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FAERIE QUEENE.

A NEW EDITION

WITH A

GLOSSARY,

And NOTES explanatory and critical

BY

JOHN UPTON

Prebendary of Rochester and Rector of Great Riffington
in Gloucestershire.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME the FIRST.

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T O

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY TALBOT

THIS EDITION of SPENSER'S

FAERIE QUEENE

IS DEDICATED

As a Testimony of GRATITUDE,

B Y

Her LADYSHIP'S

Most obliged and dutiful Servant

JOHN UPTON.

P R E F A C E.

AS every original work, whether of the poet, philosopher, or historian, represents, mirrour-like, the sentiments, ideas and opinions, of the writer; so the knowledge of what relates to the life, family, and friendships of such an author, must in many instances illustrate his writings; and his writings again reflect the image of the inward man. What wonder therefore, if our curiosity is excited to get some kind of intimacy with those, whom from their writings we cannot but esteem, and that we listen to every tale told of them with any degree of probability, or even suffer ourselves to be imposed on by invented stories? We have several traditionary tales of very uncertain authority recorded of ancient authors; because commentators and critics, knowing the inquisitive dispositions of the readers, and oftentimes not furnished with true materials, set their inventions to work to impose with mere conjectures. But while they are thus inventing, they often forget to attemper their tales with proper time and circumstances; and consequently the ill-supported story falls to the ground; and if not well invented is soon despised. There are various sorts of traditionary tales told of Spenser; some of which want chronology to support them, and others, better supported, have gain'd credit. The following is one of those ill-timed stories handed down to us, first mentioned, I believe, by the editor of his works in Folio, anno 1679. "Mr. Sidney (afterwards Sir Philip) then in full glory at Court was the person, "to whom Spenser designed the first discovery of himself; and
" to

“ to that purpose took an occasion to go one morning to Lei-
 “ cester-house, furnisht only with a modest confidence, and the
 “ IXth canto of the 1st Book of his Fairy Queen. He waited
 “ not long e’re he found the lucky season for an address of the
 “ paper to his hand; who having read the XXVIIIth stanza of
 “ Despair (with some signs in his countenance of being much
 “ affected and surpriz’d with what he had read) turns suddenly
 “ to his servant, and commands him to give the party, that pre-
 “ sented the verses to him 50 pounds; the steward stood speech-
 “ less, and unready, till his master, having past over another
 “ stanza, bad him give him a hundred pounds; the servant some-
 “ thing stagger’d at the humour his master was in, mutter’d to
 “ this purpose, That by the semblance of the man that brought
 “ the paper, five pounds would be a proper reward; but Mr.
 “ Sidney having read the following stanza commands him to
 “ give him 200 pounds, and that very speedily, least advancing
 “ his reward proportionably to the height of his pleasure in read-
 “ ing, he should hold himself obliged to give him more than he
 “ had: Withal he sent an invitation to the poet, to see him at
 “ those hours, in which he would be most at leisure. After this
 “ Mr. Spenser by degrees so far gained upon him, that he be-
 “ came not only his patron, but his friend too; entred him at
 “ Court, and obtained of the Queen the grant of a pension to
 “ him as Poet Laureat: But in this his fate was unkind; for it
 “ prov’d only a *poetical grant*; the payment after a very short
 “ time being stopt by a great councillour, who studied more
 “ the Queen’s profit than her diversion, and told her ’twas be-
 “ yond example to give so great a pension to a ballad-maker.”
 This story is deficient in point of Chronology, otherwise not ill-
 invented, because ’tis plain from Spenser’s Pastorals, first pub-
 lished in the year 1579, and from the notes printed with them
 by his friend E. K. (whose name was Kerke, if I guess right)
 that he was known to Sir Philip Sidney before the publica-
 tion of them. Hear what Hobbinol says in the Fourth Eclogue.

Colin

*Colin thou kenst the Southern Shepherds boy,
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly dart.*

Hobbinol means Gabriel Harvey, *Colin Spenser*, and the *Southern Shepheard* Sir Philip Sidney. His friend E. K. in his notes says, “It seemeth that Colin pertaineth to some Southern noble-man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent; the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish downs: And before, *As lithe as lasse of Kent.*” Again in the Sixth Eclogue *Hobbinol* thus speaks to *Colin*,

*Then if by me thou list advised be
For sake the soil that so doth thee bewitch----
And to the dales resort, where shepherds ritche
And fruitful flocks been every where to see.*

“This is no poetical fiction (says his friend E. K.) but unfainedly spoken of the poet selfe, who for special occasion of private affairs (as I have been partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, removed out of the North partes, and came into the South, as *Hobbinol* indeed advised him privately.”

What is above mentioned of the Lord Treasurer *Burleigh*'s ungracious treatment of the *Muses*, and the *Muses* friend, is more particularly related by *Dr. Fuller*: And as the story does not carry with it any inconsistencies of time or place, I shall here transcribe it from his *Worthies of England*.

“*Edmond Spenser* born in this city [*London*] was brought up in *Pembroke-Hall* in *Cambridge*, where he became an excellent scholar, but especially most happy in *English* poetry, as his works do declare. In which the many *Chaucerisms* used (for I will not say affected by him) are thought by the ignorant to be blemishes, known by the learned to be beauties to his book; which notwithstanding had been more salable, if more conformed to our modern language. There passeth a story commonly told and believed, that *Spenser* presenting his poems to *Queen Elizabeth*

“ zabeth, ſhe highly affected therewith commanded the Lord
 “ Cecil her Treafurer to give him an hundred pounds; and
 “ when the Treafurer (a good ſteward of the Queen’s money)
 “ alledged that the ſum was too much, *Then give him* (quoth the
 “ Queen) *what is reaſon*; to which the Lord Treafurer conſented;
 “ but was ſo buſied belike about matters of higher concernment,
 “ that Spenſer received no reward. Whereupon he preſented
 “ this petition in a ſmall piece of paper to the Queen in her
 “ progreſs,

*I was promis’d on a time
 To have reaſon for my rhyme;
 From that time unto this ſeaſon,
 I receiv’d nor rhyme nor reaſon.*

“ Hereupon the Queen gave ſtrict order (not without ſome check
 “ to her Treafurer) for the preſent payment of the hundred
 “ pounds ſhe firſt intended unto him.

“ He afterwards went over into Ireland Secretary to the Lord
 “ Gray, Lord Deputy thereof; and though that his office under
 “ his Lord was lucrative, yet got he no eſtate; but ſaith my
 “ author [Cambden] *peculiari poetis fato ſemper cum paupertate
 “ conflictatus eſt*. So that it ſared little better with him, than
 “ with William Xilander the German (a moſt excellent linguist,
 “ antiquary, philoſopher and mathematician) who was ſo poor,
 “ that, as Thuanus ſaith, he was thought *fami non famæ ſcribere*.
 “ Returning into England he was robb’d by the rebels of that
 “ little he had, and dying for grief in great want, *Anno 1598*,
 “ was honourably buried nigh Chaucer in Weſtminſter, where
 “ this diſtich concludeth his Epitaph on his monument,

*Anglica te vivo vixit plauiſitque poeſis,
 Nunc moritura timet te moriente mori.*

“ Nor muſt we forget, that the expence of his funeral and mo-
 “ nument was defrayed at the charge of Robert, firſt Earl of that
 “ name,

“ name, Earl of Effex.” Perhaps it may not be improper here to add Cambden’s Eulogy, who was our poet’s contemporary and acquaintance, and whom he calls in his Poem intitl’d The Ruins of Time,

----*the nourice of antiquitie,*
And lanterne unto late succeeding age.

“ In the year 1598 died William Cecil Lord Burghley, Lord
“ High Treasurer of England. In the same year likewise died
“ Edmund Spenser, a Londoner by birth, and a Scholar also, of
“ the university of Cambridge, born under so favourable an
“ aspect of the Muses, that he surpass’d all the English poets of
“ former times, not excepting Chaucer himself, his fellow Citizen.
“ But by a fate which still follows poets, he always wrestled with
“ poverty, though he had been Secretary to the Lord Grey,
“ Lord Deputy of Ireland. For scarce had he there settled him-
“ self in a retired privacy, and got leisure to write, when he was
“ by the rebels thrown out of his dwelling, plundered of his
“ goods, and returned into England a poor man; where he
“ shortly after died, and was interred at Westminster, near to
“ Chaucer, at the charge of the Earl of Effex; his hearse being
“ attended by poets, and mournful elegies and poems, with the
“ pens that wrote them, thrown into his tomb.”

What I have now to offer is intended to illustrate the Fairy Queen, both in the general plan, considered as an Epic and Moral poem; and likewise in the concealed histories of the times and persons of the poet’s age. ’Tis not my design to enter into any minute inquiry of his other writings; for that shall be kept for a third Volume; which will contain his Pastorals, Sonnets, &c. together with his View of the State of Ireland, and a translation of a Socratic dialogue, entitl’d Axiochus or of Death; which is not taken notice of by any Editor of any part of his works. His Pastorals, like Virgil’s, carry a perpetual allusion to his amorous passion, his friendships, and other circumstances

of his life; and both these, and his other poems, have in them so much of himself interspersed, that they are a kind of memoirs.

----quo fit ut omnis
*Votivá pateat veluti descripta tabellá
 Vita viri.*

Spenser was * born in London, as he says in his Prothalamion,

*At length they all to merry London came;
 To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
 That to me gave this lifes first native source:
 Though from another place I take my name;*

AN HOUSE OF ANCIENT FAME.

This house of ancient fame, hints at his descent from the Spensers of Althorp in Northamptonshire, the head of which illustrious family is the present Duke of Marlborough. To this house of *ancient fame* he likewise claims alliance in Colin Clout's come Home again,

*No lesse praise-worthy are the sisters three,
 The honour of the noble familie
 Of which I meanest boast myself to bee:
 And most, that unto them I am so nie,
 Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis----*

The *three sisters* here celebrated, if I conjecture right, were the daughters of Sir John Spenser, viz. *Elizabeth*, married to the eldest son of Lord Hunsdon: *Anne*, to Henry Lord Compton, and afterwards to Robert Sackville, Esq; son and heir of Thomas

* Perhaps in the year 1552 or 53. For he was matriculated in the University of Cambridge in 1569. He was married in the year 1592 or 93, then forty years old, as he says in his 60th sonnet, and died in the year 1598, *immaturá morte*. See *Kepe's monumenta Westmon.* and Hughes' life of Spenser. The monument now in Westminster Abbey is of no authority. See what is cited below from Fenton.

Lord Buckhurst: And *Alice*, married to Ferdinando son of the Earl of Derby. These *three sisters* are mentioned by our poet in other passages: *Elizabeth* is the Lady to whom he wrote the Sonnet prefixed to the Fairy Queen, addressing it *To the most vertuous and beautiful Lady, The Lady Carew*: and to whom likewise he dedicated his *Muiopotmos*. *Anne* was a widow, when Spenser printed his *Colin Clout's come Home again*; and when likewise he printed the *Fairy Queen*: For perhaps he means by *Amintas*, both in *Colin Clout's come Home again*, and in * the *Fairy Queen*, Henry Lord Compton. She afterwards married Robert Sackville, Esq; eldest son of the Lord Buckhurst; whose verses, as I guess, are marked R. S. and addressed to the author of the *Fairy Queen*: For the Sackvilles were not only patrons of learned men, but learned themselves. *Alice*, who married Ferdinando son of the Earl of Derby, is the Lady to whom he dedicates the *Teares of the Muses*.

Notwithstanding his being thus related to the great and rich, yet his own circumstances seem very moderate; for he was entered only a Servitor or † Sizer of Pembroke-Hall in Cambridge.
Here

* See the note on B. iii. C. 6. St. 45.

† 'Tis said that he stood for a fellowship of Pembroke-Hall in competition with Mr. Lancelot Andrews; and that this disappointment, with others perhaps of like nature, forced him from the College. I have been informed that he took his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1572, and Master of Arts in 1576. That Mr. Lancelot Andrews was B. A. in 1574, M. A. in 1578, and chosen fellow of Pembroke-Hall in 1576. 'Tis probable likewise that the disappointment he met with from the university (like Milton's, on a like occasion) made him lay aside all thoughts of taking orders. Mr. Fenton's account, in his observations on Waller's poems, is well worth considering by those who are exact in these particulars; though I disagree with him in some things, particularly with relation to the time of his acquaintance with Sidney. "The Reverend Mr. Baker of St. John's college in Cambridge (whose universal learning is the least of his many excellent qualities) informs me from the University register, that Edmund Spenser a Sizer [Quadrantarius] of Pembroke-Hall, was matriculated on the 20th of May 1569, took the degree of Bachelor of Arts 1572-3, and proceeded Master of Arts 1576; so that if we allow him to have been in the sixteenth year of his age, at the time of his admission into the college, we may conclude he was born about the year 1553, was introduced to the patronage of Sir Philip Sidney; by the dedication of his *Shepherds Kalendar* Anno

Here he staid 'till he took his master of arts degree, in vain expecting some farther notice to be taken of him: From thence he went into the Northern parts of England, but not with the bitter spirit of

“ *Ætat. 25*; about two years before he was made Secretary to the Lord Grey, on his
 “ being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. That he had at that time begun to
 “ write his *Fairy Queen*, I believe will admit of no dispute: But instead of deplor-
 “ ing the fate of those six books which are supposed to have perish'd, I am intirely
 “ of Mr. Dryden's opinion, that upon Sir Philip's death he was depriv'd both of
 “ means and spirit to accomplish his design. The story of their being lost in his
 “ voyage from Ireland seems to be a fiction copied from the fate of Terence's Co-
 “ medies, which itself has the air of a fiction; at best it was but a hear-say, that
 “ passed the biographers without due examination. But as error can secure itself
 “ best beneath an affected congruity, they were in the right to proportion his la-
 “ bours to his life, and to supply him with six books more than he wrote, after
 “ they had given him above forty years more than nature assign'd him. His epitaph
 “ has been the principal cause of this error; to which the more deference has been
 “ pay'd, upon a supposition that his monument was erected in the reign of Queen
 “ Elizabeth by the unfortunate Earl of Essex: For which opinion I never met with
 “ any surer foundation, than four English verses under the print which is prefixed to
 “ the folio editions of his works. I know that Cambden says in his *History of*
 “ *Queen Elizabeth, Impensis comitis Essexiæ inbumatus*: By which he could only mean
 “ that he was interr'd at that Earl's expence, tho' *inbumatus* by the purest writers of
 “ antiquity always bears a quite opposite signification. But I have lately discover'd
 “ that this monument was set up above thirty years after Spenser's death by Stone,
 “ who was master mason to King Charles the 1st: His diary is now in the possession of
 “ Mr. Vertue, from whence the following article is literally transcribed. *I also mad*
 “ *a monement for Mer. Spenser the poeett and set it up at Westminster for which the Contes*
 “ *of Dorsett payed me 40 £.* This Lady, who was daughter of George Earl of Cum-
 “ berland, about the same time bestow'd a monument on Daniel, the poet and hi-
 “ storian, at Beckington, near Philips Norton in Somersetsshire; upon which there
 “ is an epitaph, which begins like Spenser's: *Here lies expecting the second coming of*
 “ *our Lord and Saviour, &c.* From whence I am inclined to believe that the Lady
 “ recommended the care of procuring both inscriptions to Stone: And if he under-
 “ took to compose them himself, as from the style and spelling we may reasonable
 “ conclude he did, what exactness in the dates could be possibly expected? For
 “ tho' he was perhaps the greatest master of his profession in that age, of which there
 “ needs no other evidence than the banqueting-house at Whitehall, which he built
 “ under the direction of Inigo Jones; yet he hath not left the least traces of litera-
 “ ture to prove him competently qualified to write an epitaph for a poet. Upon
 “ the whole, I think from the calculation I have made, we may justly infer, that
 “ Spenser was at most but 45 years old when he died *Anno Dom. 1598*, at which
 “ age, Cambden, if he was editor of the first collection of Westminster inscriptions,
 “ might say with propriety that he died immaturity. And questionless that article
 “ in which this expression is used *Obiit immaturâ morte*, was intended only to guide
 “ the curious to that part of the Abbey, in which the remains of so famous a person
 “ were

of difappointment. Hear with what filial piety he remembers his Alma Mater, though to him ſhe proved a ſtep-mother, where he is celebrating the river that runs by her;

*Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it*

With many a gentle muſe and many a learned wit.

B. iv. C. II. ſt. 34.

Whether he went into the North, as a viſitant, or as a tutor to ſome young gentlemen, I cannot learn: But 'tis certain that during his reſidence here he fell in love with a lady, whom he celebrates by the name of Roſalinde. His friend E. K. who wrote notes to his Paſtorals, ſays that “Roſalinde is a feigned
“ name, which being well ordered, will bewray the very name
“ of his love and miſtreſs, whom by that name he coloureth.” What he means by *well ordered* is the reducing the letters out of that confuſed ſtate, in which, by way of anagram, they are involved, and placing them in their proper order; for Spenſer is an anagrammatift in many of his names: Thus * Algrind tranſpoſed is Archbiſhop Grindal, Morrell Biſhop Elmer; and Hobbinol, with ſome variation and addition (*εὐφρανίας gratiá*) Gabriel H.

This

“ were depoſited, tho' it has ſince been miſtaken by many for a monumental in-
“ ſcription, for at that time he had no monument erected: Of which the Latin
“ verſes ſubjoined to the proſe article are an acceſſory proof; having been probably
“ ſelected from thoſe that were written by the poets, who attended his funeral, as
“ being the moſt pertinent to inform poſterity that he was buried near Chaucer;
“ which I think is all the merit they can juſtly pretend to, being ſervile imitations
“ of Cardinal Bembo's epitaph on Sannazarius, and the immortal painter of Urbino.
“ Another traditional error in Spenſer's life has been generally received, that he op-
“ poſed Mr. Andrews, afterwards Biſhop of Wincheſter, for a fellowſhip in Pem-
“ broke-Hall, and was foil'd in the conteſt; but Mr. Baker with reaſon believes,
“ that Spenſer at that time had left the Univerſity: At leaſt it is certain that not he,
“ but Dove, was Andrews's rival; to whom tho' he fail'd in the competition, the
“ ſociety allow'd a ſtipend *tanquam ſocius*, to retain him among them: For he was a
“ perſon of great merit, the moſt celebrated pulpit orator of that age, and before
“ he died attained to the mitre.”

* See Ecl. VII.

This skittish female, after misleading him a long while in a lover's, that is a fool's, paradise, at length left him: Some one whom he calls Menalcas had done him ill offices with this proud fair.

*And thou, Menalcas, that by treacherie
Didst underfong my lasse to wexe so light,
Shouldst well be knowne for such thy villanie.* Eclog. VI.

'Tis this same person whom, so like a disappointed lover, he inveighs against in Sonnet LXXXVI.

*Venemous tongue, tipt with vile adders sting,
Of that selfe kind with which the Furies fell
Their snakie heads do combe, from which a spring
Of poyson'd words and spightful speeches well;
Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell
Upon thee fall for thine accursed hire;
That with false forged lies, which thou didst tell,
In my true love did stirre up coales of ire;
The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fire,
And catching hold on thine own wicked hed
Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred.
Shame be thy meed and mischiefe thy reward,
Due to thy selfe, that it for me prepard.*

If the Fairy Queen is a moral allegory with historical allusions to our poets times, one might be apt to think, that in a poem written with so extensive a plan, the cruel Rosalinde is some way or other typically introduced: And methinks I see her plainly characterized in * Mirabella. Perhaps too her expressions were the same that are given to Mirabella, *The free Lady*----
She was born free----And her † pride and insolence is often hinted at in the Sonnets.

While

* See B. vi. C. 6. St. 16, 17. and C. vii. St. 27, &c.

† Compare B. vi. C. 7. St. 29. with Sonnets the Vth and VIth.

