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond
 Doe many famous knightes and Ladies wonne,
 And many straunge aduentures to bee fond,
 Of which great worth and worship may be wonne;
 Which to proue, I this voyage haue begonne.
 But mote I weete of you, right courteous knight,
 Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne
 Late soule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
 The which I seeke to wreake, and *Arthegall* he hight.

The word gone out, the backe againe would call,
 As her repenting so to haue missayd,
 But that he it vptaking ere the fall,
 Her shortly answered; Faire martiall Mayd
 Certes ye misauised beene, t'vpbrayd,
 A gentle knight with so vnknightly blame:
 For weete ye well of all, that euer playd
 At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
 The noble *Arthegall* hath euer borne the name.

For thy great wonder were it, if such shame
 Should euer enter in his bounteous thought,
 Or euer doe, that mote deseruen blame:
 The noble corage neuer weeneth ought,
 That may vnworthy of it selfe be thought.
 Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,
 Least that too farre ye haue your sorrow sought:
 You and your countrey both I wish welfare,
 And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

The royall Maid woxe inly wondrous glad,
 To heare her Loue so highly magnifyde,
 And ioyd that euer she affixed had,
 Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
 How euer finely she it faind to hyde:
 The louing mother, that nine monethes did beare,
 In the deare closett of her painefull syde,
 Her tender babe, it seeing safe appeare,
 Doth not so much reioyce, as she reioyced theare.

But to occasion him to further talke,
 To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
 Her list in stryfull termes with him to balke,
 And thus replyde, How euer, Sir, ye fyle

Your courteous tongue, his prayſes to compyle,
 It ill beſeemes a knight of gentle ſort,
 Such as ye haue him boaſted, to beguyle
 A ſimple maide, and worke ſo hainous tort,
 In ſhame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

Let bee therefore my vengeance to diſſwade,
 And read, where I that faytour false may find.
 Ah, but if reaſon faire might you perſwade,
 To ſlake your wrath, and mollify your mind,
 (Said he) perhaps ye ſhould it better find:
 For hardie thing it is, to weene by might,
 That man to hard conditions to bind,
 Or euer hope to match in equall fight,
 Whoſe prowefſe paragone ſaw neuer liuing wight.

Ne ſoothlich is it eaſie for to read,
 Where now on earth, or how he may be fownd;
 For he ne wonneth in one certeine ſtead,
 But reſtleſſe walketh all the world arownd,
 Ay doing thinges, that to his fame redownd,
 Defending Ladies cauſe, and Orphans right,
 Where ſo he heares, that any doth confownd
 Them comfortleſſe, through tyranny or might;
 So is his ſoueraine honour raiſde to heuens hight.

His feeling wordes her feeble ſence much pleaſed,
 And ſoftly ſunck into her molten hart;
 Hart that is inly hurt, is greatly eaſed
 With hope of thing, that may allegge his ſmart,
 For pleaſing wordes are like to Magick art,
 That doth the charmed Snake in ſlomber lay:
 Such ſecrete eaſe felt gentle *Britomart*,
 Yet liſt the ſame efforce with ſaind gainesay;
 So diſchord ofte in Muſick makes the ſweeter lay.

And sayd, Sir knight, these ydle termes forbear,
 And sith it is vneath to finde his haunt,
 Tell me some markes, by which he may appeare,
 If chaunce I him encounter parauaunt;
 For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt: (what stedd,
 What shape, what shield, what armes, what stedd,
 And what so else his person most may vaunt?
 All which the *Redcrosse* knight to point aredd,
 And him in euerie part before her fashioned.

Yet him in euerie part before she knew,
 How euer list her now her knowledge fayne,
 Sith him whylome in *Brytayne* she did vew,
 To her reuealed in a mirrhour playne,
 Whereof did grow her first engrafted payne,
 Whose root and stalke so bitter yet did taste,
 That but the fruit more sweetnes did contayne,
 Her wretched dayes in dolour she mote waste,
 And yield the pray of loue to lothsome death at last.

By straunge occasion she did him behold,
 And much more straungely gan to loue his sight,
 As it in bookes hath written beene of old.
 In *Deheubarth* that now South-wales is hight,
 What time king *Ryence* raign'd, and dealed right,
 The great Magicien *Merlin* had deuiz'd,
 By his deepe science, and hell-dreaded might,
 A looking glasse, right wondrously aguiz'd,
 Whose vertues through the wyde worlde soone were
 (solemniz'd.

It vertue had, to shew in perfect sight,
 What euer thing was in the world contaynd,
 Betwixt the lowest earth and heuens hight,
 So that it to the looker appertaynd;

What euer foe had wrought, or friend had faynd,
 Therein discouered was, ne ought mote pas,
 Ne ought in secret from the same remaynd;
 For thy it round and hollow shaped was,
 Like to the world it selfe, and seemd a world of glas.

Who wonders not, that reades so wonderous worke?
 But who does wonder, that has red the Towre,
 Wherein th' Aegyptian *Phao* long did lurke
 From all mens vew, that none might her discoure,
 Yet she might all men vew out of her bowre?
 Great *Ptolomæe* it for his lemans sake
 Ybuided all of glasse, by Magicke powre,
 And also it impregnable did make;
 Yet when his loue was false, he with a peaze it brake.

Such was the glassy globe that *Merlin* made,
 And gaue vnto king *Ryence* for his gard,
 That neuer foes his kingdome might inuade,
 But he it knew at home before he hard
 Tydings thereof, and so them still debar'd.
 It was a famous Present for a Prince,
 And worthy worke of infinite reward,
 That treasons could bewray, and foes conuince;
 Happy this Realme, had it remayned euer since.

One day it fortun'd, fayre *Britomart*
 Into her fathers closet to repayre,
 For nothing he from her referu'd apart,
 Being his onely daughter and his hayre:
 Where when she had espyde that mirrhour fayre,
 Her selfe awhile therein she vewd in vaine;
 Tho her auizing of the vertues rare,
 Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
 Her to bethinke of, that mote to her selfe pertaine.

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
 Imperious Loue hath highest set his throne,
 And tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts
 Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:
 So thought this Mayd (as maydens vse to done)
 Whom fortune for her husband would allot,
 Not that she lusted after any one;
 For she was pure from blame of sinfull blot,
 Yet wist her life at last must lincke in that same knot.

Estsoones there was presented to her eye
 A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
 Through whose bright ventayle lifted vp on hye
 His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
 And friends to termes of gentle truce entize,
 Lockt foorth, as *Phæbus* face out of the east,
 Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arize;
 Portly his person was, and much increast
 Through his Heroicke grace, and honorable gest.

His crest was couered with a couchant Hownd,
 And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
 But wondrous massy and assured townd,
 And round about yfretted all with gold,
 In which there written was with cyphres old,
Achilles armes, which Arthogall did win.
 And on his shield enuveloped seuensfold
 He bore a crowned litle Ermilin,
 That deckt the azure field with her fayre pouldred skin.

The Damzell well did vew his Personage,
 And liked well, ne further fastned not,
 But went her way; ne her vnguilry age
 Did weene, vnwares, that her vnlucky lot

Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;
 Of hurt vnwist most daunger doth redound:
 But the false Archer, which that arrow shot
 So slyly, that she did not feele the wound,
 Did smile full smoothly at her weetelesse wofull sound.

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,
 Ruffed of loue, gan lowly to auaille,
 And her prouwd portauce, and her princely gest,
 With which she earst tryumphed, now did quaile:
 Sad, solemne, sowe, and full of fancies fraile
 She woxe; yet wist she nether how, nor why,
 She wist not, silly Mayd, what she did aile,
 Yet wist, she was not well at ease perdy,
 Yet thought it was not loue, but some melancholy.

So soone as Night had with her pallid hew
 Defaste the beautie of the shyning skye,
 And rest from men the worldes desired vew,
 She with her Nourse adowne to sleepe did lye;
 But sleepe full far away from her did fly:
 In stead thereof sad sighes, and sorrowes deepe
 Kept watch and ward about her warily,
 That nought she did but wayle; and often sleepe
 Her dainty couch with teares, which closely she did
 (weepe.

And if that any drop of slombring rest
 Did chauce to still into her weary spright,
 When feeble nature felt her selfe opprest,
 Streight way with dreames, and with fantastick sight
 Of dreadfull things the same was put to flight,
 That oft out of her bed she did astart,
 As one with vew of ghastly feends affright:
 Tho gan she to renew her former smart,
 And thinke of that sayre visage, written in her hart.

One night, when she was tost with such vnrest,
 Her aged Nourse, whose name was *Glauce* hight,
 Feeling her leape out of her loathed nest,
 Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
 And downe againe her in her warme bed dight,
 Ah my deare daughter, ah my dearest dread,
 What vncouth fit (sayd she) what euill plight
 Hath thee opprest, and with sad dreary head
 Chaunged thy liuely cheare, & liuing made thee dead?

For not of nought these suddein ghastly feares
 All night afflict thy naturall repose,
 And all the day, when as thine equall peares
 Their fit disports with faire delight doe chose,
 Thou in dull corners doest thy selfe inclose,
 Ne tastest Princes pleasures, ne doest spred
 Abroad thy fresh youths fayrest flowre, but lose
 Both leafe and fruite, both too vntimely shed,
 As one in wilfull bale for euer buried.

The time, that mortall men their weary cares
 Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
 And euery riuer eke his course forbears,
 Then doth this wicked euill thee infest,
 And riue with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest;
 Like an huge *Aetn'* of deepe engulfed gryefe,
 Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
 Whence foorth it breakes in sighes and anguish ryfe,
 As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused stryfe.

Ayme, how much I feare, least loue it bee,
 But if that loue it be, as sure I read
 By knowen signes and passions, which I see,
 Be it worthy of thy race and royall seed,

Then I auow by this most sacred head
 Of my deare foster childe, to ease thy grieffe,
 And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;
 For death nor daunger from thy dew reliefe
 Shall me debarre. tell me therefore my liefest liefe.

So hauing sayd, her twixt her armes twaine
 Shee streightly straynd, and colled tenderly,
 And euery trembling ioynt, and euery vaine
 Shee softly felt, and rubbed busily,
 To doe the frosen cold away to fly;
 And her faire deawy eies with kisses deare
 Shee ofte did bathe, and ofte againe did dry;
 And euer her importund, not to feare
 To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.

The Damzell pauzd, and then thus fearfully;
 Ah Nurse, what needeth thee to eke my paine?
 Is not enough, that I alone doe dye,
 But it must doubled bee with death of twaine?
 For nought for me but death there doth remaine.
 O daughter deare (said she) despeire no whit,
 For neuer sore, but might a salue obtaine:
 That blinded God, which hath ye blindly smit,
 Another arrow hath your louers hart to hit.

But mine is not (quoth she) like other wownd;
 For which no reason can finde remedy.
 Was neuer such, but mote the like be fownd,
 (Said she) and though no reason may apply
 Salue to your sore, yet loue can higher flye,
 Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.
 But neither God of loue, nor God of skye
 Can doe (said she) that, which cannot be donne.
 Things ofte impossible (quoth she) seeme ere begonne.
 These

These illewordes (said she) doe nought aswage
 My stubborne smart, but more annoiaunce breed.
 For no no vsuall fire, no vsuall rage
 Ytis, O Nourse, which on my life doth feed,
 And sucks the blood, which frō my hart doth bleed.
 But since thy faithfull zele lers me not hyde
 My crime, (if crime it be) I will it reed.
 Nor Priunce, nor pere it is, whose loue hath gryde
 My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound wyde.

Nor man it is, nor other liuing wight;
 For then some hope I might vnto me draw,
 But th'only shade and semblant of a knight,
 Whose shape or person yet I neuer saw,
 Hath me subiected to loues cruell law:
 The same one day, as me misfortune led,
 I in my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,
 And pleased with that seeming goodly hed,
 Vnwares the hidden hooke with baite I swallowed.

Sithens it hath infixed faster hold
 Within my bleeding bowells, and so sore
 Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshly mould,
 That all mine entrailes flow with poisonous gore,
 And th'vlcet groweth daily more and more;
 Ne can my ronning sore finde remedee,
 Other then my hard fortune to deplore,
 And languish as the leafe faln from the tree,
 Till death make one end of my daies and miscree.

Daughter (said she) what need ye be dismayd,
 Or why make ye such Monster of your minde?
 Of much more vncouth thing I was affrayd;
 Of filthy lust, contrary vnto kinde:

But this affection nothing straunge I finde;
 For who with reason can you aye reprove;
 To loue the semblaunt pleasing most your minde;
 And yield your heart, whence ye cannot remoue?
 No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of loue.

Not so th' *Arabian Myrrhe* did sett her mynd,
 Not so did *Biblis* spend her pining hart,
 But lou'd their natiue flesh againt al kynd,
 And to their purpose vsed wicked art:
 Yet playd *Pasiphaë* a more monstrous part,
 That lou'd a Bul, and leard a beast to bee;
 Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which depart
 From course of nature and of modestee?
 Swete loue such lewdnes bands from his faire cōpanee.

But thine my Deare (welfare thy heart my deare)
 Though straunge beginning had, yet fixed is
 On one; that worthy way perhaps appeare;
 And certes seemes bestowed not amis:
 Ioy thereof haue thou and eternall blis.
 With that vpleaning on her elbow weake,
 Her alablaster brest she soft did kis,
 Which all that while shee felt to pant and quake,
 As it an Earth-quake were; at last she thus bespake,

Beldame, your words doe worke me litle ease;
 For though my loue be not so lewdly bent,
 As those ye blame; yet may it nought appease
 My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
 But rather doth my helpelesse grieffe augment.
 For they, how euer shamefull and vnkinde,
 Yet did possesse their horrible intent:
 Short end of forowes they therby did finde; (minde.
 So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

But wicked fortune mine, though minde be good,
 Can haue no end, nor hope of my desire,
 But feed on shadowes, whiles I die for food,
 And like a shadow waxe, whiles with entire
 Affection, I doe languish and expire.
 I fonder, then *Cephisus* foolish chylde,
 Who hauing vewed in a fountaine there
 His face, was with the loue thereof beguylde;
 I fonder loue a shade, the body far exyld.

Nought like (quoth shee) for that same wretched boy
 Was of him selfe the ydle Paramoure;
 Both loue and louer, without hope of ioy,
 For which he faded to a watry flowre.
 But better fortune thine, and better howre,
 Which lou'st the shadow of a warlike knight;
 No shadow, but a body hath in powre:
 That body, wheresoeuer that it light,
 May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

But if thou may with reason yet repress
 The growing euill, ere it strength haue gott,
 And thee abandond wholly doe possesse,
 Against it strongly striue, and yield thee nott,
 Tilt thou in open felde adowne be smott.
 But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
 So that needs loue or death must bee thy lott,
 Then I auow to thee, by wrong or right
 To compas thy desire, and find that loued knight.

Her chearefull words much cheard the feeble spright
 Of the sicke virgin, that her downe she layd
 In her warme bed to sleepe, if that she might,
 And the old-woman carefully displayd

The clothes about her round with busy ayd,
 So that at last a litle creeping sleepe
 Surprisd her sence: Shee therewith well apayd,
 The dronken lamp down in the oyl did sleepe,
 And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to weepe.

Earely the morrow next, before that day
 His ioyous face did to the world reuele,
 They both vprose, and tooke their ready way
 Vnto the Church, their praiers to appele,
 With great deuotion, and with litle zele:
 For the faire Damzell from the holy herse
 Her loue-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;
 And that old Dame said many an idle verse,
 Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reuerse.

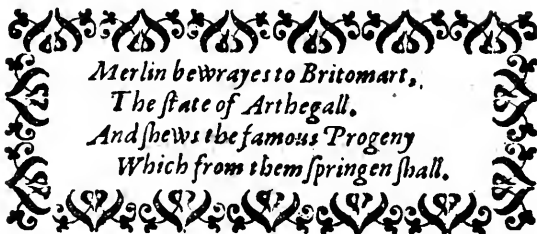
Retourued home, the royall Infant fell
 Into her former sitt; for why no powre,
 Nor guidaunce of her selfe in her did dwell.
 But th'aged Nourse her calling to her bowre,
 Had gathered Rew, and Sauiue, and the flowre
 Of *Camphora*, and Calamint, and Dill,
 All which she in a earthen Pot did poure,
 And to the brim with Colt wood did it fill,
 And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill.

Then taking thrise three heares from of her head,
 Then trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
 And round about the Pots mouth, bouid the thread,
 And after hauing whispered a space
 Certain sad words, with hollow voice and bace,
 Shee to the virgin sayd, thrise sayd she itt;
 Come daughter come, come; spit vpon my face,
 Spitt thrise vpon me, thrise vpon me spitt;
 Th'vncuen number for this busines is most fitt.

That sayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,
 She turned her contrary to the Sunne,
 Thrice she her turnd contrary, and returnd,
 All contrary; for she the right did shunne,
 And euer what she did, was streight vndonne.
 So thought she to vndoe her daughters loue:
 But loue, that is in gentle brest begonne,
 No ydle charmes so lightly may remoue,
 That well can witnesse, who by tryall it does proue.

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auayle,
 Ne slake the fury of her cruell flame,
 But that shee still did waste, and still did wayle,
 That through long languour, & hart-burning brame
 She shortly like a pyned ghost became,
 Which long hath waited by the Stygian strand.
 That when o'ld *Glauce* saw, for feare least blame
 Of her miscarriage should in her be fond,
 She wist not how t'amend, nor how it to withstand.

Cant. III.



Most sacred fyre, that burnest mightily
 In liuing brefts, ykindled first aboue,
 Emongst th'eternall spheres and lamping sky,
 And thence poured into men, which men call Loue;
 Not

Not that same, which doth base affections moue
 In brutish mindes, and filthy lust inflame,
 But that sweete fit, that doth true beautie loue,
 And choseth vertue for his dearest Dame.

Whence spring all noble deedes and neuer dying fame:

Well did Antiquity a God thee deeme,
 That ouer mortall mindes hast so great sight,
 To order them, as best to thee doth seeme,
 And all their actions to direct aright;
 The fatall purpose of diuine foresight,
 Thou doest effect in destined descents,
 Through deepe impression of thy secret might,
 And stirredst vp th' Heroes high intents,
 Which the late world admyres for wondrous moniments

But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph more,
 Ne brauer prooue in any, of thy powre
 Shew'dst thou, then in this royall Maid of yore,
 Making her seeke an vnknowne Paramoure,
 From the worlds end, through many a bitter stowre:
 From whose two loynes thou afterwarde did rayse
 Most famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre, (praysc,
 Which through the earth haue spread their liuing
 That fame in trompt of gold eternally displays.

Begin then, O my dearest sacred Dame,
 Daughter of *Phæbus* and of *Memorye*,
 That doest ennoble with immortal name
 The warlike Worthies, from antiquitye,
 In thy great volume of Eternitye:
 Begin, O *Clio*, and recount from hence
 My glorious Soueraines goodly auncestrye,
 Till that by dew degrees and long proteste,
 Thou haue it lastly brought vnto her Excellence.

Full many wayes within her troubled mind,
 Old *Glauce* cast, to cure this Ladies grieffe:
 Full many waies she sought, but none could find,
 Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counsel that is chiefe,
 And choifest med'cine for sick harts reliefe:
 For thy great care she tooke, and greater feare,
 Least that it should her turne to fowle reprehensive,
 And sore reproch, when so her father deare
 Should of his dearest daughters hard misfortune heare.

At last she her auisde, that he, which made
 That mirrhour, wherein the sicke Damosell
 So straungely vewed her straunge louers shade,
 To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,
 Vnder what coast of heauen the man did dwell,
 And by what means his loue might best be wrought:
 For though beyond the *Africk Ismael*,
 Or th'Indian *Peru* he were, she thought
 Him forth through infinite endeouour to haue sought.

Forthwith them selues disguising both in straunge
 And base atyre, that none might them bewray,
 To *Maridunum*, that is now by change
 Of name *Cayr-Merdin* cald, they tooke their way:
 There the wise *Merlin* whylome wont (they say)
 To make his wonne, low vnderneath the ground,
 In a deepe delue, farre from the vew of day,
 That of no liuing wight he mote be found,
 When so he couñeld with his sprights encōpass round.

And if thou euer happen that same way
 To traueill, go to see that dreadful place:
 It is an hideous hollow caue (they lay)
 Vnder a Rock that lyes a litle space

From the swift *Barry*, tombling downe apace,
 Emongst the woody hilles of *Dyneuowre*:
 But dare thou not, I charge, in any cace,
 To enter into that same balefull Bowre, (uowre.
 For feare the cruell Feendes should thee vnwares de-

But standing high aloft, low lay thine eare,
 And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines,
 And brasen Caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
 Doe tesse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines,
 And oftentimes great grones, & grieuous stownds,
 When too huge toile and labour them constraines:
 And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing sowndes
 From vnder that deepe Rock most horribly rebowndes.

The cause some say is this: A litle w hyle
 Before that *Merlin* dyde, he did intend,
 A brasen wall in compas to compyle
 About *Cairmardin*, and did it commend
 Vnto these Sprights, to bring to perfect end.
 During which worke the Lady of the Lake,
 Whom long he lou'd, for him in hast did fend,
 Who thereby forst his workemen to forsake,
 Them bownd till his retourne, their labour not to flake.

In the meane time through that false Ladies traine,
 He was surprisd, and buried vnder beare,
 Ne euer to his worke returnd againe:
 Nath'lesse those feends may not their work forbear,
 So greatly his commandement they feare,
 But there doe toyle and traueile day and night,
 Vntill that brasen wall they vp doe reare:
 For *Merlin* had in Magick more insight,
 Then euer him before or after liuing wight.

For he by wordes could call out of the sky
 Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obey:
 The Land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
 And darksome night he eke could turne to day:
 Huge hostes of men he could alone dismay,
 And hostes of men of meanest thinges could frame,
 When so him list his enemies to fray:
 That to this day for terror of his fame,
 The feendes do quake, whē any him to them does name.

And sooth, men say that he was not the sonne
 Of mortall Syre, or other liuing wight,
 But wondrously begotten, and begonne
 By false illusion of a guilefull Spright,
 On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to *Pubidius*,
 Who was the Lord of *Mathraual* by right,
 And coosen vnto king *Ambrosius*:
 Whence he indued was with skill so merueilous.

They here ariuing, staid a while without,
 Ne durst aduenture rashly in to wend,
 But of their first intent gan make new doubt
 For dread of daunger, which it might portend:
 Vntill the hardy Mayd (with loue to frend)
 First entering, the dreadfull Mage there fownd
 Deepe busied bout worke of wondrous end,
 And writing straunge characters in the grownd,
 With which the stubborne feendes he to his seruice
 (bownd.

He nought was moued at their entraunce bold:
 For of their comming well he wist afore,
 Yet list them bid their businesse to vnfold,
 As if ought in this world in secrete store

Were

Were from him hidden, or vnknowne of yore.
 Then *Glauce* thus, let not it thee offend,
 That we thus rashly through thy darksome dore,
 Vnwares haue prest: for either farfall end,
 Or other mightie cause vs two did hether send.

He bad tell on; And then she thus began. (light,
 Now haue three Moones with borrowd brothers
 Thrice shined faire, and thrise seemd dim and wan,
 Sith a sore euill, which this virgin bright
 Tormenteth, and doth plunge in dolefull plight,
 First rooting tooke; but what thing it mote bee,
 Or whence it sprong, I can not read aright:
 But this I read, that but if remedee,
 Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

Therewith th'Enchaunter softly gan to smyle
 At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well,
 That she to him dissembled womanish guyle,
 And to her said; Beldame, by that yetell,
 More neede of leach-crafte hath your Damozell,
 Then of my skill: who helpe may haue elsewhere,
 In vaine seekes wonders out of Magick spell.
 Th'old womã wox half blanck, those words to heare;
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare.

And to him said, Yf any leaches skill,
 Or other learned meanes could haue redrest
 This my deare daughters deepe engrafted ill,
 Certes I should be loth thee to molest:
 But this sad euill, which doth her infest,
 Doth course of naturall cause farre exceed,
 And housed is within her hollow brest,
 That either seemes some cursed witches deed,
 Or euill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.

The wisard could no lenger beare her bord,
 But brusting forth in laughter, to her sayd;
Glauce, what needes this colourable word,
 To cloke the cause, that hath it selfe bewrayd?
 Neye fayre *Britomartis*, thus arayd,
 More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy vele;
 Whom thy good fortune, hauing fate obeyd,
 Hath hether brought, for succour to appele:
 The which the powres to thee are pleased to reuele.

The doubtfull Mayd, seeing her selfe descryde,
 Was all abasht, and her pure yuory
 Into a cleare Carnation suddaine dyde;
 As fayre *Aurora* rysing hastily,
 Doth by her blushing tell, that she did lye
 All night in old *Tithonus* frosen bed,
 Whereof she seemes ashamed inwardly.
 But her olde Nourse was nought dishartened,
 But vantage made of that, which *Merlin* had ared.

And sayd, Sith then thou knowest all our grieffe,
 (For what doest not thou knowe?) of grace I pray,
 Pitty our playnt, and yield vs meet reliefe.
 With that the Prophet still awhile did stay,
 And then his spirite thus gan foorth display;
 Most noble Virgin, that by fatall lore
 Hast learn'd to loue. let no whit thee dismay
 The hard beginne, that meetes thee in the dore,
 And with sharpe fits thy tender hart oppresseth sore.

For so must all things excellent begin,
 And eke enrooted deepe must be that Tree,
 Whose big embodied braunches shall not lin,
 Till they to heuens hight forth stretched bee.

For from thy wombe a famous Progenie
 Shall spring, out of the auncient *Troian* blood,
 Which shall reuiue the sleeping memoree
 Of those same antique Peres, the heuens brood,
 Which *Greece* & *Asian* riuers stayned with their blood.

Renowmed kings, and sacred Emperours,
 Thy fruitfull Ofspring, shall from thee descend;
 Braue Captaines, and most mighty warriours,
 That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
 And their decayed kingdomes shall amend:
 The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
 They shall vpreare, and mightily defend
 Against their forren foe, that commes from farre,
 Till vniuersall peace compound all ciuill iarre.

It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandring eye,
 Glauncing vnwares in charmed looking glas,
 But the streight course of heuenly destiny,
 Led with eternall prouidence, that has
 Guyded thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
 Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
 To loue the prowest knight, that euer was.
 Therefore submit thy wayes vnto his will,
 And doe by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill.

But read (saide *Glauce*) thou Magitian
 What meanes shall she out seeke, or what waies take?
 How shall she know, how shall she finde the man?
 Or what needes her to toyle, sith fates can make
 Way for themselues, their purpose to pertake?
 Then *Merlin* thus, Indeede the fates are firme,
 And may not shrinck, though all the world do shake:
 Yet ought mens good endeouours them confirme,
 And guyde the heauenly causes to their constant terme.

The man whom heauens haue ordaynd to bee
 The spouse of *Britomart*, is *Arthegall*:
 He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree*,
 Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne sib at all
 To *Elfes*, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
 And whylome by false *Faries* stolne away,
 Whyles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
 Ne other to himselfe is knowne this day,
 But that he by an *Elfe* was gotten of a *Fay*.