While Spenser studied at Cambridge, he found there a friendly and learned genius like himself, whose name was * Gabriel Harvey, covertly represented in his Pastorals under the name of Hobbinol. 'Twas he that introduced Spenser to Sir Philip Sidney, and Sidney recommended him to the Earl of Leicester. 'Tis plain likewise from many passages in his Pastorals, that he often visited at Penshurst in Kent. At this delightful place, with the accomplished Sidney, he studied poetry and philosophy, especially the Platonic, which is interwoven in his poems: Here he wrote his XIth Eclogue, November; and likewise his Xth, October, as I imagine; and having shown to him, *The Shepherds Calendar*, as he calls his pastoral Eclogues, he published them in 1579 with a dedication *To the noble and vertuous gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chivalry, Master Philip Sidney: signing himself Immerito.* Here likewise he plan'd a poem, intitled † *Epithalamion Thamesis*, in imitation and friendly rivalry of Cambden's Bridale of the Isis and Tame; but afterwards, with many alterations, he made it (by way of Epifode) a part of the Fairy Queen. Sidney soon discovered our poet's genius was formed for more sublime subjects; and persuaded him ‡ “for
“trumpets sterne to change his oaten reeds.” And as I have very little doubt myself but that Sir Calidore typically represents the Arcadian Shepherd; so in the VIth Book, Canto X. where Calidore by his abrupt arrival drives away the rural Graces, and all fly the field,

*All save the Shepherd, who for fell despight
Of that displeasure broke his bag-pipe quight,*

The poet seems to allude to Sir Philip Sidney's forcing him to leave his rural retreats for the court, and his rustic for the Epic Muse:

* See concerning him the notes of E. K. on the XIth Eclogue, and likewise Tanner, *Biblioth. Brit. & A. Wood*, Fast. Oxon. pag. 128.

† See Spenser's Letter to Mr. Harvey, and see likewise the note on B. iv. C. 11. St. 8.

‡ See note on the Introduction, B. i. St. 1. pag. 331.

Muse: For Colin Clout, there mentioned, is Spenser. In the Xth Eclogue, entitled October, there are plain hints given of some scheme of an heroic poem; and the hero was to have been the Earl of Leicester,

*Abandon then the base and viler clowne,
Lift up thyselfe out of the lowly dust;
And sing of bloody Mars, of warres, of giusts;
Turn thee to those, that weld the awful crowne,
To doubted [read doughty] knights, whose woundlesse armour
rusts,*

And helmes unbruzed wexen daily browne.

*There may thy Muse display her fluttering wing,
And stretch herself at large from East to West;
Whether thou list in faire Eliza rest;
Or if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advance the Worthy whom she loveth best,
That first the * white beare to the stake did bring.*

This great man patronized our poet; † and in the year 1579, sent him upon some employment into France. But Spenser fell under his displeasure for a while; and to make his peace, and show emblematically that with honest intentions he erred, like Virgil's harmless Gnat, he sent him a hasty translation of that poem, which perhaps he never designed should have been published, with a Sonnet prefixed by way of dedication, beginning thus,

*Wrong'd, yet not daring to expresse my pain,
To you, Great Lord, the causer of my care,
In cloudy teares my case I thus complain
Unto yourself, that only privy are----*

If one may conjecture the occasion of this Great Lord's displeasure, it seems owing to some kind of officious sedulity in Spenser, who

† The Earl of Leicester's cognizance.

* See Spenser's Letter to Mr. Harvey; with a Latin copy of verses written in great haste, and printed full of faults, first in the edition 1679, and afterwards by Hughes.

who much desired to see his patron married to the Queen of England. The historians are full of the Queen's particular attachments to the Earl of Leicester: 'She expressed (says Cambden) such an inclination towards him, that some have imputed her regard to the influence of the Stars.' Melvil says in his Memoirs, that Q. Elizabeth freely 'declared that had she ever designed to have married, her inclinations would have led her to make choice of him for a husband.'

*For onely worthy you, through prowess priefe,
(Yf living man mote worthie be) to be her liefe.*

B. i. C. 9. St. 17.

According to my plan, with respect to the historical allusions in the Fairy Queen, * Prince Arthur means the Earl of Leicester. This favourite Lord died in the year 1588, and two years before, Sir Philip Sidney was slain in the Low-countries; whose death is so feelingly lamented by Spenser in many passages of his poems.

It may seem somewhat strange at first sight, that one of such acknowledged merit could procure from the patronage of his great friends no preferment or place of profit in England. But if it be considered, that Places and Place-men were not quite so numerous in the reign of Q. Elizabeth, as in modern times-----that the Church, in her reign, was the proper place for learned Clerks to seek for preferments---that he had joined himself to the puritanical party, first to Leicester and Sidney, and after their deaths to the Earl of Effex-----that he had abused notoriously † Bishop Elmer, and praised Archbishop Grindal;

* See the notes in pag. 332. and pag. 401.

† His name is variously written, as *Ailemare, Aylmer, Elmer* or *Ælmer*. See *Strype's Life of Bishop Aylmer*: He was made Bishop of London in the year 1576. The Courtiers would never forgive Spenser for his vth and viith Eclogues: in the former, *Morel* is an anagram of Bishop Elmer; says the Glossary to the Edition of 1679. These were *those former writs* that brought him "into a mighty Peer's

Grindal: which was not altogether so well received, neither by the Queen nor her courtiers, nor the Lord Treasurer, to whom he was always in opposition---These reasons well weighed, I think the wonder is, that not only he got no preferment in England, but that he should be able to obtain from the Queen a grant of any of the * forfeited lands in Ireland. Spenser was appointed Secretary to Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, Lord deputy of Ireland in the year 1580, who resigned in the year 1582. This noble Lord is sensibly shown in the character of Arthegal; and Spenser has addressed a Sonnet to him, acknowledging 'his bounty, and the patronage of his Muse's pupillage.' 'Tis probable that through his good offices our poet had the grant above mentioned; which was confirmed to him in the year 1586. But in his Colin Clout's come Home again, he says that it was Sir W. Raleigh (for him he means by the Shepherd of the ocean) that FIRST *enhanced him to the good Graces of Queen Elizabeth*: and mentions the visit that his honoured friend paid him, "as he sat keeping his sheep,

*Under the foot of Mole, that mountain bore,
---amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore.*

He celebrates this river in B. iv. C. xi. St. 41.

And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

"displeasure," as he complains in B. iv. C. 12. St. 41. See note in pag. 657. There is nothing said in the Ruins of Time, nor in the Tears of the Muses; nor even in Mother Hubbard's Tale, that the Lord Treasurer could apply to himself. Beside the first part of his Fairy Queen was printed before any of these poems. However I once thought that Busirane, the Enchanter, glanced obliquely at Burleigh, as Amoret did at the Q. of Scots.

* The Earl of Desmond and his complices had forfeited a vast estate, amounting in all to 574628 acres of land---part of this estate being in Cork was disposed of to Edmund Spenser, viz. 3028 acres: rent *per annum*, 17l. 7s. 6d. Cox's History of Ireland.

He calls it *Mine*, because it ran through his own grounds. Again in B. vii. C. 6. he forgets not its praises in the metamorphosis of Molanna. His house was one of the castles belonging to the Earl of Desmond, and named Kilcolman, situated not far from Doneraile.

I mentioned above his long fruitless pursuit of Rosalinde; who I believe was married when he wrote his *Colin Clouts come Home again*: for he says in the person of Colin ‘*Sith her I may not love.*’ ’Tis very probable that in the year 1588 or 89, he had some thoughts of *a country lass*, as he calls her, * *of low degree*, who had the same name with the Queen and his own Mother; and whom he afterwards courted in earnest, and married on the 11th of June in the year 1592 or 1593 in the † 40th year of his age.

*Ye three Elizabeth's for ever live,
That three such graces did unto me give.* Sonnet 74.

This is “that fair one,” celebrated by Spenser in B. vi. C. 10. St. 15. and whom he calls “the fourth Grace,” in St. 25.

---*She worthy was*

*To be the fourth, with those three other placed:
Yet was she certes but a country lasse,
Yet she all other country lasses farre did passe.*

In the year 1596, he published a new edition, with the addition of three other books of his *Fairy Queen*: and two years after, the Irish rebels making an insurrection under Tyrone, plundered his house, and ruined his whole fortune: This brought him into England; where he soon after died: but how far his disappointments contributed to his death, or of what

* See note on B. iii. C. 7. St. 59.

† See his *Epithalamion*.

*This day the sun is in his chiefest bight
With Barnaby the bright.*

‡ Sonnet 60.

distemper he died, I have no histories to direct me to make any conjectures.

'Tis not my intention in this place to enter into a particular criticism of any of our poet's writings, excepting the Fairy Queen; which poem seems to have been hitherto very little understood; notwithstanding he has opened, in a great measure, his design and plan in a letter to his honoured friend Sir W. R. How readily has every one acquiesced in Dryden's opinion? * *That the action of this poem is not one--- † that there is no uniformity of design; and that he aims at the accomplishment of no action.* It might have been expected that Hughes, who printed Spenser's works, should not have joined so freely in the same censure: and yet he tells us ‡ *that the several books appear rather like so many several poems, than one entire fable: each of them having its peculiar knight, and being independent of the rest.*

Just in the same manner did the critics and commentators formerly abuse old Homer; his Iliad, they said, was nothing else, but a parcel of loose songs and rhapsodies concerning the Trojan war, which he sung at festivals; and these loose ballads were first collected, and || stitched, as it were, together by Pisistratus; being parts without any coherence, or relation to a whole, and unity of design.

As this subject requires a particular, consideration; I desire the reader will attend to the following vindication of Homer and Spenser, as they have both fallen under one common censure.

In every poem there ought to be simplicity and unity; and in the epic poem the unity of the action should never be violated by introducing any ill-joined or heterogeneous parts. This essential rule Spenser seems to me strictly to have followed: for what story can well be shorter, or more simple, than the subject

* Dryden's dedication of the translation of Virgil's Æneid.

† See his dedication of the translation of Juvenal.

‡ In the preface to his edition. || Hence called rhapsodies.

of his poem?---A British Prince sees in a vision the Fairy Queen; he falls in love, and goes in search after this unknown fair; and at length finds her.--- This fable has a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning is, the British Prince saw in a vision the Fairy Queen, and fell in love with her: the middle, his search after her, with the adventures that he underwent: the end, his finding whom he sought.

But here our curiosity is raised, and we want a more circumstantial information of many things.---Who is this British Prince? what adventures did he undergo? who was the Fairy Queen? where, when, and how did he find her? Thus many questions arise, that require many solutions.

The action of this poem has not only simplicity and unity, but it is great and important. The hero is no less than the British Prince, Prince Arthur: (who knows not Prince Arthur?) The time when this hero commenced his adventures is marked very exactly. In the reign of Uther Pendragon, father of Prince Arthur, Octa the son of Hengist, and his kinsman Eosa, thinking themselves not bound by the treaties which they had made with Aurelius Ambrosius, began to raise disturbances, and infest his dominions. This is the historical period of time, which Spenser has chosen.

*Ye see that good King Uther now doth make
Strong warre upon the paynim brethren, hight
Oeta and Oza, whom hee lately brake
Beside Cayr Verolame----*

B. iii. C. 3. St. 52.

Could any epic poet desire a better historical foundation to build his poem on? Hear likewise what he himself says on this subject, “ I chose the history of K. Arthur, as most fit for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former works, and also furthest from the danger of envy and suspicion of present time.” I much question if Virgil’s Æneid is grounded on facts so well supported. Beside a poet is a

Maker;

Maker; nor does he compose a poem for the sake of any one hero, but rather he makes a hero for the sake of his poem: and if he follows fame, whether from the more authentic relation of * old chronicles, or from the legendary tales of old romances, yet still he is at liberty to add, or to diminish: in short, to speak out, he is at liberty to *lie*, as much as he pleases, provided his lies are consistent, and he makes his tale hang well together.

Prince Arthur saw in a vision, and seeing fell in love with the Fairy Queen, just about the time that she held her annual festival, when her knights had their various adventures assigned them. From either of these periods an historian might begin his narration; but a poet must begin from neither: because 'tis his province to carry you at once into the scene of action; and to complicate and perplex his story, in order to shew his art in unravelling it. The poet therefore might have opened his poem either with Prince Arthur, now actually set out on his quest, or with one of the knights sent from the Court of the Fairy Queen: by which means the reader is introduced into the midst of things; taking it for granted, that he either knows, or some way or other will know, all that preceded. 'Tis from the latter of these periods, namely from one of the Fairy knights, who is already rode forth on his adventure, that Spenser opens his poem; and he keeps you in suspense concerning his chief hero, Prince Arthur; 'till 'tis proper to introduce him with suitable pomp and magnificence.

Homer sings the anger of Achilles and its fatal consequences to the Grecians: nor can it be fairly objected to the unity of the Iliad, that when Achilles is removed from the scene of action,

* Our poet follows Jeffry of Monmouth, the British historian; and the old Romance intitled, *The History of Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table*: or *La Mort d' Artbure*, as intitled at the end, and so cited by Ascham in his *School-Master*, pag. 87. who mentions it as a favourite author in his time. See the notes in pag. 656.

you scarcely hear him mentioned in several books : one being taken up with the exploits of Agamemnon, another with Diomed, another again with the successes of Hector. For his extensive plan required his different heroes to be shown in their different characters and attitudes. What therefore you allow to the old Grecian, be not so ungracious as to deny to your own countryman.

Again, 'tis observable that Homer's poem, though he sings the anger of Achilles, is not called the Achilleid, but the Iliad ; because the action was at Troy. So Spenser does not call his poem by the name of his chief hero ; but because his chief hero fought for the Fairy Queen in Fairy Land, and therein performed his various adventures, therefore he intitles his poem *The Fairy Queen*. Hence it appears that the adventures of Prince Arthur are necessarily connected with the adventures of the knights of Fairy Land. This young Prince has been kept hitherto in designed ignorance of what relates to his family and real dignity : his education, under old Timon and the magician Merlin, was to prepare him for future glory ; but as yet his virtues have not been called forth into action. The poet therefore by bringing you acquainted with some of the heroes of Fairy Land, at the same time that he is bringing you acquainted with his chief hero, acts agreeably to his extensive plan, without destroying the unity of the action. The only fear is, lest the underplots, and the seemingly adscititious members, should grow too large for the body of the entire action : 'tis requisite therefore that the several incidental intrigues should be unravelled, as we proceed in getting nearer and nearer to the main plot ; and that we at length gain an uninterrupted view at once of the whole. And herein I cannot help admiring the resemblance between the ancient father of poets, and Spenser ; who clearing the way by the solution of intermediate plots and incidents, brings you nearer to his capital piece ; and then shows his hero at large ; and when Achilles once enters the field, the other Greeks are lost.

lost in his splendor, as the stars at the rising of the sun. So when Prince Arthur had been perfected in heroic and moral virtues, and his fame thoroughly known and recognized in Fairy Land; Him we should have seen not only dissolving the enchantment of the witch Duesſa, (an adventure too hard for the single prowess of St. George) but likewise binding in adamantine chains, or delivering over to utter perdition that old wizard Archimago, the common enemy of Fairy Knights, whom no chains as yet could hold: in short, him should we have seen eclipsing all the other heroes, and in the end accompanied with the Fairy Knights making his solemn entry into the presence of Gloriana, the Fairy Queen: and thus his merits would have intitled him to that Glory, which by Magnificence, or Magnanimity, the perfection of all the rest of the virtues, he justly had acquired.

It seems, by some hints given us by the poet, that he intended likewise an Heroic Poem, whose title was to be *King Arthur*; and the chief subject of the poem, the wars of the King and Queen of Fairy Land (now governed by Arthur and Gloriana) against the Paynim King: the chief Captains employed were to be those Fairy Knights, whom already he had brought us acquainted with: and the historical allusions undoubtedly would point, in the allegorical view, at the wars that Q. Elizabeth waged with the K. of Spain; as the Fairy Knights would typically represent her warlike Courtiers. This seems plain from what St. George says to Una's parents, in B. i. C. 12. St. 18.

*I bownden am streight after this emprize---
Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to serve fixe yeares in warlike wize
Gainst that proud Paynim King that works her teene.*

And plainer still from what the poet says in his own person, in B. i. C. 11. St. 7.

*Fayre goddesse, lay that furious fitt alyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing ;
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great Faery Queen and Paynim King.*

Dryden tells us in his preface to the translation of Juvenal, that he had some thoughts of making choice for the subject of an heroic poem, King Arthur's conquests over the Saxons: And hinting at the same design in the preface to his Fables says, " That it was not for this noble knight [meaning Sir R. Blackmore] that he drew the plan of an epic poem on King Arthur." Milton likewise had the same intention, as he intimates in a Latin poem to Manfus.

*Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem ;
Aut dicam invidiæ sociali foedere mensæ
Magnanimos heroas ; et, O modo spiritus adfit,
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.*

We have shown that the action of the Fairy Queen is uniform, great and important ; but 'tis required that the fable should be probable. A story will have probability, if it hangs well together, and is consistent : And provided the tales are speciously told, the probability of them will not be destroyed, though they are tales of wizards or witches, monstrous men and monstrous women ; for who, but downright miscreants, question wonderful tales ? and do you imagine that Homer, Virgil, Spenser, and Milton, ever thought of writing an epic poem for unbelievers and infidels ? But if after all the reader cannot with unsuspecting credulity swallow all these marvellous tales ; what should hinder the poet, but want of art, from so contriving his fable, that more might be meant, than meets the eye or ear ? cannot he say one thing in proper numbers and harmony, and yet secretly intend something else, or (to use a Greek expression) cannot he

make the fable allegorical? Thus Forms and Persons might be introduced, shadowing forth, and emblematically representing the mysteries of physical and moral sciences: Virtue and Truth may appear in their original ideas and lovely forms; and even Vice might be decked out in some kind of dress, resembling beauty and truth; lest if seen without any disguise, she appear too loathsome for mortal eyes to behold her.

It must be confessed that the religion of Greece and Rome was particularly adapted to whatever figurative turn the poet intended to give it; and even philosophers mixed mythology with the gravest subjects of theology. Hesiod's Generation of the Gods, is properly the generation of the world, and a history of natural philosophy: he gives life, energy, and form to all the visible and invisible parts of the universe, and almost to all the powers and faculties of the imagination; in a word his poem is "a continued allegory." When every part therefore of the universe was thought to be under the particular care of a tutelar deity; when not only the sun, moon, and planets, but mountains, rivers, and groves; nay even virtues, vices, accidents, qualities, &c. were the objects of veneration and of religious dread; there was no violation given to public belief, if the poet changed his metaphor, or rather continued it, in an allegory. Hence Homer, instead of saying that Achilles, had not wisdom checked him, would have slain Agamemnon, continues the metaphor; and consistent with his religion, brings Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, down from heaven, on purpose to check the rage of the angry hero. On the same system is founded the well-known fable of Prodicus: and the picture of Cebes is a continued allegory, containing the most interesting truths relating to human life.

As 'tis necessary that the poet should give his work all that variety, which is consistent with its nature and design, so his allegory might be enlarged and varied by his pointing at historical events under concealed names; and while his story is told consistent,

consistent, emblematically and typically, some historical characters and real transactions might be signified. Thus though in one sense you are in Fairy land, yet in another you may be in the British dominions.

And here methinks a fair opportunity offers of laying before the reader, at one view, some of the historical allusions, that lye concealed in this mystical poem. That there are historical allusions in this poem, Spenser himself tells us, “ In that Faery
“ Queene (says he in his letter to Sir W. R.) I mean Glory in
“ my general intention; but in my particular I conceive the
“ most excellent and glorious person of our Soveraine the Queene,
“ and HER KINGDOME in Faery land.” So in his Introduction to the second Book, St. iv.

*Of Faerie lond yet if he more inquire
By certaine signes here set in sundry place,
He may it find—*

*And thou, O fairest princeesse under sky,
In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face;
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique image thy great ancestry.*

So likewise in his Introduction to the third Book, St. 3.

*But, O dredd soveragne,
Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest witt
Cannot your glorious pourtrait figure playne,
That I in colourd showes may shadow itt,
And antique praises unto PRESENT PERSONS fitt.*

This subject I formerly mentioned in a letter to Mr. West, concerning a new edition of Spenser; and from that letter I shall here borrow what is to my present purpose, adding some things and altering others.

What reader is ignorant that kingdoms are often imaged by their arms and ensigns? when therefore I suppose the Lion, Una's defender [see note on B. I. C. 3. St. 9. and on St. 18. and 43.] to be the defender of the faith, our English King, I make no question but this will be as readily allowed me, as when I suppose the Raven, the Danish arms, to stand for the Dane himself.

*Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably
Enjoy the crowne-----
There shall a Raven far from rising sunne
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly.*

B. iii. C. 3. St. 46.

Thus in the Ruines of Time.