But sooth he is the sonne of *Gorlois*,
 And brother vnto *Cador* Cornish king,
 And for his warlike feates renoumed is,
 From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
 Vntill the closure of the Euening.
 From thence, him firmly bound with faithfull band,
 To this his natie soyle thou backe shalt bring,
 Strongly to ayde his countrey, to withstand
 The powre of forreine Paynims, which invade thy land.

Great ayd thereto his mighty puiffaunce,
 And dreaded name shall giue in that sad day:
 Where also prooffe of thy prow valiaunce
 Thou then shalt make, t'increase thy louers pray.
 Long time ye both in armes shall beare great sway,
 Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
 And his last fate him from thee take away,
 Too rathe cut off by practife criminall,
 Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mischiefe fall.

With thee yet shall he leaue for memory
 Of his late puiffaunce, his ymage dead,
 That liuing him in all actiuity
 To thee shall represent. He from the head

Of his coosen *Constantius* without dread
 Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right,
 And therewith crowne himselfe in th'others stead:
 Then shall he islew forth with dreadfull might,
 Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

Like as a Lyon, that in drowfie caue
 Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake,
 And comming forth, shall spred his banner braue
 Ouer the troubled South, that it shall make
 The warlike *Mertians* for feare to quake:
 Thrise shall he fight with them, and twise shall win,
 But the third time shall fayre accordaunce make:
 And if he then with victorie can lin,
 He shall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

His sonne, hight *Vortipore*, shall him succede
 In kingdome, but not in felicity;
 Yet shall he long time warre with happy speed,
 And with great honour many batteills try:
 But at the last to th'importunity
 Of froward fortune shall be forst to yield.
 But his sonne *Malgo* shall full mightily
 Auenge his fathers losse, with speare and shield,
 And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

Behold the man, and tell me *Britomart*,
 If ay more goodly creature thou didst see;
 How like a Gyaunt in each manly part
 Beares he himselfe with portly maiestee,
 That one of th'old *Heroes* seemes to bee:
 He the six Islands, comprounciall
 In auncient times vnto great Britaince,
 Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
 Their sondry kings to doe their homage seuerall.

All which his sonne *Careticus* awhile
 Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre suppressse,
 Vntill a straunger king from vnknowne soyle
 Arriuing, him with multitude oppresse;
 Great *Gormond*, hauing with huge mightinesse
 Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
 Like a swift Otter, fell through emptinesse,
 Shall ouerswim the sea with many one
 Of his Norueyfes, to assist the Britons sone.

He in his furie all shall ouerronne,
 And holy Church with faithlesse handes deface,
 That thy sad people vtterly fordonne,
 Shall to the vtmost mountaines fly apace:
 Was neuer so great waste in any place,
 Nor so fowle outrage doen by liuing men:
 For all thy Citties they shall sacke and race,
 And the greene grasse, that groweth, they shall bren,
 That euen the wilde beast shall dy in starued den.

Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
 Proud *Etheldred* shall from the North arise,
 Seruing th'ambitious will of *Augustine*,
 And passing *Dee* with hardy enterprife,
 Shall backe repulse the valiaunt *Brockwell* twife,
 And *Bangor* with massacred Martyrs fill;
 But the third time shall rew his foolhardife:
 For *Cadman* pitying his peoples ill,
 Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand *Saxons* kill.

But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily
 On his sonne *Edwin* all those wrongs shall wreake;
 Ne shall auaille the wicked forcery
 Of false *Pellite*, his purposes to breake,

But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleake
 Shall giue th' enchaunter his vnhappy hire:
 Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
 From their long vassallage gin to respire,
 And on their Paynim foes auenge their rauckled ire.

Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
 Till both the sonnes of *Edwin* he haue slayne,
Offricke and *Ofricke*, twinnes vnfürunate,
 Both slaine in battaile vpon *Layburne* playne,
 Together with the king of *Louthiane*,
 Hight *Adin*, and the king of *Orkeny*,
 Both ioynt partakers of their fatall payne:
 But *Penda*, fearefull of like desteny,
 Shall yield him selfe his liegeman, and sweare scalty.

Him shall he make his fatall Instrument,
 T'afflict the other *Saxons* vntubdewd;
 He marching forth with fury insolent
 Against the good king *Oswald*, who indewd
 With heauenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
 Al holding crosses in their hands on hye,
 Shall him defeate withouten blood imbrewd:
 Of which, that field for endlesse memory,
 Shall *Heuenfield* be cald to all posterity.

Whereat *Cadwallin* wroth, shall forth issey,
 And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
 With which he godly *Oswald* shall subdew,
 And crowne with martiredome his sacred head.
 Whose brother *Oswin*, daunted with like dread,
 With price of siluer shall his kingdome buy,
 And *Penda* seeking him adowne to tread,
 Shall tread adowne, and doe him sowly dye,
 But shall with guifts his Lord *Cadwallin* pacify.

Then

Then shall *Cadwallin* die, and then the raine
 Of *Britons* eke with him attonce shall dye;
 Ne shall the good *Cadwallader* with paine,
 Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
 When the full time prefixt by destiny,
 Shalbe expird of *Britons* regiment.
 For heuen it selfe shall their successe enuy,
 And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
 Consume, till all their warlike puissaunce be spent.

Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge hills
 Of dying people, during eight yeares space,
Cadwallader not yielding to his ill,
 From *Armoricke*, where long in wretched cace
 He liu'd, retourning to his natieue place,
 Shalbe by vision staide from his intent:
 For th'heauens haue decreed, to displace
 The *Britons*, for their sinnes dew punishment;
 And to the *Saxons* ouer-give their gouernment.

Then woe, and woe, and euerlasting woe,
 Be to the Briton babe, that shalbe borne,
 To liue in thraldome of his fathers foe,
 Late king, now captiue, late lord, now forlorne,
 The worlds reproch, the cruell victors scorne,
 Banisht from princely bowre to wasteful wood:
 O who shal helpe me to lament, and mourne
 The royall seed, the antique *Troian* blood,
 Whose empire lenger here, then euer any stood.

The Damzell was full deepe empaffioned,
 Both for his grieffe, and for her peoples sake,
 Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,
 And sighing fore, at length him thus bespake;

Ah but will heuens fury neuer flake,
 Nor vengeance huge relent it selfe at last?
 Will not long misery late mercy make,
 But shall their name for euer be defaste,
 And quite from th'earth their memory be raste?

Nay but the terme (sayd he) is limited,
 That in this thraldome *Britons* shall abide,
 And the iust reuolution measured,
 That they as Straungers shalbe notifide,
 For twise fowre hundreth yeares shalbe supplide,
 Ere they vnto their former rule restor'd shalbee.
 And their importune fates all satisfide:
 Yet during this their most obscuritee, (may see.
 Their beames shall ofte breake forth, that men thē faire

For *Rhodoricke*, whose surname shalbe Great,
 Shall of him selfe a braue ensample shew,
 That Saxon kings his frendship shall intreat;
 And *Howell Dha* shall goodly well indew
 The saluage minds with skill of iust and trew;
 Then *Griffyth Conan* also shall vp reare
 His dreaded head, and the old sparkes renew
 Of natiue corage, that his foes shall feare, (beare.
 Least back againe the kingdom he from them should

Ne shall the Saxons selues all peaceably
 Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
 First ill, and after ruled wickedly:
 For ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
 There shall a Rauē far from rising Sunne,
 With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,
 And bid his faithlesse chickens oueronne
 The fruitfull plaines; and with fell cruelty,
 In their auenge, tread downe the victors surquedry.

Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew;
 There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
 Of *Neustria* come roring, with a crew
 Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
 Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
 That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend
 Th'vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
 And the spoile of the countrey conquered
 Emongst his young ones shall diuide with bountyhed.

Tho when the terme is full accomplishid,
 There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while
 Bene in his ashes raked vp, and hid,
 Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
 Of *Mona*, where it lurked in exile;
 Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
 And reach into the house, that beares the stile
 Of roiall maiesty and soueraine name;
 So shall the Briton blood their crowne agayn reclame.

Thenceforth eternall vnion shall be made
 Betweene the nations different afore,
 And sacred Peace shall louingly persuade
 The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,
 And ciuile armes to exercise no more:
 Then shall a royall Virgin raine, which shall
 Stretch her white rod over the *Belgicke* shore,
 And the great Castle smite so sore with all,
 That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to fall.

But yet the end is not. There *Merlin* stayd,
 As ouercomen of the spirites powre,
 Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
 That secretly he saw, yet note discourse:

Which

Which suddain fitt, and halfe extaticke stoure
 When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
 Greatly confused in behaueoure;
 At last the fury past, to former hew
 Shee turnd againe; and chearfull looks did shew.

Then, when them selues they well instructed had
 Of all, that needed them to be inquird,
 They both conceiuing hope of comfort glad,
 With lighter hearts vnto their home retir'd;
 Where they in secret counsell close conspird,
 How to effect so hard an enterprize,
 And to possesse the purpose they desird:
 Now this, now that twixt them they did deuize,
 And diuerse plots did frame, to maske in strange disguise.

At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
 Conceiud a bold deuise, and thus bespake;
 Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fit,
 That of the time doth dew aduantage take;
 Ye see that good king *Vther* now doth make
 Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, high
Oeta and *Oza*, whome hee lately brake
 Beside *Cayr Verolame*, in victorious fight,
 That now all *Britany* doth burne in armes bright.

That therefore nought our passage may empeach,
 Let vs in feigned armes our selues disguise, (teach.
 And our weake hands (need makes good schollers)
 The dreadful speare and shield to exercise:
 Ne certes daughter that same warlike wize
 I weene, would you misseeme; for ye beene tall,
 And large of limbe, r'atchieue an hard emprize;
 Ne ought ye want, but skil, which practize small
 Wil bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

And sooth, it ought your corage much inflame,
 To heare so often, in that royall hous,
 From whence to none inferior ye came:
 Bards tell of many wemen valorous,
 Which haue full many feats aduenturous,
 Performd, in paragone of proudest men:
 The bold *Bunduca*, whose victorious
 Exploits made *Rome* to quake, stout *Guendolen*,
 Renowned *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmilen*.

And that, which more then all the rest may sway
 Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,
 In the last field before *Menenia*
 Which *Vther* with those forrein Pagans held,
 I saw a *Saxon* Virgin, the which feld
 Great *Vlfin* thrife vpon the bloody playne,
 And had not *Carados* her hand withheld
 From rash reuenge, she had him surely slayne,
 Yet *Carados* himselfe from her escapt with payne.

Ah read, (quoth *Britomart*) how is she hight
 Fayre *Angela* (quoth she) men do her call,
 No whit lesse fayre, then terrible in fight:
 She hath the leading of a Martiall
 And mightie people, dreaded more then all
 The other *Saxons*, which doe for her sake
 And loue, them selues of her name *Angles* call.
 Therefore faire Infant her ensample make
 Vnto thy selfe, and equall corage to thee take.

Her harty wordes so deepe into the mynd
 Of the yong Damzell sunke, that great desire
 Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
 And generous stout courage did inspyre,

That

That she resolu'd, vnweeting to her Syre,
 Aduent'rous knighthood on her selfe to don,
 And counfeld with her Nourse, her Maides attyre
 To turne into a massy habergeon,
 And bad her all things put in readinesse anon.

Th'old woman nought, that needed, did omit;
 But all thinges did conueniently puruay:
 It fortun'd (so time their turne did fitt)
 A band of Britons ryding on forray
 Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
 Of Saxon goods, emongst the which was seene
 A goodly Armour, and full rich aray,
 Which long'd to *Angela*, the Saxon Queene,
 All fretted round with gold, and goodly wel besene.

The same, with all the other ornaments,
 King *Ryence* caused to be hang'd hy
 In his chiefe Church, for endlesse monuments
 Of his successe and gladfull victory:
 Of which her selfe auising readily,
 In th'euening late old *Glance* thether led
 Faire *Britomart*, and that same Armory
 Downe taking, her therein appareled,
 Well as she might, & with brauc bauldrick garnished.

Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,
 Which *Bladud* made by Magick art of yore,
 And vsd the same in batteill aye to beare;
 Sith which it had beene here preseru'd in store,
 For his great vertues proued long afore:
 For neuer wight so fast in sell could sit,
 But him perforce vnto the ground it bore:
 Both speare she tooke, and shield, which hong by it;
 Both speare & shield of great powre, for her purpose fit
 Thus

Thus when she had the virgin all arayd,
 Another harnessse, which did hang thereby,
 About her selfe she dight, that the yong Mayd
 She might in equall armes accompany,
 And as her Squyre attend her carefully:
 Tho to their ready Steedes they clombe full light,
 And through back waies, that none might the espy,
 Couered with secret cloud of silent night,
 Themselues they forth conuaid, & passed forward right.

Ne rested they, till that to Faery lond
 They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:
 Where meeting with this *Redcrosse* knight, she fond
 Of diuerse things discourses to dilate,
 But most of *Arthegall*, and his estate.
 At last their wayes so fell, that they mote part:
 Then each to other well affectionate,
 Friendship professed with vnfaigned hart,
 The *Redcrosse* knight diuerst, but forth rode *Britomart*.

Cant.



Cant. IIII.

*Bold Marinell of Britomart,
Is throwne on the Rich strand:
Faire Florimell of Arthure is
Long followed, but not fond.*

W Here is the Antique glory now become,
That whylome wont in wemen to appeare?
Where be the braue atchieuements doen by some?
Where be the batteilles, where the shield & speare,
And all the conquests, which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verse,
And boastfull men so oft abasht to heare?
Beene they all dead, and laide in dolefull herse?
Or doen they onely sleepe, and shall againe reuerse?

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:
But if they sleepe, O let them soone awake:
For all too long I burne with enuy sore,
To heare the warlike feates, which *Homere* spake
Of bold *Penthesilee*, which made a lake
Of *Greekish* blood so ofte in *Troian* plaine;
But when I reade, how stout *Debora* strake
Proud *Sifera*, and how *Camill* hath slaine
The huge *Orslochus*, I swell with great disdain.

Yet these, and all that els had puissaunce,
Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
Aswell for glorie of great valiaunce,
As for pure chastitie and vertue rare,

That

That all her goodly deedes do well declare,
 Well worthie stock, frō which the branches sprong,
 That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
 As thee, O Queene, the matter of my song,
 Whose lignage from this Lady I deriue along.

Who when through speaches with the *Redcrosse* knight,
 She learned had th' estate of *Art hegall*,
 And in each point her selfe informd aright,
 A frendly league of loue perpetuall
 She with him bound, and *Congé* tooke withall,
 Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,
 To seeke aduentures, which mote him befall,
 And win him worship through his warlike deed,
 Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefeft meed

But *Britomart* kept on her former course,
 Ne euer dofte her armes, but all the way
 Grew pensiuē through that amarous discourse,
 By which the *Redcrosse* knight did earst display
 Her louers shape, and cheualrous aray,
 A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her mind,
 And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
 Him such, as fittest he for loue could find
 Wife, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fedd,
 And thought so to beguile her grieuous smart;
 But so her smart was much more grieuous bredd,
 And the deepe wound more deep engord her hart,
 That nought but death her dolour mote depart.
 So forth she rode without repose or rest,
 Searching all lands and each remotest part,
 Following the guydaunce of her blinded guest,
 Till that to the seacoast at length she her address.

There

Richard Harrison

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
 And sitting downe vpon the rocky shore,
 Badd her old Squyre vnlace her lofty creast,
 Tho hauing vewd a while the surges hore,
 That gainst the craggy cliffs did loudly rore,
 And in their raging surquedry disdaynd,
 That the fast earth affronted them so sore,
 And their deuouring couetize restraynd,
 Thereat she sighed deepe, and after thus complaynd.

Huge sea of sorrow, and tempestuous grieffe,
 Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,
 Far from the hoped hauen of relieffe,
 Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
 And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
 Threatning to swallow vp my fearefull lyfe?
 O doe thy cruell wrath and spightfull wrong
 At length allay, and stint thy stormy stryfe,
 Which in thy troubled bowels raignes, & rageth ryfe.

For els my feeble vessell crazd, and crackt
 Through thy strong buffets and outrageous blowes,
 Cannot endure, but needes it must be wrackt
 On the rough rocks, or on the sandy shallowes,
 The whiles that loue it steres, and fortune rowes;
 Loue my lewd Pilott hath a restlessse minde
 And fortune Boteswaine no assuraunce knowes,
 But faile withouten starres, gainst tyde and winde:
 How can they other doe, sith both are bold and blinde?

Thou God of windes, that raignest in the seas,
 That raignest also in the Continent,
 At last blow vp some gentle gale of ease,
 The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,

Vnto the gladfome port of her intent :
 Then when I shall my selfe in safety see,
 A table for eternall monument
 Of thy great grace, and my great icopardee,
 Great *Neptune*, I avow to hallow vnto thee.

Then sighing softly fore, and inly deepe,
 She shut vp all her plaint in priuy grieffe;
 For her great courage would not let her weepe,
 Till that old *Glauce* gan with sharpe repriefe,
 Her to restraine, and giue her good reliefe,
 Through hope of those, which *Merlin* had her told
 Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
 And fetch their being from the sacred mould
 Of her immortall womb, to be in heauen enrold.

Thus as she her recomforted, she spyde,
 Where far away one all in armour bright,
 With hasty gallop towards her did ryde;
 Her dolour soone she ceast, and on her dight
 Her Helmet, to her Courser mounting light :
 Her former sorrow into suddein wrath,
 Both coosen passions of distroubled spright,
 Conuerting, forth she beates the dusty path;
 Loue and despight attonce her courage kindled hath.

As when a foggy mist hath ouercast
 The face of heuen, and the cleare ayre engroste,
 The world in darkenes dwels, till that at last
 The watry Southwinde from the seabord coste
 Vpblowing, doth disperse the vapour lo'ste,
 And poures it selfe forth in a stormy showre;
 So the fayre *Britomart* hauing disclo'ste
 Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
 The mist of grieffe dissolu'd, did into vengeance powre.

Eftsoones her goodly shield addressing fayre,
 That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
 And vnto battaill did her selfe prepayre.
 The knight approching, sternely her bespake;
 Sir knight; that doest thy voyage rashly make
 By this forbidden way in my despight,
 Ne doest by others death ensample take,
 I read thee soone retyre, whiles thou hast might,
 Least afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

Ythrild with deepe disdaine of his proud threat,
 She shortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly;
 Wordes fearen babes. I meane not thee entreat
 To passe; but maugre thee will passe or dy.
 Ne lenger stayd for th'other to reply,
 But with sharpe speares the rest made dearly knowne.
 Strongly the straunge knight ran, and sturdily
 Strooke her full on the brest, that made her downe
 Decline her head, & touch her crouper with her crown.

But she againe him in the shield did smite
 With so fierce furie and great puissaunce,
 That through his three square scuchin percing quite,
 And through his mayled hauberque, by mischaunce
 The wicked steele through his left side did glaunce;
 Him so transfixed she before her bore
 Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce;
 Till sadly foucing on the sandy shore,
 He tumbled on an heape, and wallowd in his gore.

Like as the sacred Oxe, that carelesse stands,
 With gilden hornes, and flowry girlonds crownd,
 Proud of his dying honor and deare bandes,
 Whiles th'altars fume with frankincense arownd,

All suddainly with mortall stroke astownd,
 Doth groueling fall, and with his streaming gore
 Distaines the pillours, and the holy grownd,
 And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;
 So fell proud *Marinell* vpon the pretious shore.

The martiall Mayd stayd not him to lament,
 But forward rode, and kept her ready way
 Along the strond, which as she ouer-went,
 She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
 Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
 And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;
 Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
 For gold, or perles, or pretious siones an howre,
 But them despised all, for all; was in her powre.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
 Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare;
 His mother was the blacke-browd *Cymoent*,
 The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did beare
 This warlike sonne vnto an earthly peare,
 The famous *Dumarin*; who on a day
 Finding the Nymph a sleepe in secret wheare,
 As he by chaunce did wander that same way,
 Was taken with her loue, and by her closely lay.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
 She of his father *Marinell* did name,
 And in a rocky caue as wight forlorne,
 Long time she fostred vp, till he became
 A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
 Did get through great aduentures by him donne:
 For neuer man he suffred by that same
 Rich strond to trauell, whereas he did wonne;
 But that he must do battail with the Sea-nymphes sonne

An hundred knights of honorable name
 He had subdew'd, and them his vassals made,
 That through all Farie lond his noble fame
 Now blazed was, and feare did all inuade,
 That none durst passen through that perilous glade.
 And to aduance his name and glory more,
 Her Sea-god fyre she dearely did perswade,
 T'endow her sonne with threasure and rich store,
 Boue all the sonnes, that were of earthly wombes ybore.

The God did graunt his daughters deare demaund,
 To doen his Nephew in all riches flow;
 Eftsoones his heaped waues he did commaund,
 Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
 All the huge threasure, which the sea below
 Had in his greedy gulfe deuoured deepe,
 And him enriched through the ouerthrow
 And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe,
 And often wayle their wealth, which he from them did
 (keepe.

Shortly vpon that shore there heaped was,
 Exceeding riches and all pretious things,
 The spoyle of all the world, that it did pas
 The wealth of th'East, and pompe of *Persian* kings;
 Gold, amber, yuorie, perles, owches, rings,
 And all that els was pretious and deare,
 The sea vnto him voluntary brings,
 That shortly he a great Lord did appeare,
 As was in all the lond of Faery, or else wheare.

There to he was a doughty dreaded knight,
 Tryde often to the scath of many Deare,
 That none in equall armes him matchen might,
 The which his mother seeing, gan to feare

Least his too haughtie hardines might reare
 Some hard mishap, in hazard of his life:
 For thy she oft him counfeld to forbear
 The bloody batteill, and to stirre vp strife,
 But after all his warre, to rest his wearie knife.

And for his more assuraunce, she inquir'd
 One day of *Proteus* by his mighty spell,
 (For *Proteus* was with prophecy inspir'd)
 Her deare sonnes destiny to her to tell,
 And the sad end of her sweet *Marinell*.
 Who through foresight of his eternall skill,
 Bad her from womankind to keepe him well:
 For of a woman he should haue much ill,
 A virgin straunge and stout him should dismay, or kill.

For thy she gaue him warning euery day,
 The loue of women not to entertaine;
 A lesson too too hard for liuing clay,
 From loue in course of nature to refraine:
 Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
 And euer from fayre Ladies loue did fly;
 Yet many Ladies fayre did oft complaine,
 That they for loue of him would algates dy:
 Dy, who so list for him, he was loues enemy.

But ah, who can deceiue his destiny,
 Or weene by warning to auoyd his fate?
 That when he sleepes in most security,
 And safest seemes, him soonest doth amate,
 And findeth dew effect or soone or late.
 So feeble is the powre of fleshy arme.
 His mother bad him womens loue to hate,
 For she of womans force did feare no harme;
 So weening to haue arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

This was that woman, this thar deadly wownd,
 That *Proteus* prophecide should him dismay,
 The wich his mother vainely did expownd,
 To be hart-wounding loue, which should assay
 To bring her sonne vnto his last decay.
 So ticle be the termes of mortall state,
 And full of subtile sophismes, which doe play
 With double fences, and with false debate,
 T'aproue the vnknownen purpose of eternall fate.

Too trew the famous *Marinell* it fownd,
 Who through late triall, on that wealthy Strond
 Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swownd,
 Through heauy stroke of *Britomartis* hond.
 Which when his mother deare did vnderfond,
 And heauy tidings heard, whereas she playd
 Amongst her watty sisters by a pond,
 Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to haue made
 Gay girlonds, from the Sun their forheads fayr to shade,

Estefoones both flowres and girlonds far away
 Shee song, and her faire deawy locks yrent,
 To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
 And gamefon merth to grieuous dreiment:
 Shee threw her selfe downe on the Continent,
 Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swownd,
 Whiles al her sisters did for her lament,
 With yelling outcries, and with shrieking sowne:
 And euery one did teare her gilond from her crowne.

Soone as shee vp out of her deadly fitt
 Arose, shee bad her charett to be brought,
 And all her sisters, that with her did sitt,
 Bade ke atonce their charett to be sought

Tho full of bitter grieſe and penſiſe thought,
 She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the reſt,
 And forth together went, with ſorow fraught.
 The waues obedient to theyr beheaſt,
 Them yielded ready paſſage, and their rage ſurceaſt.

Great *Neptune* ſtoode amazed at their ſight,
 Whiles on his broad rownd backe they ſoftly ſlid
 And eke him ſelſe mourned at their mournfull plight,
 Yet wiſt not what their wailing ment, yet did
 For great compaſſion of their ſorow, bid
 His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
 Efteſoones the roaring billowes ſtill abid,
 And all the grieſly Monſtes of the See
 Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to ſee.

A teme of Dolphins raunged in aray,
 Drew the ſmooth charett of ſad *Cymoent*;
 They were all taught by *Triton*, to obey
 To the long raynes, at her commaundement:
 As ſwiſte as ſwallowes, on the waues they went,
 That their brode ſlaggy finnes no ſome did reare,
 Ne bubling rowndell they behinde them ſent;
 The reſt of other fiſhes drawen weare,
 Which with rheir finny oars the ſwelling ſea did ſheare.

Soone as they bene arriu'd vpon the brim
 Of the *Rich ſtrand*, their charets they forlore,
 And let their temed fiſhes ſoftly ſwim
 Along the margent of the ſomy ſhore,
 Leaſt they their finnes ſhould bruze, and ſurbate fore.
 Their tender feete vpon the ſtony grownd:
 And comming to the place, where all in gore
 And cruddy blood enwallowed they fownd
 The luckleſſe *Marinell*, lying in deadly ſwownd;

His mother swowned thrise, and the third time
 Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine;
 Had she not beene deuoid of mortall slime,
 Shee should not then haue bene relyu'd againe;
 But soone as life recovered had the raine,
 Shee made so piteous mone and deare wayment,
 That the hard rocks could scarce from tears refraine,
 And all her sister Nymphes with one consent
 Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

Deare image of my selfe, (she sayd) that is,
 The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
 Is this thine high aduancement, O is this
 Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vnborne
 Thy Granfire *Nereus* promist to adorne?
 Now lyest thou of life and honor rest;
 Now lyest thou a lumpe of earth forlorne,
 Ne of thy late life memory is leste,
 Ne can thy irreuocable desteny bee weste?

Fond *Proteus*, father of false prophecis,
 And they more fond, that credit to thee giue,
 Not this the worke of womans hand ywis, (driue.
 That so deepe wound through these deare members
 I feared loue: but they that loue doe liue,
 But they that dye, doe nether loue nor hate.
 Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgiue,
 And to my selfe, and to accursed fate
 The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisdom bought too late.

O what auailles it of immortall seed
 To beene ybredd and neuer borne to dye?
 Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,
 Then waste in woe and wayfull misery.

Who

Who dyes the vtmost dolor doth abyce,
 But who that liues, is leste to waile his losse:
 So life is losse, and death felicity.
 Sad life worse then glad death: and greater crosse
 To see friends graue, thē dead the graue self to engrosse.

But if the heauens did his dayes enuie,
 And my short blis maligne, yet mote they well
 Thus much afford me, ere that he did die
 That the dim eies of my deare *Marinell*
 I mote haue closed, and him bed farewell,
 Sith other offices for mother meet
 They would not graunt.
 Yett maulgre them farewell, my sweetest sweet,
 Farewell my sweetest sonne, till we againe may meet.

Thus when they all had forowed their fill,
 They softly gan to searce his grieisly wownd:
 And that they might him handle more at will,
 They him disarmd, and spredding on the grownd
 Their watchet mantles frindgd with siluer rownd,
 They softly wipt away the gelly blood
 From th'orifice; which hauing well vpbownd,
 They poured in foueraine balme, and Nectar good,
 Good both for erthly med'cine, and for heuently food.

Tho when the lilly handed *Liagore*,
 (This *Liagore* whilome had learned skill
 In leaches craft, by great *Appolloes* lore,
 Sith her whilome vpon high *Pindus* hill,
 He loued, and at last her wombe did fill
 With heuently seed, whereof wise *Pæon* sprong)
 Did feele his pulse, shee knew their staid still
 Some litle life his feeble sprites emong;
 Which to his mother told, despeyre shee frō her song.
 Tho

Tho vp him taking in their tender hands,
 They easely vnto her charett beare:
 Her teime at her commaundement quiet stands,
 Whiles they the corse into her wagon reare,
 And strowe with flowres the lamentable beare:
 Then all the rest into their coches clim,
 And through the brackish waues their passage shear,
 Vpon great *Neptunes* necke they softly swim,
 And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea, her bowre
 Is built of hollow billowes heaped hyc,
 Like to thicke clouds, that threat a stormy showre,
 And vaulted all within, like to the Skye,
 In which the Gods doe dwell eternally:
 There they him laide in easy couch well dight;
 And sent in haste for *Tryphon*, to apply
 Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might:
 For *Tryphon* of sea gods the soueraine leach is hight.

The whiles the *Nymphes* sitt all about him rownd,
 Lamenting his mishap and heauy plight;
 And ofte his mother vewing his wide wownd,
 Cursed the hand, that did so deadly smight
 Her dearest sonne, her dearest harts delight.
 But none of all those curses ouertooke
 The warlike Maide, th'ensample of that might,
 But fairely well shee thryud, and well did brooke
 Her noble deeds, ne her right course for ought forooke.

Yet did false *Archimage* her still pursew,
 To bring to passe his mischieuous intent,
 Now that he had her singled from the crew
 Of courteous knights, the Prince, and Fary gent,
 Whome

Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
 Shee lefte, purfewing that fame foster strong;
 Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,
 And full of firy zeale, him followed long,
 To reskew her from shame, and to reuenge her wrong.

Through thick and thin, through mountains & through
 Those two gret chāpions did attonce purfew (playns,
 The fearefull damzell, with incessant payns:
 Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
 Of huāter swifte, and sent of howndes trew.
 At last they came vnto a double way,
 Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
 Themselues they did dispart, each to assay,
 Whether more happy were, to win so goodly pray.

But *Timias*, the Princes gentle S quyre,
 That Ladies loue vnto his Lord forlent,
 And with proud enuy, and indignat yre,
 After that wicked foster fiercely went.
 So beene they three three sondry wayes y bent.
 But fayrest fortune to the Prince befell,
 Whose chaunce it was, that soone he did repent;
 To take that way, in which that Damozell
 Was fledd afore, affraid of him, as feend of hell.

At last of her far of he gained vew:
 Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
 And euer as he nigher to her drew,
 So euermore he did increase his speed,
 And of each turning still kept wary heed:
 Alowd to her he oftentimes did call,
 To doe away vaine doubt, and needlesse dread:
 Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
 Many meeke wordes, to stay and comfort her withall.

But

But nothing might relent her hasty flight;
 So deepe the deadly feare of that foule swaine
 Was earst impressed in her gentle spright:
 Like as a fearefull Doue, which through the raine,
 Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
 Hauing farre off espyde a Tassell gent,
 Which after her his nimble winges doth straine,
 Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-hent,
 And with her pincons cleaues the liquid firmament.

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dreed,
 That fearefull Ladie fledd from him, that ment
 To her no euill thought, nor euill deed;
 Yet former feare of being sowly shent,
 Carried her forward with her first intent:
 And though oft looking backward, well she vewde,
 Her selfe freed from that foster insolent,
 And that it was a knight, which now her sewde,
 Yet she no lesse the knight feard, then that villein rude.

His vncouth shield and straunge armes her dismayd,
 Whose like in Faery lond were seldom seene,
 That fast she from him fledd, no lesse afraid,
 Then of wilde beastes if she had chased beene:
 Yet he her followd still with corage keene,
 So long that now the golden *Hesperus*
 Was mounted high in top of heauen sheene,
 And warnd his other brethren ioyeous,
 To light their blessed lamps in *Ioues* eternall hous.

All suddainly dim wox the dampish ayre,
 And grieisly shadowes couered heauen bright,
 That now with thousand starres was decked fayre;
 Which when the Prince beheld, a lothfull sight,
 And

And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
 He mote surceasse his suit, and lose the hope
 Of his long labour, he gan fowly wyte
 His wicked fortune, that had turnd aslope,
 And curfed night, that rest from him so goodly scope.

Tho when her wayes he could no more descry,
 But to and fro at disauenture strayd;
 Like as a ship, whose Lodestar suddainly
 Couered with cloudes, her Pilott hath dismayd,
 His wearisome pursuit perforce he stayd,
 And from his loftie steed dismounting low,
 Did let him forage. Downe himselfe he layd
 Vpon the grassy ground, to sleepe a throw;
 The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pillow.

But gentle Sleepe enuyde him any rest;
 In stead thereof sad sorow, and disdain
 Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest,
 And thousand fancies bett his ydle brayne
 With their light wings, the sights of semblants vaine:
 Oft did he wish, that Lady faire mote bee
 His faery Queene, for whom he did complaine:
 Or that his Faery Queene were such, as shee:
 And euer hafty Night he blamed bitterlie.

Night thou foule Mother of annoyaunce sad,
 Sister of heauie death, and nurse of woe,
 Which wast begot in heauen, but for thy bad
 And brutish shape thrust downe to hell below,
 Where by the grim floud of *Cocytus* flow
 Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* black hous,
 (Black *Herebus* thy husband is the foe
 Of all the Gods) where thou vngratious,
 Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horrour hideous.

What

What had th' eternall Maker need of thee,
 The world in his continuall course to keepe,
 That doest all thinges deface, ne letttest see
 The beautie of his worke? Indeed in sleepe
 The slouthfull body, that doth loue to sleepe
 His lustlesse limbes, and drowne his baser mind,
 Doth praise thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deepe
 Calles thee, his goddesse in his error blind,
 And great Dame Natures handmaide chearing euery
 But well I wote, that to an heauy hart
 Thou art the roote and nurse of bitter cares,
 Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:
 In stead of rest thou sendest rayling teares,
 In stead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares,
 And dreadfull visions, in the which aliue
 The dreary image of sad death appeares:
 So from the wearie spirit thou doest driue
 Desired rest, and men of happinesse depriue.
 Vnder thy mantle black there hidden lye,
 Light-shonning thefte; and traiterous intent,
 Abhorred bloodshed, and vile felony,
 Shamefull deceipt; and daunger imminent,
 Fowle horror; and eke hellish dreriment:
 All these I wote in thy protection bee,
 And light doe shonne, for feare of being shent:
 For light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
 And all that lewdnesse loue, doe hate the light to see.
 For day discouers all dishonest wayes,
 And sheweth each thing, as it is in deed:
 The prayfes of high God he faire displays,
 And his large bountie rightly doth areed.

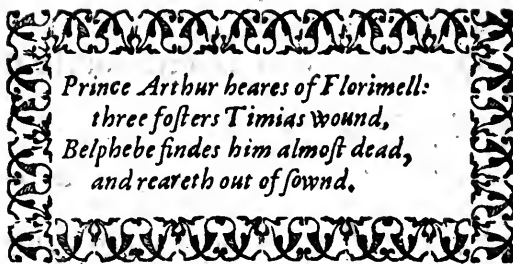
The children of day be the blessed seed,
 Which darknesse shall subdue, and heauen win:
 Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed,
 Most sacred virgin, without spot of sinne.
 Our life is day, but death with darknesse doth begin.

O when will day then turne to me againe,
 And bring with him his long expected light,
 O *Titan*, hast to reare thy ioyous waine:
 Speed thee to spread abroad thy beames bright?
 And chace away this too long lingring night,
 Chace her away, from whence she came, to hell.
 She, she it is, that hath me done despight:
 There let her with the damned spirits dwell,
 And yield her rowme to day, that can it gouerne well.

Thus did the Prince that wearie night outweare,
 In restlesse anguish and vnquiet paine:
 And earely, ere the morrow did vpreare
 His deawy head out of the *Ocean* maine;
 He vp arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
 And clombe vnto his steed. So forth he went,
 With heauy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine
 In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent:
 His steed eke seemd t'apply his steps to his intent.

Cant.

Cant. V.



Wonder it is to see, in diuerse mindes,
How diuersly loue doth his pageaunts play,
And shewes his powre in variable kindes:
The baser wit, whose ydle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowly clay,
It stirreth vp to sensuall desire,
And in lewd slouth to wast his carelesse day:
But in braue sprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high desert and honour doth aspire.

Ne suffereth it vncomely idlenesse,
In his free thought to build her sluggish nest:
Ne suffereth it thought of vngentlenesse,
Euer to creepe into his noble brest,
But to the highest and the worthiest
Lifteth it vp, that els would lowly fall:
It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to rest:
It lettes not scarce this Prince to breath at all,
But to his first poursuit him forward still doth call.

Who long time wandred through the forest wyde,
To finde some issue thence, till that at last
He met a Dwarfes, that seemed terrifyde
With some late perill, which he hardly past,

Or other accident, which him aghast;
 Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
 And whether now he traueiled so fast:
 For sore he swat, and ronning through that same
 Thicke forest, was bescracht, & both his feet nigh lame.

Panting for breath, and almost out of hart,
 The Dwarfe him answerd, Sir, ill mote I stay
 To tell the same. I lately did depart
 From Faery court, where I haue many a day
 Serued a gentle Lady of great sway,
 And high accompt through out all Elfin land,
 Who lately left the same, and tooke this way:
 Her now I seeke, and if ye vnderstand
 Which way she fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

What mister wight, (saide he) and how arayd?
 Royally clad (quoth he) in cloth of gold,
 As meetest may beseme a noble mayd;
 Her faire lockes in rich circlet be enrold,
 A fayrer wight did neuer Sunne behold,
 And on a Palfrey rydes more white then snow,
 Yet she her selfe is whiter manifold:
 The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
 Is, that she is the fairest wight aliue, I trow.

Now certes swaine (saide he) such one I weene,
 Fast flying through this forest from her so,
 A foule ill faouered foster, I haue seene;
 Her selfe, well as I might, I reskewd tho,
 But could not stay; so fast she did foregoe,
 Carried away with wings of speedy feare.
 Ah dearest God (quoth he) that is great woe,
 And wondrous ruth to all, that shall it heare.
 But can ye read Sir, how I may her finde, or where.

Perdy me leuer were to weeten that,
 (Saide he) then ranfome of the richeft knight,
 Or all the good that euer yet I gat:
 But froward fortune, and too forward Night
 Such happinelle did, maulgre, to me spight,
 And fro me rest both life and light attone.
 But Dwarfe aread, what is that Lady bright,
 That through this forrest wandreth thus alone;
 For of her errour ftraunge I haue great ruth and mone.

That Ladie is (quoth he) where fo she bee,
 The bountieft virgin, and most debonaire,
 That euer liuing eye I weene did fee;
 Liues none this day, that may with her compare
 In ftedfaft chafteitie and vertue rare,
 The goodly ornaments of beautie bright;
 And is ycleped *Florimell* the fayre,
 Faire *Florimell* belou'd of many a knight,
 Yet she loues none but one, that *Marinell* is hight.

A Sea-nymphes fonne, that *Marinell* is hight,
 Of my deare Dame is loued dearely well;
 In other none, but him, she fets delight,
 All her delight is fet on *Marinell*;
 But he fets nought at all by *Florimell*:
 For Ladies loue his mother long ygoe
 Did him, they fay, forwarne through facred spell.
 But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
 He is yflaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

Fiue daies there be, fince he (they fay) was flaine,
 And fowre, fince *Florimell* the Court forwent,
 And vowed neuer to returne againe,
 Till him aliuie or dead she did inuent.

Therefore, faire Sir, for loue of knighthood gent,
 And honour of trew Ladies, if ye may
 By your good counsell, or bold hardiment,
 Or succour her, or me direct the way,
 Do one, or other good, I you most humbly pray.

So may ye gaine to you full great renowme,
 Of all good Ladies through the world so wide,
 And haply in her hart finde highest rowme,
 Of whom ye seeke to be most magnifide:
 At least eternall meede shall you abide.
 To whom the Prince; Dwarfe, comfort to thee take,
 For till thou tidings learne, what her betide,
 I here auow thee neuer to forsake.
 Ill weares he armes, that nill them vse for Ladies sake.

So with the Dwarfe he backe retourn'd againe,
 To seeke his Lady, where he mote her finde;
 But by the way he greatly gan complaine
 The want of his good Squire late left behinde,
 For whom he wondrous pensue grew in minde,
 For doubt of daunger, which mote him betide;
 For him he loued aboue all mankinde,
 Hauing him trew and faithfull euer tride,
 And bold, as euer S quyre that waited by knights side.

Who all this while full hardly was assayd
 Of deadly daunger, which to him betidd;
 For whiles his Lord pursewd that noble Mayd,
 After that foster fowle he fiercely ridd,
 To bene auenged of the shame, he did
 To that faire Damzell: Him he chaced long (hid
 Through the thicke woods, wherein he would haue
 His shamefull head from his auengement strong,
 And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

Nathlesse the villein sped him selfe so well,
 Whether through swiftnesse of his speedie beast;
 Or knowledge of those woods, where he did dwell,
 That shortly he from daunger was releast,
 And out of sight escaped at the least,
 Yet not escaped from the dew reward
 Of his bad deedes, which daily he increast,
 Ne ceased not, till him oppressed hard
 The heauie plague, that for such leachours is prepard..

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
 His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
 And cast t'auenge him of that fowle despight,
 Which he had borne of his bold enimee.
 Tho to his brethren came : for they were three
 Vngracious children of one gracelesse fyre,
 And vnto them complayned, how that he
 Had vsed beene of that foolehardie Squire;
 So them with bitter words he stird to bloodie yre.

Forthwith themselues with their sad instruments
 Of spoyle and murder they gan arme byliue,
 And with him forth into the Forrest went,
 To wreake the wrath, which he did earst reuiue
 In their sterne breasts, on him which late did driue
 Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight :
 For they had vow'd, that neuer he aliue
 Out of that forest should escape their might;
 Vile rancour their rude harts had filld with such despight.

Within that wood there was a couert glade;
 Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
 Through which it was vneath for wight to made,
 And now by fortune it was overflowne.

By that same way they knew that Squire vnknowne
 Mote al gates passe; for thy themselues they set
 There in await, with thicke woods ouer growne,
 And all the while their malice they did whet
 With cruell threats, his passage through the ford to let.

It fortun'd, as they deuized had,
 The gentle Squire came ryding that same way,
 Vnweeting of their wile and treason bad,
 And through the ford to passen did assay;
 But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
 Stoutly foorth stepping on the further shore,
 Him boldly bad his passage there to stay,
 Till he had made amends, and full restore
 For all the damage, which he had him doen afore.

With that at him a quiu'ring dart he threw,
 With so fell force and villeinous despite,
 That through his habericon the forkehead flew,
 And through the linked mayles empierced quite,
 But had now powre in his soft flesh to bite:
 That stroke the hardy Squire did sore displease,
 But more that him he could not come to smite;
 For by no meanes the high banke he could sease,
 But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine disease.

And still the foster with his long bore-speare
 Him kept from landing at his wished will,
 Anone one sent out of the thicket neare
 A cruell shaft, headed with deadly ill,
 And fethered with an unlucky quill;
 The wicked steele stayd not, till it did light
 In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
 Exceeding grieffe that wound in him empight,
 But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

At last through wrath and vengeance making way,
 He on the bancke arryud with mickle payne,
 Where the third brother him did sore assay,
 And drove at him with all his might and mayne
 A forest bill, which both his hands did strayne,
 But warily he did auoide the blow,
 And with his speare requited him agayne,
 That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
 And a large streame of flood out of the wound did flow.

He tombling downe, with gnashing teeth did bite
 The bitter earth, and bad to lett him in
 Into the balefull house of endlesse night,
 Where wicked ghosts doe waile their former sin.
 Tho gan the battaile freshly to begin;
 For nathemore for that spectacle bad,
 Did th'other two their cruell vengeance blin,
 But both attonce on both sides him bestad,
 And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had.

Tho when that villayn he auiz'd, which late
 Affrighted had the fairest *Florimell*,
 Full of fiers fury, and indignant hate,
 To him he turned, and with rigor fell
 Smote him so rudely on t^e Pannikell,
 That to the chin he clefte his head in twaine:
 Downe on the ground his carkas groueling fell;
 His sinfull fowle with desperate disdain,
 Out of her fleshy ferme fled to the place of paine.

That seeing now the only last of three,
 Who with that wicked shafte him wounded had,
 Trembling with horror, as that did foresee
 The fearefull end of his auengement sad,

Through

Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
 His bootlesse bow in feeble hand vpcought,
 And therewith shott an arrow at the lad;
 Which fayntly fluttering, scarce his helmet raught,
 And glauncing fel to ground, but him annoyed naught.

With that he would haue fled into the wood;
 But *Timias* him lightly ouerhent,
 Right as he entring was into the flood,
 And strooke at him with force so violent,
 That headlesse him into the foord he sent:
 The carcas with the streame was carried downe,
 But th'head fell backward on the Continent.
 So mischief fel vpon the meaners crowne; (renowne.)
 They three be dead with shame, the Squire liues with

He liues, but takes small ioy of his renowne;
 For of that cruell wound he bled so sore,
 That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne;
 Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store,
 That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.
 Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest squire aliue,
 Els shall thy louing Lord thee see no more,
 But both of comfort him thou shalt deprivue,
 And eke thy selfe of honor, which thou didst atchiue.

Prouidence heuenly passeth liuing thought,
 And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
 For loe great grace or fortune thether brought
 Comfort to him, that comfortlesse now lay.
 In those same woods, ye well remember may,
 How that a noble hunteresse did wonne,
 Shee, that base *Braggadocchio* did affray,
 And made him fast out of the forest ronnc;
Belphebe was her name, as faire as *Phabus* sunne.

She on a day, as shee pursewd the chace
 Of some wilde beast, which with her arrowes keene
 She wounded had, the same along did trace
 By tract of blood, which she had freshly seene,
 To haue besprinkled all the grassy greene,
 By the great persue, which she there perceau'd,
 Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,
 And made more haste, the life to haue bereav'd:
 But ah, her expectation greatly was deceau'd.

Shortly she came, whereas that woefull Squire
 With blood deformed, lay in deadly swound:
 In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
 The Christall humor stood congealed rownd,
 His locks, like faded leaues fallen to grownd,
 Knotted with blood, in bouches rudely ran,
 And his sweete lips, on which before that stownd
 The bud of youth to blossome faire began,
 Spoild of their rosy red, were woxen pale and wan.

Saw neuer liuing eie more heauy sight,
 That could haue made a rocke of stone to rew,
 Or riue in twaine: which when that Lady bright
 Besides all hope with melting eies did vew,
 And suddainly abasht shee changed hew,
 All with sterne horror backward gan to start:
 But when shee bitter him beheld, shee grew
 Full of sofe passion and vnwonted smart:
 The point of pittie perced through her tender hart.

Meekely shee bowed downe, to weete if life
 Yett in his frosen members did remaine,
 And feeling by his pulses beating rise,
 That the weake fowle her seat did yett retaine,
 Shee

She cast to comfort him with busy paine:
 His double folded necke she reard vpright,
 And rubd his temples, and each trembling vaine;
 His mayled haberieon she did vndight,
 And from his head his heauy burganet did light.

Into the woods thenceforth in haste shee went,
 To seeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy;
 For shee of herbes had great intendiment,
 Taught of the Nymphc, which from her infancy
 Her nourced had in trew Nobility:
 There, whether yt diuine *Tobacco* were,
 Or *Panachaa*, or *Polygony*,
 Shee fownd, and brought it to her patient deare
 Who al this while lay bleding out his hart-blood neare.

The soueraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
 Shee pownded small, and dit in peeeces bruze,
 And then atweene her lilly handes twaine,
 Into his wound the iuice thereof did scruze,
 And round about, as she could well it vze,
 The flesh therewith shee suppled and did steepe,
 T'abate all spafme, and soke the swelling bruze,
 And after hauing searcht the intuse deepe,
 She with her scarf did bind the woūd frō cold to keepe.

By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,
 And groning inly deepe, at last his eies,
 His watty eies, drizzling like deawy rayne,
 He vp gan lifte toward the azure skies,
 From whence descend all hopelesse remedies:
 Therewith he sigh'd, and turning him aside,
 The goodly Maide ful of diuinities,
 And gifts of heauenly grace he by him spide,
 Her bow and gilden quiuer lying him beside.

Mercy deare Lord (said he) what grace is this,
 That thou hast shewed to me sinfull wight,
 To send thine Angell from her bowre of blis,
 To comfort me in my distressed plight?
 Angell, or Goddesse doe I call thee right?
 What seruice may I doe vnto thee meete,
 That hast from darkenes me returnd to light,
 And with thy heuently salues and med'cines sweete,
 Hast drest my sinfull wounds? I kisse thy blessed feete.

Thereat she blushing said, Ah gentle Squire,
 Nor Goddesse I, nor Angell, but the Mayd,
 And daughter of a woody Nympe, desire
 No seruice, but thy safety and ayd,
 Which if thou gaine, I shalbe well apayd.
 Wee mortall wights, whose liues and fortunes bee
 To commun accidents stil open layd,
 Are bownd with commun bond of frailtee,
 To succor wretched wights, whom we captiued see.

By this her Damzells, which the former chace
 Had vndertaken after her, arryu'd,
 As did *Belphebe*, in the bloody place,
 And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriu'd
 Of life, whom late their ladies arrow ryu'd:
 For thy the bloody tract they followd fast,
 And euery one to ronne the swiftest stryu'd;
 But two of them the rest far ouerpast,
 And wheretheir Lady was, arriued at the last.

Where when they saw that goodly boy, wltch blood
 Defowled, and their Lady dresse his wownd,
 They wondred much, and shortly vnderstood,
 How him in deadly case theyr Lady fownd,

And

And reskewed out of the heauy stownd,
Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayed
Farre in the woodes, whiles that he lay in swownd,
She made those Damzels search, which being stayd,
They did him set thereon, and forth with them conuayd.

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade,
With mountaines rownd about enuironed,
And mightie woodes, which did the valley shade,
And like a stately Theatre it made,
Spreading it selfe into a spacious plaine.
And in the midst a little riuer plaide
Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine
With gentle murmure, that their course they did restraine.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
Planted with mirtle trees and laurels greene,
In which the birds song many a louely lay
Of gods high praise, and of their sweet loues teene,
As it an earthly Paradize had beene:
In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
A faire Pavillion, scarcely to be seene,
The which was al within most richly dight,
That greatest Princes liking it mote well delight.

Thether they brought that wounded Squire, and layd
In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest,
He rested him a while, and then the Mayd
His readie wound with better salues new drest,
Daily she dressed him, and did the best
His grieuous hurt to guarish, that she might,
That shortly she his dolour hath redrest,
And his foule sore reduced to faire pight:
It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

O foolish physick, and vnfruitfull paine,
 That heales vp one and makes another wound:
 She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
 But hurt his hart, the which before was found,
 Through an vnwary dart, which did rebownd
 From her faire eyes and gracious countenance.
 What bootes it him from death to be vnbownd,
 To be captiuied in endlesse duraunce
 Offorrow and despeyre without aleggeaunce?

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
 So still his hart woxe fore, and health decayd:
 Madnesse to saue a part, and lose the whole.
 Still whenas he beheld the heauenly Mayd,
 Whiles dayly playsters to his wovnd she layd,
 So still his Malady the more increast,
 The whiles her matchlesse beautie him dismayd.
 Ah God, what other could he doe at least,
 But loue so fayre a Lady, that his life releast?

Long while he stroue in his corageous brest,
 With reason dew the passion to subdew,
 And loue for to dislodge out of his nest:
 Still when her excellencies he did vew,
 Her soueraine bountie, and celestially hew,
 The same to loue he strongly was constrynd:
 But when his meane estate he did reuew,
 He from such hardy boldnesse was restraynd,
 And of his lucklesse lott and cruell loue thus playnd.

Vnthankfull wretch (said he) is this the meed,
 With which her souerain mercy thou doest quight?
 Thy life she saued by her gracious deed,
 But thou doest weene with velleinous despight,

To blott her honour, and her heavenly light.
 Dye rather, dye, then so disloyally
 Deeme of her high desert, or seeme so light:
 Fayre death it is to shonne more shame, to dy:
 Dye rather, dy, then euer loue disloyally.

But if to loue disloyalty it bee,
 Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore
 Me brought? ah farre be such reproch from mee.
 What can I lesse doe, then her loue therefore,
 Sith I her dew reward cannot restore:
 Dye rather, dye, and dying doe her serue,
 Dying her serue, and liuing her adore;
 Thy life she gaue, thy life she doth deserue:
 Dye rather, dye, then euer from her seruice swerue.

But foolish boy, what bootes thy seruice bace
 To her, to whom the heuens doe serue and sew?
 Thou a meane Squire, of meeke and lowly place,
 She heuenly borne, and of celestiall hew.
 How then? of all loue taketh equall vew:
 And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
 The loue and seruice of the basest crew?
 If she will not, dye meekly for her sake;
 Dye rather, dye, then euer so faire loue forsake.

Thus warreid he long time against his will,
 Till that through weaknesse he was forst at last,
 To yield himselfe vnto the mightie ill:
 Which as a victour proud, gan ran sack fast
 His inward partes, and all his entrayles wast,
 That neither blood in face, nor life in hart
 It left, but both did quite drye vp, and blast;
 As percing leuin, which the inner part
 Of euery thing consumes, and calcinesh by art.

Which

Which seeing fayre *Belpheobe*, gan to feare,
 Least that his wound were inly well not heald;
 Or that the wicked Steele empoysned were:
 Litle shee weend, that loue he close conceald;
 Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeald,
 When the bright sunne his beams theron doth beat;
 Yet neuer he his hart to her reueald,
 But rather chose to dye for forow great,
 Then with dishonorable termes her to entreat.

She gracious Lady, yet no paines did spare,
 To doe him ease, or doe him remedy:
 Many Restoratiues of vertues rare,
 And costly Cordialles she did apply,
 To mitigate his stubborne malady:
 But that sweet Cordiall, which can restore
 A loue-sick hart, she did to him enuy;
 To him, and to all th'vnworthy world forlore
 She did enuy that soueraine salue, in secret store.

That daintie Rose, the daughter of her Morne,
 More deare then life she tendered, whose flowre
 The girlond of her honour did adorne:
 Ne suffred she the Middayes scorching powre,
 Ne the sharp Northerne wind thereon to showre,
 But lapped vp her silken leaues most chayre,
 When so the froward skye began to lowre;
 But soone as calmed was the christall ayre,
 She did it fayre dispred, and let to flourish fayre.