*What now is of th' Assyrian Lyonesse,
Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
What of the Persian Beares outrageousnesse,
Whose memory is quite worne out with yeares?
Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought beares
That over-ran the East with greedy powre,
And left his whelps their kingdoms to devoure?*

The Assyrian Lyonesse images the Assyrian and Chaldean empire. Daniel VII. 4. *The first was like a Lion* [the Assyrian and Chaldean empire] *A second like a Bear* [the Persian] *Another like a Leopard* [Alexander K. of Macedon] HIS WHELPS, his captains who divided among themselves the vast empires that he had conquered. From considering arms and ensigns, imaging kingdoms and knights, I found out as I thought the clew, directing me to the allusion of *the Babes bloody hands*: the adventure of the second day, assigned to Sir Guyon. He is called *the bloody-banded babe*, and hence *Ruddymane*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 2. And this will appear from *Spenser's* words in his view of Ireland,

“ The Irish under *Oneal* cry *Launderg-abo*, that is the BLOODY-
“ HAND,

“HAND, which is *Oneals* badge.” The rebellion of the *Oneals* seems to be imaged in this episode: they all drank so deep of the charm and venom of *Acrafsia*, that their blood was *infected with secret filth*. [B. ii. C. 2. St. 4.] The ungovernable tempers of the *Oneals* hurried them into constant insurrections, as may be seen in *Camden’s* account of the rebellion of the Irish *Oneals*. But to make this historical allusion still clearer, I will cite a passage from *Camden* in the life of *Q. Elizabeth. Ann. 1567.* “Thus did *Shan Oneal* come to his bloody end: A man he was who had stained his hands with blood, and dealt in all the pollutions of unchast embraces.-----The children he left by his wife, were *Henry* and *Shan*: but he had several more by *O-donell’s* wife, and others of his mistresses.” His wife *Spenser* has introduced in B. ii. C. 1. St. 35, &c. The *Lion* in B. v. C. 7. St. 16. points out a British king, and particularly the king mentioned in B. iii. C. 3. St. 29. *Mercilla*, who is attended by a *Lion* in B. v. C. 9. St. 33. is *Q. Elizabeth* and the *Lady* brought to the bar, *Mary Q. of Scots*. Her two paramours, faithless *Blandamour* and *Paridell*, are the *Earls of Northumberland* and *Westmorland*. *Blandamour* is plainly the *Earl of Northumberland*, because the poet calls him in B. v. C. 1. St. 35. ‘The Hot-Spurre Youth,’ which was the well-known name of the young *Percy* in the reign of *K. Henry IV.* In some places of his poem he has given us the very names without any disguise; thus he mentions *Sir Bourbon*, B. v. C. 11. St. 52. And *Belge*, B. v. C. 10. St. 6. Somewhat covertly *Irene* is expressed, which in the notes we have supposed to be the same as *Ierne*. *Philip K. of Spain* is often characterized. *Arthegal* is *Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton*. The *Earl of Essex* is imaged in *Sir Guyon*; *Dr. Whitgift*, his sometime tutor, in the reverend *Palmer*. *Sir Satyrane* is *Sir John Perrot*: whose behaviour, though honest, yet was too coarse and rude for a Court: *esse quam videri bonus malebat*. ’Twas well known that he was a son of *Henry the VIIth*; and this is plainly alluded to,

in B. i. C. 6. St. 21, 22. But of all the historical characters here delineated, the most striking seems that of Sir W. R. whom we may trace almost in every adventure of the gentle squire Timias; and whose name [*ὁ τίμιος*] points out Spenser's honoured friend. Unfortunate man to fall under the displeasure of Belphœbe, the Virgin Queen! How could he presume to carry on a criminal amour with any one of her maids of honour?

IS THIS THE FAITH, *she said---and said no more,*
But turn'd her face, and fled away for evermore.

B. iv. C. 7. St. 7.

This Lady he afterwards married: She was a daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton; and it seems to me that her story is shadowed in B. iv. C. 7. where 'Amoret is rapt by greedy Lust,' The calumny and slander that befell her is imaged in St. 23, &c. This same Lady likewise is typically shown in Serena: though he designedly perplexes the story, and makes her beloved by Sir Calepine; as he makes Amoret beloved by Sir Scudamore. If the reader cannot see through these disguises, he will see nothing but the dead letter: Serena is carried to the Hermit's cell together with the gentle Squire, to be healed of their wounds, inflicted on them by the rancorous tooth of Calumny and Scandal. 'Tis not to be supposed that Sir P. Sidney was forgotten; whom I think we may discover in the knight of Courtesy. Perhaps Marinel, who has his name from the Sea, was intended to represent in some particulars the Lord high Admiral, the Lord Howard. I cannot find any other Fairy knight, to whom properly might be applied, what Spenser says in his Sonnet prefixed to this poem:

Thy praises everlasting monument
Is in this verse engraven semblably,
That it may live to all posterity.

By this expression *in this verse engraven semblably* he cannot mean *in this sonnet*; for the word *semblably*, I think, has refer-
 ence

rence to that historical resemblance that these imaginary beings in Fairy land bore to those real heroes of Queen Elizabeth's Court. There are other allusions of a like complicated nature. Belvoir castle (so named from the fair and extensive view of the country all around) seems not obscurely intimated, in B. vi. C. 12. St. 3.

*Unto the * Castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure.*

Allusions of a political nature require still a more delicate touch: and as times and circumstances altered during the first planning of the poem, and the publishing of it, so the poet was obliged in this particular scheme to alter likewise, and to complicate and perplex the allusions. Methinks when I see Braggadochio and his buffoon servant Trompart repulsed by Belphoebe, I cannot help thinking them proper types of the Duke of Anjou and of Simier. Several of these kind of typical allusions are pointed out, particularly in the notes on the fifth book: and these I am persuaded will appear very far-fetched to any one, who pays but little regard to the doctrine of types, symbols, and figurative representations: while others will rather wonder that the subject is not pursued much further. It may reasonably be supposed if Amoret and Florimel in some particulars are the types of Mary Queen of Scots, political reasons might oblige Spenser to abuse her under the character of Duessa in the Fifth Book; which was published some years after the three first books. Amoret was Belphœbe's sister [B. iii. C. 6.] and Queen Elizabeth addressed the Queen of Scots always with the title of Sister. How is it then contrary to the decorum of this poem to suppose, that by the cruel treatment of Amoret by Busirane is meant, not only in the general moral the vile vassalage of Love and Beauty under the tyranny of Lust, but in the

* Spenser uses *Belgarde* as the French *belles regardes*, in B. ii. C. 3. St. 25. B. iii. C. 9. St. 52. See this resemblance pursued farther in the notes, pag. 655 and p. 657, 658.

particular historical allusion, the cruel confinement and persecutions of the Queen of Scots by the direction chiefly of Burleigh? we shall find likewise the historical allusions designedly perplexed, if we look for this persecuted Queen in the persecuted Florimel. See what I have remarked in a note on B. iii. C. 7. St. 27. where I suppose the flight of Florimel imaged from the flight of the Queen of Scots: both of them took refuge in a fisherman's boat: and one was treated as cruelly by her false protector Proteus, as the other by those false *friends* to whom she fled for protection. There are several of these typical and historical allusions (as I said above) pointed out in the notes, and if the reader, with proper knowledge of the history of Queen Elizabeth's reign, delights in such mysterious researches, he may easily, with these hints given, pursue them further:

--- ne let him then admire,
But yield his sense to bee too blunt and base,
That note without an bound sine footing trace.

Introd. B. ii. St. 4.

But to proceed. Whatever ideas and conceptions the poet has, whether sublime, or pathetic, or whether relative to humour, or to ordinary life and manners; these he can convey only by the medium of words. 'Tis necessary therefore that the poet's diction and expressions should have a kind of correspondency to his ideas: and as the painter represents objects by colours, so should the poet, by raising images and visions in the mind of the reader: he should know likewise how to charm the ear by the harmony of verse, as the musician by musical notes. Were I to allow in the last of these excellencies, namely, in the power and harmony of numbers, the preference to Homer, Virgil, and Milton; yet our poet stands unrivalled in the visionary art of bringing objects before your eyes, and making you a spectator of his imaginary representations.

I have

I have often observed a great resemblance between Spenser and Homer, not only in the justness of their descriptions and images, but likewise in their diction, expressions, and construction. Homer's language is not a confusion of many dialects: 'tis the old Ionian language, as written in Homer's age: this was the ground-work: but he introduced many terminations, and many an antiquated word and spelling from the old Ionian, not then in vulgar use. The grammarians not seeing this, have in some particulars imagined that the poet shortened several words by abbreviating them *, whereas they were the old original words brought into use; just as Spenser and Milton chose many Saxon and obsolete words and spellings, to give their poems the venerable cast of antiquity. Spenser began in his most early writings to affect the old English dialect; and though gently rebuked by his beloved Sidney, yet he knew from no bad † authorities, that the common idiom should be often changed for borrowed and foreign terms; and that a kind of veneration is given to antiquity even in phrases and expressions. He had not only Homer for his example, but likewise the courtly Virgil; whom ‡ Quintilian calls the greatest lover of antiquity; and though many of these antiquated expressions are altered by Virgil's transcribers and editors, yet still they have left us enough to judge of the truth of Quintilian's observation: and as Virgil often imitated Ennius, so did Spenser Chaucer.

Were I an admirer of the jingling sound of like endings (as Milton calls rhyme) I could with a better grace endeavour at an apology for that kind of stanza, which our poet has chosen: however this may be offered. In the reign of Q. Elizabeth the two *Orlandos*, viz. the *Inamorato* and *Furioso*, together with the *Gerusalem Liberata* of Tasso, were read, admired, and

* See critical observations on Shakespeare, p. 364.

† Aristot. Rhet. L. 3. C. 2. & Poet. Cap. xii.

‡ De Instit. Orat. L. 1. Cap. vii.

imitated : These Italian poets wrote in stanza, of eight verses ; which was called the Octave rhyme, and is said to be the invention of * Boccace : In this stanza the 1st, 3d, and 5th verses ; the 2d, 4th, and 6th ; the 7th and 8th, rhyme to each other : In this measure our poet wrote his translation of Virgil's Gnat, and his Muipotmos : according to the following instance.

*Of all the race of silver-winged flies,
Which doo possesse the empire of the aire
Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,
Was none more favourable, nor more faire,
(Whilst heav'n did favour his felicities)
Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and haire
Of Muscaroll, and in his fathers sight
Of all alive did seeme the fairest wight.*

When he fixed upon the plan of his epic poem, and intended not to be a servile imitator, he added one verse more to the above-mentioned stanza ; and the closing verse, as more sonorous, he made an Alexandrine of six feet. His stanza therefore consists of nine verses of the heroic kind, in which the 1st and 3d, the 2d 4th 5th and 7th, the 6th 8th and 9th, rhyme to each other ; as in the following instance :

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

* See Dryden's preface to his Fables.

This Alexandrine line Dryden often used, “ in imitation (as he
 “ * says) of Spenser, whom he calls his *Master* : because it adds
 “ a certain MAJESTY to the verse, when 'tis used with judg-
 “ ment ; and stops the sense from over-flowing into another
 “ line.” But Mr. Pope gives all this merit to Dryden.

*Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full resounding line,
 The long MAJESTIC MARCH, and energy divine.*

Imitat. of Hor. Ep. 1. B. 2.

Having thus fettered himself with so many jingling terminations in one stanza ; how often, of necessity, must sense, perspicuity, and poetry, be sacrificed for the sake of a rhyme ? In order however to make these fetters fit more easy, some expedients were thought on : and first he intended to introduce hemistichs, in imitation of Virgil : but at present we have but a few of these broken verses ; and those only in the third Book ; which I believe he designed to fill up, had he lived to have finished his poem : just as he filled up the following, in B. iii. C. 6. St. 26. which stood thus in the 1st edition,

*And after them herself eke with her went
 To seeke the fugitive—*

And was thus compleated in the 2d edition.

— *both farre and nere.*

Another expedient he borrowed from the old poets, that would not be allowed to the moderns ; which was to make two words, though spelt the same, yet if of different significations, to rhyme to each other. Instances are frequent in Chaucer and Gower.

* See Dryden's dedication of his translation of the *Æneid*. p. 414. and p. 427.

*But one of you, al be hym lothe or lese,
He must go pipin in an ivie lese.*

Ch. Knighte's Tale, 1840.

*Phæbus which is the sun hote,
That shineth upon ertbe hote.*

Gower, Lib. 3. Fol. lxxviii. 2.

i. e. *Phæbus, which is called or named the sun, that shineth hot upon the earth.* However 'tis scarce allowable, though the liberty is too often taken, for two words of the same signification thus to rhyme.

*The circuite whereof was a myle about,
Wallid with stone, and ditchid all about.*

Ch. Knighte's T. 1890.

But consulting other editions besides Urry's, I found the following, and true reading,

— and ditched al without.

So in Spenser, B. i. C. xi. St. 59.

Yet is Cleopolis for earthly fame——

The fairest peece——

That covet in th' immortal booke of fame——

This error, that runs through all the old editions, is corrected from the Errata, which Spenser printed at the end of his first edition. Some errors of like nature are removed by consulting different editions, and some others from conjecture; but conjectural corrections are placed in the notes. These faults are easily accounted for, by supposing the roving eye of the printer caught
with

with the word either above or below: which kind of errors were frequently erred in the first printing our poet's poem: and as they are easily discovered by their inelegance and impropriety, so when an emendation easily offers itself, I as fairly offer it again to the reader. But there are several of these idle rhymes still left untouched and uncriticized, being plainly the manufacture of the poet: take some instances in the first Book.

*And comming where the knight in slomber lay—
Then seemed him his lady by him lay.*

B. i. C. 1. St. 47.

*Shamefully at her rayling all the way—
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray
That plagues and mischiefs and long misery,
Might fall on her and follow all the way.*

B. i. C. 3. St. 23.

*And secret poyson through their inner partes---
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes.*

B. i. C. 8. St. 14.

Another liberty he takes which would be quite unpardonable, if not authorized by the old poets; and that is of altering a letter.

*But temperance, said he, with golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
Nether to meet in pleasures whott desire---*

B. ii. C. 1. St. 58.

Squire is for *Square*. So Dante uses *lome* for *lume*.

Non fiere gli occhi suoi lo dolce lome?

Inferno, C. x.

He

He sometimes likewise adds a letter, and sometimes takes away a letter: instances of these licences see in a note on B. iv. C. II. St. 46. and on B. v. C. 6. St. 32. Sometimes he alters the spelling, as in B. ii. C. II. St. 12.

*Some mouth'd like greedy ostryges, some faſte
Like loathly toades, ſome fashioned in the waſte
Like ſwine---*

Faſte, i. e. *faced*. And constant care was taken by the poet, though the printer does not always follow it, that the like endings should be spelt all alike.

From these and the like reflections, which is only a repetition of what may be seen in the notes, I am naturally led to say something of this edition. In the year 1590 Spenser published part of his grand work, and dedicated it with an imperfect inscription to Queen Elizabeth, with this title, *The Faerie Queene, disposed into twelve books, fashioning twelve moral virtues*. At the end is printed a letter to Sir W. R. expounding his whole intention; and likewise some commendatory verses from Sir W. R. Gabriel Harvey, Robert Sackville son of the Lord Buckhurst, and others: To these were added several Sonnets sent with his Fairy Queen to persons of Quality: and the last leaf in the book contains the Errata, or as he calls them, *Faults escaped in the print*. About six years after, the three first books were reprinted, wherein he made some additions and alterations, (which are taken notice of in the notes) with the inscription intire to the Queen: and added three other books, intitled, *The Second part of the Fairy Queene*. He died in the year 1598. and in 1609 was printed a Folio edition of his poem, containing two new Cantos, the only remains of a lost book, intitled *The Legend of Constancie*. In this Edition I have found some readings, different from any in the former editions, that

that must come originally from the poet himself. 'Tis highly probable that he had finished three other books, which he called *The third part of the Fairy Queen*; and one of those books contained *the Legend of Constance*: and that these were lost, all excepting the two Cantos above mentioned, either when his house was plundered by the rebels under Tyrone; or by the negligence of his own servant, to whom * ('tis said) he had given them in charge to be carried into England, before his own arrival thither. In one of those lost books, perhaps in that of *Constance*, I believe was inserted the description, which he hints at in *The Ruines of Time*.

*Then did I see a pleasant Paradise
Full of sweet flowres and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not more devise
With pleasures choice to feed his cheereful sprights.
Not that, which Merlin by his Magick sights
Made for the † gentle Squire to entertaine
His fair Belphebe, could this garden staine.*

There are three other editions in Folio, which I have frequently consulted, and have mentioned in the notes; printed in the years, 1611, 1617 and 1679. These three are of very little authority; and generally follow the spelling of the times: and indeed so does Hughes, though he tells us in his preface, 'that he not only preserved the text entire, but followed, for the most part the old spelling.' The truth is, that the printers and correctors of the press thought themselves much wiser in this kind of lore, than either the poet or his editors. Some time after the printing of my letter to Mr. West concerning a new edition of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Mr. Kent's edition was pub-

* See the life of Spenser in the Folio, 1679.

† Timias, imaging Sir W. R.

lished under the care of Mr. Birch: which came chiefly recommended by the designs and engravings, though its chief recommendation was Mr. Birch's name and care of it. But what merit these designs and engravings claim, I will leave to the judgment of the reader from the examination of the first picture; which is (as there named) *Error defeated by the Redcrosse knight attended by Truth*. The Redcrosse knight is drawn in the attitude of a desponding coward: the monster Error is not the monster in the Fairy Queen, but a monster from the painter's head without allusion or meaning, and represents a most loathsome as well as ridiculous image: For he has chosen that point of time described by Spenser in B. i. C. 1. St. 20. where if the images are odious rather than terrible, his allegory led him to such a description; which a painter might easily have avoided by choosing another, and a more proper point of time. He might have drawn the Redcrosse knight just entering the gloomy den of Error; the monster (half seen and half hid) might have been distinguished by the radiance of the beamy shield and burning sword: the resolute and undaunted attitude of the knight, would equally presage victory, as well as the satisfied look of Una, seen at a little distance, together with the Dwarf; who should be drawn in the utmost fright and horror, as well by way of opposition, as to describe the danger of the achievement: the perspective should be a wood imbrowned with a gloomy and rainy sky. I have often pleased myself by supposing that painted with a pencil, which Spenser paints so lively with his pen: for what poet ever had the power of representing to the imagination so strongly all kinds of images and visions?

I never had but one scheme in publishing this poem, and that was to print the context, as the Author gave it; and to reserve for the notes all kind of conjectural emendations. I have two copies of the first edition, printed in the year 1590.
and

and yet these have several variations ; which may be accounted for, by supposing the alterations made, while the copy was working off at the press. This first edition, containing the three first books, I made the groundwork of mine ; and sent it to the press, with such alterations, as seemed to me the poet's own, and which have the authorities of the second edition in quarto, printed in the year 1596, and of the Folio of 1609. The most material of these alterations are mentioned in the notes: The fourth, fifth, and sixth books, are chiefly printed from the edition of 1596. I have likewise two copies of this, in some places differing, as the edition above mentioned. The reader will be pleased to remember that the spelling is not the editor's, but the poet's : nor will he be surprized to see it so different from his own times, if he is at all acquainted with our old English writers ; who sometimes consulted etymology, and sometimes vulgar pronunciation ; and oftentimes varied from themselves in spelling the same word : particularly *sb*all, *will*, *all*, are sometimes spelt with a double l, and sometimes with a single l. Spenser was so careful to preserve the old spelling, that in the Errata he orders *renowned* to be spelt *renowmed*. And in my Glossary, here annexed, the reader will see oftentimes the reason of his spelling. This Glossary is so drawn up as to serve both for an index and dictionary. Something of this kind was first printed, but very short, at the end of the Folio edition of 1679. and taken chiefly from the Glossary of E. K. who wrote notes to the Shepherd's Calendar. Mr. Hughes has likewise printed a Glossary, explaining (as he says) the old and obscure words in Spenser's works. But as he transcribed the Glossaries mentioned above ; so what is applicable to the Pastorals, is not always applicable to the Fairy Queen : for words often differ very much though spelt the same ; which shows that an index is almost as necessary as a dictionary. His explanations likewise

are in many instances not only misleading, but unscholar-like.

With respect to the notes, I shall only add, that the reader, from what has been already said, may judge of their general scope ; and if the criticisms and remarks, therein offered, speak not for themselves, in vain will any apology, that I can make, keep them from the treatment they may be thought to deserve.



A G L O S S A R Y

A
G L O S S A R Y,

EXPLAINING THE

Difficult WORDS and PHRASES

IN

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

Ὅς ἂν τὰ ὀνόματα εἰδῆ ἕισεται τὰ πράγματα.

PLATO.

Πρῶτον δεῖ σε τοῖς ὀνόμασι παρακολουθεῖν.

EPICETUS.

G L O S S A R Y, &c.

A.

A is commonly placed before the adjective, *A gentle knight*—but 'tis frequently placed after *many*: as, *marks of many'a bloody felde*, B. i. C. 1. St. 1. *She wandred many'a wood and measurd many'a vale*, B. i. C. 7. St. 28. *Through many'a froke and many'a streaming wound*, B. ii. C. 5. St. 36. *Of many'a lady' and many'a paramoure*, B. ii. C. 12. St. 75—and in several other passages. Sometimes this particle after *many* is omitted, in *many bard assay*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 15. *Through many bold emprize*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 35. And in B. i. C. 7. St. after saying, *many a cruell fight*, the next verse is, *many one dismaide*, not, *many a one*. 'Tis omitted likewise, B. ii. C. 11. St. 15. *And many bold repulse and many bard atchievement*. And so in several other places. And in this respect Spenser imitates his favourite Chaucer, who adds in like manner, or omits the particle. *At many a noble army had he be*, Prolog. 61. *Full many a tame lyon and libart*. Knightes Tale, 2188. *Of many a prince and many a doughty king*. Court of love, 236. He omits it, *with many grievous blodie wound*. Knightes Tale, 1012. *A* is sometimes used expletively, as *Abear*, *Amoves*, *Adovne*, &c.

Abace, so spelt in the two old quarto editions, that the letters might answer in the rhyme: but in the Folios spelt *Abase*. to lower, to let fall, &c. Gall. *abbaiser*, Ital. *abbassare*. *Abace his speare*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 26. B. 4. C. 6. St. 3. *Abaje their losly crefts*, B. ii. C. 2. St. 32. *his hand abase*, i. e. dropped his hand, B. 6. C. 6. St. 31. Sir Ph. Sidn. Arcad. p. 335. *Then the black knight abasing his helmet, advanced to kisse her hand*. Orl. Fur. xviii. 114. *Abassan la visiera de Pelmetto*, i. e. Abased, let down the visor of their helmets—Spenser does not use to *abase the speare*, as the Italians; but, to lower, to fall it below the reiting place; they, to lower it so, as to run in tilt against the enemy: to place it in the rest. So in Orl. Fur. ix. 68. *abbassò Pasta*. and in Canto xl. 74 *La lancia abbassa*, i. e. he put his lance in the rest.

Abande, to abandon, to quit, B. ii. C. 10. St. 65. *Abase*, see *Abace*.

Abear, to bear, demean, behave, Anglo-S. *abejan*, B. v. C. 12. St. 19. B. vi. C. 9. St. 45.
Abet, aid, maintain, vindicate, B. iv. C. 3. St. 6. And in other places. 'tis used substantively, *ibid*. St. 11. *the meed of thy abet*, i. e. thy abetting, encouraging and setting on to commit this folly and rashness: so *Abetment* is used in law: see *Abetator* in Spelman. Ch. in Troil. and Cress. ii. 357.

If that I should assent

Through mine abet that be thine honour spent.
i. e. through my assistance, abetment, &c.

Abide, *Aby*, *Abyde*, have various significations, *Abide the fortune*, i. e. endure: B. ii. C. 7. St. 60. *Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands; or else abide the death that hard before you stands*, i. e. stay, stop, &c. or else suffer the death, &c. B. vi. C. 8. St. 7. *Long Aby*, remain, continue long, B. iii. C. 7. St. 3.—*Dear Aby*—*Dearly Abide*: frequently occur, and mean dearly pay for, suffer for, &c. See B. ii. C. 1. St. 20. B. ii. C. 8. St. 28. B. ii. C. 8. St. 33. B. iii. C. 4. St. 38. B. iii. C. 5. St. 24. B. iv. C. 1. St. 53. B. iv. C. 6. St. 8. B. v. C. 3. St. 36. B. vi. C. 1. St. 28. B. vi. C. 11. St. 15. This expression is used by Shakesp. Midf. Night's Dream, Act iii. *Left to thy peril thou abide it dear*, i. e. dearly pay for it. And by Milton, iv. 86. *Ab me! they little know how dearly I abide that boast so vain*, i. e. how dearly I suffer for it.

Abode, abiding, staying or delay, B. iii. C. 8. St. 19. 'Tis used by Chaucer.

Abray out of sleep, raise, awake, B. iv. C. 6. St. 36. *Abrayd*, awaked, B. iii. C. 1. St. 61. B. iii. C. 10. St. 50. B. iii. C. 11. St. 8. B. iv. C. 4. St. 22. B. iv. C. 5. St. 42. B. iv. C. vi. St. 24. Chaucer has *Abraide* and *Braide*, for awakened, stirred up, raised up, Anglo-S. *Abpædian*, *brædan*, *educere*, *exerere*, *expergefacerere*. I would restore this word to Gower, Fol. cxc.

I was out of my fowne affraide,
read, *abraide*.

Abufon, Ital. *abuson*, fraud, abuse, B. iv. C. 1. St. 7. B. v. C. 12. St. 40. Ch. Troil. and Cress. iv. 99c. *And certes that were an abuson*.

Aby, see *abide*.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- Accloyer*, à Lat. *ad* and *claudere*, Gall. *encloyer*. *cloyes*, chokes up, stops up, B. ii. C. 7. St. 15.
- Accosting*, B. vi. C. 2. St. 32, a term in Falconry, of a hawk flying low. Perhaps from the Ital. *accostiare*, to crouch, or stoop in a cowering manner.
- According his desire*, B. i. C. 10. St. 50. *According his request*, B. i. C. 12. St. 15. *According thy desire*, B. ii. C. 7. St. 26. *According their condition*, B. ii. C. 11. St. 11. *According their degrees*, B. iv. C. 12. St. 3. See too B. vi. C. 8. St. 18. We now say, *According to*, or *According with*.
- Accesse*, Gall. *acceser*, to approach, &c. which join to the sea, B. 5. C. 11. St. 42.
- Accoid*, foothed, appeased, B. iv. C. 8. St. 59. Ch. in Troil. and Cress. v. 782. *He knif* [i. e. he knew not; *no wif*] *how best her bert for to accoie*, i. e. to quiet, sooth, &c. He uses to *coy*, to cook, to sooth: and so does Shakepear.
- Accoyled*, stood around, *coiled* up together: gathered together, Ital. *accogliere*: from *ad* and *colligere*, B. ii. C. 9. St. 30.
- Accrewed*, increased, united, Lat. *accresco*, *accevi*, Gall. *accru*, B. iv. C. 6. St. 18.
- Acabates*, B. ii. C. 9. St. 31. So the 1st and 2d quarto editions: the Folios, the *cates*, i. e. provisions, Gall. *Acbat*, *Acbeter*. used by Ch. Prol. ver. 573, and by Harrington in his translation of Oril. Fur. xliiii. 139.
- Adaw*, to daunt, B. iii. C. 7. St. 13. B. iv. C. 6. St. 26. B. v. C. 5. St. 45. B. v. C. 7. St. 20. B. v. C. 9. St. 35, in the last passage, (viz. B. v. C. 9. St. 35.) 'tis used for to extinguish. Anglo-S. *ðwær*. Belg. *dwæcs*, *stupidus*. *ðwær-can*, *adwær-can*, *extinguere*. — Instead of *ADAW*, I once read *ABAW*, which is Chaucer's word for to daunt, to abash. See Junius in *Abaw-ed*. In G. Douglafs *Daw* is used for a sluggard or idle fellow, pag. 452, 23, *I will not be ane daw*, *I wyl not sleep*. Belg. *dwæcs*, *stupidus*. So to *adaw* is to make a *daw* or a *dasse* of a man. See *Dasse* and *Daw* in Junius. Skinner explains *Adarwed*, *expergefactus*: q. d. *adarwed*: from the dawn of the day. But this explanation seems of little avail here: and is to be referred to Chaucer and Lydgate, who use it in this sense.
- Addeme*, adjudge, deem, B. v. C. 3. St. 15.
- Address*, to dress, prepare, order, make ready, &c. Gall. *adresser*. Spenser uses it very often, *full jolly knight he seemd and well address*, i. e. well prepared, or well accounted, B. i. C. 2. St. 11. *address him*, make himself ready, St. 14. *he address*, i. e. rightly ordered, B. i. C. 8. St. 6. *his speare he did address*. order, fix, B. ii. C. 1. St. 25, *address him unto the journey*, prepared himself, B. ii. C. 3. St. 1. *Addressing her shield*, setting in order, &c. B. iii. C. 4. St. 14, and in other places. *With his scyth address*, i. e. with his scyth in hand, B. iii. C. 6. St. 39.
- Admirance*, Ital. *ammiranza*, admiration, B. v. C. 10. St. 39.
- Aloe*, Business, B. vi. C. 1. St. 10.
- Adorne*, substantively; adorning, ornament, B. iii. C. 12. St. 20.
- Adredd*, *Adrad*, frightened. [Anglo-S. *Adrædan*, to be afraid, to dread, Somn. in B. i. C. 1. St. 2. *ydrad*, *drædad*.] B. iii. C. 1. St. 62. B. iv. C. 8. St. 47. B. v. C. 1. St. 22. Ch. Rom. of the R. 1228. *She woulde ben fore adradde*, P. P. Fol. cviii. 2. *Adrad was he never*.
- Advance a shaft*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 34, to hasten to shoot a shaft, Ital. *avanzare*, Gall. *avancer*, to hasten, to set forward, to put her shaft in readiness and forwardness to shoot. The same expression he had before, B. i. C. 3. St. 25, *he forward gan advance his steed and charmed lance*, i. e. he advanced forward with his steed and lance; pushed on, &c. *Advauust with hast*, i. e. pulsh'd forward, B. ii. C. 1. St. 10, *advauust his shield*, put forward, B. ii. C. 4. St. 46.
- Advise*, to consult, deliberate, consider. *Advise*. subst. counsell. *Advizement*, counsell, advice, circumspection, Ital. *avizamento*. *Advizing*, considering, B. iv. C. 2. St. 22.
- Adward*, award, judgment, sentence. So spelt in the old quarto edition. In the Folios, *award*. See Spelman in *Avardum*. Spenser in this spelling might have brought it from *ad* and *ward*. B. iv. C. 10. St. 17. B. iv. C. 12. St. 30.
- Affetz*, affection, passion, Ital. *affetto*, B. vi. C. 5. St. 24, used by Ch.
- Affrap*, Ital. *affrapare*, Gall. *fraper*. *Both readie to affrap*, to encounter, B. ii. C. 1. St. 26, *to affrap the rider*, to strike down, B. iii. C. 2. St. 6.
- Affray*, terrour, tumult. *To affray*, to terrify, Lat. Barb. *Affaia*, an affray, a fray, a broil, B. i. C. 3. St. 12. B. ii. C. 10. St. 15. And in other places.
- Affrended*, made friends, B. iv. C. 3. St. 50.
- Affret*, with the terrour of their fierce affret, encounter, hasty meeting, &c. halt, heat, &c. B. iii. C. 9. St. 16. B. iv. C. 2. St. 15. B. iv. C. 3. St. 6
- Affrettare*, to hasten, to be in a fite, and hast. Oril. innam. L. ii. c. xiv. St. 5. *E cominciò a ferver con tanta fretta*.
- Affronting*, opposing front to front, B. iv. C. 3. St. 22. So the Ital. *affrontare*. Shakespeare in Hamlet, *Affront Ophelia*, i. e. meet her face to face.
- Affy*, betroth, *Affide*, betrothed, affianced, B. iv. C. 8. St. 53. B. v. C. 5. St. 53. B. vi. C. 3. St. 7.
- Aggrace*, favour, kindness, B. ii. C. 8. St. 56. See the following.
- To Aggrate*, to gratify, to please, B. ii. C. 5. St. 33. Ital. *aggradare*, *aggratiare*. Gall. *agreer*; *d'adgratiare*. So again. B. ii. C. 9. St. 37. B. 3. C. 8. St. 36, *lightly did aggrate*, i. e. did lightly thank him, B. 4. C. 2. St. 23, *to aggrate his god*, to please his god, B. v. C. 11. St. 19.
- Aghast*, that him aghast, that him agasted, frightened, B. i. C. 9. St. 21, *senseless and aghast*, frightened.—And in other passages, 'tis used by Chaucer: and by Milton, ii. 616. *with eyes agast*
- Aglet*

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

Aplet, Gall. *aiguillette*, a tagged point, *fors.* ab *ἀγλη*: so named from their shining: or rather from their being sharp pointed; as thus, *ab acule*, *acus*, *aculus*, *aculettus*; *aiguillette*, *aglet*. *A hood with aplets sprad*, B. vi. C. 2. St. 5. He uses the French word, B. ii. C. 3. St. 26. *with golden aigulits*.

Agraffe, did so much aggrace; shew'd him so much grace and favour. B. i. C. 10. St. 18, so spelt in the 1st and 2d Quarto editions that the letters might answer in the rimes: in the Folios. *Agrac't*. Ital. *aggratiare*, see *Aggrace*.

Agrife, “*ἀγριαν*, *horre*: to dread and fear greatly: *hinc* Chauceri *agrise et agrisen*. *Agrjrenlic*, *horribilis*, *gristly*.” Somn. *which did them soule agrise*, which did make them appear grisly and horrible: B. ii. C. 6. St. 46, *his foes agrise*, terrify, B. iii. C. 2. St. 24. so again B. v. C. 10. St. 28, the construction is, to see it, it would agrise, i. e. terrify. *Agryz'd*, terrifyed, amazed, B. iv. C. 8. St. 12.

Aguize with *girlonds*, set off after a new *guise* or manner: to dress, adorn, B. ii. C. 6. St. 7, *well aguis'd*, well adorned, after a good *guise* or fashion: B. ii. C. 1. St. 21, *Ye goodly seem aguis'd*, seem adorned, B. ii. C. 1. St. 31. *Wonderously aguis'd*, wrought after a peculiar *guise* or fashion: B. iii. C. 2. St. 18, *rich aguis'd*, richly ornamented: B. v. C. 3. St. 4. Anglo-S. *pija*. Ital. *guisa*, Gall. *guise*, to which *a* is added, ex. gr. *pija*, *guisa* *guisare*, *aguisare* to *aguiset*.

Albe, *Albeit*, although. Chaucer uses it.

Allege, see below in

Allegeance, B. iii. C. 5. St. 42. Ital. *alleggiamento*, alleviation, ease, comfort, Lat-Barb. *allegatio*, an allegation, an alledgment, Gall. *alieger d'ALLEVIARE*. and so used, B. iii. C. 2. St. 15, *that may allegee his smart*, i. e. alleviate, ease. Chaucer has *Allegeance*: *Alege*. Anglo-S. *alecgan*. our poet too in his pastorals, *that shalt aecgge this bitter blast*, i. e. lessen, abvage: says the old glossary.

Alew, houlng, lamentation, B. v. C. 6. St. 13. gr. *ἀλω*. *famineo ululatu*, Virg.

All, I. used for Altogether, wholly—not all content, B. i. C. 1. St. 54. *not all so satisfy'd*, B. i. C. 3. St. 15. And in several other passages. let us hear “Somner, alle, *xl. all in compescius perfectiois est particula: hinc nostratum bodic*, all to smear, all to pummel, all to kisse, *et ejusmodi plura*,” the reader at his leisure may consult Wachter, V. ALL, *particula intensiva*. Our poet has, *all to rent*, B. iv. C. 7. St. 8. B. v. C. 8. St. 4. B. v. C. 8. St. 43. *all to bruis'd*, B. v. C. 8. St. 44. *all to sworne*, *all to torne*, B. v. C. 9. St. 10, an instance of this expression is still in our present Bibles. see note on B. i. C. 6. St. 48. II. *All* used for although, notwithstanding, *all had be lost*, although, B. iii. C. 1. St. 21. *All were we wearie*, notwithstanding, B. iii. C. 1. St. 29. *io all were he*, B. v. C. 8. St. 36, *all were the*,

B. v. C. 8. St. 50 And in several other places.

All and some, B. iii. C. 12. St. 30, one and all every one. See the note.

Allgates, by all means, every way, wholly. So used by Chaucer from *all* and *gate*, *isl. gata*, *vía*, Somn. *algeatp*, all manner of wayes, altogether.

Almner, almoner, à lat. *elemosynarius*, Gall. *aumosnier*, B. i. C. 10. St. 38.

Aloofe, at some distance, B. i. C. 11. St. 5.

Alow, low, the *a* added, B. vi. C. 8. St. 13. Thus too Dryden, *And now alow and now aloft they fly*.

Als, also, and. so used by Chaucer, and our old poets: by Spenser, B. i. C. 9. St. 18. B. ii. C. 1. St. 7.—St. 40. B. iv. C. 1. St. 28. B. iv. C. 4. St. 2. B. iv. C. 7. St. 35, and in other places, *Als*. Germ. *als*, *nisi*; *particula excipiendi—adverb*, *temporis—adverb*, *comparandi—idem quod alio*. Wachter.

Amate, used in two different senses, I. to subdew, to daunt &c. Ital. *Mattare*, Gall. *mater*. B. i. C. 9. St. 45. B. iii. C. 4. St. 27. B. iii. C. 7. St. 35. B. iii. C. 11. St. 21. In the same sense, B. i. C. 9. St. 12. *myself now mated*, i. e. quite dismaid, subdewed, Sh. Com. of errors Act. V. *I think you are all mated or stark-mad*. Macb. Act IV. *my mind she has mated, and amazed my sight*. Fairfax, XI. 12. *amated* and *amazd*. Ariost. of Orlando. 1, 2. *Che per amor venne in furore e MATTO*. II. 'Tis used in a quite different sense, and from another original, B. ii. C. 9. St. 34, *The which them did in modest wise amate*, i. e. associate with them, keep them company: a verb formed from *mate* the particle *a* added, Belg. *maect*, *focius*.

Ambrosial odours, B. ii. C. 3. St. 22. *ambrosial kisses*, B. iii. C. 1. St. 36, *Introduet*. B. iv. St. 5. *Ambrosiae odorem*, Virg. G. iv. 415. *Æn.* 1. 407.

Amenage, manage, carriage. *Amenage*, *l'astien de amener*, B. ii. C. 4. St. 11.

Amenauunce, carriage, behaviour, à Gall. *amener*, Ital. *ammannare*. B. ii. C. 8. St. 17. B. ii. C. 9. St. 5. B. iii. C. 1. St. 41. B. iv. C. 3. St. 5.

Amis thin, thin garment, à Lat. *amicus*, Gall. *amit*. Ital. *amitto*, B. i. C. 4. St. 18. the poet plainly alludes to the religious habits of the monks; the uppermost garment of linen being called *amicus* by ecclesiastical writers.

Amoves, moves, Chaucer uses it: the particle *a* added, B. i. C. 9. St. 18. *Anoved*, B. iii. C. 9. St. 24. B. iii. C. 11. St. 13.

Annoyes, annoyances, B. ii. C. 10. St. 16, the verb, *To annoy*, he uses often, as B. i. C. 6. St. 17. B. ii. C. 10. St. 14. B. iii. C. 5. St. 24.

Anticks, antique figures, odd figures of men, birds, beasts, &c. Gall. *antique: taillé a antiques*. B. ii. C. 3. St. 27. B. ii. C. 7. St. 4. B. iii. C. 11. St. 51.