Eternall God in his almightie powre,
 To make ensample of his heauenly grace,
 In Paradize whylome did plant this flowre;
 Whence he it fetcht out of her natiue place,

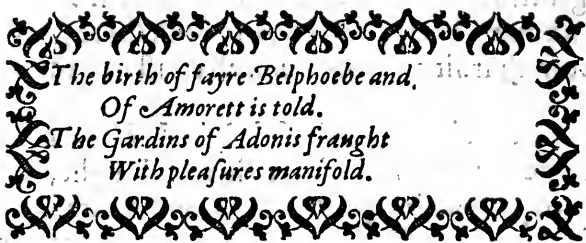
And did in stocke of earthly flesh enrace,
 That mortall men her glory should admyre
 In gentle Ladies breste, and bounteous race
 Of woman kind it fayrest flowre doth spyre,
 And beareth fruit of honour and all chaste desyre.

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames
 Adorne the world with like to heauenly light,
 And to your willes both royalties and Reames
 Subdew, through cōquest of your wondrous might,
 With this fayre flowre your goodly girlonds dight,
 Of chastity and vertue virginall,
 That shall embellish more your beautie bright,
 And crowne your heades with heauenly coronall,
 Such as the Angels were before Gods tribunall.

To youre faire selues a faire ensample frame,
 Of this faire virgin, this *Belphebe* fayre,
 To whom in perfect loue, and spotlesse fame
 Of chastitie, none liuing may compayre:
 Ne poysonous Enuy iustly can empayre
 The prayse of her fresh flowring Maidenhead;
 For thy she standeth on the highest stayre
 Of th'honorable stage of womanhead,
 That Ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

In so great prayse of stedfast chastity,
 Nathlesse she was so courteous and kynde,
 Tempred with grace, and goodly modesty,
 That seemed those two vertues stroue to fynd
 The higher place in her Heroick mynd:
 So struiing each did other more augment,
 And both encreast the prayse of woman kynde,
 And both encreast her beautie excellent,
 So all did make in her a perfect complement;

Cant. VI.



Well may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder, how this noble Damozell
So great perfections did in her compile,
Sith that in saluage forests she did dwell,
So farte from court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolmaistresse of all courtely:
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell
All ciuile vsage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

But to this faire *Belphebe* in her berth.
The heuens so fauorable were and free,
Looking with myld aspect vpon the earth,
In th'*Horoscope* of her natiuitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne;
Ioue laught on *Venus* from his souerayne see,
And *Phæbus* with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle being borne.

Her berth was of the wombe of Morning dew,
And her conception of the ioyous Prime,
And all her whole creation did her shew
Pure and vnspotted from all loathly crime,

That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
 So was this virgin borne, so was she bred,
 So was she trayned vp from time to time,
 In all chaste vertue, and true bounti-hed
 Till to her dew perfection she were ripened.

Her mother was the faire *Chryfogonee*,
 The daughter of *Amphisa*, who by race
 A Faerie was, yborne of high degree,
 She bore *Belphebe*, she bore in like case
 Fayre *Amoretta* in the second place:
 These two were twinnes, & twixt them two did share
 The heritage of all celestially grace.
 That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
 Of bounty, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

It were a goodly storie, to declare,
 By what straunge accident faire *Chryfogonee*
 Conceiu'd these infants, and how them she bore,
 In this wilde Forrest wandring all alone,
 After she had nine moneths fulfilled and gone:
 For not as other wemens commune brood,
 They were enwomb'd in the sacred throne
 Of her chaste bodie, nor with commune food,
 As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood.

But wondrously they were begot, and bred
 Through influence of th'heuens fruitfull ray,
 As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
 It was vpon a Sommers shinie day,
 When *Titan* faire his beames did display,
 In a fresh fountaine, far from all mens vew,
 She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat t'allay;
 She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,
 And all the sweetest flowres, that in the Forrest grew.

Till faint through yrkesome wearines, adowne
 Vpon the grassy ground her selfe she layd
 To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombing swowne
 Vpon her fell all naked bare displayd;
 The sunbeames bright vpon her body playd,
 Being through former bathing mollifide,
 And pierst into her wombe, where they embayd
 With so sweet sence and secret power vnspide,
 That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

Miraculous may seeme to him, that reades
 So straunge ensample of conception;
 But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
 Of all things liuing, through impression
 Of the sunbeames in moyst complexion,
 Doe life conceiue and quickned are by kynd:
 So after *Nilus* inuudation,
 Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd,
 Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shynd.

Great father he of generation
 Is rightly cald, th'authour of life and light;
 And his faire sister for creation
 Ministreth matter fit, which tempred right
 With heate and humour, breeds the liuing wight.
 So sprong these twinnes in womb of *Chryfogone*,
 Yet wist the nought thereof, but sore affright,
 Wondred to see her belly so vplone,
 Which still increast, till she her terme had full outgone.

Whereof conceiuing shame and foule disgrace,
 Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard,
 She fled into the wildernesse a space,
 Till that vnweeldy burden she had reard,

And

And shund dishonor, which as death she feard:
 Where wearie of long traueill, downe to rest
 Her selfe she set, and comfortably cheard;
 There a sad cloud of sleepe her ouerkest,
 And seized euery sence with sorrow sore opprest.

It fortunèd, faire *Venus* hauing lost
 Her little sonne, the winged god of loue,
 Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,
 Was from her fled, as flit as ayery Doue,
 And left her blisfull bowre of ioy aboue,
 (So from her often he had fled away,
 When she for ought him sharply did reprove,
 And wandred in the world in straunge aray,
 Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him be-
 (wray.)

Him for to seeke, she left her heauenly hous,
 The house of goodly formes and faire aspects,
 Whence all the world deriues the glorious
 Features of beautie, and all shapes select,
 With which high God his workmanship hath deckt;
 And searched euerie way, through which his wings
 Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect:
 She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
 Vnto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

First she him sought in Court, where most he vs'd
 Whylome to haunt, but there she found him not;
 But many there she found, which sore accus'd
 His falshood, and with fowle infamous blot
 His cruell deedes and wicked wyles did spot:
 Ladies and Lordes she euery where mote heare
 Complayning, how with his empoysned shot
 Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,
 And so had left them languishing twixt hope and feare.

She then the Cities sought from gate to gate,
 And euerie one did aske, did he him see;
 And euerie one her answerd, that too late
 He had him seene, and felt the crueltie
 Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree;
 And euery one threw forth reproches rife
 Of his mischieuous deedes; and sayd, That hee
 Was the disturber of all ciuill life,
 The enemy of peace, and authour of all strife.

Then in the countrey she abroad him sought,
 And in the rurall cottages inquir'd,
 Where also many plaintes to her were brought,
 How he their heedelesse harts with loue had fir'd,
 And his false venim through their veines inspir'd;
 And eke the gentle Shepheard swaynes, which sat
 Keeping their fleecy flockes, as they were hyr'd,
 She sweetly heard complaine, both how and what
 Her sonne had to them doen; yet she did smile thereat.

But when in none of all these she him got,
 She gan auize, where els he mote him hyde:
 At last she her bethought, that she had not
 Yet sought the saluage woods and forests wyde,
 In which full many louely Nymphes abyde,
 Mongst whom might be, that he did closely lye;
 Or that the loue of some of them him tyde:
 For thy she thether cast her course t'apply,
 To search the secret haunts of *Dianes* company.

Shortly vnto the wastefull woods she came;
 Whereas she found the Goddesse with her crew,
 After late chace of their embrewed game,
 Sitting beaide a fountaine in a rew;
 Some

Some of them washing with the liquid dew
 From of their dainty limbs the dusty sweat,
 And soyle which did deforme their liuely hew,
 Others lay shaded from the scorching heat;
 The rest vpon her person gaue attendance great:

She hauing hong vpon a bough on high
 Her bow and painted quiuer, had vnlaste
 Her siluer buskins from her nimble thigh,
 And her lanck loynes vngirt, and breasts vnbrafte,
 After her heat the breathing cold to taste;
 Her golden lockes, that late in tresses bright
 Embreaded were for hindring of her haste,
 Now loose about her shoulders hong vndight,
 And were with sweet *Ambrosia* all besprinkled light.

Soone as the *Venus* saw behinde her backe,
 She was asham'd to be so loose surpriz'd
 And woxe halfe wroth against her damzels slacke,
 That had not her thereof before auiz'd,
 But suffred her so carelesly disguiz'd
 Be ouertaken. Soone her garments loose
 Vpgath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd,
 Well as the might, and to the Goddesse rose,
 Whiles all her Nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

Goodly she gan faire *Cytherea* greet,
 And thortly asked her, what cause her brought
 Into that wildernesse for her vnmeet, (fraught:
 From her sweete bowres, and beds with pleasures
 That suddein chaung she straung aduenture thought.
 To whom halfe weeping, she thus answered,
 That she her dearest sonne *Cupido* sought,
 Who in his frowardnes from her was fled;
 That she repented sore, to haue him angered.

Thereat *Diana* gan to smile, in scorne
 Of her vaine playnt, and to her scoffing sayd;
 Great pittie sure, that ye be so forlorne
 Of your gay sonne, that giues ye so good ayd
 To your disports: ill mote ye bene apayd,
 But she was more engriued, and replide;
 Faire sister, ill beseemes it to vpbraid
 A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride;
 The like that mine, may be your paine another tide.

As you in woods and wanton wildernesse
 Your glory sett, to chace the saluage beasts,
 So my delight is all in ioyfulnesse,
 In beds, in bowres, in baackets, and in feasts:
 And ill becomes you with your lofty creasts,
 To scorne the ioy, that *Ioue* is glad to seeke;
 We both are bownd to follow heauens beheasts,
 And tend our charges with obeisance mecke:
 Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to eeke.

And tell me, if that ye my sonne haue heard,
 To lurke emongst your Nimphes in secret wize;
 Or keepe their cabins: much I am affeard,
 Least he like one of them him selfe disguise,
 And turne his arrowes to their exercize:
 So may he long him selfe full easie hide:
 For he is faire and fresh in face and guize,
 As any Nimphé (let not it be enuide.)
 So saying euery Nimph full narrowly shee eide.

But *Phæbe* therewith sore was angered,
 And sharply saide, Goe Dame, goe seeke your boy,
 Where you him lately lefte, in *Mars* his bed;
 He comes not here, we scorne his foolish ioy,

Ne lend we leifure to his idle toy:
 But if I catch him in this company,
 By *Stygian* lake I vow, whose sad annoy
 The Gods doe dread, he deariy shall abyē:
 He clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall flye.

Whom whenas *Venus* saw so sore displeas'd,
 Shee inly fory was, and gan relent,
 What shee had said: so her she soone appeas'd,
 With sugred words and gentle blandishment,
 From which a fountaine from her sweete lips went,
 And welled goodly forth, that in short space
 She was well pleas'd, and forth her dainzells sent
 Throug all the woods, to search frō place to place.
 If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace.

To search the God of loue her Nimphes she sent,
 Throughout the wandring forest euery where:
 And after them her selfe eke with her went
 To seeke the fugitiue.
 So long they sought, till they arriued were
 In that same shady couert, whereas lay
 Faire *Cryfogone* in slombry traunce whilere:
 Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to say)
 Vnwares had borne two babes, as faire as springing day.

Vnwares she them conceiud, vnwares she bore:
 She bore withouten paine, that she conceiu'd
 Withouten pleasure: ne her need implore
Lucinaes aide: which when they both perceiu'd,
 They were through wonder nigh of sence bercu'd,
 And gazing each on other, nought bespake:
 At last they both agreed, her seeming grieu'd
 Out of her heauie swowne not to awake,
 But from her louing side the tender babes to take.

Vp they them tooke, eachone a babe vptooke,
 And with them carried, to be fostered;
 Dame *Phæbe* to a Nymphie her babe betooke,
 To be vpbrought in perfect Maydenhed,
 And of her selfe her name *Belphæbe* red:
 But *Venus* hers thence far away conuayd,
 To be vpbrought in goodly womanhed,
 And in her litle loues stead, which was strayd,
 Her *Amoretta* cald, to comfort her dismayd.

Shee brought her to her ioyous Paradize,
 Wher most she wonnes, whē she on earth does dwell.
 So faire a place, as Nature can deuize:
 Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,
 Or it in *Gnidus* bee; I wote not well;
 But well I wote by triall, that this same
 All other pleasaunt places doth excell,
 And called is by her lost louers name,
 The *Gardin of Adonis*, far renowmd by fame.

In that same Gardin all the goodly flowres,
 Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautify,
 And decks the girlonds of her Paramoures,
 Are fetcht: there is the first seminary
 Of all things, that are borne to liue and dye,
 According to their kynds. Long worke it were,
 Here to account the endlesse progeny
 Of all the weeds, that bud and blossome there;
 But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
 And girt in with two walls on either side;
 The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
 That none might thorough breake, nor ouer-stride:
 And

And double gates it had, which opened wide,
 By which both in and out men moten pas;
 Th'one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:
 Old *Genius* the porter of them was,
 Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
 All that to come into the world desire;
 A thousand thousand naked babes attend
 About him day and night, which doe require,
 That he with fleshly weeds would them attire:
 Such as him list, such as eternall fate
 Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
 And sendeth forth to liue in mortall state,
 Till they agayn retorne backe by the hinder gate.

After that they againe retourned beene,
 They in that Gardin planted bee agayne;
 And grow afresh, as they had neuer seene
 Fleshly corruption, nor mortall payne.
 Some thousand yeares so doen they there remayne,
 And then of him are clad with other hew,
 Or sent into the changefull world agayne,
 Till thether they retourne, where first they grew:
 So like a wheele arownd they ronne from old to new.

Ne needs there Gardiner to sett, or sow,
 To plant or prune: for of their owne accord
 All things, as they created were, doe grow,
 And yet remember well the mighty word,
 Which first was spoken by th' Almighty lord,
 That bad them to increase and multiply:
 Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
 Or of the clouds to moysten their roots dry;
 For in themselues eternall moisture they imply.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
 And vncouth formes, which none yet euer knew,
 And euery sort is in a sondry bed
 Sett by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew:
 Some fitt for reasonable sowles t'indew,
 Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
 And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
 In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
 That seemd the *Ocean* could not containe them there.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are sent
 Into the world, it to replenish more,
 Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,
 But still remains in euerlasting store,
 As it at first created was of yore.
 For in the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
 In hatefull darknes and in deepe horrore,
 An huge eternal *Chaos*, which supplies
 The substaunces of natures fruitfull progenyes.

All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
 And borrow matter, whereof they are made,
 Which whenas forme and feature it does ketch,
 Becomes a body, and doth then inuade
 The state of life, out of the grieisly shade.
 That substance is eterne, and bideth so,
 Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,
 Doth it consume, and into nothing goe,
 But changed is, and often altered to and froe.

The substance is not chaungd, or altered,
 But th'only forme and outward fashion;
 For euery substance is conditioned
 To change her hew, and sondry formes to don

Meet for her temper and complexion:
 For formes are variable and decay,
 By course of kinde, and by occasion;
 And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
 As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

Great eniemy to it, and to all the rest,
 That in the *Gardin of Adonis* springs,
 Is wicked *Tyme*, who with his scyth adrest,
 Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,
 And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
 Where they do wither, and are fowly mard:
 He flies about, and with his flaggy winges
 Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,
 Ne euer pitty may relent his malice hard.

Yet pitty often did the gods relent,
 To see so faire things mard, and spoiled quight:
 And their great mother *Venus* did lament
 The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight:
 Her hart was pierst with pitty at the sight,
 When walking through the *Gardin*, them she spyde,
 Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight:
 For all that liues, is subiect to that law:
 All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

But were it not, that *Tyme* their troubler is,
 All that in this delightfull *Gardin* growes,
 Should happy bee, and haue immortall blis:
 For here all plenty, and all pleasure flowes,
 And sweete loue growes like fitts emongst them throwes,
 Without fell rancour, or fond gealofy,
 Franckly each Paramor his leman knowes,
 Each bird his mate, ne any does enuy
 Their goodly meriment, and gay felicity.

There

There is continuall Spring, and haruest there
 Continuall, both meeting at one tyme:
 For both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
 And with fresh colours decke the wanton Pryme,
 And eke attonce the heauenly trees they clyme,
 Which seeme to labour vnder their fruites lode:
 The whiles the ioyous birdes make their pastyme
 Emongst the shady leaues, their sweet abode,
 And their trew loues without suspicion tell abroad.

Right in the midst of that Paradise,
 There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top
 A gloomy groue of mirtle trees did rise,
 Whose shady boughes sharp Steele did neuer lop,
 Nor wicked beastes their tender buds did crop,
 But like a girlond compassed the hight,
 And from their fruitfull sydes sweet gum did drop,
 That all the ground with pretious dew bedight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours, & most sweet delight.

And in the thickest couert of that shade,
 There was a pleasaunt Arber, not by art,
 But of the trees owne inclination made,
 Which knitting their rancke braunches part to part,
 With wanton yuie twyne entrayld athwart,
 And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
 Fashiond about within their inmost part,
 That nether *Phoebus* beams could through the throg,
 Nor *Aeolus* sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And all about grew euery sort of flowre,
 To which sad louers were transformde of yore;
 Fresh *Hyacinthus*, *Phaebus* paramoure,
 Foolish *Marcisse*, that likes the watty shore,

Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,
 Sad *Amaranthus*, in whose purple gore
 Me seemes I see *Amintas* wretched fate,
 To whom sweet Poets verse hath giuen endlesse date.

There wont fayre *Venus* often to enioy
 Her deare *Adonis* ioyous company,
 And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy:
 There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
 Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
 By her hid from the world, and from the skill
 Of *Stygian* Gods, which doe her loue enuy;
 But the her selfe, when euer that she will,
 Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.

And sooth it seemes they say: for he may not
 For euer dye, and euer buried bee.
 In balefull night, where all thinges are forgot,
 All be he subiect to mortalitie,
 Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
 And by succession made perpetuall,
 Transformed oft, and chaunged diuerslie:
 For him the Father of all formes they call;
 Therefore needs mote he lue, that liuing giues to all.

There now he liueth in eternall blis,
 Ioying his goddesse, and of her enioyd:
 Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
 Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:
 For that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,
 She firmly hath emprisoned for ay,
 That her sweet loue his malice mote auoyd,
 In a strong rocky Caue, which is they say, (may.
 He wen vnderneath that Mount, that none him losen
 There

There now he liues in euerlasting ioy,
 With many of the Gods in company,
 Which thether haunt, and with the winged boy
 Sporting him selfe in safe felicity:
 Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
 Ranackt the world, and in the wofull harts
 Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
 Thether resortes, and laying his sad dartes
 Asyde, with faire *Adonis* playes his wanton partes.

And his trew loue faire *Psyche* with him playes,
 Fayre *Psyche* to him lately reconcyld,
 After long troubles and vnmeet vpbayes,
 With which his mother *Venus* her reuyld,
 And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld:
 But now in stedfast loue and happy state
 She with him liues, and hath him borne a chyld,
Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleasure, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Psyche* late.

Hether great *Venus* brought this infant fayre,
 The yonger daughter of *Chrysoonee*,
 And vnto *Psyche* with great trust and care
 Committed her, yfostered to bee,
 And trained vp in trew feminitee:
 Who no lesse carefully her tendered,
 Then her owne daughter *Pleasure*, to whom shee
 Made her companion, and her lessoned
 In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanhead.

In which when she to perfect ripenes grew,
 Of grace and beautie noble Paragone,
 She brought her forth into the worldes vew,
 To be th'ensample of true loue alone,

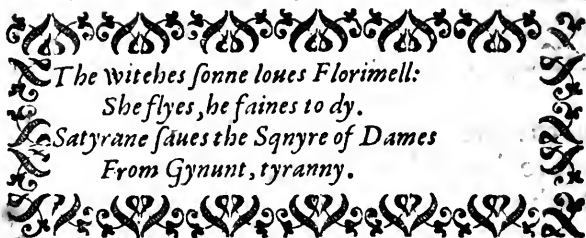
And Lodestarre of all chaste affection,
 To all fayre Ladies, that doe liue on grownd.
 To Faery court she came, where many one
 Admyrd her goodly haueour, and fownd
 His feeble hart wide launch with loues cruel wownd.

But she to none of them her loue did cast,
 Saue to the noble knight Sir *Scudamore*,
 To whom her louing hart she linked fast
 In faithfull loue, t' abide for euermore,
 And for his dearest sake endured fore,
 Sore trouble of an hainous enemy,
 Who her would forced haue to haue forlore
 Her former loue, and stedfast loialty,
 As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history.

But well I weens, ye first desire to learne,
 What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,
 Which fledd so fast from that same foster stearne,
 Whom with his brethren *Timias* slew, befell:
 That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*,
 Who wandring for to seeke her louer deare,
 Her louer deare, her dearest *Marinell*,
 Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
 And from Prince *Arthur* fled with wings of idle feare.

Cant.

Cant. VII.



Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a rauinous beast,
Yet flies away of her owne feete afeard,
And euery leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath encreast;
So fledd fayre *Florimell* from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she saw, and each noyse he did heare,
Did seeme to be the same, which she escapt whileare.

All that same euening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continewed:
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled
Euer alike, as if her former dread
Were hard behind, her ready to arrest:
And her white Palfrey hauing conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried, where euer he thought best.

So long as breath, and hable puiffaunce
Did natiue corage vnto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did aduaunce,
And carried her beyond all ieopardy;

But

But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby.
He hauing through incessant traueill spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further moue: The Lady gent
Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment.

And forst t' alight, on foot mote algates fare,
A traueiler vnwonted to such way:
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traueild, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A litle valley, subiect to the same,
All couerd with thick woodes, that quite it ouercame.

Through the tops of the high trees she did descry
A litle smoke, whose vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft, vprolled to the sky:
Which, chearefull signe did send vnto her sight,
That in the same did wonne some liuing wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Vnto the place, to which her hope did guyde,
To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
A litle cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wald with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,
And wilfull want, all carelesse of her needes,
So choosing solitarie to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her diuelish deedes
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off ynknowne, whom euer she enuide.

The Damzell there arriuing entred in ;
 Where sitting on the flore the Hag she found,
 Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin:
 Who soone as she beheld that suddain stound,
 Lightly vpstarted from the dustie ground,
 And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
 Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
 Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze, (daze.
 But shewd by outward signes, that dread her sence did

At last turning her feare to foolish wrath,
 She askt, what deuill had her thether brought,
 And who she was, and what vnwonted path
 Had guided her, vnwelcomed, vnfought.
 To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,
 Her mildly answer'd; Beldame be not wroth
 WWith silly Virgin by aduenture brought
 Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
 That craue but rowme to rest, while tempest ouerblo'th.

With that adowne out of her christall eyne
 Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
 That like two orient perles, did purely shyne
 Vpon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall
 She sighed soft, that none so bestiall,
 Nor sauage hart, but ruth of her sad plight
 Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;
 And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
 In mischiefe, was much moued at so pitteous sight.

And gan recomfort her in her rude wyse,
 With womanish compassion of her plaint,
 Wiping the teares from her suffused eyes,
 And bidding her sit downe, to rest her faint

And

And wearie limbs a while. She nothing quaint
 Nor ſ' deignfull of ſo homely faſhion,
 Sith brought ſhe was now to ſo hard constraint,
 Sate downe vpon the duſty ground anon,
 As glad of that ſmall reſt, as Bird of tempeſt gon.

Tho gan ſhe gather vp her garments rent,
 And her looſe lockes to dight in order dew,
 With golden wreath and gorgeous ornament;
 Whom ſuch whenas the wicked Hag did vew,
 She was aſtoniſht at her heauenly hew,
 And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
 But or ſome Goddeſſe, or of *Dianes* crew,
 And thought her to adore with humble ſpright;
 T'adore thing ſo diuine as beauty, were but right.

This wicked woman had a wicked ſonne,
 The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
 A laely loord, for nothing good to donne,
 But ſtretched forth in ydleneſſe alwayes,
 Ne euer caſt his mind to couet prayſe,
 Or ply him ſelſe to any honeſt trade,
 But all the day before the ſunny rayes
 He vſ'd to ſlug, or ſleepe in ſlothfull ſhade:
 Such laefineſſe both lewd and poore attonce him made.

He comming home at vndertime, there found
 The fayreſt creature, that he euer ſaw,
 Sitting beſide his mother on the ground;
 The ſight whereof did greatly him adaw,
 And his baſe thought with terrour and with aw
 So inly ſmot, that as one, which hath gaz'd
 On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth ſoone withdraw
 His feeble eyne, with too much brightnes daz'd,
 So ſtared he on her, and ſtood long while amaz'd.

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
 What misser wight that was, and whence deriu'd,
 That in so straunge disguizement there did maske,
 And by what accident she there arriu'd:
 But she, as one nigh of her wits depriu'd,
 With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,
 Like to a ghost, that lately is reuiu'd
 From *Stygian* shores, where late it wandered;
 So both at her, and each at other wondered.

But the fayre Virgin was so meeke and myld,
 That she to them vouchsafed to embrace
 Her goodly port, and to their senses vyld,
 Her gentle speech applyde, that in short space
 She grew familiare in that desert place.
 During which time, the Chorle through her so kind
 And courtesie vse conceiu'd affection bace,
 And cast to loue her in his brutish mind,
 No loue, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

Closely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
 And shortly grew into outrageous fire;
 Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
 As vnto her to vtter his desire;
 His caytiue thought durst not so high aspire,
 But with soft sighes, and louely semblaunces,
 He ween'd that his affection entire
 She should aread; many resemblaunces
 To her he made, and many kinde remembraunces:

Oft from the Forrest wildings he did bring,
 Whose sides empurpled were with smyling red,
 And oft young birds, which he had taught to sing
 His maistresse praises, sweetly caroled;

Girlonds

Girmonds of flowres sometimes for her faire hed
 He fine would dight; sometimes the squirrell wild
 He brought to her in bands, as conuenced
 To be her thrall, his fellow seruant vild; (mild.
 All which, she of him tooke with countenance meeke &

But past awhile, when she fit season saw
 To leaue that desert mansion, she cast
 In secret wize her selfe thence to withdraw,
 For feare of mischief, which she did forecast
 Might by the witch or by her sonne compast:
 Her wearie Palfrey closely, as she might,
 Now well recouered after long repast,
 In his proud furnitures she freshly dight,
 His late miswandred wayes now to remeasure right.

And earely ere the dawning day appeard,
 She forth islewed, and on her iourney went;
 She went in perill, of each noyse affeard,
 And of each shade, that did it selfe present;
 For still she feared to be ouerhent,
 Of that vile hag, or her vnciuile sonne:
 Who when too late awaking, well they kent,
 That their fayre guest was gone, they both begonne
 To make exceeding mone, as they had beene vndonne.

But that lewd louer did the most lament
 For her depart, that euer man did heare;
 He knockt his brest with desperate intent,
 And scratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
 His rugged flesh, and rent his ragged heare:
 That his sad mother seeing his sore plight,
 Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare,
 Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
 And loue to frenzy turnd, sith loue is franticke hight.

All wayes shee sought, him to restore to plight,
 With herbs, with charms, with counſel, & with teares,
 But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counſell might
 Aſſwage the fury, which his entrails teares:
 So ſtrong is paſſion, that no reaſon heares:
 Tho when all other helps ſhe ſaw to faile,
 ſhe turnd her ſelfe backe to her wicked leates
 And by her diueliſh arts thought to preuaile,
 To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

Eſteſoones out of her hidden caue ſhe cald
 An hideous beaſt, of horrible aſpect,
 That could the ſtoutest corage haue appald;
 Monſtrous, miſhapt, and all his backe was ſpect
 With thouſand ſpots of colours queint elect,
 Thereto ſo ſwifte, that it all beaſts did paſ:
 Like neueryet did liuing eie detect;
 But likelt it to an *Hyena* was,
 That feeds on wemens fleſh, as others feede on gras.

It forth ſhe cald, and gaue it ſtreight in charge,
 Through thicke and thin her to pourſew apace,
 Ne onco to ſtay to reſt, or breath at large,
 Till her ſhe had attaind, and brought in place,
 Or quite deuourd her beauties ſcornfull grace.
 The Monſter ſwifte as word, that from her went,
 Went forth in haſte, and did her footing trace
 So ſure and ſwiftly, through his perfect ſent,
 And paſſing ſpeede, that ſhortly he her ouerhent.

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh eſpide,
 No need to bid her faſt away to flie;
 That vgly ſhape ſo ſore her terrifide,
 That if ſhe ſhund no leſſe, then dread to die,

And

And her flitt Palfrey did so well apply
 His nimble feet to her conceiued feare,
 That whilest his breath did strength to him supply,
 From perill free he her away did beare:
 But when his force gan faile, his pace gan wex areare.

Which whenas she perceiu'd, she was dismayd
 At that same last extremity ful sore,
 And of her safety greatly grew afrayd;
 And now she gan approach to the sea shore,
 As it befell, that she could flie no more,
 But yield her selfe to spoile of greedinesse.
 Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
 From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
 And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickernesse.

Not halfe so fast the wicked *Myrrha* fled
 From dread of her reuenging fathers hond:
 Nor halfe so fast to saue her maydenhed,
 Fled fearfull *Daphne* on th' *AEgean* strond,
 As *Florimell* fled from that Monster yond,
 To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught:
 For in the sea to drowne her selfe she fond,
 Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
 Thereto fear gaue her wings, & need her corage taught.

It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine)
 As shee arriued on the roring shore,
 In minde to leape into the mighty maine,
 A little bote lay hoving her before,
 In which there slept a fisher old and pore,
 The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:
 Into the same shee lept, and with the ore
 Did thrust the shallop from the floating strand:
 So safety fownd at sea, which she fownd not at land.

The Monster ready on the pray to fease,
 Was of his forward hope deceiued quight,
 Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
 But greedily long gaping at the sight,
 At last in vaine was forst to turne his flight,
 And tell the idle tidings to his Dame:
 Yet to auenge his diuelishe despight,
 He sett vpon her Palfrey tired lame,
 And slew him cruelly, ere any reskew came.

And after hauing him embowelled,
 To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
 To passe that way, as forth he traueiled;
 Yt was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
 As euer man that bloody field did fight;
 But in vain sheows, that wont yong knights bewitch,
 And courtly seruices tooke no delight,
 But rather ioyd to bee, then seemen sich:
 For both to be and seeme to him was laborlich.

It was to weete the good Sir *Satyran*,
 That raungd abroad to seeke aduentures wilde,
 As was his wont in forest, and in plaine;
 He was all armd in rugged steele vnfilde,
 As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
 And in his Scutchin bore a Satyres hedd:
 He comming present, where the Monster vilde
 Vpon that milke-white Palfreyes carcas fedd,
 Vnto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd.

There well perceiud he, that it was the horse,
 Whereon faire *Florimell* was wont to ride,
 That of that feend was rent without remorse:
 Much feared he, least ought did ill betide

To that faire Maide, the flowre of wemens pride;
For her he dearely loued, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide:
Besides her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he fownd, that did him fore apall.

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
Fiercely he flew vpon that wicked feend,
And with huge strokes, and cruell battery
Him forst to leaue his pray, for to attend
Him selfe from deadly daunger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engraue, and muchell blood did spend,
Yet might not doe him die, but aie more fresh
And fierce he still appeard, the more he did him thresh.

He wist not, how him to despoile of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger grow through strife,
And him selfe weaker through infirmity,
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away, he lightly lept
Vpon the beast, that with great cruelty
Rored, and raged to be vnderkept:
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes vpon him hept.

As he that striues to stop a suddein flood,
And in strong bancks his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell about his wonted mood,
And largely ouerflow the fruitfull plaine,
That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne:
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine,
To see his whole yeares labor lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many an idle boone.

So him he held, and did through might amate:
 So long he held him, and him bett so long,
 That at the last his fiercenes gan abate,
 And meekely stoup vnto the victor strong:
 Who to auenge the implacable wrong,
 Which he supposed donne to *Florimell*,
 Sought by all meanes his dolor to prolong,
 Sith dint of steele his carcass could not quell:
 His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
 About her slender waste, he tooke in hand,
 And with it bownd the beast, that lowd did rore
 For great despight of that vnwonted band,
 Yet dared not his victor to withstand,
 But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,
 And all the way him followd on the strand,
 As he had long bene learned to obey;
 Yet neuer learned he such seruice, till that day.

Thus as he led the Beast along the way,
 He spide far of a mighty Giauntesse,
 Fast flying on a Courser dapled gray,
 From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse
 Her hard pursewd, and sought for to suppressse;
 She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
 Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
 Fast bounden hand and foote with cords of wire,
 Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

Which whenas *Satyran* beheld, in haste
 He leste his captiue Beast at liberty,
 And crost the nearest way, by which he cast
 Her to encounter, ere she passed by:

But she the way shund nathemore for thy,
 But forward gallopt fast, which when he spyde,
 His mighty speare he couched warily,
 And at her ran: the hauing him descryde,
 Her selfe to fight adrest, and threw her lode aside.

Like as a Goshauke, that in foote doth beare
 A trembling Culuer, hauing spide on hight
 An Eagle, that with pluny wings doth sheare
 The subtil ayre, stouping with all his might,
 The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,
 And to the batteill doth her selfe prepare:
 So ran the Geaunteffe vnto the fight;
 Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did flare,
 And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare:

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
 Wherewith she many had of life depriu'd;
 But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
 His speare amidst her sun-brode shield arriu'd,
 Yet nathemore the steele a sonder riu'd,
 All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
 Ne her out of the stedfast sadle driu'd,
 But glauncing on the tempred metall, brast
 In thousand shiuers, and so forth beside her past.

Her Steed did stagger with that puiffaunt strooke,
 But she no more was moued with that might,
 Then it had lighted on an aged Oke;
 Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight
 Vpon the top of Mount *Olympus* hight,
 For the braue youthly Champions to assay,
 With burning charet wheelles it nigh to smite:
 But who that smites it, mars his ioyous play,
 And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

Yet therewith fore enrag'd, with sterne regard
 Her dreadfull weapon she to him address,
 Which on his helmet martelled so hard,
 That made him low incline his lofty crest,
 And bowd his battred visour to his brest:
 Wherewith she was so stuned, that he n'ote ryde
 But reeled to and fro from east to west:
 Which when his cruell enemy espyde,
 She lightly vnto him adioyned syde to syde;

And on his collar laying puissaunt hand,
 Out of his wauering seat him pluckt perforce,
 Perforce him pluckt, vnable to withstand,
 Or helpe himselfe, and laying thwart her horse,
 In loathly wise like to a carrion corse,
 She bore him fast away. Which when the knight,
 That her pursewed, saw with great remorse,
 He were was touched in his noble spright,
 And gan encrease his speed, as she enereast her flight.

Whom when as nigh approaching she espyde,
 She threw away her burden angrily;
 For she list not the batteill to abide,
 But made her selfe more light, away to fly:
 Yet her the hardy knight pursewd so nye
 That almost in the backe he oft her strake:
 But still when him at hand she did espy,
 She turnd, and semblaunce of faire fight did make;
 But when he stayd; to flight againe she did her take.

By this the good Sir *Satyrane* gan wake
 Out of his dreame, that did him long entraunce,
 And seeing none in place, he gan to make
 Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce,

Which

Which rest from him so faire a cheuisaunce:
 At length he spyde, whereas that wofull Squire,
 Whom he had reskewed from captiuaunce
 Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the myre,
 Vnable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

To whom approching, well he more perceiue
 In that fowle plight a comely personage,
 And louely face, made fit for to deceiue
 Fraile Ladies hart with loues consuming rage,
 Now in the blossome of his freshest age:
 He reard him vp, and loosd his yron bands,
 And after gan inquire his parentage,
 And how he fell into the Gyaunts hands,
 And who that was, which chaced her along the lands.

Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire bespake,
 That Geaunteesse *Argante* is behight,
 A daughter of the *Titans* which did make
 Warre against heauen, and heaped hills on hight,
 To scale the skyes, and put *Ioue* from his right:
 Her syre *Typhoeus* was, who mad through merth,
 And dronke with blood of men, slaine by his might,
 Through incest, her of his owne mother Earth
 Whylome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth.

For at that berth another Babe she bore,
 To weete the mightie *Ollyphant*, that wrought
 Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
 Till him Chylde *Thopas* to confusion brought.
 These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
 Whiles in their mothers wombe enclod they were,
 Ere they into the lightfom world were brought,
 In fleshy lust were mingled both yfere,
 And in that monstrous wife did to the world appere.

So liu'd they euer after in like sin,
 Gainst natures law, and good behaueoure:
 But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
 Who not content so fowly to deuoure:
 Her natie flesh, and staine her brothers bowre,
 Did wallow in all other fleshly myre,
 And suffred beastes her body to deflowre:
 So whot she burned in that lustfull fyre,
 Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desyre.

But ouer all the countrie she did raunge,
 To seeke young men, to quench her flaming thrust,
 And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge:
 Whom so she fittest findes to serue her lust,
 Through her maine strength, in which she most doth
 She with her brings into a secret Ile, (trust,
 Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
 Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
 And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her defile.

Me seely wretch she so at vantage caught,
 After she long in waite for me did lye,
 And meant vnto her prison to haue brought,
 Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfie;
 That thousand deathes me leuer were to dye,
 Then breake the vow, that to faire *Columbell*
 I plighted haue, and yet keepe stedfastly:
 As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;
 Call me the *Squyre of Dames* that me bescemeth well.

But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
 That *Geaunteffe*, is not such, as she seemd,
 But a faire virgin, that in martiall law,
 And deedes of armes aboute all *Dames* it deemd,
 And

And about many knightes is eke esteemd,
 For her great worth; She *Palladine* is hight:
 She you from death, you me from dread redeemd.
 Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
 But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

Her well beseemes that Quest (quoth *Satyran*)
 But read, thou *Sqyre of Dames*, what vow is this,
 Which thou vpon thy selfe hast lately ta'ne,
 That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
 So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amis,
 That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,
 After long suit and wearie seruicis,
 Did aske me, how I could her loue deserue,
 And how she might be sure, that I would neuer serue.

I glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
 Badd her commaund my life to saue, or spill.
 Eftsoones she badd me, with incessaunt paine
 To wander through the world abroad at will,
 And euery where, where with my power or skill
 I might doe seruice vnto gentle Dames,
 That I the same should faithfully fulfill, (names
 And at the twelue monethes end should bring their
 And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

So well I to faire Ladies seruice did,
 And found such fauour in their louing hartes,
 That ere the year his course had compassid,
 Thre hundred pledges for my good desartes,
 And thrise three hundred thanks for my good partes
 I with me brought, and did to her present:
 Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smartes,
 Then to reward my trusty true intent,
 She gan for me deuise a grieuous punishment.

To weet, that I my traueill should resume,
 And with like labour walke the world arownd,
 Ne euer to her presence should presume,
 Till I so many other Dames had fownd,
 The which, for all the suit I could propownd,
 Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
 But did abide for euer chaste and fownd.
 Ah gentle Squyre (quoth he) tell at one word,
 How many fowndst thou such to put in thy record?

In deed Sir knight (said he) one word may tell
 All, that I euer fownd so wisely stayd;
 For onely three they were disposd so well,
 And yet three yeares I now abroad haue strayd,
 To fynd them out. Mote I (then laughing sayd
 The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
 The which thy profferd curtisie denyd?
 Or ill they seemed sure auizd to bee,
 Or brutishly brought vp, that neu'r did fashions see.

The first which then refused me (said hee)
 Certes was but a common Courtisane,
 Yet flat refusd to haue adoe with mee,
 Because I could not giue her many a Iane.
 (Thereat full hartely laughed *Satyrane*)
 The second was an holy Nunne to chose,
 Which would not let me be her Chappellane,
 Because she knew, she sayd, I would disclose
 Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

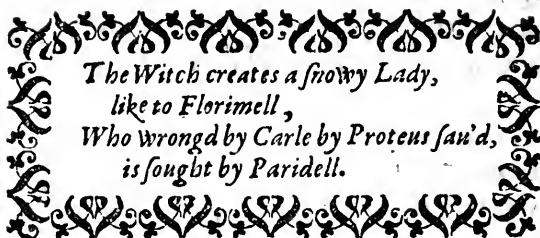
The third a Damzell was of low degree,
 Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chaunce;
 Full litie weened I, that chastitee
 Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce,
 Yes

Yet was the fayre, and in her countenance
 Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
 Long thus I woo'd her with dew obseruance,
 In hope vnto my pleasure to haue won,
 But was as far at last, as when I first begon.

Safe her, I neuer any woman found,
 That chastity did for it selfe embrace,
 But were for other causes firme and sound,
 Either for want of handsome time and place,
 Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
 Thus am I hopelesse euer to attaine
 My Ladies loue, in such a desperate case,
 But all my dayes am like to waste in vaine, (traîne.
 Seeking to match the chaste with th'vnchaste Ladies

Perdy, (sayd *Satyrane*) thou *Squyre of Dames*,
 Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
 To get small thankes, and therewith many blames,
 That may emongst *Alcides* labours stand.
 Thence bace returning to the former land,
 Where late he left the Beast, he ouercame,
 He found him not; for he had broke his band,
 And was returnd againe vnto his Dame,
 To tell what tydings of fayre *Florimell* became,

Cant. VIII.



SO oft as I this history record,
My hart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke, how causelesse of her owne accord
This gentle Damzell, whom I write vpon,
Should plonged be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure I weene, the hardest hart of stone,
Would hardly finde to aggrauate her grieffe;
For misery craues rather mercy, then repriefe.

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malitious hart;
That she desyrd th'abridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late foorth she sent, she backe retourning spyde,
Tyde with her golden girdle, it a part
Of her rich spoyles, whom he had earst destroyd,
She weend, & wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde.

And with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to haue reliu'd;
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former grieffe with furie fresh reuiu'd,

Much

Much more then earst, and would haue algates riu'd
 The hart out of his brest: for sith her dedd
 He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriu'd
 Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fedd
 His foolish malady, and long time had misledd.

With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,
 And in his rage his mother would haue flaine,
 Had she not fled into a secret mew,
 Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine
 The maisters of her art: there was she faine
 To call them all in order to her ayde,
 And them coniure vpon eternall paine,
 To counsell her so carefully dismayd, (cayd.
 How she might heale her sonne, whose senses were de-

By their deuce, and her owne wicked wit,
 She there deuiz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
 Whose like on earth was neuer framed yit,
 That euen Nature selfe enuide the same,
 And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame
 The thing it selfe: In hand she boldly tooke
 To make another like the former Daine,
 Another *Florimell*, in shape and looke
 So liuely and so like, that many it mistooke.

The substance, whereof she the body made,
 Was purest snow in massy mould congeald,
 Which she had gathered in a shady glade
 Of the *Riphaean* hills, to her reueald
 By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:
 The same she tempred with fine Mercury,
 And virgin wax, that neuer yet was seald,
 And mingled them with perfect vermily,
 That like a liuely sanguine it seemd to the eye.

In stead of eyes two burning lampes she set
 In siluer sockets, thynning like the skyes,
 And a quicke mouing Spirit did arret
 To stirre and roll them, like to womens eyes;
 In stead of yellow lockes she did deuise,
 With golden wyre to weaue her curled head;
 Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thyrse
 As *Florimells* fayre heare: and in the stead
 Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carcass dead.

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guyle,
 And fayre resemblance aboue all the rest,
 Which with the Prince of Darkenes fell lomewhyle,
 From heauens blis and euerlasting rest,
 Him needed not instruct, which way were best
 Him selfe to fashon likest *Florimell*,
 Ne how to speake, ne how to vse his gest;
 For he in counterfesaunce did excell,
 And all the wyles of wemens wits knew passing well.

Him shaped thus, she deckt in garments gay,
 Which *Florimell* had left behind her late,
 That who so then her saw, would surely say,
 It was her selfe, whom it did imitate,
 Or fayrer then her selfe, if ought algate
 Might fayrer be. And then she forth her brought
 Vnto her sonne, that lay in feeble state;
 Who seeing her gan streight vpstart, and thought
 She was the Lady selfe, who he so long had fought.

Tho fast her clipping twixt his armes twayne,
 Extremely ioyed in so happy sight,
 And soone forgot his former sickely payne;
 But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
 Coyly

Coyly rebutted his embracement light;
 Yet still with gentle countenance retain'd,
 Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
 Him long she so with shadowes entertain'd,
 As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordain'd.

Till on a day, as he disposed was
 To walke the woodes with that his Idole faire,
 Her to disport, and idle time to pas,
 In th'open freshnes of the gentle aire,
 A knight that way there chanced to repaire;
 Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine,
 That deedes of armes had euer in despaire,
 Proud *Braggadocchio*, that in vaunting vaine
 His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

Hefecing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
 Decked with many a costly ornament,
 Much merueiled thereat, as well he might,
 And thought that match a fowle disparagement:
 His bloody speare estesoones he boldly bent
 Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare,
 Fell streight to ground in great astonishment;
 Villein (sayd he) this Lady is my deare,
 Dy, if thou it gaine say: I will away her beare.

The fearefull Chorle durst not gaine say, nor dooe,
 But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
 Who finding litle leasure her to wooe,
 On *Tromparts* steed her mounted without stay,
 And without reskew led her quite away.
 Proud man himselfe then *Braggadocchio* deem'd,
 And next to none, after that happy day,
 Being possessed of that spoyle, which seem'd
 The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteem'd.

But when hee saw him selfe free from poursute,
 He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,
 With termes of loue and lewdnesse dissolute;
 For he could well his glozing speaches frame
 To such vaine vses, that him best became:
 But she thereto would lend but light regard,
 As seeming sory, that she euer came
 Into his powre, that vsed her so hard,
 To reauce her honor, which she more then life prefard,

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long;
 There them by chaunce encountred on the way
 An armed knight, vpon a courser strong,
 Whose trampling feete vpon the hollow lay
 Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
 That Capons corage: yet he looked grim,
 And saynd to cheare his lady in dismay,
 Who seemd for feare to quake in euery lim,
 And her to saue from outrage, meekely prayed him.

Fiercely that straunger forward came, and nigh
 Approching, with bold words and bitter threat,
 Bad that same boaster, as he more, on high
 To leaue to him that lady for excheat,
 Or bide him batteill without further treat.
 That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
 And filld his senses with abashment great;
 Yet seeing nigh him ieopardy extreme,
 He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme.

Saying, Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words
 To steale away, that I with blowes haue wonne,
 And broght through points of many perilous swords:
 But if thee list to see thy Courser ronne,

Or

Or proue thy selfe, this sad encounter shonne,
 And seeke els without hazard of thy hedd.
 At those proude words that other knight begonne
 To wex exceeding wroth, and him aredd
 To turne his steede about, or sure he should be dedd.

Sith then (said *Braggadocchio*) needes thou wilt
 Thy daies abridge, through prooffe of puissaunce,
 Turne we our steeds, that both in equall tilt
 May meete againe, and each take happy chaunce.
 This said they both a furlongs mountenaunce
 Retird their steeds, to ronne in euen race:
 But *Braggadocchio* with his bloody launce
 Once hauing turnd, no more returnd his face,
 But leste his loue to losse, and fled him selfe apace.

The knight him seeing flie, had no regard
 Him to poursew, but to the lady rode,
 And hauing her from *Trompart* lightly reard,
 Vpon his Courser sett the louely lode,
 And with her fled away without abode.
 Well weened he, that fairest *Florimell*
 It was, with whom in company he yode,
 And so her selfe did alwaies to him tell;
 So made him thinke him selfe in heuen, that was in hell.

But *Florimell* her selfe was far away,
 Driuen to great distresse by fortune straunge,
 And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
 Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to change
 The land for sea, at randon there to raunge:
 Yett there that cruell Queene auengeresse,
 Not satisfyde so far her to estraunge
 From courtly blis and wonted happinesse,
 Did heape on her new waues of weary wretchednesse.

For being fled into the fishers bote,
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty maine did flote,
And with the tide droue forward carelesly,
For th'ayre was milde, and cleared was the skie,
And all his windes *Dan Acolus* did keepe,
From stirring vp their stormy enmity,
As pittying to see her waile and weepe;
But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

At last when droncke with drowsinesse, he woke,
And saw his drouer driue along the streame,
He was dismayd, and thrise his brest he stroke,
For marueill of that accident extreame;
But when he saw, that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,
He marueild more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awakte, or that some extasye
Assotted had his sence, or dazed was his eye.

But when her well auizing, hee peceiu'd
To be no vision, nor fantasticke sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiu'd,
And felt in his old corage new delight
To gin awake, and stir his frosen spright:
Tho rudely askte her, how she thether came.
Ah (sayd she) father I note read aright,
What hard misfortune brought me to this same;
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety ame.

But thou good man, sith far in sea we bee,
And the great waters gin apace to swell,
That now no more we can the mayn-land see,
Haue care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,

Least

Least worfe on sea then vs on land befell,
 Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,
 And saide, his boat the way could wisely tell:
 But his deceitfull eyes did neuer lin,
 To looke on her faire face, and marke her snowy skin.

The sight whereof in his congealed flesh,
 Infixt such secrete sting of greedy lust,
 That the drie withered stocke it gan refresh,
 And kindled heat, that soone in flame forth brust:
 The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.
 Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand
 Where ill became him, rashly would haue thrust,
 But she with angry scorne him did withstond,
 And shamefully reprov'd for his rudenes fond.

But he, that neuer good nor maners knew,
 Her sharpe rebuke full litle did esteeme;
 Hard is to teach an old horse amble trew.
 The inward smoke, that did before but steeme,
 Broke into open fire and rage extreme,
 And now he strength gan adde vnto his will,
 Forcyng to doe, that did him fowle misseeme:
 Beastly he threwe her downe, ne car'd to spill
 Her garments gay with scales of fish, that all did fill.

The silly virgin stroue him to withstand,
 All that she might, and him in vaine reuild:
 Shee strugled strongly both with foote and hand,
 To saue her honor from that villaine vilde,
 And cride to heuen, from humane helpe exild.
 O ye braue knights, that boast this Ladies loue,
 Where be ye now, when she is nigh defild
 Of filthy wretch? well may she you reprove
 Of falsehood or of slouth, when most it may behoue.

But if that thou, Sir *Satyras*, didst weete,
 Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her sory state,
 How soone would yee assemble many a fleete,
 To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late;
 Towres, citties, kingdomes ye would ruinate,
 In your auengement and dispiteous rage,
 Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
 But if Sir *Calidore* could it preface,
 No liuing creature could his cruelty asswage.

But sith that none of all her knights is nye,
 See how the heauens of voluntary grace,
 And soueraine fauor towards chastity,
 Doe succor send to her distressed case:
 So much high God doth innocence embrace.
 It fortun'd, whilest thus she stily stroue,
 And the wide sea importuned long space
 With shrilling shriekes, *Proteus* abroad did roue,
 Along the fomy waues driuing his finny droue.

Proteus is Shepheard of the seas of yore,
 And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mighty heard,
 An aged fire with head all frowy hore,
 And sprinckled frost vpon his deawy beard:
 Who when those pittifull outcries he heard,
 Through all the seas so ruefully resownd,
 His charett swifte in hast he thether steard,
 Which with a teeme of scaly *Phocas* bownd
 Was drawne vpon the waues, that fomed him arownd.

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
 That went at will, withouten card or sayle,
 He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote
 Deepe indignation and compassion frayle

Into his hart attonce: streight did he hayle
 The greedy vellein from his hoped pray,
 Of which he now did very litle fayle,
 And with his staffe, that driues his heard astray,
 Him bett so sore, that life and sence did much dimmay.

The whiles the pitteous Lady vp did ryse,
 Ruffled and fowly raid with filthy foyle,
 And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes
 Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle,
 To saue her selfe from that outrageous spoyle,
 But when she looked vp, to weet, what wight
 Had her from so infamous fact assoyld,
 For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
 Downe in her lap she hid her face, and lowdly shright.

Her selfe not saued yet from daunger dredd
 She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare;
 Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fiedd
 From the sharpe hauke, which her attached neare,
 And fals to ground, to seeke for succor there,
 Whereas the hungry Spaniells she does spye,
 With greedy iawes her ready for to teare;
 In such distresse and sad perplexity
 Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* she did see her by.

But he endeoured with speeches milde
 Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
 Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
 Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was her told.
 Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
 Ne to recomfort her at all preuayld:
 For her faint hart was with the frosen cold
 Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh fayld,
 And all her senses with abashment quite were quayld.
 Her

Her vp betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
 And with his frory lips full softly kist,
 Whiles the cold yfickles from his rough beard,
 Dropped adowne vpon her yuory brest:
 Yet he him selfe so busily adrest,
 That her out of astonishment he wrought,
 And out of that same fishers filthy nest
 Remouing her, into his charret brought,
 And there with many gentle termes her faire besought.

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
 That beautie durst presume to violate,
 He cast to punish for his hainous fault;
 Then tooke he him yet trembling sith of late,
 And tyde behind his charret, to aggrate
 The virgin, whom he had abusde so sore:
 So drag'd him through the waues in scornfull state;
 And after cast him vp, vpon the shore;
 But *Florimell* with him vnto his bowre he bore.

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine,
 Vnder a mightie rocke, gainst which doe raue
 The roring billowes in their proud disdain,
 That with the angry working of the waue,
 Therein is eaten out an hollow caue,
 That seemes rough Masons hand with engines keene
 Had long while laboured it to engraue:
 There was his womne, ne liuing wight was seene,
 Saue one old *Nymph*, high *Panope* to keepe it cleane.

Thether he brought the sory *Florimell*,
 And entertained her the best he might
 And *Panope* her entertaind eke well,
 As an immortall mote a mortall wight,

To winne her liking vnto his delight:
 With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,
 And offered faire giuftes, t'allure her sight,
 But she both offers and the offerer
 Despyde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
 And neuer suffred her to be at rest:
 But euermore she him refused flat,
 And all his fained kindnes did detest.
 So firmly she had sealed vp her brest.
 Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight:
 But she a mortall creature loued best:
 Then he would make him selfe a mortall wight;
 But then she said she lou'd none, but a Faery knight.

Then like a Faerie knight him selfe he drest;
 For enery shape on him he could endew:
 Then like a king he was to her exprest,
 And offred kingdoms vnto her in vew,
 To be his Leman and his Lady trew:
 But when all this he nothing saw preuaile,
 With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
 And with sharpe threatens her often did assayle,
 So thinking for to make her stubborne corage quayle.