Apay, to pay, content, satisfy, *right well apay*, B. v. C. 5. St. 33. *past perils well apay*, *jucundi acti labores*: *Apayd*, payed, satisfied, contented. *Ill apayd*, dissatisfied: B. ii. C. 9. St. 37. B. 2. C. 9.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- C. 12. St. 28. B. iii. C. 6. St. 21. B. iv. C. 5. St. 42. B. v. C. 7. St. 18. B. v. C. 11. St. 64. B. vi. C. 2. St. 18. *well apaid*, contented, satisfied, B. iii. C. 2. St. 47. Chau. Merch. Tale. 1081. *I pray you that you be not ill apaid*, Milt. xii. 401. *so only can high justice rest apaid*, Ital. *appagare*, to satisfy, to please, content. *appagato* appaid. Spenser says B. iii. C. 10. St. 25. *ill ypaid*: which I would not alter into *apaid*. for our poet loves variety, if any tolerable reason can be assigned. So Gower Fol. CLXIV. 2. and *God was eke well paid* therefore, i. e. Satisfied.
- Appall*, discourage, daunt &c. [*quasi pallorem alicui incutere Gall. pâlir.*] B. ii. C. 2. St. 32. B. iii. C. 2. St. 32. B. iii. C. 7. St. 9. B. iv. C. 6. St. 26. B. v. C. 8. St. 45. spelt *Apall*, B. ii. C. 11. St. 39. B. iii. C. 1. St. 46. and in other passages.
- Appeach*, impeach, accuse, censure, B. ii. C. 11. St. 40. B. iii. C. 10. St. 6. B. v. C. 9. St. 47. *Appeached*, impeached, *Gall. empecher*.
- To appele*, *Gall. appeller*, *Ital. appellare*, *Their prayers to appele*, to appeal to the deity by prayer; or to call on as appealing to the deity by prayers, to say their prayers, B. iii. C. 2. St. 48. *for succour to appele*, to ask for succour: B. iii. C. 3. St. 19, *to appele of crimes*, to accuse; to make an appeal or accusation, B. v. C. 9. St. 39.
- Arayd*, see *Array*.
- Arboret*, dim. from *Arbor*, a flowering shrub, or lesser kind of tree, B. ii. C. 6. St. 12. Milton uses it, *thick wovven arborets and flowers*.
- Areare*, B. iii. C. 7. St. 24. *his pace gan areare*, i. e. grew slack and lazy; went backward, *Gall. arriere: d' ad et retro: en arriere*, **backward**. So B. ii. C. 11. St. 36. *leapd arear*, i. e. backward. B. iii. C. 10. St. 23, *fled arere*, fled back, *vele areare*, back, B. vi. C. 1. St. 5. Fairfax uses it II. 40. *To leave with speed Atlanta swift areare*, i. e. to leave her behind. spelt *arreare*, B. vi. C. 8. St. 23.
- Ared*, see the following.
- Areed*, [Wickliff, *Areed thou Christ to us who is he that smoot thee*, Luke, xxii. 64. So in the Bible printed in Q. Elizabeth's reign, *Arede* &c. in the Gr. *μεσσητευον*, prophecy. "*arædan*, conjecture, *divinare*, *read*, to counsell, to conjecture to interpret. *aræð*, appointed decreed." Somn.] *Me, too mean, the Muse areeds*, i. e. declares, pronounces, &c. *Intro.* B. i. St. i. *right aread*, rightly interpret, B. i. C. 8. St. 31. *Aread*, declare, St. 33. *Aread*, Prince Arthur, declare, tell, B. i. C. 9. St. 6. *areeds of tydings*, tells us of news, St. 28. *rightfully ared*, told, declared, B. i. C. 10. St. 16. *the way to heaven aread*, shew, declare, B. i. C. 10. St. 50. *she should areed*, interpret, B. iii. C. 7. St. 16. *him aredd*, told him, B. iii. C. 8. St. 17. *ared to point*, minutely and punctually declared, B. iii. C. 2. St. 16, *whiche Merlin had ared*, prophetically declared, B. iii. C. 3. St. 20.—It occurs in other places; but what is here observed seems sufficient. see *Read*.
- Aret*, see *Arrest*.
- Arew*, B. i. C. 12. St. 29. together, in a row. Ch. House of Fame, III. 602. *and gone to standin on a rew*, i. e. in a row. In the wife of Bath's Prol. 506. *all by rew*, i. e. all together.
- Argument*, matter of discourse, theme or subject, B. ii. C. 10. St. 3. B. iii. C. 9. St. 1. Virg. vii. 791. *Argumentum ingens*, a noble subject, Ital. *argomento*. so Milton, i. 24.
- Arke*, chest, or coffer, *arca*, B. 4. C. 4. St. 15.
- Armor*, a coat of armour, *Gell. armure*, B. ii. C. 11. St. 9. *braue armours*, a fine coat of armour, B. vi. C. 5. St. 25.
- Armory*, a coat of armour: arms, B. i. C. 1. St. 27. B. iii. C. 3. St. 59. *Gall. armories*. See *Menag*. Milton uses it, *celestiall armory*.
- Arras*, B. i. C. 4. St. 6. B. i. C. 8. St. 35. B. iii. C. 1. St. 34, a city in the Netherlands famous for making tapestry: hence its name: as *diaper* from d' Ipres; *Cambrick* from Cambray, &c.
- Arraught*, did reach, seize on: *à particula at intensiva; & Anglo-S. ræcan*. *Germ. reichen*, to reach, *unde raught*, B. ii. C. 10. St. 34.
- Array*, order, apparel, dress &c. *To array*, to order, to dress &c. *Gall. array, aroy*. So spelt in old French: and spelt in Spenser sometimes with a single r, sometimes with a double r. Ital. *arredare*, Lat. Barb. *arraaiatus* appointed, ordered, instructed. *battailous array*, order of battle, B. i. C. 5. St. 2. spelt *aray*, B. iii. C. 1. St. 32. B. iii. C. 12. St. 6. *who hath ye thus arayd*, who hath put you in this array, dress, condition, *them to array began*, began to put them in battle-array: B. v. C. 4. St. 36. *thus arrayd*: hath put in such a condition or array, B. 6. C. 2. St. 42.
- Arreare* see, *Areare*.
- Arrest*, stop, B. iv. C. 5. St. 43. *Arresting*, stopping, B. iv. C. 3. St. 9, *Germ. arrestieren*, *Gall. arrestier*, *arrete*, Ital. *arrestare*, *à ræst*, rest. what is an *Arrest* or an *ARRET*, but a decree of a court of Justice to stop all further prosecution?—Budæus says *Arrest* signifies, *decretum placitum*; which is to our present purpose. *The judges did arret her*, i. e. did decree her: B. iv. C. 5. St. 21. *The charge which God doth unto me arret*, i. e. appoint, allot, B. ii. C. 8. St. 8. *did aret*, did allot: B. ii. C. 11. St. 7. *a spirit did aret*, did appoint a spirit, B. iii. C. 8. St. 7.
- Arret*, see *Arrest*.
- Askaunce*, *Askew*, Ital. *rigardare aschiancio*, to look askance, enviously, obliquely, side-ways, *with staring eyes fixed askaunce*, B. ii. C. 7. St. 7. *askaunce her wanton eyes did roll*, B. iii. C. 1. St. 41. *looking askaunce*, B. iii. C. 9. St. 27. *lookt scornfully askew*, B. iii. C. 10. St. 29. B. iii. C. 12. St. 10. B. 6. C. 7. St. 42. Milt. iv. 503. *with jealous leer malign eye'd them askance*, vi. 149. *with scornful eye askance*.

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

Aspyde, B. i. C. 19. St. 24. B. iii. C. 11. St. 3. So spelt in the two old quartos, but in the Folios *espyde*. Spenser follows the Latin, *adspicere*: 'tis so spelt in Chaucer. In other places he spells it *espyde*.

Assay, Gall. *essai*, proof, tryal, attempt. *Essayer*, to try, attempt, Ital. *assaggiare*, to try, to taste. *Affagio*, a proof, essay, a specimen or taste—*Of rich assay*, i. e. proof, B. i. C. 2. St. 13, *a knight of great assay*, a well proved knight, B. ii. C. 4. St. 40, *to take thereof assay*, i. e. to take part of it, by way of specimen, B. ii. C. 7. St. 34. *Sorrowful assay*, tryal, affliction, B. i. C. 7. St. 27. *strong assay*, attempt, assault, B. ii. C. 8. St. 36. *Affaid*, made tryal, attempted, assaulted, B. i. C. 2. St. 24, *him durst assay*, put him to the proof, attempt or assault him, B. iii. C. 1. St. 21, *again it to assay*, to attempt, to try to get it again, B. iv. C. 8. St. 10.

Asoile, to free, to quit, Lat. *absolvere*, Ital. *assolvere*. *assoiled*, freed, set at liberty, absolved, B. iii. C. 1. St. 58. B. iv. C. 5. St. 30. B. iv. C. 6. St. 25. B. iv. C. 7. St. 3. B. i. C. 10. St. 52. B. ii. B. 5. St. 9. B. iii. C. 8. St. 32. B. iv. C. 3. St. 13. B. iv. C. 9. St. 36. B. vi. C. 5. St. 37. B. vi. C. 8. St. 6. Chaucer uses it.

Astound he stood, B. i. C. 2. St. 31. *as one astound*, B. i. C. 8. St. 5, *stared as astound*, B. i. C. 9. St. 35, *with horror astound*, B. iii. C. 7. St. 7, *as one astound*, B. iii. C. 7. St. 7. B. vi. C. 8. St. 28. Chaucer has *Astoned*: and Milton in Par. Reg. *These thoughts may startle, not astound*.

Atchievement, enterprize or performance of some notable adventure, Gall. *achevement*. *acheverer*, to achieve.

Ate, did eat.

Atone. *So been they both atone*, i. e. friends again; *at one*, atoned, reconciled, B. ii. C. 1. St. 29. in the Folios spelt, *Attone*, which see below.

Attacht that faytor false, apprehended, laid hold on, B. i. C. 12. St. 35. *Attaching her*, taking hold of her, B. ii. C. 11. St. 28. See too B. vi. C. 7. St. 35, 36.

Attaint, it did attaint; it seemed to absorb it, and to put it out by its superior splendor, Gall. *atwint*, à Lat. *attingere*, *attinctus*, B. i. C. 7. St. 34. *Attempered*, B. ii. C. 2. St. 39, à Lat. & Ital. *Attemperare*, to season, to mix, &c.

Attendement, attendance, B. vi. C. 6. St. 18.

Attonce, once for all, at once, written separately in some later edit. but joined in the old quartos and Folios of 1609, 1611. See B. i. C. 3. St. 5. B. i. C. 5. St. 12. B. i. C. 11. St. 52, and in other places.

Attone, bereft attonce, bereaved, taken away all together, B. ii. C. 1. St. 42, *they both attone*, both together, B. ii. C. 9. St. 28, and in several other places. See above *Atone*.

Attons, B. iii. C. 1. St. 63, *With them attons*, i. e. together with them: at once, at one and the same time with them. 'Tis so spelt in all the editions, to rhyme to *champions*: and 'tis the same as

Attonce: which see above. Chaucer, who makes his two scholars in the Reves tale, talk in the north country dialect, writes it, *all atones*, pag. 32, ver. 965; and in other places *atons*. Miller's tale, 172, *love me well atones*, i. e. at once. The learned Scotch bishop, who translated Virgil, has *atanis*, *attanis*, i. e. at once, at the same time, &c.

Attrapt, atrapped, adorned, B. iv. C. 4. St. 39.

Atween, between, Chaucer uses it.

Awale, gins to *awale*, to lower, abate, B. i. C. 1. St. 21, *from their coursers did awale*, alighted, did descend, B. ii. C. 9. St. 10, *the feather in her creft gan lowly to awaile*, to lower, to fall down, B. iii. C. 2. St. 27. *out of her coach she gan awaile*, she descended, alighted out of her coach, B. iv. C. 3. St. 46. *he gan t'awaile the glaive*, to lower, to drop the sword in token of submission: as our officers salute the king with dropping their sword, B. iv. C. 10. St. 19, *make proud hearts awale*, pull down the pride of proud hearts, B. vi. C. 8. St. 25. Ital. *auvallare*, Gall. *avaler*, *aval*, down, downwards. *Avaller*, *d'avellare*, i. e. *mettre à val*. Ch. Troil. & Cress. iii. 627, *That such a raine from hevyn gan awaile*. i. e. descended, fell.

Avaunting, B. ii. C. 3. St. 6. I don't think our poet wrote *advaucing*, or *avauncing*, from the Fr. *avancer*. But I rather think it comes from *vanter*, *se vanter*: *vanteur*, a boaster, a braggadochio. So that the passage in question alludes to the very man; which is elegant: the *a* is added as usual in the English tongue: and the meaning is, *to whom proudly boasting himself*, or *showing himself in a boasting manner*: his actions bespeaking the man. And what is much to our purpose in explaining Spenser, his master Chaucer uses *Avaunt*, to boast, in several places; and *Avaunting* in the Reves Prol. 776. And Gower, Fol. xxi. *The vice cleped Avauntice*, viz. *jastantia*.

Ave-Mary, B. i. C. 1. St. 35. *Aves*, B. i. C. 3. St. 14. Prayers to the Virgin Mary. Shakespeare, 2 K. Henry vi. Act i. *But all his mind is bent on holiness*, *To number Ave-maries on his beads*. The Romish Rosaries are divided into so many Ave-maries and Pater-nosters.

Avenge, vengeance, B. iv. C. 1. St. 52. B. iv. C. 2. St. 15. B. iv. C. 6. St. 8.—*to fell avenges end*, to the end of cruel vengeance.

Aventred her speare, B. iii. C. 1. St. 28. So again, B. iv. C. 3. St. 9. B. iv. C. 6. St. 11, ran hastily or violently with her speare, or pushed with her speare at a venture, Ital. *Avventare*, to dart, &c. *Avventarsi*, to run hastily or violently, &c. Orl. inn. L. i. C. 19. St. 40. *Sopra'l signor da mont' Alban s'avventa*, i. e. he rushed, ran hastily, &c. And L. ii. C. 19. St. 37. *Addesso a Bradi-mante s'è avventato*. Fairf. V. 63. *And gainst his breast a thousand shot she ventred*, i. e. shot at a venture, ix. 72. *But hardly Guelpbo gainst Clorinda sweet ventred his sword*, i. e. pushed with his sword at a venture.

Avize,

A GLOSSARY, &c.

Avize, Avyse, Avise. spelt thus differently. Gall. *avisier*, to perceive, to consider, &c. *s'avisier*, to be-think himself, Ital. *avviare*. when *Joze* *avizid* perceived, B. i. C. 5. St. 40, in *fairy court avizid*, *fiw*. B. ii. C. 1. St. 31. *Avise thee well*, consider well of it, B. ii. C. 7. St. 38. *well to avyse*, well to consider, B. ii. C. 12. St. 17, *her avizing*, B. iii. C. 2. St. 22, *avising herselfe*, B. iii. C. 3. St. 59, *avising right*, B. iii. C. 9. St. 23. *The more avize*, the more consider, B. v. C. 3. St. 18. Ch. uses it frequently.

Amayld, B. ii. C. 3. St. 27, enamelled. in Ch. Amiled. *And knoppes fines of golde amiled*, Rom. of the Rose. 1080, Germ. *schmelz*, *encaustum*, Ital. *smalte*, Gall. *email*, *emaille*, Fairf. xx. 42. *She his him where with gold and rich annaile*. His *dradere* did on his helmet flame. Perhaps Fairfax wrote *annaile*, or *annaile*.

Avoided, departed out of the chamber, B. iii. C. 1. St. 58. Gall. *vider*, to empty, to withdraw. *void all this house*, Ch. in the Merchant's Tale, 1331.

Avowed, vowed, promised, B. v. C. 8. St. 3. used by Chaucer.

Avowre, B. vi. C. 3. St. 48, to make *avowry*, a law term, to make an acknowledgment, vindication or confession of his wrongful proceedings, Gall. *avouer*, to confess, or acknowledge one's self in the wrong.

Authenticall, B. iv. C. 12. St. 32, spelt so in the old quarto and folios, Gr. *ἀυθεντικῶς*, *authenticè*; so spelt in Ch.

Awarned, warned, B. iii. C. 10. St. 46.

Awbaped, terrify, B. iv. C. 7. St. 5. *Awbaped*, terrified, B. v. C. 11. St. 32. Chaucer in the complaint of the Black Knight, 169, *Sole by himself awbapid and amate*. Lidgate Storie of Thebes, Fol. 356, 2. *And this [r. thus] Spbinx awapid and amate stood all dismayd*.—'Tis the same word, *a* added, as *wapid*, which Chaucer uses in the complaint of Annel. to Arcite, 215, in *wapid count nance*. And the same word Shakespeare has in Timon, A&T iv. *The wappend widow*, which I would rather read, *the waped widow*, i. e. distressed, sorrowful. *Somn. papian*, to be astonished, amazed, &c. Let me correct likewise Ch. in Troil. and Cress. iv. 916, *arise up hastily*, *That he you nat biwopin thus yfnde*, read, *be wapid*, i. e. sorrowful. *be* as *a* is often added.

Auglets, tagged points, B. ii. C. 3. St. 26. See *Aglet*.

B.

BACE, *bad him bace*, B. iii. C. 11. St. 5. See the note. *as they had been at bace*, B. v. C. 8. St. 5. alluding to a play called prison-bace. Hence perhaps is to be explained, B. vi. C. 10. St. 8.

Bad, asked, intreated, prayed, Anglo-S. *biðdan*, preterit, *bad*.

Baffild, did baffle; defeated and brought to publick shame, B. vi. C. 7. St. 27.

Bale, *Baleful*, *Balefulness*, B. ii. C. 12. St. 83. *Bale* frequently occurs: 'tis used for evil, mischief, misery, sorrow, &c.

To balke, to disappoint, baffle, or frustrate---to lay *balkes* and *beames*, or stumbling blocks in a person's way to disappoint, cross or baffle him. Hence our poet might say, in *pryseful termes with him to balke*, to battle with him, to deal with him in cross purposes, to frustrate him, B. iii. C. 2. St. 12. So again, B. iv. C. 10. St. 25. *Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt*, nor ever were of any *balked*, disappointed of their true loves, for rebuke or blame. There is another sense of *Balke* in agriculture, viz. a ridge of land between two furrows; in which sense 'tis used, B. vi. C. 11. St. 16, *Ne leaving any balke*, i. e. leaving no ridges, or furrows; but making all even.

Bandy crowns, B. vii. C. 6. St. 32. So in his view of Ireland, *And from one hand to another do bandy the service like a tennis-ball*?

Bannes, curses, B. iii. C. 7. St. 39. *to ban*, to curse, B. iv. C. 9. St. 19. *Band*, did curse, banned, B. v. C. 2. St. 18. B. v. C. 11. St. 12. *Bann*, *interdictum*, à *bannen*, *interdicere*.? Wachter.

Barbes, trappings; the knights horses were armed with iron and leather, which covered in great measure the head and Shoulders, B. ii. C. 2. St. 11. See Junius in *Barbes*.

Barbican, an outwork or watch-tower, B. ii. C. 9. St. 25. See Jun. in *Barbican*.

Bascimani, so the 2d quarto edit. and the Folios: the 1st edit. *Bascimano*, B. iii. C. 1. St. 56. Gall. *Baisemains*, complements, respects, Ital. *Baciamano*.—Perhaps Spenser wrote *Baciamani*.

Base, unto the bate, below, Ital. *base*, bottom, B. v. C. 9. St. 16.

Bases, B. v. C. 5. St. 20. *Instead of curiets and bases*, Instead of a cuirasse [armour for the back and breast] and bases [armour for the legs] Gall. *bas*, stocking. *Bases*, any covering for the legs, *ocrea*, greaves, &c. used by Fairf. vii. 41. *And with his streaming blood his bases dide*. Sidney Arcad. p. 60, *Pbalantus was all in white, having in his bases and caparison imbroidered a waving water*.

Bases, B. vi. C. 10. St. 8. See the note.

Bacinet, B. vi. C. 1. St. 31. Ital. *bacinetto*, a helmet.

Bafed, abashed, B. ii. C. 4. St. 37.

Bastard fear. B. i. C. 6. St. 24, i. e. *base*. So B. ii. C. 3. St. 42, *bastard arms*, *base*, not of true knight-hood. See Skinner I would not alter it into *dastard*. So the Ital. use *bastardo*, degenerate, as well as illegitimate. Sh. in Jul. Cæs. A&T v. Brut. yet, *countrymen hold up your heads*, Cato. *What bastard doth not?*—Rich. III. *Those bastard Bratons whom our fathers have in their own land beaten*, i. e. not true Britons: not Britons properly so called. *Basted*,

A GLOSSARY, &c.

Basted, slightly sewed. See Janius, in *Baste*.

Bate, did bite, B. ii. C. 5. St. 7.

To *bathe*, besides its obvious signification *to wash*, has another very different from the Anglo-Sax.

beðian, to dry, warm, comfort, cherish, Somn. And hence is to be explained our old poet Chaucer, in the Nonnes Priests Tale, 1382.

*Faire in the sonde to bath her mervily
Lieth Pertelot.*

Bath (says the Glossary) seems corrupted from *Bask*.