To dreadfull shapes he did him selfe transforme,
 Now like a Gyaunt, now like to a feend,
 Then like a Centaure, then like to a storme,
 Raging within the waues: thereby he weend
 Her will to win vnto his wished end:
 But when with feare, nor fauour, nor with all
 He els could doe, he saw him selfe esteemd,
 Downe in a Dongeon deepe he let her fall,
 And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

Eternall thraldome was to her more lief,
 Then losse of chastitie, or change of loue:
 Dye had she rather in tormenting grieffe,
 Then any should of fallenesse her reprove,
 Or loosenes, that she lightly did remoue.
 Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
 And crowne of heavenly prayse with Sautes aboue,
 Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
 Are still amongst them song, that far my rymes exceed.

Fit song of Angels caroled to bee,
 But yet what so my feeble Muse can frame,
 Shalbe t' aduance thy goodly chastitee,
 And to enroll thy memorable name,
 In th' heart of euey honourable Dame,
 That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
 And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
 Yt yrkes me, leaue thee in this wofull state,
 To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late.

Who hauing ended with that *Squyre of Dames*
 A long discourse of his aduentures vayne,
 The which him selfe, then Ladies more defames,
 And finding not th' *Hyena* to be slayne,
 With that same *Squyre*, returned back agayne
 To his first way. And as they forward went,
 They spyde a knight fayre pricking on the playne,
 As if he were on some aduventure bent,
 And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

Sir *Satyrane* him towards did addresse,
 To weet, what wight he was, and what his quest:
 And comming nigh, estsoones he gan to gesse
 Both by the burning hart, which on his brest

He bare, and by the colours in his crest,
 That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,
 And him saluting, as becomed best,
 Gan first inquire of tydings farre abrode;
 And afterwarde, on what aduenture now he rode.

Who thereto answering said, The tydings bad,
 Which now in Faery court all men doe tell,
 Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning sad,
 Is the late ruine of proud *Marinell*,
 And suddein parture of faire *Florimell*,
 To find him forth: and after her are gone
 All the braue knightes, that doen in armes excell,
 To sauegard her, ywandred all alone;
 Emongst the rest my lott (vnworthy) is to be one.

Ah gentle knight (said then Sir *Satyrane*)
 Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
 That hast a thanklesse seruice on thee ta'ne,
 And offrest sacrifice vnto the dead:
 For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
 Henceforth for euer *Florimell* to bee,
 That all the noble knightes of *Maydenhead*,
 Which her ador'd, may sore repent with mee,
 And all faire Ladies may for euer for y bee.

Which wordes when *Paridell* had heard, his hew
 Gan greatly chaung and seemd dismaid to bee,
 Then said, Fayre Sir, how may I weene it trew,
 That ye doe tell in such vncerteintee?
 Or speake ye of report, or did ye see
 Iust cause of dread, that makes ye doubt so sore?
 For perdie! elles how mote it euer bee,
 That euer hand should dare for to engore
 Her noble blood? the heuens such crueltie abhore.

These eyes did see, that they will euer rewe
 To haue seene, (quoth he) when as a monstrous beast
 The Palfrey, whereon she did trauell, slew,
 And of his bowels made his bloody feast:
 Which speaking token sheweth at the least
 Her certeine losse, if not her sure decay:
 Besides, that more suspicion encreast,
 I found her golden girdle cast astray,
 Distaynd with durt and blood, as relique of the pray.

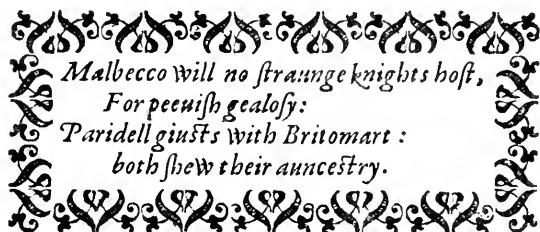
Ay me, (said *Pauidell*) the signes be sadd,
 And but God turne the same to good sooth say,
 That Ladies safetie is sore to be dradd:
 Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
 Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray.
 Faire Sir (qd. he) well may it you succed,
 Ne long shall *Satyrane* behind you stay,
 But to the rest, which in this Quest proceed
 My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.

Ye noble knights (said then the *Squyre of Dames*)
 Well may yee speede in so praiseworthy payne:
 But sith the Sunne now ginnes to slake his beames,
 In deawy vapours of the westerne mayne,
 And lose the teme out of his weary wayne,
 Mote not mislike you also to abate
 Your zealous hast, till morrow next againe
 Both light of heuen, and strength of men relate:
 Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate.

That counsell pleased well; so all yfere
 Forth marched to a Castle them before,
 Where soone arryuing, they restrained were
 Of ready entraunce, which ought euermore

To errant knights be commune: wondrous sore
 Thereat displeas'd they were, till that young Squire
 Gan them informe the cause, why that same dore
 Was shut to all, which lodging did desyre:
 The which to let you weet, will further time requyre.

Cant. IX.



REdoubted knights, and honorable Dames,
 To whom I leuell all my labours end,
 Right sore I feare, least with vnworthie blames
 This odious argument my rymes should shend,
 Or ought your goodly patience offend,
 Whiles of a wanton Lady I doe write,
 Which with her loose incontinence doth blend
 The shyning glory of your soueraine light,
 And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

But neuer let th'ensample of the bad
 Offend the good: for good by paragone
 Of euill, may more notably be rad,
 As white seemes fayrer, macht with blacke attonce;
 Ne all are shamed by the fault of one:
 For lo in heuen, whereas all goodnes is,
 Emongst the Angels, a whole legione
 Of wicked Sprightes did fall from happy blis;
 What wonder then, if one of women all did mis?

Then listen Lordings, if ye list to weete

The cause, why *Saiyrane* and *Paridell*

Mote not be entertaynd, as seemed meet,

Into that Castle (as that Squyre does tell.)

Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,

That has no skill of Court nor courtesie,

Ne cares, what men say of him ill or well;

For all his dayes he drownes in priuitie,

Yet has full large to liue, and spend at libertie.

But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,

To hoord vp heapes of cuill gotten masse,

For which he others wrongs and wreckes himselfe;

Yet is he lincked to a louely lasse,

Whose beauty doth her bounty far surpasse,

The which to him both far vnequall yeares,

And also far vnlike conditions has;

For she does ioy to play emongst her peares,

And to be free from hard restraynt and gealous feares.

But he is old, and withered like hay,

Vnfit faire Ladies seruice to supply,

The priuie guilt whereof makes him alway

Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy

Vpon her with his other blinkt eye;

Ne suffreth he resort of luing wight

Approch to her, ne keepe her company,

But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight,

Depriu'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

Malbecco he, and *Hellenore* she hight,

Vnfitly yokt together in one teeme,

That is the cause, why neuer any knight

Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme

Such,

Such, as no doubt of him he neede misdeeme.
 Thereat Sir *Satyrane* gan smyle, and say;
 Extremely mad the man I surely deeme,
 That weenes with watch and hard restraynt to stay
 A womans will, which is disposd to go astray.

In vaine he feares that, which he cannot shonne:
 For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes
 Can guylen *Argus*, when she list disdonne?
 It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
 Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
 That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet,
 But fast goodwill with gentle courtesyes,
 And timely seruice to her pleasures meet
 May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet.

Then is he not more mad (sayd *Paridell*)
 That hath himselfe vnto such seruice sold,
 In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
 For sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,
 That loues his fetters, though they were of gold.
 But why doe wee deuise of others ill,
 Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old,
 To keepe vs out, in scorne of his owne will,
 And rather do not ransack all, and him selfe kill?

Nay let vs first (sayd *Satyrane*) entreat
 The man by gentle meanes, to let vs in,
 And afterwarde affray with cruell threat,
 Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:
 Then if all fayle, we will by force it win,
 And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
 As may beworthy of his haynous sin.
 That counsell pleasd: then *Paridell* did rise,
 And to the Castle gate approcht in quiet wise.

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd.
 The good man selfe, which then the Porter playd,
 Him answered, that all were now retyrd
 Vnto their rest, and all the keyes conuayd
 Vnto their maister, who in bed was layd,
 That none him durst awake out of his dreame;
 And therefore them of patience gently prayd.
 Then *Paridell* began to change his theme,
 And threatned him with force & punishment extreme.

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent,
 And now so long before the wicket fast
 They wayted, that the night was forward spent,
 And the faire welkin fowly ouercast,
 Gan blowen vp a bitter stormy blast,
 With showre and hayle so horrible and dred,
 That this faire many were compeld at last,
 To fly for succour to a little shed,
 The which beside the gate for siwyne was ordered.

It fortun'd, soone after they were gone,
 Another knight, whom tempest thether brought,
 Came to that Castle, and with earnest mone,
 Like as the rest, late entrance deare besought;
 But like so as the rest he prayd for nought,
 For flatly he of entrance was refusd.
 Sorely thereat he was displeas'd, and thought
 How to auenge himselfe so sore abusd,
 And euermore the Carle of courtesie accusd.

But to auoyde th'intollerable stowre,
 He was compeld to seeke some refuge neare,
 And to that shed, to shrowd him from the showre,
 He came, which full of guests he found whyleare,

So as he was not let to enter there:
 Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
 And swore, that he would lodge with them yfere,
 Or them dislodg, all were they liefe or loth;
 And so defyde them each, and so defyde them both.

Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,
 And both full loth in darkenessse to debate;
 Yet both full liefe him lodging to haue lent,
 And both full liefe his boasting to abate;
 But chiefly *Paridell* his hart did grate,
 To heare him threaten so despightfully,
 As if he did a dogge in kenell rate,
 That durst not barke; and rather had he dy,
 Then when he was defyde, in coward corner ly.

Tho hastily remounting to his steed,
 He forth issew'd; like as a boystrous winde,
 Which in th'earthes hollow caues hath long ben hid,
 And shut vp fast within her prisons blind,
 Makes the huge element against her kinde
 To moue, and tremble as it were aghast,
 Vntill that it an issew forth may finde;
 Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
 Confounds both land & seas, and skyes doth ouercast.

Their steel-hed speares they strongly coucht, and met
 Together with impetuous rage and forse,
 That with the terrour of their fierce affret,
 They rudely droue to ground both man and horse,
 That each awhile lay like a sencelesse corse.
 But *Paridell* fore brused with the blow,
 Could not arise, the counterchaunge to scorse,
 Till that young Squire him reared from below;
 Then drew he his bright sword, & gan about him throw

But *Saiyrane* forth stepping, did them stay
 And with faire treaty pacifide their yre;
 Then when they were accorded from the fray,
 Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,
 To heape on him dew vengeance for his hire.
 They beene agreed, and to the gates they goe
 To burne the same with vnquenchable fire,
 And that vncurteous Carle their commune foe
 To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grieuous woe.

Malbecco seeing them resolut in deed.
 To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
 For fire in earnest, ran with fearfull speed,
 And to them calling from the castle wall,
 Besought them humbly, him to beare with all,
 As ignorant of seruants bad abuse,
 And slacke attendaunce vnto straungers call,
 The knights were willing all things to excuse,
 Though nought beleu'd, & entrauce late did not refuse.

They beene ybrought into a comely bowre,
 And serud of all things that mote needfull bee;
 Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
 And welcomde more for feare, then charitce;
 But they dissembled, what they did not see,
 And welcomed themselues. Each gan vndight
 Their garments wett, and weary armour free,
 To dry them selues by *Vulcanes* flaming light,
 And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in plight.

And eke that straunger knight emongst the rest,
 Was for like need enforst to disaray:
 Tho whenas vailed was her lofty crest,
 Her golden locks, that were in tramells gay
 Vpbounden,

Vpbounden, did them selues adowne display,
 And raught vnto her heeles; like sunny beames,
 That in a cloud their light did long time stay,
 Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden gleames,
 And through the perfant aire shoote forth their azure
 (streames.)

Shee also doste her heauy haberieon,
 Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde,
 And her well plighted frock, which she did won
 To tucke about her short, when she did ryde,
 Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lanck syde
 Downe to her foot, with carelesse modestee.
 Then of them all she plainly was espyde,
 To be a woman wight, vnwist to bee,
 The fairest woman wight, that euer eie did see.

Like as *Bellona*, being late returnd
 From slaughter of the Giaunts conquered;
 Where proud *Encelade*, whose wide nosethrils burnd
 With breathed flames, like to a furnace redd,
 Transfixed with her speare, downe tumbled dedd
 From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped hye;
 Hath loosd her helmet from her lofty hedd,
 And her *Gorgonian* shield gins to vntye
 From her leste arme, to rest in glorious victorie.

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
 With great amazement of so wondrous sight,
 And each on other, and they all on her
 Stood gazing, as if suddein great affright
 Had them surprizd. At last auizing right,
 Her goodly personage and glorious hew,
 Which they so much mistooke, they tooke delight
 In their first error, and yett still anew
 With wonder of her beauty sed their hongry vew.

Yet note their hongry vew be satisfide,
 But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
 And euer firmly fixed did abide
 In contemplation of diuinitee:
 But most they meruaild at her cheualree,
 And noble prowesse, which they had approu'd,
 That much they faynd to know, who she mote bee;
 Yet none of all them her thereof amou'd,
 Yet euery one her likte, and euery one her lou'd.

And *Paridell* though partly discontent
 With his late fall, and fowle indignity,
 Yet was soone wonne his malice to relent,
 Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
 And knightly worth, which he too late did try,
 Yet tried did adore. Supper was dight;
 Then they *Malbecco* prayd of courtesy,
 That of his lady they might haue the sight,
 And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

But he to shifte their curious request,
 Gan causen, why she could not come in place;
 Her crased helth, her late recourse to rest,
 And humid euening ill for sicke folkes ease,
 But none of those excuses could take place;
 Ne would they eate, till she in presence came.
 Shee came in presence with right comely grace,
 And fairely them saluted, as became,
 And shewd her selfe in all a gentle courteous Dame.

They sate to meat, and *Satyrane* his chaunce,
 Was her before, and *Paridell* beside;
 But he him selfe sate looking still askaunce,
 Gainst *Britomart*, and euer closely eide

Sir *Satyrane*, with glaunces might not glide:
 But his blinde eie, that sided *Paridell*,
 All his demeaſnure from his ſight did hide:
 On her faire face ſo did he feede his fill,
 And ſent cloſe meſſages of loue to her at will.

And euer and anon, when none was ware,
 With ſpeaking lookes, that cloſe embaſſage bore,
 He rou'd at her, and told his ſecret care:
 For all that art he learned had of yore.
 Ne was ſhe ignoraunt of that leud lore,
 But in his eye his meaning wiſely redd,
 And with the like him aunſwerd euermore:
 Shee ſent at him one fyrie dart, whoſe hedd
 Empoiſned was with priuy luſt, and gealous dredd.

He from that deadly throw made no defence,
 But to the wound his weake heart opened wyde;
 The wicked engine through falſe influence,
 Paſt through his eies, and ſecretly did glyde
 Into his heart, which it did ſorely gryde.
 But nothing new to him was that ſame paine,
 Ne paine at all; for he ſo ofte had tryde
 The powre thereof, and lou'd ſo oft in vaine,
 That thing of courſe he counted, loue to entertaine.

Thenceforth to her he ſought to intimate
 His inward grieſe, by meanes to him well knowne,
 Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the ſiluer plate
 He on the table daſht, as ouerthrowne,
 Or of the fruitfull liquor ouerflowne,
 And by the dauncing bubbles did diuine,
 Or therein write to lett his loue be ſhowne;
 Which well ſhe redd out of the learned line,
 A ſacrament prophane in miſtery of wine.

And

And when so of his hand the pledge she raught,
 The guilty cup she fained to mistake,
 And in her lap did shed her idle draught,
 Shewing desire her inward flame to slake:
 By such close signes they secret way did make
 Vnto their wils, and one eies watch escape;
 Two eies him needeth, for to watch and wake,
 Who louers will deceiue. Thus was the ape,
 By their faire handling, put into *Malbeccoes* cape.

Now when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
 Purpose was moued by that gentle Dame,
 Vnto those knights aduenturous, to tell
 Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,
 And euery one his kindred, and his name.
 Then *Paridell*, in whom a kindly pride
 Of gracious speach, and skill his words to frame
 Abounded, being yglad of so fittetide
 Him to commend to her, thus spake, of al well eide.

Troy, that art now nought, but an idle name,
 And in thine ashes buried low dost lie,
 Though whilome far much greater then thy fame,
 Before that angry Gods, and cruell skie
 Vpon thee heapt a direfull destinie,
 What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
 And fetch from heuen thy great genealogie,
 Sith all thy worthie prayses being blent,
 Their ofspring hath embaste, and later glory sient.

Most famous Worthy of the world, by whome
 That warre was kindled, which did *Troy* inflame,
 And stately towres of *Iliou* whilome
 Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name

Sir *Paris* far renownd through noble fame,
 Who through great prowesse and bold hardinesse,
 From *Lacedæmon* fetcht the fayrest Dame,
 That euer *Greece* did boast, or knight possesse,
 Whom *Venus* to him gaue for meed of worthinesse.

Fayre *Helene*, flowre of beautie excellent,
 And girland of the mighty Conquerours,
 That madest many Ladies deare lament
 The heauie losse of their braue Paramours,
 Which they far off beheld from *Troian* toures,
 And saw the fieldes of faire *Scamander* strowne
 With carcafes of noble warrioures,
 Whose fruitlesse liues were vnder furrow sowne,
 And *Xanthus* sandy bankes with blood all ouerflowne.

From him my linage I deriue aright,
 Who long before the ten yeares siege of *Troy*,
 Whiles yet on *Ida* he a shepeheard hight,
 On faire *Oenone* got a louely boy,
 Whom for remembrance of her passed ioy,
 She of his Father *Parus* did name;
 Who, after *Greekes* did *Priams* realme destroy,
 Gathred the *Troian* reliques sau'd from flame,
 And with them sayling thence, to th' Isle of *Paros* came.

That was by him cald *Paros*, which before
 Hight *Nausa*, there he many yeares did raine,
 And built *Nausicle* by the *Pontick* shore,
 The which he dying lefte next in remaine
 To *Paridas* his sonne: a noble kinge no wayne:
 From whom I *Paridell* by kin descend;
 But for faire ladies loue, and glories gaine,
 My natie soile haue lefte, my dayes to spend
 In seewing deeds of armes, my liues and labors end.

Whenas

Whenas the noble *Britomart* heard tell
 Of *Troian* warres, and *Priams* citie fact,
 The ruefull story of Sir *Paridell*,
 She was empassiond at that piteous act,
 With zelous enuy of Greekes cruell fact,
 Against that nation, from whose race of old
 She heard, that she was lineally extract:
 For noble *Britens* sprong from *Troians* bold,
 And *Troynouant* was built of old *Troyes* ashes cold.

Then sighing soft awhile, at last she thus:
 O lamentable fall of famous towne,
 Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
 And of all *Asie* bore the soueraine crowne,
 In one sad night confumd, and throwen downe:
 What stony hart, that heares thy haplesse fate,
 Is not empierst with deepe compassiowne,
 And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
 That floures so fresh at morne, & fades at euening late?

Behold, Sir, how your pitifull complaint
 Hath fownd another partner of your payne:
 For nothing may impresse so deare constraint,
 As countries cause, and commune foes disdayne.
 But if it should not grieue you, backe agayne
 To turne your course, I would to heare desyre,
 What to *Aeneas* fell; sith that men sayne
 He was not in the cites wofull fyre
 Consum'd, but did him selte to safety retyre.

Anchy'es sonne begott of *Venus* fayre,
 Said he, out of the flames for safegard fled,
 And with a remnant did to sea repayre,
 Where he through satall errour long was led

Full many yeares, and weetelesse wandered
 From shore to shore, amongst the Lybick sandes,
 Ere rest he fownd. Much there he suffered,
 And many perilles past in forreine landes,
 To saue his people sad from victours vengefull handes;

At last in *Latium* he did arryue,
 Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
 Of th'inland folke, which sought him backe to driue,
 Till he with old *Latinus* was constraind,
 To contract wedlock: (so the fates ordaind.)
 Wedlocke contract in blood, and eke in blood
 Accomplished, that many deare complaind:
 The riual flaine, the victour through the flood
 Escaped hardly, hardly praisd his wedlock good.

Yet after all, he victour did suruiue,
 And with *Latinus* did the kingdom part.
 But after, when both nations gan to striue,
 Into their names the title to conuert,
 His sonne *Tulus* did from thence depart,
 With all the warlike youth of *Troians* blood,
 And in long *Alba* plast his throne apart,
 Where faire it florished, and long time stoud,
 Till *Romulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remoud.

There there (said *Britomart*) a fresh appeard
 The glory of the later world to spring,
 And *Troy* againe out of her dust was reard,
 To sitt in second seat of soueraine king,
 Of all the world vnder her gouerning.
 But a third kingdom yet is to arise,
 Out of the *Troians* scattered of spring,
 That in all glory and great enterprife,
 Both first and second *Troy* shall dare to equalife.

It *Troynant* is hight, that with the waues
 Of wealthy *Thamis* washed is along,
 Vpon whose stubborne necks whereat he raues
 With roring rage, and fore him selfe does throng,
 That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong,
 She fastned hath her foot, which standes so by,
 That it a wonder of the world is song
 In forreine landes, and all which passen by,
 Beholding it from farre, doe thinke it threates the skye.

The *Troian Brute* did first that citie fownd,
 And Hygate made the meare thereof by west,
 And *Ouert* gate by North: that is the bownd
 Toward the land; two riuers bownd the rest.
 So huge a scope at first him seemed best,
 To be the compasse of his kingdomes seat:
 So huge a mind could not in lesser rest,
 Ne in small meares containe his glory great,
 That *Albion* had conquered first by warlike feat.

Ah fairest Lady knight, (said *Paridell*)
 Pardon I pray my heedlesse ouersight,
 Who had forgot, that whylome I hard tell
 From aged *Mnemom*; for my wits beene light.
 Indeed he said (if I remember right,)
 That of the antique *Troian* stocke, there grew
 Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
 And far abroad his mightie braunches threw,
 Into the vtmost Angle of the world he knew.

For that same *Brute*, whom much he did aduance
 In all his speach, was *Syluius* his sonne,
 Whom hauing slain, through luckles arrowes glaunce
 He fled for feare of that he had misdonne,

Or els for shame, so fowle reproch to shonne,
 And with him ledd to sea an youthly trayne,
 Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
 And many fortunes prou'd in th'*Ocean* mayne,
 And great aduētures found, that now were lōg to sayne

At lāst by fatall course they driuen were
 Into an Island spacious and brode,
 The furthest North, that did to them appeare:
 Which after rest they seeking farre abrode,
 Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
 Fruitfull of all thinges fit for liuing foode,
 But wholly waste, and void of peoples trode,
 Saue an huge nation of the Geaunts broode,
 That fed on liuing flesh, & dronck mens vitall blood.

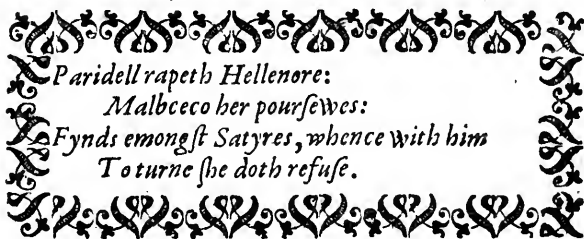
Whom he through wearie wars and labours long,
 Subdewd with losse of many *Britons* bold:
 In which the great *Goemagot* of strong
Corineus, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old
 Were ouerthrowne, and laide on th'earth full cold,
 Which quaked vnder their so hideous masse,
 A famous history to bee enrold
 In euerlasting monuments of brasse,
 That all the antique Worthies merits far did passe.

His worke great *Troynouant*, his worke is eke
 Faire *Lincolne*, both renoumed far away,
 That who from East to West will endlong seeke,
 Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,
 Except *Cleopolis*: so heard I say
 Old *Mnemon*. Therefore Sir, I greet you well
 Your countrey kin, and you entyrelly pray
 Of pardon for the strife, which late befell
 Betwixt vs both vnknowne. So ended *Paridell*.

But all the while, that he these speeches spent,
 Vpon his lips hong faire Dame *Hellenore*,
 With vigilant regard, and dew attent,
 Fashioning worldes of fancies euermore
 In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore:
 The whiles vnwares away her wondring eye,
 And greedy cares her weake hart from her bore:
 Which he perceiuing, euer priuily
 In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

So long these knightes discoursed diuersly,
 Of straunge affaires, and noble hardiment,
 Which they had past with mickle icopardy,
 That now the humid night was farforth spent,
 And heuenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:
 Which th'old man seeing wel, who too lōg thought
 Euery discourse and euery argument,
 Which by the houres he measured, besought
 Them go to rest, So all vnto their bowres were brought.

Cant. X.



THe morow next, so soone as *Phæbus* Lamp
 Bewrayed had the world with early light,
 And fresh *Aurora* had the shady damp
 Out of the goodly heuen amoued quight,

Faire *Britomart* and that same *Faery* knight
 Vprose, forth on their iourney for to wend:
 But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late fight
 With *Britomart*, so fore did him offend,
 Thatryde he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

So fourth they far'd, but he behind them stayd,
 Maulgre his host, who grudged griuoufly,
 To house a guest, that would be needes obayd,
 And of his owne him left not liberty:
 Might wanting measure moueth surquedry.
 Two things he feared, but the third was death;
 That fiers youngmans vnruely maystery;
 His money, which he lou'd as liuing breath;
 And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept vneath.

But patience perforce he must abie,
 What fortune and his fate on him will lay,
 Fond is the feare, that findes no remedie;
 Yet warily he watcheth euery way,
 By which he feareth euill happen may:
 So th'euill thinks by watching to preuent;
 Ne doth he suffer her, nor night, nor day,
 Out of his sight her selfe once to absent.
 So doth he punish her andeke himselfe torment.

But *Paridell* kept better watch, then hee,
 A fit occasion for his turne to finde:
 False loue, why do men say, thou canst not see,
 And in their foolish fancy feigne thee blinde,
 That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest binde,
 And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,
 And seest euery secret of the minde;
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee;
 All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,
 That he *Malbecco*s halfe eye did wyle,
 His halfe eye he wiled wondrous well,
 And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguyle,
 Both eyes and hart attonce, during the while,
 That he there sojourned his wounds to heale,
 That *Cupid* selfe it seeing, close did smyle,
 To weet how he her loue away did steale,
 And bad, that none their ioyous treason should reuale.

The learned louer lost no time nor tyde,
 That least auantage mote to him afford,
 Yet bore so faire a sayle, that none espyde
 His secret drift, till he her layd aboard.
 When so in open place, and commune bord,
 He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speech
 He courted her, yet bayted euery word,
 That his vngentle hoste n'ote him appeach
 Of vile vngentlenesse, or hospitages breach.

But when apart (if euer her apart)
 He found, then his false engins fast he plyde,
 And all the sleights vnbosomd in his hart;
 He sigh'd, he sobd, he swownd, he perdy dyde,
 And cast himselfe on ground her fast besyde:
 Tho when againe he him bethought to liue,
 He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
 Saying, but if she Mercie would him giue
 That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgiue.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights,
 And pleasing toyces he would her entertaine,
 Now singing sweetly, to surprize her sprights,
 Now making layes of loue and louers paine,

Branfles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;
 Oft purpotes, oft riddles he deuysd,
 And thousands like, which flowed in his braine,
 With which he fed her fancy, and entysd
 To take with his new loue, and leaue her old despyd.