But you see 'tis the Anglo-S. *beðian*, Germ. *bæhen*. *to bath her*, to cherish herself, &c. And hence Spenser is to be explained, B. i. C. 7. St. 4. *And bathe in pleasure of the joyous shade*, i. e. and began to cherish themselves, enjoy themselves, &c. B. iv. C. 7. St. 7. *beat'rd in fire*, warmed in the fire, and thence hardened: *Sudibus præussis*, Virgil. They heated the tops of their staves in fire after they were sharpened, and thus they served (in some measure) instead of steel-headed spears—See *Bay* and *Embay*.

Battailous, Ital. *battaglio*, used by Chaucer in the Remedy of Love, 327, *as a cocke batailous*, i. e. prepared and eager for fight. And by Fairfax i. 37. *The French came foremost battailous and bold*.

Battell order, in order of battle, in battle-array, B. v. C. 2. St. 51.

To *battil*, or *battle*, is a word well known in the universities, for to take up provisions on the college account: if originally as alms or allowance it might be brought from the Germ. *betteln mendicare*. But Skinner from the Belg. *betaten, solvere, numerare*.—'Tis used for to feed as cattle, and hence to grow fat; and in this last sense by our poet, B. vi. C. 8 St. 38. *For sleep, they said, would make her battil better*, i. e. grow fat: unless we must read *batten*, i. e. grow fat.

Battery, B. iii. C. 7. St. 32. Gall. *bateris*.

Baton, Gall. *baton*, B. vi. C. 7. St. 46.

A *bauldrick brave be aware*, B. i. C. 7. St. 29. a golden *bauldrick*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 29. *brave bauldrick*, B. iii. C. 3. St. 59. *The heavens, bright-shining bauldricke*, viz. the zodiack, which like a belt or bauldrick encircles the heavens passing obliquely between the two poles of the world, B. v. C. 1. St. 11. Gall. *Bauldrier*, a shoulder-belt. From *Balteus*, a girdle or zone: Lat. *bar. baldringum*.

Bay has different significations, as it comes from different originals. 1. *The dogs did never cease to bay*, B. i. C. 5. St. 30. i. e. to baugh or bark: *bau-bantur canes*, Lucret. v. 1070. βᾱύζω. The word is formed to imitate the sound. To hold or keep at bay, is the hunter's phrase of a stag when the hounds are *baying* or barking at him: to which Spenser alludes, *he her brought unto his bay*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 48. So Ariost. Orl. Fur. xlv. 128. *tenere à bada*. So again metaphorically, B. vi. C. 1. St. 12. *This bay of peril*, i. e. to the last peril: such as stags are brought to when the hounds are baying them; or in hawking as pheasants and par-

tridges kept at bay by the dogs. The verb he uses just before, B. vi. C. 1. St. 9. *He bayd and barkt at me*. In B. i. C. 3. St. 23, I would read *Bay* for *bray*, Ital. *Abaiare*, to bark, to bay: metaph. to rail. 2. *To Bay*, is used to dry, to cherish, &c. as *bath*, which see above. *Bays his forehead in the wind*, i. e. dries, cherishes, &c. B. i. C. 7. St. 3. Germ. *bæhen*. 'Graecis βᾱ est caleo: inde fortasse 'baiae, thermae, & nobis bæhen, fomentare, facere ut caleat.' Wacht. So *Embay* is frequently used, the compound; which see in its place.

Beacon, [Anglo-S. *beacon*, *pharus, specula*: a raised building of combustible matter, to be fired in order to give notice to distant people of invasions, &c.] B. i. C. 11. St. 14. B. ii. C. 9. St. 46.

Beadmen, prayer-men, Anglo-S. *bidðan, orare*, B. i. C. 10. St. 36.

Bead roll, properly a catalogue of prayers; but used for a catalogue in general, B. iv. C. 2. St. 32.

Beard him, affront him to his face; brave him: B. vi. C. 5. St. 12. Shakespeare 1 K. Henry IV. Act iv. *I will beard him*. 1 K. Henry VI. Act i. *I beard thee to thy face*. Ben. Johnf. Sejan. Act v. *Teare off thy robe, play with thy beard and nostrils*, Gall. *faire la barbe à quelqu'un*, Ital. *far la barba ad uno*.

Beare, B. iii. C. 3. St. 11. a bier, Anglo-S. *bærn*, fortasse à *βᾱρν φινε*.

Beare the bell. B. iv. C. 4. St. 25. B. iv. C. 5. St. 13. Afscham, pag. 132 *Who bath no wit, nor none will bear, Among all fools the bell may bear*. A bell-weather, is the sheep that bears the bell, and leads the flock.

Beauperes, B. iii. C. 1. St. 35. fair companions, from *beau* and *pair*, a peer, equal.

Beckes, so spelt in the 1st and 2d edit. in the Folio: *beakes*: the oldest edit. come nearest to the original. Belg. *beck. bec, becco*. B. ii. C. 11. St. 8.

Bed, B. vi. C. 5. St. 35. See *Bidding*.

Bedight. See *Dight*.

Bedyde, dyed, B. i. C. 11. St. 7.

Been, be, are. 'Tis the Anglo-S. *beon*. *Thus been they parted*, B. i. C. 9. St. 20. And in other places.

Beetle brows, B. ii. C. 9. St. 52, Fairfax x. 17. *His beetle browses the Turke amazed bent*. Sydney's Arcad. p. 35. *The high bills lifted up their beetle brows*.

Befall, well may thee *befall*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 37.

Foully may befall, B. v. C. 11. St. 56 — P.P. Fol. lxxxvi. 2. *Now sayre fall you*. So Chaucer uses it frequently.

Beginne, beginning, B. iii. C. 3. St. 22.

Begone. See *Woe begone*.

Behest, Anglo-S. *hære*, a command, a heft, *behest*. Somn. Milton uses it.

Behight [Wick. Matt. xiv. 7. *With an oath he behighte to give her whatever thing she axide of him*, i. e. promised, Anglo-S. *behatan*, to promise,

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- to trust, to name, to call: from *be* and *hatan*.]
to thy hand behight, committed, trusted, B. i. C. 10. St. 50. *Behight me*, name me, B. i. C. 10. St. 64. *The journey which he had behight*, promised to undertake, B. ii. C. 3. St. 1. *to his charge behight*, trusted to him, B. ii. C. 8. St. 9. *had behight*, promised, B. ii. C. 11. St. 4. *behight those gates to be unward*, called, requested, B. ii. C. 11. St. 17. *better then thyself behight*, better so called than thyself, B. iv. C. 1. St. 44. *thus behight*, thus addressed her, B. iv. C. 2. St. 23. *him dead behight*, named him a dead man, B. iv. C. 3. St. 31. *to Triamond behight*, adjudged, B. iv. C. 5. St. 7. *Behight*, promised, adjudged, B. v. C. 9. St. 13. *this answer behight*, gave him this answer, B. vi. C. 2. St. 36. *as she him behight*, promised, B. vi. C. 2. St. 39.
- Behett*, promised, B. i. C. 2. St. 38. spelt *Behute*, B. iv. C. 4. St. 40. So Chaucer.
- Behoofe*, what is becoming, advantageous, &c. duty, &c. a substant. from *behofan*, to become, B. iv. C. 7. St. 37. Milit. *to your behoofe*, to your advantage.
- Bel-accoyle*, B. iv. C. 6. St. 25. kind salutations, and reception. In Ch. Rom. of the Rose, 2984. *And Bialacoil forsooth behight*, where it is introduced as a person: and in the original French, from which Chaucer translated it, spelt *Bel-aceuil*.
- Belamour*, B. ii. C. 6. St. 16. B. iii. C. 10. St. 22. a lover.
- Belamy*, fair friend, Ital. *bello amico*, Gall. *bel ami*.
- Belayd*, B. vi. C. 2. St. 5. laid over.
- Beldame*, good lady, good dame, B. iii. C. 3. St. 17.
- Belgards*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 25. B. iii. C. 9. St. 52. Gall. *belles regards*, beautiful looks.
- Bent*, the propensity or inclination, B. i. C. 4. St. 24.
- Bents*, B. vi. C. 4. St. 4. rushes, bent-grass, Fairfax, vi. 8. *the springing bent*. So named because easily bent.
- Bereave*, take away, Anglo-Sax. *beþeafan*, *spoliare*, *eripere*. *Her swollen heart her speed seemd to bereave*, i. e. to take away, B. i. C. 1. St. 52. *Bereawd the fight*, i. e. took away, B. ii. C. 3. St. 23. See other instances in *Reave*. So used by Chaucer in Troil. and Cress. ii. 246. And Milton x. 918. *Bereawe me not (whereon I live) thy gentle looks, thy aid*.
- Beseek*, the old English; beseech, B. iv. C. 3. St. 47.
- Beseem*, used frequently for to become, to grace, look seemly, &c. *ne bester doth beseem brave chevalrie*, i. e. grace, become, B. v. C. 2. St. 1. *As beseemed well*, as well became him, B. i. C. 8. St. 32. *her beseemed well*, well became her, looked seemly and graceful on her, B. i. C. 10. St. 14. See likewise, B. i. C. 10. St. 59. B. iii. C. 1. St. 33. B. iii. C. 5. St. 5. B. iii. C. 7. St. 51. B. iii. C. 8. St. 45. B. iv. C. 9. St. 20. So likewise, *Beseen well*, well-looking, graceful, becoming,
- B. i. C. 12. St. 5. St. 8. B. iii. C. 1. St. 45. B. iii. C. 3. St. 58. B. v. C. 8. St. 29. B. vi. C. 5. St. 36. B. vii. C. 7. St. 11. Our old poets use this expression often. Chaucer has *royally besene*; our poet *rich besene*; *gay besene*; i. e. richly adorned, &c. B. v. C. 10. St. 28. B. vi. C. 5. St. 38. So Chaucer, *To seen the king so royally besene*. Court of Love, 121. So *well besene*, well looking, of a good or beautiful appearance, Troil. and Cress. i. 167. And Fairfax iv. 46. *Degree of knighthood as besemd him well*. xvii. 10. *His robes were such as best besemen might a king*.
- Befits*, B. ii. C. 7. St. 10. So printed in the 1st and 2d quarto edit. but altered into *Befits* in other edit. See the note.
- Bestead*, a verb from *be*, and *sted*, a place, station, &c. *ill bestead*, in an ill plight, condition, B. i. C. 1. St. 24. B. ii. C. 1. St. 30. St. 52. B. v. C. 12. St. 23. *Ill of friends bestedd*, ill accommodated, B. iv. C. 1. St. 3. *So strangely bestadd*, in so strange a plight, B. iii. C. 10. St. 54. *But both at once on both sides him bestad*, beset, oppressed, B. iii. C. 5. St. 22, *fore bestedde*, fore beset, oppressed, B. iv. C. 3. St. 25. *ill bestad*, in an ill plight, B. v. C. 1. St. 22. *So ill bestad*, so ill beset, oppressed, B. vi. C. 2. St. 45. B. vi. C. 6. St. 18. Chaucer has *hard bestad*; *foule bestad*, &c. So in our Bible, Is. viii. 21. *hardly bestead and hungry*.
- Beit*, beaten, B. i. C. 7. St. 28. *Beit*, did beat, B. iii. C. 7. St. 34. B. iv. C. 3. St. 15. B. vi. C. 12. St. 29.
- Betake*, took into his hand, bestow upon, B. i. C. 12. St. 25. B. vi. C. 11. St. 51.
- Betide*, happen to, besal.
- Beteem*, deliver, bestow, B. ii. C. 8. St. 19. Shakesp. Midl. Act i. *whiche I could well beteem them from mine eyes*.
- Bever*, B. i. C. 7. St. 31. Ital. *baviera*, the fight or visor of a head-piece.
- A bewie of faire ladies*, B. iii. C. 9. St. 34. B. v. C. 9. St. 31. So named from gossiping. Ital. *Bewa*, *Beveria*. used by Shakespeare and Milton.
- To bewray*, to discover, *be* and *þreȝan*, *prodere*.
- Bickerment*, contention, strife, B. v. C. 4. St. 6.
- Bidding his beads*, saying his prayers, B. i. C. 1. St. 30. B. i. C. 10. St. 3. spelt for the rhyme, *to bed*, instead of *bid*, B. vi. C. 5. St. 35. Chaucer uses *bede*, to pray. *Beadj-men*, prayer-men, Anglo-S. *biðdan*, *orare*. they say their prayers in popish countries, numbering their beads. Ch. Rom. of the Rose, 7372.
- A paire of bedis eke she bere
Upon a lace all of white thread,
On which that she her bedis bede.*
- Bilive*, *Bliue*, à Norm. Saxon. *bilive*, *protinus statim*: *de quo nihil certi habeo quod dicam*. So the very learned editor of Junius. what if we bring it from:
bliðe?

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- blide?** for what we do *blitly*, we do soon, immediately. Skinner's Etymol. à Teut. *blick*, *niſus oculi*, ſeems hardly allowable. Chaucer uſes *belive*, *blyve*, *blive*, for quickly, immediately. And Spenser, in B. i. C. 5. St. 32. B. i. C. 9. St. 4. B. ii. C. 8. St. 18. B. iii. C. 1. St. 18. B. iii. C. 5. St. 16. B. iii. C. 10. St. 10. B. v. C. 4. St. 42. And *Blive*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 18.
- A Bittur**, Gall. *butor*, a bittern. BUTIO, *ardea ſtel-laris*, B. ii. C. 8. St. 50.
- Blame**, injury, B. i. C. 2. St. 18. B. iv. C. 7. St. 4. and in other places. *Blamed her noble blood*, injured; or caſt a reproach on, B. vi. C. 3. St. 11.
- Blank**. *Th' old woman wox half blank*, B. iii. C. 3. St. 17. Milton ix. 890. *Aſtonied ſood and blank*. Gall. *blanc*. Ital. *Bianco*. Orl. Fur. xliii. 83. *Di geſoſo timor pallido e bianco*.
- Blaze**, to divulge, or ſpread abroad, B. i. C. 11. St. 7. to *blazon*, to paint, expreſs, diſplay, or divulge abroad. Anglo-S. *blæpe*, a torch: ſem, a blazing abroad. Somn. to *blazon broad*, *Blaze*. B. i. St. 1. *broad-blazed fame*, B. i. C. 10. St. 11.
- Blazers**, blazers abroad, divulgers, B. ii. C. 9. St. 25.
- Beard**, B. ii. C. 7. St. 3. dimmed, darkned.
- Blemishment**, blemiſh, ſtain, B. iv. C. 2. St. 36.
- To blend**, not only to mix, but to ſpoil with mixing, to confound. Anglo-S. *blendan*, *miſcere*, *confundere*. It has another ſignification, viz. to blind. Germ. *blenden*, *obcaecare*, *facere ut caecutiatur*. Heſych. βλάνος, τυφλότης, ελίνα, τὰ ἀσθενή. Plautus uſes *blennus* for a fool. Perhaps theſe Latin and Greek words came originally from the Goths or Germans: for in Heſych. I have obſerved many Gothic and German words.—I will now add all the paſſages where this word occurs in our poet, *doth blend th' heroicke ſpright*, i. e. blind or confound, B. ii. C. 7. St. 10. *that him ſo did blend*, blind or confound, B. ii. C. 12. St. 80. *with rage yblend*, blinded, B. i. C. 2. St. 5. *blent my name with guile*, blended, mixed, confounded, B. i. C. vi. St. 42. *their pride have blend*, confounded, blinded, or extinguished, B. ii. C. 4. St. 26. *thine honour blend*, confounded, B. ii. C. 5. St. 5. *fouly blend*, blended, mixed, B. ii. C. 12. St. 7. *thy praiſes being blend*, confounded, B. iii. C. 9. St. 33. *which did him blend*, confound, B. iv. C. 3. St. 35. It occurs again, B. iv. C. 5. St. 34. B. v. C. 6. St. 18: 'tis uſed by Chaucer.
- Bleſs**. *And burning blades about their heads do bleſs*, i. e. do make to blaze, do brandiſh, B. i. C. 5. St. 6. The Dutch word comes near, *bluſſe*, *conruſcare*. Germ. *blitzen*, *fulgurare*. Anglo-Sax. *blæpe*, *fax*. He has it again, B. i. C. 8. St. 22. *His ſparkling blade about his head he bleſs*, i. e. he made to blaze; he brandiſhed. In Hughes' edit. 'tis ſpelt *bleſs'd*. Fairf. likewiſe who is a great imitator of Spenser uſes this expreſſion, ix. 67. *His armed head with his ſcarpe blade he bleſs*, i. e. he brandiſhed his blade, &c. *Taſſo*, *rota il ferro*. Virgil, *rotat enſem*.
- Bleſt**, i. e. kept him from harm, as if by a peculiar bleſſing, B. i. C. 2. St. 18. See the note. The ſame expreſſion is in B. iv. C. 6. St. 13. *Bleſt* for brandiſhed. See above in *Bleſs*.
- Blin**, ceaſe, give over, B. iii. C. 5. St. 22. Anglo-S. *blinnan*, *ceſſare*, *blan*, *ablan*, *ceſſatio*. Ch. uſes it.
- Blift** for *bleſt*, bleſſed, B. iv. C. 7. St. 46. But in B. vi. C. 8. St. 13. *all about ſo bliſt*, i. e. injured, wounded; from the Fr. *bleſſer*.
- Blood-guiltineſſe**, B. ii. C. 2. St. 4. St. 30. B. ii. C. 7. St. 19. Pf. li. 14. *deliver me from blood-guiltineſſe*, O God.
- Blood-ſhed**, ſhedding of blood, murder.
- Bloome**, bloſſom, pronounce it *bloom*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 2.
- Blubbed face**, B. i. C. 6. St. 9. ſwollen with weeping.
- Bode**, did abide, B. v. C. 11. St. 60. Chaucer uſes it.
- Bolt**, an arrow, Germ. *bolz*, Gr. βολίς.
- Bond**, bound, kept as bond-slaves, B. iv. C. 8. St. 21.
- Boone**, favour, requeſt, petition, Anglo-S. *bene*.
- Boot**, advantage, help, to *boot*, to help, profit, &c. what booteth it? τι βοηθεῖ Goth. *botan*. *Him booteth not*, it not at all avails him: uſed in many paſſages. *Bootleſſe pains*, fruitleſſe, to no purpoſe, B. i. C. 2. St. 2. Anglo-S. *boat-leaſ*.
- To bord**, to accoſt, Ital. *abbordare*, Gall. *aborder*, to draw near one, to accoſt him, B. ii. C. 2. St. 5. B. ii. C. 4. St. 24. B. ii. C. 9. St. 2. B. ii. C. 12. St. 16. Fairf. xix. 77. *And with ſome courtly terms the wench he bords*.
- Bord**. 1. a jeſt, B. iii. C. 3. St. 19. B. iv. C. 4. St. 13. Chaucer in the Pardoners Tale, 2293. *Bretbren, quoth he, take kepe of what I ſay, My wit is grete although I borde or play*, i. e. I jeſt, [*take kepe* is an expreſſion likewiſe which Spenser uſes. See *Kepe*.] 2. a ſhore, Gall. *bord*, *faire le bord*, to make the ſhore: to ſteer one's courſe to the ſhore, B. vi. C. 12. St. 1. *making many a bord and many a bay*.
- Bordragings**, B. ii. C. 10. St. 63. ravagings or incurſions on the borders. A borderer is one who lives on the borders, or fartheſt bounds of a place, and *Bordraging* is an incurſion on the borders or marches of a country. See Spelm. in *Bordarii*.
- Boſſe**, a protuberance in the middle of the ſhield, B. v. C. 11. St. 53. for in the middle of the ſhield there jutted out an iron-boſſe; in Gr. ἰμφοδός, in Lat. *umbo*. This they uſed often in war, by preſſing on the enemy, and driving all before them. Hence that expreſſion, *cunctos umbone repellens*.
- A bought**, B. i. C. 1. St. 15. B. i. C. 11. St. 11. a circular fold, or winding, Germ. *bucht*, *curvatura littoris*: à *bugen*, *curvare*, *flexere*.
- Bouted**, ſifted, B. ii. C. 4. St. 24. See the note.
- Bourn**, a brook or river, B. ii. C. 6. St. 10.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- Bouzing can**, a large drinking pot, B. i. C. 4. St. 22.
- Bower**, often used for an inner chamber, or private apartment. Anglo-S. *byrg*, *conclave*. See Somnibegon, *βυργια*. Hesych. Hence appears Dr. B's mistake. (*So parted they; the angel up to heaven from the thicke shade, and Adam to his bower*) 'This is a slip of forgetfulness: all that conversation was in the bour.' But *Bour* is an inner apartment in our old writers, and chiefly a woman's apartment. So 'tis to be understood, in B. i. C. 1. St. 56. B. i. C. 4. St. 4. B. i. C. 8. St. 5. — St. 29. — St. 37. B. i. C. 10. St. 17. B. ii. C. 2. St. 15. B. iii. C. 1. St. 60. B. iii. C. 4. St. 63. B. v. C. 6. St. 23. and in other places. So Ch. Millers Tale, 259. *heare thou not Absolon, That chauntith thus under our bours wall? i. e.* under the wall where our bed-chamber is.
- Brawn'd Bours**, B. i. C. 8. St. 41. well-fined arms. Chaucer uses *Braunis* sinews. — *Bour*, à *bugen*, *curvare*, *bug*, *armus*, *curvatura*, Anglo-S. *eapm-boze*, the elbow, the bought, or bowing of the arm. Belg. *armboghe*.
- Brakes**, bushes, brambles, fern, B. ii. C. 1. St. 10. thus used in the western parts of England. *barren brakes*, bushes which grow in barren places; or which bear no fruit, B. iv. C. 1. St. 20. *a belt of twisted brake*, i. e. fern, B. ii. C. 11. St. 22.
- Brame**, B. iii. C. 2. St. 52. vexation. *Quid si à βρέμω, fremere*. Anglo-S. *bræman*, *bræmend*, angry, Germ. *bremen*, *pungere*, *bram*, *spina*, Ital. *Brama*, eagernefs. The adject. *Breem* he has, B. vii. C. 7. St. 40. *Sbarp and breem*. In his pastorels, *breem winter*, sharp.
- Brand**, a sword. 'Brand lamina ensis. Ill. brandur, apud Verrel. in Indie. inde Italarum Brando, ensis; quod Ferrarius a vi-brando, i. e. à micando derivat.' Wacht. In the Testam. of Cress. ver. 190. Mars is described, *shaking his brande*, i. e. brandishing his sword. Milton uses it, xii. 641. *Ward over by that flaming brand*. And so does Dryden in his translation of Virgil, x. 581. *Around his head he reisd his glittring brand*. — As the Anglo-S. write *brond* and *brand*, so Spenser uses the like variety of spelling, even where his rhyme does not require it. — If the reader likes not the Etymol. à *vi-brando*: it might be so named from a burning piece of wood, or *fire-brand*, which a drawn sword resembles when *brandished*. — Spenser uses the word frequently. *Iron-brand*, B. i. C. 3. St. 42. or as he spells it elsewhere, *yron brond*, B. iv. C. 3. St. 25. *brond-iron*, B. iv. C. 4. St. 32. B. vi. C. 8. St. 10. *Inchanted brond*, B. ii. C. 8. St. 22. *fatall brond*, B. ii. C. 8. St. 37. *hart-thrilling brond*, B. ii. C. 8. St. 41. *Steeley brond*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 43. B. v. C. 1. St. 8. B. v. C. 9. St. 30.
- Branched with gold and pearle**, i. e. the train of her robe was wrought with branches of gold and pearl, B. ii. C. 9. St. 19.
- Brawles**, B. iii. C. 10. St. 8. *Brawls*, a kind of dancing and finging together, Gall. *braule*. See the note.
- Brast**, burst, Anglo-S. *brærtlian*, to break or burst asunder, B. i. C. 8. St. 4. B. i. C. 9. St. 21. B. iii. C. 1. St. 48. B. iv. C. 3. St. 12. B. v. C. 2. St. 14. B. v. C. 8. St. 8. B. v. C. 12. St. 17. used by Phaer. [Virg. ii. 481.] *And now the barres asunder brast*. And by Fairf. xiii. 71.
- Brave**, not only valiant and bold, but fine and spruce, *besse brave*, fine, B. i. C. 2. St. 13. *a baulbrick brave*, fine, rich, B. i. C. 7. St. 29. *blofsons brave*, beautiful, B. i. C. 7. St. 32. *bravely garnished*, finely, richly, B. i. C. 4. St. 2. — and in several other passages. Gall. *brave*.
- Bray**, trumpets loud and bray, found shrill, B. iii. C. 12. St. 6. the same expression he has, B. iv. C. 4. St. 48. And thus Shak. K. John, Act iii. *braying trumpets*. — *he brayd aloud*, made a loud and hideous noise, B. v. C. 11. St. 8. — *Bray with howling*, I rather read *Bay*, B. i. C. 3. St. 23.
- Breaded tramels**, spelt in the Fol. *brayed*, i. e. in a fine woven net, B. ii. C. 2. St. 15. *them trebly breaded*, spelt *braided* in the Fol. i. e. she did trebly weave, or plait the hairs, B. iii. C. 2. St. 50. Anglo-S. *brædan*, to knit, plight, wreath; to bread or braid.
- Breem*, see *Brame*.
- Brent**, burnt, B. ii. C. 6. St. 49. B. ii. C. 7. St. 13. B. iii. C. 1. St. 47. Ch. Prol 948.
- Brickle**, from *break*, so all the edit. not *brittle*, B. iv. C. 10. St. 39. Junius, *Brickle*, *fragilis*. vett. B. brokel.
- Bridale**, wedding, or wedding festival, B. v. C. 2. St. 3. B. vi. C. 10. St. 13. Ch. Cokes Tale, 1267. *At every bridale would be sing and hop*.
- Brigants**, Gall. *brigand*, Ital. *Brigante*, a brigand, a robber, a free-booter.
- Brond**, *Brond-iron*. See *Brand*. Anglo-S. *brond*, *brand*.
- Brooke**, B. iv. C. 2. St. 40. bear, endure, digest.
- Brunt**, B. ii. C. 8. St. 37. B. vi. C. 11. St. 9. violent attack, accident, &c.
- Brush**, B. iii. C. 1. St. 15. small wood, brush-wood.
- Brust**, burst, B. iii. C. 1. St. 48. B. iv. C. 4. St. 41. B. v. C. 8. St. 22. B. v. C. 11. St. 31. B. vi. C. 3. St. 13. *Brushing forth*, B. iii. C. 3. St. 9. But later editions, *burst*, *bursting*. 'Tis sometimes burst in all the edit. as in B. v. C. 12. St. 2: — Spenser, I believe, kept the old spelling, Germ. *brust*, *fractura*, *bresten*, *rumpi*. 'Tis so spelt in the old Bibles.
- Brutenes**, sottishness, stupidity of a brute, brutishness, B. ii. C. 8. St. 12.
- Bryses**, B. vi. C. 1. St. 24. Anglo-S. *brjora*, a breeze, or gad fly.
- To Buckle**, to prepare for battle; properly to buckle on armour, &c. Gall. *boucler*. *Buckled him to fight*, B. i. C. 8. St. 7. B. v. C. 11. St. 57. B. v. C. 12. St. 16. *him buckled to the field*, B. i. C. 6. St.

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

St. 41. *buckled to his geare*, B. v. C. 11. St. 10. *And buckling soon himself*, B. vi. C. 8. St. 12.

Bufse, Gall. *buff*, Ital. *buffetto*, a blow, buffet, B. i. C. 11. St. 24. B. ii. C. 2. St. 23. B. ii. C. 5. St. 6.

Bug, a bug-bear, B. ii. C. 3. St. 20. B. ii. C. 12. St. 25. used by Chaucer. and Shakespeare, in Winter's Tale, Act iii. and Phaer [Virg. iv. 471.] *Orestes bayted was with bugges*. See Junius.

Bugle, a horne of bugle small, a small bugle-horn. *Cornu buculae*: or rather from *bugen*, *fletere*. Ch. Franklin's Tale, 2809. *And drinkith of his buglehorn the wine*.

Burden, club, see note on B. vi. C. 7. St. 46.

Burganet, a helmet, *à Gall. Bourguignote*. Such as were used or invented in Burgundy, B. ii. C. 8. St. 45. B. iii. C. 5. St. 31.

Burgein, B. vii. C. 7. St. 43. Gall. *bourgeonner*, to burgeon, spring forth, or bud.

Bufse care, B. i. C. 2. St. 45. B. iv. C. 1. St. 43. Perhaps Spenser wrote *Bufse cure*: as Ch. *Bufse pain*, B. i. C. 6. St. 21. B. i. C. 7. St. 24. B. ii. C. 7. St. 35. B. iii. C. 5. St. 31. B. v. C. 12. St. 26. B. vi. C. 3. St. 28. B. vi. C. 6. St. 38. B. vi. C. 8. St. 39. B. vii. C. 7. St. 4. Ch. uses this phrase frequently. *Bufse hand*, B. ii. C. 8. St. 41. *Bufse aid*, B. iii. C. 2. St. 47. *Busfly*, diligently, B. vi. C. 11. St. 22. So Ch. in Troil. and Cress. iii. 1159. and Wick. Matt. ii. 8. *axe ye busfly of the young child*, i. e. diligently. Chaucer uses *befy* for officious, diligent, *befy cure*, diligent and officious care.

But is used for *unless*, *except*, Anglo-S. *bute*, *but-an*, unless, except. *That but the fruit*, unless, B. iii. C. 2. St. 17. *And but God*, unless, B. iii. C. 8. St. 50; and in other places. So *But if*, unless, except, B. iii. C. 1. St. 53. B. iii. C. 3. St. 16.

Buxome air, i. e. yielding, B. i. C. 11. St. 37. This expression Milton uses. *Buxome and prone*, B. iii. C. 2. St. 23. *buxome waters*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 32. So Fairf. xv. 12. *and brusht the buxom wave*. *Buxome yoke*, B. vi. C. 1. 8. St. 12.

Bylive. See *Bilive*.

Bynempt, B. ii. C. 1. St. 60. *be* and *nempt*, named.

C.

CACE, so spelt in the two old edit. that the letters might answer to the words with which it rhymes: and this is Spenser's almost perpetual manner of writing: in other edit. *case*. 'Tis so spelt in G. Douglas.

Call, a caul for womens heads; the hinder part of a woman's head dress; so spelt that the letters might answer in the rhymes: and agreeable to the Etymology, *calantica*, B. i. C. 8. St. 46. See Isai. iii. 18.

Camis, B. v. C. 5. St. 2. spelt *Camus*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 26. Ital. *Camice*, a dress of white lawn or fine linen, which the priests wear at mass; Spenser uses it for a slight, transparent dress in general.

Can is used in a hundred places, as *gan*, *began*: ex. gr. *much can they praise*, i. e. they began much to praise; or, they much did praise, B. i. C. 1. St. 8. *The can she weep*, then she began to weep, B. i. C. 1. St. 50. used in this sense, B. i. C. 2. St. 29. where later editors have changed it into *gan*: the same change they have made, B. i. C. 4. St. 46. And in several other places. — In B. ii. C. 1. St. 31. *so can he turne*, i. e. so he did turn; or it may be interpreted, so he knew how to turn, in the same sense, B. i. C. 3. St. 6. *O how can beauty maister the most strong*, i. e. knows how to master, has power to overcome, Anglo-S. *cunnan*, *scire*, *cann*, *no-vi*. This expression is very common in our old poets: and exactly after the same manner the Greeks use, *φίλει, ἴδω, ἐπίσταται, πέρυκε, ἤξετο*, &c. So the Latins, *novit, amat, potuit, gaudet*, &c. which joined to the verb add nothing to the signification. So *began* and *begin* is used in our translation of the Testament, from the Greek. And Horace from the Greek idiom says, *ire amat*, L. iii. Od. 16. *Roma possit dare, i. e. det*. Lib. iii. Od. 3. *posuisse gaudet, i. e. posuit*, L. i. Od. 34. *potuit fallere, i. e. fefellit*, L. iii, Od. 14. And Virgil very often, as *potuit cognoscere, i. e. cognovit*, Georg. ii. 490. *potuit rescindere, i. e. rescidit*, Georg. iii. 453. So Lucian in his Epigr.

ἢ δρῖον, ἢ μαδάχην, ἀνεῖός ποτε, τὰς δὲ μερίσας
ἢ δρῖας ἢ πλαταγῆς ΟΙΔΕ χαμῆς κενάγειν.

*Non juncum, aut malvum novit prosternere ventus,
Sed cadit irato fraxinus iſta noto.*

Can is used in so many passages in our author in this sense, and in the modern editions altered so often, that 'tis endless to enumerate them. One or two I shall take notice of. *With gentle words he can her sayrely greet*, he began to greet; he did greet: altered into *gan*, B. i. C. 4. St. 46. So in B. i. C. 11. St. 31. and St. 39.—*can say*, B. iv. C. 6. St. 3. *can laugh*, B. v. C. 3. St. 39. *can yeeld*, B. v. C. 5. St. 55. *can perswade*, B. v. C. 8. St. 14. *can let drive*, B. v. C. 11. St. 10. *can sew*, B. vi. C. 2. St. 41, &c. The same expression is used by Ch. Court of Love, 224. *Let halfe for drede I can my visage bide*. So Gower, Fol. ix. 2. *So him beselle upon a tide*. On his huntiing as he can ride. G. Douglas in his version of Virgil thus uses it in five hundred places: the Glossary says 'can for *gan*, i. e. began; passim.'

Canon bitt, that part of the bit which is let into the horse's mouth, Gall. *canon*, B. i. C. 7. St. 37. the ruling bit.

Capias, a warrant to take him: a special warrant, B. vi. C. 7. St. 35.

Capitaine, B. vi. C. 11. St. 3. Gall. *capitaine*, Ital. *capitano*.

Capon, a cocke cut: met, a cowheard, B. iii. C. 8. St. 15.

Caprifole, Lat. *caprifolium*, woodbine, honeysuckle, B. iii. C. 6. St. 44.

Captivance, captivity, B. v. C. 6. St. 17.

Carefull threads, full of care and trouble, B. i. C. 7.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- St. 22. *carefull cold*, troublesome, vexatious, B. i. C. 7. St. 39.
- Carke*, Anglo-S. *caric*, care, *becarican*, to carke care for, B. i. C. 1. St. 44.
- Carle*, Anglo-S. *ceopl*, a clown, a churl, B. i. C. 9. St. 54. B. ii. C. 7. St. 43. B. ii. C. 11. St. 16. St. 33. B. 4. C. 5. St. 44. Ch. Prol. 547. *a strong carle*.
- Cast*, to cast in ones mind, to think, to contrive. Ch. uses to *cast*, to contrive: *Castes*, contrivances. So Milton. *But first he casts to change his proper shape*. Our poet has it in above an hundred places. *He cast about*. B. i. C. 2. St. 2. B. i. C. 2. St. 37. B. i. C. 6. St. 3. B. i. C. 9. St. 15. *He cast him*, he cast in his mind, B. i. C. 10. St. 68, &c. &c.
- A cast of faulcons*, B. vi. C. 7. St. 9. a set of faulcons: a term of art: So Syd. Arcad. p. 108. *A cast of Merlins*. *CAST* is used for a throw, or time, B. vi. C. 8. St. 51.
- Cajtery*, Lat. *Castoreum*, an oil made of the liquor contained in the small bags near the beaver's groin, B. ii. C. 9. St. 41.
- Car'd* made hollow, Gall. *caver*, à Lat. *cavare*. B. iv. C. 5. St. 33.
- Caytive*, *Caitive*, à Lat. *captivus*, Ital. *cattivo*; a word frequent in the Italian romances and poets. *Captive*, slave; hence wretched, slavish; mean, vile, &c. *a caitive thrall*, a wretched slave, B. i. C. 7. St. 19. B. i. C. 8. St. 32. *Caytive neck*, captive, enslaved, B. i. C. 9. St. 11. *Caitive hand*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 1. *wile caytive*, vile, slave, B. ii. C. 3. St. 7. *Caitive hands*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 35. *that caytives thrall*, a slave of that captive Furor, B. ii. C. 4. St. 16. *the caitive spoil*, B. ii. C. 8. St. 12. *caytive bands*, B. ii. C. 11. St. 33. *caytive thought*, B. iii. C. 7. St. 16. *caytive carl*, B. v. C. 9. St. 9. *caytives*, slaves, wretches, villains, B. v. C. 11. St. 49.
- Certes*, certainly.
- Cesse*, cease, Gajl. *cesser*, B. iv. C. 9. St. 2. used by Chaucer.
- Cesure*, Lat. *caesura*, a cutting off. *πειριστή*, B. ii. C. 10. St. 68.
- Chaffar words*, so spelt in the 1st and 2d quarto editions, in the Folio of 1609. *Chaffer*, B. ii. C. 5. St. 3. Fairf. xvi. 43. *Sworne foes sometimes will talke and chaffer words*. *To chaffer*, to bargain, to traffick, to change, &c.
- Chamelot*, Gall. *camelote*, stuff mix'd with camels hair, camlet, B. iv. C. 11. t. 45.
- To chaufe*, Gall. *chauffer*, to heat, or grow warm, hot or angry: à Lat. *calefacere*, Gall. *echauffer*, *chauffed side*, B. i. C. 3. *chaufed chest*, St. 42. *to chaufe her chin*, for *face*, *pars pro toto*; rubbing and warming with his hand her face, B. i. C. 7. St. 21. *chauffed bore*, hot, angry, B. i. C. 11. St. 15.
- Chaufe*, subst. anger, wrath, B. v. C. 2. St. 15.
- Chast*, chaced; so spelt perhaps, that the letters might answer in the rhyme: Folio *cha't*, B. v. C. 8. St. 4. B. vii. C. 6. St. 52. spelt *chaste*, with-
- out such reason, B. vi. C. 3. St. 31. the folios, *cha't*.
- Chayre*, charily; with great care and caution, B. iii. C. 5. St. 51.
- Chaunticlere*, B. i. C. 2. St. 1. so named from *chaunting* or *singing* with a *clear* and silver voice.
- Child*, the infant, the young prince: used so by Chaucer and the old poets, B. v. C. 11. St. 8.—St. 13. B. vi. C. 2. St. 36. B. vi. C. 8. St. 15. *cnihc*, knight in Saxon, signifies likewise a child.
- Chylded*, brought forth, B. vi. C. 12. St. 17. *To pray thilke image, which the goddess of childing is*, Gower, Fol. 12. Ch. of the Virgin Mary, pag. 539. *childyng by miracle*.
- Checklaton*. B. vi. C. 7. St. 43. a kind of *chequered* or motley stuff, Ch. of Sir Thopas, *His robe was of Chekelatoun*, page 145.
- Cbeere*, Gall. *chere*, countenance, air, *mceu*, B. i. C. 1. St. 2.
- Chevalrie*, B. i. C. 8. St. 26. flowre of chevalrie.
- Chevalrous emprise*, B. i. C. 9. St. 1.
- Chevalrous desire*, B. ii. C. 10. St. 22. *Chevalrous aray*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 5.
- Chevalrie*, knighthood, knightly exploits, &c. *Chevalrous*, knightly, warlike, &c.
- Chevisaunce*, B. iii. C. 7. St. 45. B. 3. C. 11. St. 24. *atchievement*, enterprise, performance, Fairf. iv. 81. *so faire a chevisaunce*, PP. Fol. cxi. 2. *and can no better chevisaunce*, Gall. *Chevisaunce*.
- Clemence*, clemency, B. v. C. 7. St. 22.
- Cleped*, B. ii. C. 9. St. 58. B. iii. C. 1. St. 31. B. v. C. 1. St. 20. called, named, Germ. *kleiben*, *vocare*, Anglo-S. *clypan*, to call, to call upon, Somn.
- Clouch*, B. iii. C. 10. St. 20. spelt so in the 1st and 2d quarto editions; and in the Folios 1609, 1611, 1617. But in the Folio, 1679. *cloutch*, Somner, *ἑκλιητ collectus*, gathered together: hand *ἑκλιητ*, *manus collecta vel contracta*, i. e. *pugnus a fist: unde nostratum clutch, eopse sensu*.
- A cloud of gnattes*. B. i. C. 1. St. 23. So Milt xii. 385. *A cloud of locusts*. *nubes locustarum*, Liv. xii. 2. *νίφη ἀκρίδων*, Ael. Hitor. Animal. iii. 12.
- Colled*, embraced, B. iii. C. 2. St. 34. Gall. *accoler*, to clip and coll. Lat. *collum*.
- Commen*, commune, discourse together, B. v. C. 9. St. 4. spelt so that the letters might answer in the rhymes,
- Commen*, come, B. v. C. 9. St. 21.
- Compare*, B. i. C. 4. St. 28. *riches to compare*, to get: à Lat. *comparare*.
- Company*, companions, B. iv. C. 1. St. 37 so used by Shakespeare.
- Compass crest*, his crest compassed around, or well-rounded, proportioned, or framed, Gall. *compasé*, B. iv. C. 4. St. 30.
- Complot*, Gall. *complot*, a plot, combination or contrivance, B. v. C. 8. St. 25.
- Comportance*, Gall. *comportement*, behaviour, carriage, B. ii. C. i. St. 29.
- Compylde*, brought together, B. iv. C. 9. St. 17.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