And euery where he might, and euerie while
 He did her seruice dewtifull, and sewd
 At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,
 So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
 Who well perceiued all, and all indewd.
 Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,
 With which he many weake harts had subdewd,
 Of yore, and many had ylike misled:
 What wonder then, if she were likewise carried?

No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,
 But that continuall battery will riuē,
 Or daily siege through dispuruayauce long,
 And lacke of reskewes will to parley driue,
 And Peece, that vnto parley eare will giue,
 Will shortly yield it selfe, and will be made
 The vassall of the victors will byliue:
 That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
 This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine displayd.

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,
 That she her loue and hart hath wholly sold
 To him, without regard of gaine, or scath,
 Or care of credite, or of husband old,
 Whom she hath vow'd to dub a fayre Cucquold.
 Nought wants but time & place, which shortly shee
 Deuized hath, and to her lover told,
 It pleased well. So well they both agree;
 So readie rype to ill, ill wemens counsels bee.

Darke was the Euening, fit for louers stealth,
 When chaunſt *Malbecco* buſie be elſewhere,
 She to his cloſet went, where all his wealth
 Lay hid: thereof ſhe countleſſe ſummes did reare,
 The which ſhe meant away with her to beare;
 The reſt ſhe ſyr'd for ſport, or for deſpight;
 As *Hellene*, when ſhe ſaw aloſt appeare
 The *Troiane* flames, and reach to heuens hight.
 Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that dolefull ſight.

This ſecond *Helene*, fayre Dame *Hellenore*,
 The whiles her husband ran with ſory haſte,
 To quench the flames, which ſhe had tyn'd before.
 Laught at his fooliſh labour ſpent in waſte;
 And ran into her louers armes right faſt;
 Where ſtreight embraced, ſhe to him did cry,
 And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were paſt,
 For lo that Gueſt did beare her forcibly,
 And meant to rauish her, that rather had to dy.

The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,
 And ready ſeeing him with her to fly,
 In his diſquiet mind was much diſmayd:
 But when againe he backward caſt his eye,
 And ſaw the wicked fire ſo furioſly
 Conſume his hart, and ſcorch his Idoles face,
 He was therewith diſtreſſed diuerſely,
 Ne wiſt he how to turne, nor to what place,
 Was neuer wretched man in ſuch a wofull cace.

Ay when to him ſhe cryde, to her he turnd,
 And left the fire; loue money ouercame:
 But when he marked, how his money burnd,
 He left his wife; money did loue diſclame:

Both was he loth to loose his loued Dame,
 And loth to leaue his liefest pelfe behinde,
 Yet sith he n'ote saue both, he sau'd that same,
 Which was the dearest to his dounghill minde,
 The God of his desire, the ioy of misers blinde.

Thus whilest all things in troublous vprore were,
 And all men busie to suppress the flame,
 The louing couple neede no reskew feare,
 But leasure had, and liberty to frame
 Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame;
 And Night, the patronesse of loue-stealth fayre,
 Gaue them safeconduct, till to end they came:
 So beene they gone yfere, a wanton payre
 Of louers loosely knit, where list them to repayre.

Soone as the cruell flames yflaked were,
Malbecco seeing, how his losse did lye,
 Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere
 Into huge waues of grieffe and gealofye
 Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye,
 Twixt inward doole and felonous despight,
 He rau'd, he wept, he stamp, he lowd did cry,
 And all the passions, that in man may light,
 Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytiue spright.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieffe,
 And did consume his gall with anguish sore,
 Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
 So ft ll the smart thereof increased more,
 And seemd more grieuous, then it was before:
 At last when sorrow he saw booted nought,
 Ne grieffe might not his loue to him restore,
 He gan deuise, how her he reskew mought,
 Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.

At last resolving, like a Pilgrim pore,
 To search her forth, where so she might be found,
 And bearing with him treasure in close store,
 The rest he leaues in ground: So takes in hand
 To seeke her endlong, both by sea and lond.
 Long he her sought, he sought her far and nere,
 And euery where that he mote vnderstond,
 Ot knights and ladies any meetings were,
 And of eachone he mett, he tidings did inquer.

But all in vaine, his woman was too wise,
 Euer to come into his clouch againe,
 And hee too simple euer to surprise
 The iolly *Paridell*, for all his paine.
 One day, as hee forpassed by the plaine
 With weary pace, he far away espide
 A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
 Which houed close vnder a forrest side,
 As if they lay in wait, or els them selues did hide.

Well weened hee, that those the same mote bee,
 And as he better did their shape auize,
 Him seemed more their maner did agree;
 For th'one was armed all in warlike wize,
 Whom, to be *Paridell* he did deuize,
 And th'other a yclad in garments light,
 Discolourd like to womanish disguise,
 He did resemble to his lady bright,
 And euer his faint hart much earned at the sight.

And euer faine he towards them would goe,
 But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
 But stood aloofe, vnweeting what to doe,
 Till that prickt forth with loues extremity,

That

That is the father of fowle gealofy,
 He closely neater crept, the truth to weete:
 But, as he nigher drew, he easily
 Might scerne, that it was not his sweetest sweet,
 Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his theet.

But it was scornefull *Braggadocchio*,
 That with his seruant *Trompart* houerd there,
 Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:
 Whom such whenas *Malbecco* spyed clere,
 He turned backe, and would haue fled arere;
 Till *Trompart* ronning hastely, him did stay,
 And bad before his soueraine Lord appere:
 That was him loth, yet durst he not gaine say,
 And comming him before, low louted on the lay.

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
 As if he could haue kild him with his looke,
 That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
 And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
 That euery member of his body quooke.
 Said he, thou man of nought, what doest thou here,
 Vnfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
 Where I expected one with shield and spere,
 To proue some deeds of armes vpon an equall pere.

The wretched man at his imperious speach,
 Was all abasht, and low prostrating, said:
 Good Sir, let not my rudenes be no breach
 Vnto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
 For I vnwares this way by fortune straid,
 A silly Pilgrim driuen to distresse,
 That seeke a Lady There he suddein staid,
 And did the rest with grienous sighes suppress,
 While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitteresse.

What Lady, man? (said *Trompart*) take good hart,
 And tell thy grieve, if any hidden lye;
 Was neuer better time to shew thy smart,
 Then now, that noble succor is thee by,
 That is the whole worlds commune remedy.
 That chearful word his weak heart much did cheare,
 And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,
 That bold he sayd, O most redoubted Pere,
 Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches case to heare.

Then sighing fore, It is not long (saide hee)
 Sith I enioyd the gentlest Dame aliue;
 Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
 But shame of all, that doe for honor striue,
 By treacherous decept did me deprive;
 Through open outrage he her bore away,
 And with fowle force vnto his will did driue,
 Which al good knights, that armes do bear this day,
 Are bownd for to reuenge, and punish if they may.

And you most noble Lord, that can and dare
 Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
 Cannot employ your most victorious speare
 In better quarell, then defence of right,
 And for a Lady gainst a faithlesse knight,
 So shall your glory bee aduanced much,
 And all faire Ladies magnify your might,
 And eke my selfe, albee I simple such,
 Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guerdon rich.

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
 Great store of treasute, therewith him to tempt;
 But he on it lookt scornefully askew,
 As much disdeigning to be so misdempt,

Or a war-monger to be basely nempt;
 And sayd, thy offers base I greatly loth,
 And eke thy words vncourteous and vnkempt;
 I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
 That, were it not for shame, So turned from him wroth.

But *Trompart*, that his maistres humor knew,
 In lofty looks to hide an humble minde,
 Was inly tickled with that golden vew,
 And in his care him rownded close behinde:
 Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,
 Waiting aduantage on the pray to seafe;
 Till *Trompart* lowly to the grownd inclinde,
 Besought him his great corage to appeafe,
 And pardon simple man, that rash did him displeafe.

Big looking like a doughty Doucepere,
 At last he thus, Thou clod of vilest clay,
 I pardon yield, and that with rudenes beare;
 But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,
 And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,
 I loath as doung, ne deeme my dew reward:
 Fame is my meed, and glory vertuous pray.
 But minds of mortal men are muchell mard,
 And mou'd amisse with massy mucks vnmeet regard.

And more, I graunt to thy great misery
 Gracious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent,
 And that vile knight, who euer that he bee,
 Which hath thy lady rest, and knighthood shent,
 By *Sanglamort* my sword, whose deadly dent
 The blood hath of so many thousands shedd,
 I sweare, ere long shall dearly it repent;
 Ne he twixt heuen and earth shall hide his hedd,
 But soone he shalbe fownd, and shortly doen be dedd.

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous bliith,
 As if the word so spoken, were halfe donne,
 And humbly thanked him a thousand sith,
 That had from death to life him newly wonne.
 Tho forth the Boaster marching, braue begonne
 His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
 As if he heauen and hell would oueronne,
 And all the world confound with cruelty,
 That much *Malbecco* ioyed in his iollity.

Thus long they three together traueiled,
 Through many a wood, and many an vncouth way,
 To seeke his wife, that was far wandered:
 But those two sought nought, but the present pray,
 To weete the treasure, which he did bewray,
 On which their eies and harts were wholly sett,
 With purpose, how they might it best betray,
 For sith the howre, that first he did them lett (whett.
 The same behold, therwith their keene desires were

It fortun'd as they together far'd,
 They spide, where *Paridell* came pricking fast
 Vpon the plaine, the which him selfe prepar'd
 To giust with that braue straunger knight a cast,
 As on aduventure by the way he past:
 Alone he rode without his Paragone;
 For hauing filcht her bells, her vp he cast
 To the wide world, and let her fly alone,
 He nould be clogd. So had he serued many one.

The gentle Lady. loose at randon leste,
 The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
 At wilde aduventure, like a forlorne weste,
 Till on a day the *Satyr* her espide

Straying

Straying along withouten groom or guide;
 Her vp they tooke, and with them home her ledd,
 With them as housewife euer to abide,
 To milk their gotes, and make them cheefe & bredd,
 And eury one as commune good her handeled.

That shortly she *Malbecco* has forgott,
 And eke Sir *Paridell*, all were he deare;
 Who from her went to seeke another lott,
 And now by fortune was arriued here,
 Where those two guilers with *Malbecco* were:
 Soone as the old man saw Sir *Paridell*,
 He fainted, and was almost dead with feare,
 Ne word he had to speake, his grieffe to tell,
 But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well.

And after asked him for *Hellenore*,
 I take no keepe of her (sayd *Paridell*)
 She wonneth in the forrest there before,
 So forth he rode, as his aduenture fell;
 The whiles the Boaster from his loftie self
 Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;
 But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure dwell,
 But went his way; whom when he passed kend,
 He vp remounted light, and after faind to wend.

Perdy nay (said *Malbecco*) shall ye not:
 But let him passe as lightly, as he came:
 For litle good of him is to be got,
 And mickle perill to bee put to shame.
 But let vs goe to seeke my dearest Dame,
 Whom he hath left in yonder forest wyld:
 For of her safety in great doubt I ame,
 Least saluage beastes her person haue despoild:
 Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine haue toyld.

They

They all agree, and forward them adrest:

Ah but (said crafty *Trompart*) weete ye well,
 That yonder in that faithfull wildernesse
 Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
 Dragons, and Minotaures, and fecendes of hell,
 And many wilde woodmen, which robbe & rend
 All traucilers; therefore aduise ye well,
 Before ye enterprise that way to wend:

One may his iourney bring too soone to euill end.

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,

And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,
 Their counsell crau'd, in daunger imminent.
 Said *Trompart*, you that are the most opprest
 With burdein of great treasure, I thinke best
 Here for to stay in safetie behynd;
 My Lord and I will search the wide forest.
 That counsell pleased not *Malbeccoes* mynd;

For he was much afraid, him selfe alone to fynd.

Then is it best (said he) that ye doe leaue

Your treasure here in some security,
 Either fast closed in some hollow greaue,
 Or buried in the ground from ieopardy,
 Till we returne againe in safety:
 As for vs two, least doubt of vs ye haue,
 Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,
 Ne priuy bee vnto your treasures graue.

It pleased: so he did. Then they march forward braue.

Now when amid the thickest woodes they were,

They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,
 And shrieking Hububs them approaching nere,
 Which all the forest did with horroure fill:

That

That dreadfull sound the boisters hart did thrill,
 With such amazment, that in hast he fledd,
 Ne euer looked back for good or ill,
 And after him eke fearefull *Trompart* spedd;
 The old man could not fly, but fell to ground halfdedd.

Yet afterwardec close creeping, as he might,
 He in a bush did hyde his fearefull hedd,
 The iolly *Satyres* full of fresh delight,
 Came dauncing forth, and with them nimble ledd
 Faire *Helenore*, with girlonds all bespredd,
 Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
 She proude of that new honour, which they redd,
 And of their louely fellowship full glade,
 Daunst liuely, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

The silly man that in the thickett lay
 Saw all this goodly sport, and grieued fore,
 Yet durst he not against it doe or say,
 But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
 To see th'vnkindnes of his *Hellenore*.
 All day they daunced with great lusty hedd,
 And with their horned feet the greene gras wore,
 The whiles their Gotes vpon the brouzes fedd.
 Till drouping *Phæbus* gan to hyde his golden hedd.

Tho vp they gan their mery pypes to trusse,
 And all their goodly heardec did gather rownd,
 But euery *Satyre* first did giue a busse
 To *Hellenore*: so busse did abound.
 Now gan the humid vapour shed the grownd.
 With perly deaw, and th'Earthes gloomy shade
 Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin rownd,
 That euery bird and beast awarned made, (uade.
 To throwd themselves, whiles sleepe their fences did in-
 Which

Which when *Malbecco* saw, out of his bush
 Vpon his hands and feete he crept full light,
 And like a Gote emongst the Gotes did rush,
 That through the helpe of his faire hornes on high,
 And misty dampe of misconceyuing night,
 And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,
 He did the better counterfeite aright:
 So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,
 That none of all the *Satyres* him espyde or heard.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,
 Whereas his louely wife emongst them lay,
 Embraced of a *Satyre* rough and rude,
 Who all the night did minde his ioyous play:
 Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
 That all his hart with gealofy did swell;
 But yet that nights ensample did bewray,
 That not for nought his wife them loued so well,
 When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

So closely as he could, he to them crept,
 When wearie of their sport to sleepe they fell,
 And to his wife, that now full soundly slept,
 He whispered in her eare, and did her tell,
 That it was he, which by her side did dwell,
 And therefore prayd her wake, to heare him plaine.
 As one out of a dreame not waked well,
 She turnd her, and returned backe againe:
 Yet her for to awake he did the more constraîne.

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd;
 And then perceiuing, that it was indeed
 Her old *Malbecco*, which did her vpbrayd,
 With looseness of her loue, and loathly deed,

She

She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
 And would haue wakt the *Satyre* by her fyde;
 But he her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
 To saue his life, ne let him be descryde,
 But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

Tho gan he her perswade, to leaue that lewd
 And loathsom life, of God and man abhord,
 And home returne, where all should be renewd
 With perfect peace, and bandes of fresh accord,
 And she receiud againe to bed and bord,
 As if no trespass euer had beene donne:
 But she it all refused at one word,
 And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
 But chose emongst the iolly *Satyres* still to wonne

He wooed her, till day spring he espyde,
 But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,
 Who butted him with hornes on euery syde,
 And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard
 Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.
 Early before the heauens fairest light
 Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,
 The heardees out of their foldes were loosed quight,
 And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

So soone as he the Prison dore did pas,
 Heran as fast, as both his feet could beare,
 And neuer looked, who behind him was,
 Ne scarcely who before: like as a Beare
 That creeping close, amongst the hiues to reare
 An hony combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
 And him assayling, fore his carkas teare,
 That hardly he with life away does fly,
 Ne staves, till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy.

Ne stayd he, till he came vnto the place,
 Where late his treasure he entomb'd had,
 Where when he found it not (for *Trompart* bad
 Had it purloyned for his maister bad:)
 With extreme fury he became quite mad,
 And ran away, ran with him selfe away:
 That who so straungely had him seene bestad,
 With vpstart haire, and staring eyes dismay,
 From Limbo lake him late escap'd fure would say.

High ouer hilles and ouer dales he fledd,
 As if the wind him on his winges had borne,
 Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he spedd
 His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:
 Griefe, and despight, and gealofy, and scorne
 Did all the way him follow hard behynd,
 And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,
 So shamefully forlorne of womankynd;
 That as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mynd.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
 Ne stayd his flight, nor fearefull agony,
 Till that he came vnto a rocky hill,
 Over the sea, suspended dreadfully,
 That liuing creature it would terrify,
 To looke adowne, or vpward to the hight:
 From thence he threw him selfe dispiteously,
 All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
 That seemd no help for him was left in liuing sight.

But through long anguish, and selfe-murdring thought
 He was so wasted and forpined quight,
 That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
 And nothing left, but like an aery Spright,

That

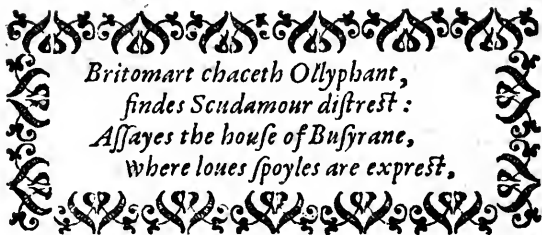
That on the rockes he fell so flit and light,
 That he thereby receiu'd no hurt at all,
 But chanced on a craggy cliff to light;
 Whence he with crooked claws so long did crall,
 That at the last he found a caue with entrance small.

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there
 Resolu'd to build his balefull mansion,
 In dreary darkenes, and continuall feare
 Of that rocks fall, which euer and anon
 Threates with huge ruine him to fall vpon,
 That he dare neuer sleepe, but that one eye
 Still ope he keepes for that occasion;
 Ne euer rests he in tranquillity,
 The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystroufly.

Ne euer is he wont on ought to feed,
 But todes and frogs, his pasture poysonous,
 Which in his cold complexion doe breed
 A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
 Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,
 That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,
 Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,
 Croscuts the liuer with internall smart,
 And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

Yet can he neuer dye, but dying liues,
 And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,
 That death and life attonce vnto him giues.
 And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
 There dwels he euer, miserable swaine,
 Hatefull both to him selfe, and euery wight;
 Where he through priuy grieffe, and horrour vaine,
 Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight
 Forgot he was a man, and *Gelosity* is hight.

Cant. XI.



O Hatefull hellish Snake, what furie furst
Brought thee from balefull house of *Proserpine*,
Where in her bosome she thee long had nursed,
And fostred vp with bitter milke of tine,
Fowle Gealofy, that turnest loue diuine
To ioylesse dread, and mak'st the louing hart
With hatefull thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed it selfe with selfe-consuming smart?
Of all the passions in the mind thou vilest art.

O let him far be banished away,
And in his stead let Loue for euer dwell,
Sweete Loue, that doth his golding wings embay
In blessed Nectar, and pure Pleasures well,
Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.
And ye faire Ladies, that your kingdomes make
In th'harts of men, them gouerne wisely well,
And of faire *Britomart* ensample take,
That was as trew in loue, as Turtle to her make.

Who with Sir *Satyrane*, as earst ye red,
Forth ryding from *Malbeccoes* hostlesse hous,
Far off aspyde a young man, the which fled
From an huge *Geaunt*, that with hideous

And

And hatefull outrage long him chased thus;
 It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother deare
 Of that *Argante* vile and vitious,
 From whom the *Squyre of Dames* was rest whylere;
 This all as bad as she, and worse, if worse ought were.

For as the sister did in feminine
 And filthy lust exceede all woman kinde,
 So he surpassed his sex masculine,
 In beastly vse all, that I euer finde:
 Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behinde
 The fearefull boy so greedily poursew,
 She was emmoued in her noble minde,
 T'employ her puissaunce to his reskew,
 And pricked fiercely forward, where she did him vew.

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behinde,
 But with like fiercenesse did ensew the chace:
 Whom when the *Gyaunt* saw, he soone resinde
 His former suit, and from them fled apace;
 They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
 And each did striue the other to outgoe;
 But he them both outran a wondrous space,
 For he was long, and swift as any Roe,
 And now made better speed, t'escape his feared foe.

It was not *Satyrane*, whom he did feare,
 But *Britomart* the flowre of chastity;
 For he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
 But alwayes did their dread encounter fly:
 And now so fast his feet he did apply,
 That he has gotten to a Forrest neare,
 Where he is shrowded in security.
 The wood they enter, and search euerie where,
 They searched diuersely, so both diuided were.

Fayre Britomart so long him followed,
 That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
 By which there lay a knight all wallowed
 Vpon the grassy ground, and by him neare
 His haberieon, his helmer, and his speare;
 A little of his shield was rudely throwne,
 On which the winged boy in colours cleare
 Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,
 And he thereby, where euer it in field was showne.

His face vpon the grownd did groueling ly,
 As if he had beene slombring in the shade,
 That the braue Mayd would not for courtesy,
 Out of his quiet slomber him abraide,
 Nor seeme too suddainly him to inuade:
 Still as she stood, she heard with grieuous throb
 Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
 And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
 That pittie did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
 He sayd, O souerayne Lord that sit'st on hye,
 And raignt in blis emongst thy blessed Saintes,
 How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty,
 So long vnwreaked of thine enemy?
 Or hast, thou Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
 Or doth thy iustice sleepe, and silent ly?
 What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
 If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnes no need?

If good find grace, and righteousnes reward,
 Why then is *Amoret* in caytiue band,
 Sith that more bounteous creature neuer far'd
 On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?

Or if that heuently iustice may withstand
 The wrongfull outrage of vnrighteous men,
 Why then is *Busirane* with wicked hand
 Suffred, these seuen monethes day in secret den
 My Lady and my loue so cruelly to pen?

My Lady and my loue is cruelly pend
 In dolefull darkenes from the vew of day,
 Whilest deadly torments doe her chaste brest rend,
 And the sharpe Steele doth riue her hair in tway,
 All for the *Scudamore* will not deny.
 Yet thou vile man, vile *Scudamore* art found,
 Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
 Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,
 For whom so faire a Lady feeles so fore a wound.

There an huge heape of singulfes did oppresse
 His strugling soule, and swelling throbs empeach
 His foltring toung with pangs of drierinesse,
 Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
 As if his dayes were come to their last reach.
 Which when she heard, and saw the ghastly fit,
 Threatning into his life to make a breach,
 Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,
 Fearing least from her cage the wearie soule would flit.

Tho stouping downe she him amoued light;
 Who therewith somewhat starting, vp gan looke,
 And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
 Whereas no liuing creature he mistooke,
 With great indignaunce he that sight forsooke,
 And downe againe himselfe disdainefully
 Abiecting, th'earth with his faire forehead strooke:
 Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply
 Fit medicine to his griefe, and spake thus courtesly.

Ah gentle knight, whose deepe conceiued grieffe,
 Well seemes t'exceede the powre of patience,
 Yet if that heuently gracefome good reliefe
 You send, submit you to high prouidence,
 And euer in your noble hart prepenfe,
 That all the sorrow in the world is lesse,
 Then vertues might, and values confidence.
 For who will bide the burden of distresse,
 Must not here thinke to liue: for life is wretchednesse.

Therefore, faire Sir, doe comfort to you take,
 And freely read, what wicked felon so
 Hath outrag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
 Perhaps this hand may helpe to ease your woe,
 And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe,
 At least it faire endeouour will apply.
 Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,
 That vp his head he reared easly,
 And leaning on his elbowe, these few words lett fly.

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redrest,
 And sow vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,
 Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
 Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,
 Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
 For he the tyrant, which her hath in ward
 By strong enchauntments and blacke Magicke leare,
 Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
 And many dreadfull feends hath pointed to her gard.

There he tormenteth her most terribly,
 And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
 Because to yield him loue she doth deny,
 Once to me yold, not to be yoldc againe:

But yet by torture he would her constraîne
 Loue to conceiue in her disdainfull brest;
 Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,
 Ne may by liuing meanes be thence relest:
 What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redrest?

With this sad herfall of his heauy stresse,
 The warlike Damzell was empassiond sore,
 And sayd, Sir knight, your cause is nothing lesse,
 Then is your sorrow, certes if not more;
 For nothing so much pittie doth implore,
 As gentle Ladyes helplesse misery.
 But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
 I will with prooffe of last extremity,
 Deliuer her fro thence, or with her for you dy.

Ah gentlest knight aliue, (sayd *Scudamore*)
 What huge heroicke magnanimity (more,
 Dwells in thy bounteous brest? what couldst thou
 If thee were thine, and thou as now am I?
 O spare thy happy daies, and them apply
 To better boot, but let me die, that ought;
 More is more losse: one is enough to dy,
 Life is not lost, (said she) for which is bought
 Endlesse renown, that more then death is to be sought.

Thus shee at length perswaded him to rise,
 And with her wend, to see what new successe
 Mote him befall vpon new enterprise:
 His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,
 She gathered vp and did about him dresse,
 And his forwardred steed ynto him gott:
 So forth they both yfere make their progresse,
 And march not past the mountenaunce of a shott,
 Till they arriu'd, whereas their purpose they did plott.

There they dismounting, drew their weapons bold
 And stoutly came vnto the Castle gate;
 Whereas no gate they found, them to withhold,
 Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late,
 But in the Porch, that did them sore amate,
 A flaming fire, ymixt with smouldry smoke,
 And stinking Sulphure, that with grieisly hate
 And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
 Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

Greatly thereat was *Britomart* dismayd,
 Ne in that stownd wist, how her selfe to beare;
 For daunger vaine it were, to haue assayd
 That cruell element, which all things feare,
 Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:
 And turning backe to *Scudamour*, thus sayd;
 What monstrous enmity prouoke we heare,
 Foolhardy, as the Earthes children, which made
 Bateill against the Gods? so we a God inuade.

Daunger without discretion to attempt,
 Inglorious and beastlike is: therefore Sir knight,
 Aread what course of you is safest dempt.
 And how we with our foe may come to fight.
 This is (quoth he) the dolorous despight,
 Which earst to you I playnd: for neither may
 This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
 Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away;
 So mighty be th'enchaütments, which the same do stay.

What is there ells, but cease these fruitlesse paines,
 And leaue me to my former languishing?
 Faire *Amorett* must dwell in wicked chaines,
 And *Scudamore* here die with sorrowing.

Perdy not so; (saide shee) for shamefull thing
 Yt were t'abandon noble cheuifauce,
 For shewe of perill, without venturing:
 Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
 Then enterprised praise for dread to disauance.

Therewith resolu'd to proue her vtmost might,
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,
 And her swords point directing forward right,,
 Assayld the flame, the which estefoones gaue place,
 And did it selfe diuide with equall space,
 That through she passed, as a thonder bolt
 Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
 The soring clouds into sad showres ymolt;
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force reuolt,

Whome whenas *Scudamour* saw past the fire,
 Safe and vntoucht, he likewise gan assay,
 With greedy will, and enuious desire,
 And bad the stubborne flames to yield him way:
 But cruell *Mulciber* would not obey
 His threatfull pride, but did the more augment
 His mighty rage, and with imperious sway
 Him forst (maulgre) his fercenes to relent,
 And backe retire, all scorcht and pitifully brent.

With huge impatience he inly swelt,
 More for great sorrow, that he could not pas,
 Then for the burning torment, which he felt,
 That with fell woodnes he effierced was,
 And wilfully him throwing on the gras,
 Did beat and bounse his head and brestful sore;
 The whiles the Championesse now decked has
 The vtmost rowme, and past the formest dore,
 The vtmost rowme, abounding with all precious store.

For round about, the walls yclothed were
 With goodly arras of great maiesty,
 Wouen with gold and silke so close and nere,
 That the rich metall lurked priuily,
 As faining to be hidd from enuious eye;
 Yet here, and there, and euery where vnwares
 It shewd it selfe, and shone vnwillingly;
 Like to a discolour'd Snake, whose hidden snares
 Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht back
 (declares.

And in those Tapets weren fashioned
 Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate,
 And all of loue, and al of lusty-hed,
 As seemed by their semblaunt did entreat;
 And eke all *Cupids* warres they did repeate,
 And cruell battailes, which he whilome fought
 Gainst all the Gods, to make his empire great;
 Besides the huge massacres, which he wrought
 On mighty kings and kefars, into thraldome brought.

Therein was writt, how often thondring *Ioue*
 Had felt the point of his hart percing dart,
 And leauing heauens kingdome, here did roue
 In straunge disguize, to flake his scalding smart,
 Now like a Ram, faire *Helle* to peruart,
 Now like a Bull, *Euroopa* to withdraw:
 Ah, how the fearefull Ladies tender hart
 Did liuely seeme to tremble, when she saw
 The huge seas vnder her t'obay her seruants law.

Soone after that into a golden showre
 Him selfe he chaung'd, faire *Danae* to vew,
 Ant through the roose of her strong brasen towre
 Did raine into her lap an hony dew,

The whiles her foolish garde, that litle knew
 Of such deceit, kept th'yr on dore fast bard,
 And watcht, that none should enter nor issew;
 Vaine was the watch, and bootlesse all the ward,
 Whenas the God to golden hew him selfe transfard.

Then was he turnd into a snowy Swan,
 To win faire *Leda* to his loucly trade:
 O wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man,
 That her in daffadillies sleeping made,
 From scorching heat her daintie limbes to shade:
 Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his fethers wyde,
 And brushing his faire brest, did her inuade;
 Shee slept, yet twixt her eielids closely spyde,
 How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

Then shewd it, how the *Thebane Semelee*
 Deceiud of gealous *Iuno*, did require
 To see him in his souerayne maiestee,
 Armd with his thunderbolts and lightning fire,
 Whens dearely she with death bought her desire.
 But faire *Alcmena* better match did make,
 Ioying his loue in likenes more entire,
 Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
 He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

Twife was he seene in soaring Eagles shape,
 And with wide winges to beat the buxome ayre,
 Once, when he with *Asterie* did scape,
 Againe, when as the *Troiane* boy so fayre
 He snatcht from *Ida* hill, and with him bare:
 Wondrous delight it was, there to behould,
 How the rude Shepheards after him did stare,
 Trembling through feare, lest down he fallen should
 And often to him calling, to take surer hold.

In *Satyres* shape *Antiope* he snatcht:

And like a fire, when he *Aegin'* assayd:

A shepeheard, when *Mnemosyne* he catcht:

And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* mayd. (playd,

Whyles thus on earth great *Ioue* these pageaunts

The winged boy did thrust into his throne,

And scoffing, thus vnto his mother sayd,

Lo now the heuens obey to me alone,

And take me for their *Ioue*, whiles *Ioue* to earth is gone.

And thou, faire *Phæbus*, in thy colours bright

Wast there enwouen, and the sad ditresse,

In which that boy thee plonged, for despight,

That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonnesse,

When she with *Mars* was meynt in ioyfulnesse:

For thy he thrild thee with a leaden dart,

To loue faire *Daphne*, which the loued lesse:

Lesse she thee lou'd, then was thy iust desart,

Yet was thy loue her death, & her death was thy smart.

So louedst thou the lusty *Hyacinth*,

So louedst thou the faire *Coronis* deare:

Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct,

Yet both in flowres doe liue, and loue thee breare,

The one a Paunce, the other a sweet beare:

For griefe whereof, ye mote haue liuely seene

The God himselve rending his golden heare,

And breaking quite his garland euer greene,

With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

Both for those two, and for his owne deare sonne,

The sonne of *Climene* he did repent,

Who bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,

Himselfe in thousand peeces fondly rent,

And

And all the world with flashing fire brent:
 So like, that all the walles did seeme to flame.
 Yet cruell *Cupid*, not herewith content,
 Forst him estfoones to follow other game,
 And loue a Shephards daughter for his dearest Dame.

He loued *Ise* for his dearest Dame,
 And for her sake her cattell fedd a while,
 And for her sake a cowheard vile became,
 The seruant of *Admetus* cowheard vile,
 Whiles that from heauen he suffered exile.
 Long were to tell his other louely fitt,
 Now like a Lyon, hunting after spoile,
 Now like a Hag, now like a faulcon flit:
 All which in that faire arras was most liuely writ.

Next vnto him was *Neptune* pictured,
 In his diuine resemblance wondrous lyke:
 His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
 Dropped with brackish deaw; his threeforkt Pyke
 He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke
 The raging billowes, that on euery syde
 They trembling stood, and made a long broad dyke,
 That his swift charret might haue passage wyde,
 Which foure great *Hippodames* did draw in temewise
 (tyde:

His feahorses did seeme to snort amayne,
 And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame,
 That made the sparckling waues to smoke agayne,
 And flame with gold, but the white fomy creame,
 Did shine with siluer, and shoot forth his beame.
 The God himselfe did pensiue seeme and sad,
 And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
 For priuy loue his brest empierced had,
 Ne ought but deare *Bisaltis* ay could make him glad.

He

Heloued eke *Iphimedia* deare,
 And *Aeolus* faire daughter *Arne* hight,
 For whom he turnd him selfe into a Steare;
 And fedd on fodder, to beguile her sight.
 Also to win *Deucalions* daughter bright,
 He turnd him selfe into a Dolphin fayre;
 And like a winged horse he tooke his flight,
 To snaky-locke *Medusa* to repayre,
 On whom he got faire *Pegasus*, that flitteth in the ayre,

Next *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,
 That fullein *Saturne* euer weend to loue?
 Yet loue is fullein, and *Saturnlike* scene,
 As he did for *Erigone* it proue.
 That to a *Centaure* did him selfe transmoue.
 So prou'd it eke that gracious God of wine,
 When for to compasse *Philliras* hard loue,
 He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
 And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
 And gentie pangues, with which he mak'd meeke
 The mightie *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes:
 How oft for *Venus*, and how often eek
 For many other Nymphes he sore did shreek,
 With womanish teares, and with vnwarlike smarts,
 Priuily moystening his horrid cheeke.
 There was he painted full of burning dartes, (partes.
 And many wide woundes launched through his inner

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the Elfe)
 His owne deare mother, (ah why should he so?)
 Ne did he spare sometime to picke himselfe,
 That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,
 Which

Which he had wrought to many others moe.
 But to declare the mournfull Tragedyes,
 And spoiles, wherewith he all the ground did strow,
 More eath to number, with how many eyes
 High heuen beholdes sad louers nightly theeueryes.

Kings Queenes, Lords Ladies, knights & Damsels gent
 Were heap'd together with the vulgar sort,
 And mingled with the raskall rablement,
 Without respect of person or of port,
 To shew Dan *Cupids* powre and great effort:
 And round about a border was entrayld,
 Of broken bowes and arrowes shiuered short,
 And a long bloody riuer through them rayld,
 So liuely and so like, that liuing sence it fayld.

And at the vpper end of that faire rowme,
 There was an Altar built of pretious stone,
 Of passing valew, and of great renowme,
 On which there stood an Image all alone,
 Of massy gold, which with his owne light shone;
 And winges it had with sondry colours dight,
 More sondry colours, then the proud *Paoune*
 Beares in his boasted fan, or *Iris* bright, (bright.
 When her discoloured bow she spread through heuen

Blyndfold he was, and in his cruell fist
 A mortall bow and arrowes keene did hold,
 With which he shot at randon, when him list,
 Some headed with sad lead, some with pure gold;
 (Ah man beware, how thou those dartes behold)
 A wounded Dragon vnder him did ly,
 Whose hideous taylor his left foot did enfold,
 And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
 That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

And

And vnderneath his feet was written thus,
Vnto the Victor of the Gods this bee:
 And all the people in that ample hous
 Did to that image bowe their humble knee,
 And oft committed fowle Idolatree.
 That wondrous sight faire *Britomart* amazd,
 Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
 But euermore and more vpon it gazd,
 The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile senses dazd.

Tho as the backward cast her busie eye,
 To search each secrete of that goodly sted
 Ouer the dore thus written she did spye
Bee bold: she oft and oft it ouer-red
 Yet could not find what sence it figured:
 But what so were therein, or writ or ment,
 She was no whit thereby discouraged,
 From prosecuting of her first intent,
 But forward with bold steps into the next roome went.

Much fayrer, then the former, was that roome,
 And richlier by many partes arayd:
 For not with arras made in painefull loome,
 But with pure gold it all was ouerlayd, (playd,
 Wrought with wilde Antickes, which their follies
 In the rich metall, as they liuing were:
 A thousand monstrous formes therein were made,
 Such as false loue doth oft vpon him weare,
 For loue in thousand mōstrous formes doth oft appeare.

And all about, the gliftring walles were hong
 With warlike spoiles, and with victorious prayes,
 Of mightie Conquerours and Captaines strong,
 Which were whilome captiued in their dayes,

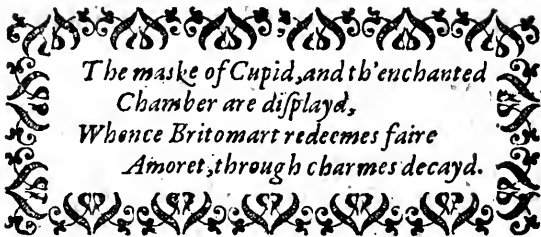
To cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:
 Their swerds & speres were broke, & hauberques rent
 And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes,
 Troden in dust with fury insolent,
 To shew the victors might and mercilesse intent.

The warlike Mayd beholding earnestly
 The goodly ordinaunce of this rich Place,
 Did greatly wonder, ne could satisfy
 Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space,
 But more she meruaild that no footings trace,
 Nor wight appear'd, but wastefull emptinesse,
 And solemne silence ouer all that place:
 Strange thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
 So rich purueyaunce, ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

And as she lookt about, she did behold,
 How ouer that same dore was likewise writ,
Be bolde, be bolde, and euery where *Be bold*,
 That much she muz'd, yet could not construe it
 By any ridling skill, or commune wit.
 At last she spyde at that rowmes vpper end,
 Another yron dore, on which was writ,
Be not too bold; whereto though she did bend
 Her earnest minde, yet wist not what it might intend.

Thus she there wayted vntill euentyde,
 Yet liuing creature none she saw appeare:
 And now, sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
 From mortall yew, and wrap in darkenes dreare;
 Yet nould she d'off her weary armes, for feare
 Of secret daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
 Her heauy eyes with natures burdein deare,
 But drew her selfe aside in sickernesse,
 And her welpointed wepons did about her dresse.

Cant. XII.



THo when as chearelesse Night ycouered had
Fayre heauen with an vniuersall clowd,
That euery wight dismayd with darkenes sad,
In silence and in sleepe themselues did shrowd,
She heard a shrilling Trompet sound alowd,
Signe of nigh battaill, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage prowde,
But rather stird to cruell enmity,
Expecting euer, when some foe she might descry.

With that, an hideous storme of winde arose,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earthquake, as if it streight would lose
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt;
A direfull stench of smoke and sulphure mixt
Ensewd, whose noyaunce fld the fearefull sted,
From the fourth howre of night vntill the sixt;
Yet the bold *Britonesse* was nought ydred,
Though much emmou'd, but stedfast still perseuered.

All suddainly a stormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the house, that clapped euery dore,
With which that yron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty leuers had bene tore:

And

And forth yffewd, as on the readie flore
 Of some Theatre, a graue personage,
 That in his hand a braunch of laurell bore,
 With comely haueour and count'nance sage,
 Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

Proceeding to the midst, he stil did stand,
 As if in minde he somewhat had to say,
 And to the vulgare beckning with his hand,
 In signe of silence, as to heare a play,
 By liuely actions he gan bewray
 Some argument of matter passioned;
 Which doen, he backe retyred soft away,
 And passing by, his name discovered,
Ease, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

The noble Mayd, still standing all this vewd,
 And merueild at his straunge intendiment;
 With that a ioyous fellowship issewd
 Of Minstrales, making goodly meriment,
 With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent,
 All which together song full chearefully
 A lay of loues delight, with sweet concert:
 After whom marcht a iolly company,
 In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

The whiles a most delitious harmony,
 In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to sound,
 That the rare sweetnesse of the melody
 The feeble senses wholly did confound,
 And the frayle soule in deepe delight nigh drownd:
 And when it ceast, thrill trompets lowd did bray,
 That their report did far away rebound;
 And when they ceast, it gan againe to play,
 The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim aray.

The first was *Fansy*, like a louely Boy,
 Of rare aspect, and beautie without peare,
 Matchable ether to that ympe of *Troy*,
 Whom *Ioue* did loue, and chose his cup to beare,
 Or that same daintie lad, which was so deare
 To great *Alcides*, that when as he dyde,
 He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
 And euery word, and euery valley wyde
 He filld with *Hylas* name; the Nymphes eke *Hylas* cryde.

His garment nether was of silke nor say,
 But paynted plumes, in goodly order dight,
 Like as the sunburnt *Indians* do aray
 Their tawney bodies, in their proudest plight:
 As those same plumes, so seemd he vaine and light,
 That by his gate might easily appeare;
 For still he far'd as dauncing in delight,
 And in his hand a windy fan did beate,
 That in the ydle ayre he mou'd still here and there.

And him beside marcht amorous *Desyre*,
 Who seemd of ryper yeares, then th'other *Swayne*,
 Yet was that others swayne this elders syre,
 And gaue him being, commune to them twayne:
 His garment was disguysed very vayne,
 And his embrodered Bonet sat awry;
 Twixt both his hands few sparks he close did strayne,
 Which still he blew, and kindled busily,
 That soone they life conceiu'd, and forth in flames did
 (fly.

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
 In a discolour'd cote, of straunge disguyse,
 That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
 And sleeues dependaunt *Albanese*-wyse:

He

He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
 And nycely trode, as thornes lay in his way
 Or that the flore to shrinke he did auyse
 And on a broken reed he still did stay, (lay.
 His feeble steps, which shrinck, when hard thereon he

With him went *Daunger*, cloth'd in ragged weed,
 Made of Beares skin, that him more dreadfull made,
 Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
 Straunge horrour, to deforme his grievely shade,
 A net in th'one hand, and a rusty blade
 In th'other was; this Mischiefe, that mishap;
 With th'one his foes he threatned to inuade,
 With th'other he his friends ment to enwrap:
 For whom he could not kill, he practizd to entrap.

Next him was *Fear*, all arm'd from top to toe,
 Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
 But feard each shadow mouing too or froe,
 And his owne armes when glittering he did spy,
 Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly,
 As ashes pale of hew, and winged heeld;
 And euermore on daunger fixt his eye,
 Gainst whom he alwayes bent a brasen shield,
 Which his right hand vnarmed fearefully did wield.

With him went *Hope* in rancke, a handsome Mayd,
 Of chearefull looke and louely to behold;
 In silken samite she was light arayd,
 And her fayre lockes were wouen vp in gold;
 She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
 An holy water Sprinckle, dipt in dewe,
 With which she sprinckled fauours manifold,
 On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe,
 Great liking vnto many, but true loue to feowe.

And after them *Dissemblance*, and *Suspect*
 Marcht in one rancke, yet an vnequall paire:
 For she was gentle, and of milde aspect,
 Courteous to all, and seeming debonaire,
 Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:
 Yet was that all but paynted, and pourloynd, (haire:
 And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
 Her deeds were forged, and her words false coynd,
 And alwaies in her hand two clewes of silke she twynd.

But he was fowle, ill fauoured, and grim,
 Vnder his eie browes looking still askaunce;
 And euer as *Dissemblance* laughd on him,
 He lowrd on her with daungerous eyeglaunce;
 Shewing his nature in his countenaunce;
 His rolling eies did neuer rest in place,
 But walkte each where, for feare of hid mischaunce,
 Holding a lattis still before his face,
 Through which he stil did peep, as forward he did pace.

Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;
Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
 Downe hanging his dull head, with heauy chere,
 Yet inly being more, then seeming sad:
 A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
 With which he pinched people to the hart,
 That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,
 In wilfull languor and consuming smart,
 Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

But *Fury* was full ill appareiled,
 In rags, that naked nigh she did appeare,
 With ghastly looks and dreadfull drierihed;
 For from her backe her garments she did tear,

And

And from her head ofte rent her snarled heare:
 In her right hand a firebrand shee did tosse
 About her head, still roming here and there;
 As a dismayed Deare in chace embost,
 Forgetfull of his safety, hath his right way lost.

After them went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance*,
 He looking lompish and full fullein sad,
 And hanging downe his heauy countenance;
 She cheartfull fresh and full of ioyauce glad,
 As if no sorrow she ne felt ne dread;
 That euill matched paire they seemd to bee:
 An angry Waspe th'one in a viall had
 Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee,
 Thus marched these six couples forth in faire degree

After all these there marcht a most faire Dame,
 Led of two gryfic villeins, th'one *Despight*,
 The other deped *Cruelty* by name:
 She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
 Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
 Had Deathes owne ymage figurd in her face,
 Full of sad signes, fearfull to liuing sight,
 Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
 And with her feeble fecte did moue a comely pace.

Her brest all naked, as nett ynory,
 Without adorne of gold or siluer bright,
 Wherewith the Craftesman wonts it beautify,
 Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,
 And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight)
 Entrenched deep with knyfe accursed keene,
 Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright,
 (The worke of cruell hand) was to be scene,
 That dyde in sanguinered her skin all snowy cleene.

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
 Was drawne forth, and in siluer basin layd,
 Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
 And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd:
 And those two villeins, which her steps vplastayd,
 When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
 And fading vitall powres gan to fade,
 Her forward skill with torture did constraîne,
 And euermore encreased her consuming paine:

Next after her, the winged God him selfe
 Came riding on a Lion rauenuous,
 Taught to obay the menage of that Else,
 That man and beast with powre imperious
 Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
 His blindfold eies he bad a while vnbinde,
 That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
 Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kinde,
 Which scene, he much reioyced in his cruell minde.

Of which ful prowd, him selfe vp rearing hie,
 He looked round about with sterne disdayne;
 And did suruay his goodly company:
 And marshalling the euill ordered trayne,
 With that the darts which his right did straine,
 Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,
 And clapt on hie his coulourd winges twaine,
 That all his many it affraide did make:

Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

Behinde him was *Reproch*, *Repentaunce*, *Shame*,
Reproch the first, *Shame* next, *Repent* behinde:
Repentaunce feeble, forowfull, and lame:
Reproch despightful, carelesse, and vnkinde;

Shame

Shame most ill fauour'd, bestiall, and blinde:
 Shame lowrd, *Repentance* sigh'd, *Reproch* did scould;
Reproch sharpe stings, *Repentance* whips entwinde,
 Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:
 All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

And after them a rude confused rout
 Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
 Emongst them was sterne *Strife*, and *Anger* stout,
 Vnquiet *Care*, and fond *Vnchristyhead*,
 Lewd *Losse of Time*, and *Sorrow* seeming dead,
 Inconstant *Change*, and false *Disloyalty*,
 Consuming *Riotise*, and guilty *Dread*
 Of heauenly vengeance, faint *Infirmity*,
 Vile *Pouerty*, and lastly *Death* with infamy.

There were full many moe like maladies,
 Whose names and natures I note readen well;
 So many moe, as there be phantasies
 In wauering wemens witt, that none can tell,
 Or paines in loue; or punishments in hell;
 All which disguized marcht in masking wise,
 About the chamber by the Damozell,
 And then returned, hauing marched thrise,
 Into the inner rowme, from whence they first did rise.

So soone as they were in, the dore streight way
 Fast locked, driuen with that stormy-blast,
 Which first it opened; nothing did remayne.
 Then the braue Maid, which al this while was plast,
 In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
 Issued forth, and went vnto the dore,
 To enter in, but fownd it locked fast:
 It vaine she thought with rigorous vprorc
 For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

Where

Where force might not auail, their sleights and art
 She cast to vse, both fitt for hard empirie;
 For thy from that same rowme not to depart
 Till morrow next, shee did her selfe auize,
 When that same Maske againe should forth arize.
 The morrowe next appeared with ioyous cheare,
 Calling men to their daily ezercize,
 Then she, as morrow fresh, her selfe did reare
 Out of her secret stand, that day for to outweare.

All that day she outwore in wandering,
 And gazing on that Chambers ornament,
 Till that againe the second euening
 Her couered with her sable vestiment,
 Wherewith the worlds faire beautie she hath blent:
 Then when the second watch was almost past,
 That brasen dore flew open, and in went
 Bold *Britomart*, as she had late forecast,
 Nether of ydle shewes, nor of false charmes aghast.

So soone as she was entred, rownd about
 Shee cast her eies, to see what was become
 Of all those persons, which she saw without:
 But lo, they streight were vanisht all and some,
 Ne liuing wight she saw in all that roome,
 Saue that same woefull Lady, both whose hands
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
 And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands,
 Vnto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

And her before the vile Enchaunter sate,
 Figuring straunge characters of his art,
 With liuing blood he those characters wrate,
 Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,

Seeming

Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart,
 And all perforce to make her him to loue.
 Ah who can loue the worker of her smart?
 A thousand charmes he formerly did proue; (moue.
 Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart re-

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
 His wicked bookes in hast he ouerthrew,
 Not caring his long labours to deface,
 And fiercely running to that Lady trew,
 A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew,
 The which he thought, for villeinous despight,
 In her tormented bodie to embrew:
 But the stout Damzell to him leaping light,
 His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
 The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
 And turning to the next his fell intent,
 Vnwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
 That litle drops empurpled her faire breast.
 Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
 Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
 And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
 To giue him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
 He fell halfe dead; next stroke him should haue slaine,
 Had not the Lady, which by him stood bound,
 DERNLY vnto him called to abstaine,
 From doing him to dy. For else her paine
 Should be remediless, sith none but hee,
 Which wrought it, could the same recure againe.
 Therewith she stayd her hand, loth stayd to bee;
 For life she him enuyde, and long'd reuenge to see.

And

And to him said, Thou wicked man, whose meed
 For so huge mischiefe, and vile villany
 Is death, or if that ought doe death exceed,
 Be sure, that nought may saue thee from to dy,
 But if that thou this Dame doe presently
 Restore vnto her health, and former state;
 This doe and liue, els dye vndoubtedly.
 He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
 Did yield him selfe right willing to prolong his date.

And rising vp, gan streight to ouerlook
 Those cursed leaues, his charmes back to reuerse;
 Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke
 He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
 That horror gan the virgins hart to perse,
 And her faire locks vp stared stiffe on end,
 Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse;
 And all the while he red, she did extend
 Her sword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

Anon she gan perceiue the house to quake,
 And all the dores to rattle round about,
 Yet all that did not her dismaied make,
 Nor slack her threatfull hand for daungers dout,
 But still with stedfast eye and courage stout,
 Abode to weet, what end would come of all.
 At last that mightie chaine, which round about
 Her tender waste was wound, adowne gan fall,
 And that great brazen pillour broke in peeces small.

The cruell steele, which thrid her dying hart,
 Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord,
 And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
 Her bleeding brest, and riuen bowels gor'd,

Was closed vp, as it had not beene for'd,
 And euery part to safety full sownd,
 As she were neuer hurt, was soone restor'd:
 Tho when she felt her selfe to be vnbownd,
 And perfect hole, prostrate she fell vnto the grownd,

Before faire *Britomart*, she fell prostrate,
 Saying, Ah noble knight, what worthy meede
 Can wretched Lady, quitt from wofull state,
 Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed;
 Your vertue selfe her owne reward shall breed,
 Euen immortall prayse, and glory wyde
 Which I your vassall, by your prowesse freed,
 Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
 And goodly well aduance that goodly well was tryde.

But *Britomart* vprearing her from grownd,
 Said, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene
 For many labours more, then I haue found,
 This, that in safetie now I haue you seene,
 And meane of your deliuerance haue beene:
 Henceforth faire Lad comfort to you take,
 And put away remembraunce of late teene;
 In sted thereof know, that your louing Make,
 Hath no lesse grieffe endured for your gentle sake.

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
 Whom of all liuing wightes she loued best.
 Then laid the noble Championesse strong hond
 Vpon th'enchauter, which had her distrest
 So sore, and with foule outrages opprest:
 With that great chaine, wherewith not longygoe
 He bound that pitteous Lady prisoner, now relest,
 Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
 And captiue with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

Returning back, those goodly rowmes, which erst
 He saw so rich and royally arayd,
 Now vanisht vtterly, and cleane subuerst
 He found, and all their glory quite decayd,
 That sight of such a chaunge him much dismayd.
 Thenceforth descending to that perlous Porch,
 Those dreadfull flames she also found delayd,
 And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,
 That erst all entlers wont so cruelly to scorch.

At last she came vnto the place, where late
 She left Sir *Scudamour* in great distresse,
 Twixt dolour and despight halfe desperate,
 Of his loues succour, of his owne redresse,
 And of the hardie *Britomarts* successe:
 There on the cold earth him now thrown she found,
 In wilfull anguish, and dead heauinesse,
 And to him cald; whose voices knowen sound
 Soone as he heard, himself he reared light from ground.

There did he see, that most on earth him ioyd,
 His dearest loue, the comfort of his dayes,
 Whose too long absence him had sore annoyd,
 And wearied his life with dull delays:
 Straight he vpstart from the loathed layes,
 And to her ran with hasty egernesse,
 Like as a Deare, that greedily embayes
 In the coole soile, after long thirstinesse,
 Which he in chace endured hath, now nigh breathlesse.

Lightly he clipt her twixt his armes twaine,
 And streightly did embrace her body bright,
 Her body, late the prison of sad paine,
 Now the sweet lodge of loue and deare delight:

But she faire Lady ouercommen quight
 Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt,
 And in sweete rauishment pourd out her spright:
 No word they spake, nor earthly thing they felt,
 But like two senceles stocks in long embracemēt dwelt.

Had ye them seene, ye would haue surely thought,
 That they had beene that faire *Hermaphrodite*,
 Which that rich *Romane* of white marble wrought,
 And in his costly Bath cauld to bee site:
 So seemd those two, as growne together quite,
 That *Britomart* halfe enuying their blesse,
 Was much empassiōd in her gentle sprite,
 And to her selfe oft wisht like happinesse,
 In vaine she wisht, that fate n'ould let her yet possesse.

Thus doe those louers with sweet counteruayle,
 Each other of loues bitter fruit despoile.
 But now my teme begins to faint and fayle,
 All woxen weary of their iournall toyle:
 Therefore I will their sweatie yokes assoyle
 At this same furrowes end, till a new day:
 And ye faire Swayns, after your long turmoyle,
 Now cease your worke, and at your pleasure play;
 Now cease your worke; to morrow is an holy day.

F I N I S.