Concept, imagination, fancy, B. ii. C. 3. St. 39.
Concent, R. iii. C. 12. St. 5. concert. Lat. *concentus*.
Concuted, in concert, or agreement, B. iv. C. 2. St. 2.
Concreev, to grow together, *concreſco concrevi*, concreev, as *accrue*, juſt before, B. iv. C. 7. St. 40.
Condigne, worthy, B. vii. C. 6. St. xi.
Congee, bow, reverence, B. ii. C. 3. St. 2. B. ii. C. 11. St. 17. B. iii. C. 1. St. 1. B. iii. C. 4. St. 4. B. iv. C. 6. St. 42.
Conſtraint, conſtrained, forced, *conſtrictus*, B. i. C. 7. St. 34.
Contecke contention, B. iii. C. 1. St. 64. G. Douglas and Chaucer 2006. *Contek with bloody knife*.
Contraire, B. vii. C. 6. St. 7. contradicte. Gall. *contrairer*.
Contrive, ſpend, conſume, à Lat. *conterere aetatem*.
CONTRIVERUNT, B. ii. C. 9. St. 48.
Controverſe, B. iv. C. 5. St. 2. Gall. *controverſe*, controverſy, debate.
Convince, conquer, à Lat. *convincere*, B. iii. C. 12. St. 21. Shakeſpeare uſes it ſo frequently.
Coofen paſſions, kindred paſſions, B. iii. C. 4. St. 2.
Coportion, a portion or ſhare with you, B. vi. C. 2. St. 47.
Corage, is uſed in our old poets, and in Chaucer particularly, for heart, mind, *Cor. Coragium*, Gall. *courage*; and in Spenſer frequently, as *coward corage*, B. v. C. 5. St. 5, and in other paſſages.
Corbes, B. iv. C. 10. St. 6. ornaments in building, Gall. *corbeau*, a corbel in architecture. Ch. Houſe of Fame, iii. 214. ſpeaking of the ornaments and maſonry of the gates, *As corbettis & imageries*.
Cordwayne, B. ii. C. 3. St. 27. B. vi. C. 2. St. 6. of Spaniſh leather, *corium cordubeneſe*, Belg. *kordwaen*. Ch. of Sir Thopas, p. 145. *His ſhone of Cordewane*.
Cormoyrants, Gall. *cormoran*, B. ii. C. 12. St. 8. Ital. *corvo marino*, q. d. *corvus marinus*.
Cott, B. ii. C. 6. St. 9. floating cottage.
Couched ſo neare, ſo cloſely couched and placed together, B. i. C. 11. St. 9. *Couch his ſpeare*, B. i. C. 11. St. 16. B. vi. C. 1. St. 33. place his ſpear in its reſt; from *collocare. colcare, coucher, couch*, Gall. *coucher la lance*.
Could, knew, that he could beſt, B. vi. C. 5. St. 36.
Could his good to all, B. vi. C. 5. St. 36. See the note. Somn. *cuð, notus, cyðan, notum facere*. See Ch: Troil. and Crefs. i. 661. and ii. 1178. *She thought he coude his gode*.
Culter, Lat. *culter*, a plough-ſhare, B. vi. C. 9. St. 1.
Count, account, reckoning, B. iv. C. 12. St. 2.
Counter-caſt of ſlight, a counter contrivance or caſt of ſlight and cunning, B. vi. C. 3. St. 16.
Counterchange, mutual exchange, B. iii. C. 9. St. 16.
Counterſelance, counterſeiting, Ital. *contraſacimento, contraſare*, to counterfeit: *quaſi contraſacere i. e. facere contra quam fieri oportet*, B. i. C. 8. St. 49. B. iii. C. 8. St. 8. B. iv. C. 4. St. 27.
Counter-ſtroke, an oppoſite ſtroke, B. v. C. 11. St. 7.

Complement, Union, Marriage, coupling together, B. iv. C. 3. St. 52.
Cour'd, B. ii. C. 8. St. 9. ſee the note.
Court, courteouſneſs, B. ii. C. 9. St. 2.
Crakes, boaſtings, B. ii. C. 11. St. 10. *Crake*, boaf, B. vii. C. 7. St. 50.
Cranks, B. vii. C. 7. St. 52, the ſame as *cranicles* i. e. windings, turnings: to crankle, is to run winding in and out.
Craples, claws B. v. C. 8. St. 40. ſpelt ſo in the old Quarto, and in the Folios, 1609. 1611, and not *grapples*, Germ. *Krappen, arripere. Krav, unguis*.
Craven creſt, B. i. C. 2. St. 11. *craven knight*, B. vi. C. 6. St. 26. *craven bodie*, B. vi. C. 6 St. 36. Anglo-S. *cravian*, to aſk ſubmiſſively, or meanly, *to crave*: hence thoſe who meanly aſk'd their lives, were called *cravers* or *cravens*, cowards, recreants: a cock that runs away ſeems *to crave*: hence by cock-fighters the term, *a craven cock*.
Cremofin, Ital. *cremiſino*, crimſon, crimſon colour, B. ii. C. 11. St. 3.
Cruddy blood, B. 3. C. 3. St. 47. B. 3. C. 4. St. 34. crudled, coagulated.
Crudled celd, B. i. C. 7. St. 6. cold that curdles the blood, *gelidusque coit formidine ſanguis*, Virg.
Culverin, Gall. *couleuvrine*, a piece of ordnance, ſo named from its long ſhape like a ſnake, à *colubra*, B. v. C. 10. St. 34.
Cunning, knowing, ſkilful, artiſicial, &c. B. iii. C. 1. St. 34. B. 5. C. 7. St. 6. and in other places, *cunningly*, ſkilfully.
Curat, B. 5. C. 8. St. 34. *Curiets*, B. 5. C. 5. St. 20. *Curats*, B. 6. C. 5. St. 8. 'Tis ſpelt thus differently. An armour for the back and breaſt "*Kuraſs, lorica. tegumentum peſtorale, Boxbor. curas, lorica. Gall. cuiraffe. unde " niſi à kur corium, ſicut lorica à loro? 11 Wacht.*
To curry favour, B. 5. C. 5. St. 35, to get in favour by inſinuation and flattery, *gratiam. et FAVOREM QUERERE blanditii gratiam.*

D.

D*aedale hand*, Intro. to B. iii. St. 2. *mau dedala*. Taſſo, xii. 94. *Daedale Earth*, B. iv. C. 10. St. 45. *dadala tellus*, Lucretius.
Dame Venus, B. i. C. 6. St. 16. *Dame Nature*. B. ii. C. 2. St. 6. B. ii. C. 12. St. 23. *Domina*.
Damnifyde, injured, B. ii. C. 6. St. 43. Fairf. X. 37. *true virtus damniſes*.
Dan Aeolus, B. iii. C. 8. St. 21. B. iv. C. 9. St. 23.
Dan Chaucer, B. iv. C. 2. St. 32. *Dan Faunus* B. ii. C. 2. St. 7. *Dan Phæbus*, B. vii. C. 6. St. 35. *Dan Geffry* [Chaucer.] B. vii. C. 7. St. 9. *Dan Jove*, B. 7. C. 7. St. 41. *Dan Cupid*, B. vii. C. 7. 46. Chaucer and our old poets uſe it frequently. *Dan, Don*, à *dominus*: as *Sir, Sire, Kup-105*
To darrayue battle, to hazard, venture, attempt, or prepare to fight. Spenſer uſes this phraſe very often as, B. i. C. 4. St. 40. B. i. C. 7. St. 11. B. ii. C. 2. St. 26. B. iii. C. 1. St. 20.

B. vi.

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

- B.** iv. C. 5. St. 26. **B. v. C. 2.** St. 24. **B. v. C. 2.** St. 15. **B. v. C. 12.** St. 9. **B. vi. C. 7.** St. 41. *darrayne that enterprize*, i. e. attempt, hazard, &c. **B. iv. C. 9.** St. 3. **G. Douglas** *dereny, dercyne and derene*, to fight, contend, decide the controverſy, *Virg. certare, decernere ferro.* 'Arramir' *promettre, de adrbamire, jurare, ſelon les conſtitutions de charlemagne.* Menage. Vide Spelman. in *Adrbamire.* **BELLUM DARANIARE** [*to darrayne war*] i. e. *denunciare, profiteri.* uſed frequently by Chaucer.
- Darryed lark**, **B. vii. C. 6.** St. 47. alluding to catching of larks by what they call a *daring glaſ*.
- Daves-man**, umpire, arbitrator, **B. ii. C. 8.** St. 28. ſee note on **B. i. C. 7.** St. 26.
- Daynt**, dainty, delicate, *Introd.* **B. iii.** St. 2.
- Dayr'houſe**, **B. vii. C. 6.** St. 48. *dairie houſe.*
- Dealth**, dealeth, gives, **B. iv. C. 1.** St. 6.
- Dearnly**, **B. ii. C. 1.** St. 35. ſpelt *Dernly*, **B. 3. C. 1.** St. 14. **B. iii. C. 12.** St. 39. eagerly, earnestly.
- Deaths dove**, **B. i. C. 8.** St. 27. a ſcriptural expreſſion, *haſt thou ſeen the doors of the ſhadow of death?* *Job. xxxviii. 17.*
- To debate*, not only to diſpute, but to contend, fight &c. ſo the ſubſt. *debate*, conteſt, ſtrife, &c. as the French uſe *debat* and *debatre*; and the Italians *dibatto*, ſo Chaucer frequently, and **G. Douglas.** *Debate in liſts.* i. e. fight, **B. ii. C. 1.** St. 6. *In bloudie arms they did debate*, **B. ii. C. 8.** St. 11. *the whole debate*, the whole fight, **B. ii. C. 8.** St. 54. *In darkneſs to debate*, **B. iii. C. 9.** St. 14. Subſt. as, *lovers dear debate*, ſtrife, quarrel, which coſts ſo dear, or *deare* for deadly, as Shakeſpear often uſes it. *Introd.* to **B. iv. C. 1.** *daungerous debate*, **B. vi. C. 3.** St. 22. *this new debate*, **B. vi. C. 8.** St. 13.
- Debatement**, conteſt, fight, **B. ii. C. 6.** St. 39. ſee above *Debate.*
- Debonaire**, ſprightly, courteous, &c. *Gall. debonnaire*, **B. ii. C. 6.** St. 28. **B. iii. C. 1.** St. 26.
- Decreewed**, decreased, *decreſco, decrevi*, **B. iv. C. 6.** St. 18. *Gall. decroitre, decru.*
- Defend**, *defend the ſunny beams*, to keep off, as *defendere* is uſed in Latin authors: **B. ii. C. 12.** St. 63. *danger to defend*, to keep off, guard againſt, **B. iv. C. 3.** St. 32. 'Defendere, probibere, à Gall.' *defendre*, *L.L. Ed. conſefs. ca. 37. uſurarios defendit* 'reſt Edwardus, ne remanerent in regno. Sic Chaucerus' *noxtras*,
- Where can you ſay in any manner age
That ever God defended marriage.* *Prol. Wif. Bath.*
- Spelm.** in **DEFENDERE.** *Milt. xi. 86. that defended fruit*, i. e. forbidden.
- Deſine**, to end, **B. iv. C. 3.** St. 3. *Gall. deſinir*, to determine or decide.
- Deſould**, **B. i. C. 10.** St. 42. deſiled, or brought to ſhame; from *de and ſoule*, to ſoul, to make filthy, Chaucer uſes, *deſoule*, *deſoulid*, and **G. Douglas** *deſoul*; to deſile.
- Degendered*, *Introducion*, **B. v. St. 2.** ſee the note.
- Delices** [*Lat. Delicia.* *Ital. delizia*, *Gall. DELICES*, delight, pleaſure.] **B. ii. C. 5.** St. 28. **B. iv. C. 10.** St. 6. *Ch.*
- Flower de luce**, *Gall. Fleur de lis*, **B. ii. C. 6.** St. 16. **B. iv. C. i.** St. 31.
- Delwe**, a pit or hollow place, **B. ii. C. 8.** St. 4. **B. iii. C. 3.** St. 7. **B. iv. C. 1.** St. 20.
- Demeane her**, did demeane himſelf, behave himſelf to her. *Gall. ſe demener*, **B. vi. C. 7.** St. 39.
- Demayne**, *Demeane*, demeanour, carriage, behaviour, **B. ii. C. 8.** St. 23. **B. ii. C. 9.** St. 40. **B. v. C. 5.** St. 51. **B. vi. C. 6.** St. 18. Chaucer.
- Demeaſure**, ſo the 1ſt and 2d quarto editions: the *Folios, Demeanure*, i. e. demeanour, as above in *Demayne*, **B. iii. C. 9.** St. 27.
- Dempt**, deemed, **B. ii. C. 7.** St. 55. **B. iii. C. 11.** St. 23. *Anglo-S. deman*, to judge, to decern.
- Denay**, **B. iii. C. 11.** St. 11. *Denayd*, **B. iv. C. 12.** St. 28.
- Depart**, divide, *Gall. dipartir*, **B. i. C. 2.** St. 14. *Depart*, departure, **B. iii. C. 7.** St. 20.
- Dernly**. See *Dearnly*.
- Derring doe**, daring exploits or doings, **B. ii. C. 4.** St. 42. **B. vi. C. 5.** St. 37. *Derdoing arms*, chivalrous arms, **B. ii. C. 7.** St. 10. *Derring doers*, daring and bold doers, **B. iv. C. 2.** St. 38. *Ch. Troif. and Cress. v. 837.* He ſays *Troilus* was ſecond to none *In dardingdo.* *Anglo-S. durnan*, to dare, *q. d. daring doings*, or *dejian*, to injure, to *derè*, *q. d. deering doings.*
- Deſcribe**, deſcribe, **B. ii. C. 3.** St. 25, uſed by *Ch.*
- Deſigne**, **B. iv. C. 3.** St. 37. ſo ſpelt that the letters might answer in the rhyme, *Deſign*. So again, *Deſining*, **B. v. C. 7.** St. 8. *deſigning*, marking.
- Deſpiteous**, ſpiteful, malicious, &c. **B. ii. C. 7.** St. 62. **B. vi. C. 2.** St. 40. uſed by Chaucer and **G. Douglas**, *Ital. diſpettoſo*, *Gall. deſpiteux*. See *diſpiteous*.
- Deſſe**, **B. iv. C. 10.** St. 50. [*Gall. dais*] a feat. uſed by Chaucer and **G. Douglas**.
- Detaine**, detainment, confinement, **B. v. C. 6.** St. 15.
- Deviſeful**, full of rare devices, **B. v. C. 3.** St. 3.
- To dight*, to order, prepare, dreſs, adorn, &c. *Anglo-S. dihtan*, to dight, *Adihtod*, decked, dreſſed, dighted, *others dight their attyre*, dreſs out, ſet in order, **B. i. C. 4.** St. 14. *on him digbte* put on him, get ready, prepare, **B. i. C. 7.** St. 8. *ſowly dight*, ſowly bewrayed, **B. i. C. 8.** St. 48. **B. ii. C. 5.** St. 4. *goodly dight*, adorned, **B. i. C. 9.** St. 13. *rudely dight*, out of order, **B. i. C. 11.** St. 9. *to bataille dight*, prepare, **B. i. C. 11.** St. 52. *dight to ſin*, ready prepared, **B. ii. C. 12.** St. 77. In the ſame manner *Bedight*, decked out, prepared, got ready, or in order, **B. i. C. 12.** St. 21. **B. ii. C. 7.** St. 3. *Introd.* to **B. v. St. 10.** **B. vi. C. 5.** St. 7.
- Dilate**, enlarge upon, **B. ii. C. 5.** St. 37. **B. iii. C. 3.** St. 62. **B. v. C. 6.** St. 17. **B. vi. C. 10.** St. 21. uſed by Shakeſpeare.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

Disadvantage, to withdraw, to stop. Ital. *disavanzare*, B. iv. C. 3. St. 8. B. iv. C. 4. St. 7. Ch. Troil. and Cress. ii. 511.

Disadventurous; spelt in some editions, *disadventurous*, B. i. C. 7. St. 48. B. i. C. 9. St. 11. B. iv. C. 8. St. 51. B. v. C. 11. St. 55. ill-adventurous, unhappy, unlucky, wretched. Ital. *disavventurato*. *Disided*, cut in two parts, à *discindere*, B. iv. C. 1. St. 27.

Discipline, learned her discipline, instruction, B. i. C. 10. St. 27. *my discipline*, education, instruction, B. i. C. 9. St. 5. *celestial discipline*, heavenly learning, instruction, B. i. C. 10. St. 18.

Discourse of all that vision, the whole matter and subject of that vision, B. v. C. 7. St. 20. *after long discourse*, much shifting, or running to and fro, B. vi. C. 8. St. 14. So the Italians use *discorso*, à Lat. *discursus*.

Discure, discover, B. ii. C. 9. St. 42. used by Ch. *Discust*, shaken off, B. iii. C. 1. St. 48. Lat. *discutere*, *discussus*. Ital. *discostare*, to remove, or put away.

Disentrayled blood, i. e. drawn along floatingly, *trailing down*: a compound from *dis*, i. e. *diversis partibus*; *en* and *traile*, B. iv. C. 3. St. 28. *her soul to disentraile*, to draw or drag forth, B. iv. C. 6. St. 16. *his bowels disentraile*, drag forth, B. v. C. 9. St. 19.

Disleal knight, B. ii. C. 5. St. 5. Ital. *disleale*, perfidious, traitorous, &c. a term used frequently in romances.

Disloyal, B. iv. C. 1. St. 53. See the note. *Disloignd*, disloined, remote, far: from *dis*, i. e. *diversis partibus*: & *eloigné*, B. iv. C. 10. St. 24. *Disparage*, a disparagement, B. iv. C. 8. St. 50. used by Chaucer.

Dispiteous, malicious, despiteful, B. i. C. 2. St. 15. *il dispiciato mostro*, the spiteous monster. Orl. Fur. xv. 51. See *Despiteous*.

To disphe, contracted from discipline; which signifies correction for an offence, as *disciplina* was used by the writers of the barbarous Latin age: B. i. C. 10. St. 27.

Disport, sport, diversion, pastime. Ital. *disporto*, B. i. C. 2. St. 14. B. ii. C. 2. St. 36. which passage seems borrowed from Chaucer in the character of the Prioresse, 138. *she was of great disport*. He uses the word again, B. ii. C. 6. St. 26. B. iii. C. 1. St. 40. And the verb, *her to disport*, to divert her, B. iii. C. 8. St. 11. Ch. Troil. and Cress. ii. 1673. *she gan him to disport*.

Dispredden, spread all around: *dis*, i. e. *diversis partibus*: and *spread*, B. i. C. 5. St. 17. B. ii. C. 2. St. 40.

Dispraveyance, want of provision, B. iii. C. 10. St. 10.

Disseized, made to quit or relinquish, dispossessed of: Vide Spelman in *Disseisire*. B. i. C. 11. St. 20. So B. vii. C. 7. St. 48. *who doth them all disseise of being*, dispossess.

Dissolute, languid, broken; in the sense of *dissolu-*

us, B. i. C. 7. St. 51.

Distronized, dethroned; B. ii. C. 10. St. 44.

Disfraine, i. e. draw it, or break it asunder; Gall. *disfraine*, to take off, to pull asunder, *disfrabere*: B. ii. C. 12. St. 82.

Distinct, varied. B. vi. C. 3. St. 23.

Disfraught, distracted, drawn aside, B. i. C. 9. St. 38. B. iv. C. 3. St. 48. B. v. C. 8. St. 48.

Dites, orders, directs; the same as *digit*, which see above, and so spelt that the letters might answer in the rhyme. *His club aloft he dites*, he directs aloft, stands with his club aloft in order of battle, B. i. C. 8. St. 18. Anglo-Sax. *dihtran*, to dispose, order, &c.

A ditt, a ditty, a song, B. ii. C. 6. St. 13.

A diverse dream, B. i. C. 1. St. 44. See the note. So *diverse doubt*, B. ii. C. 2. St. 3.

Diverst, B. iii. C. 3. St. 62. See the note. Ital. *Far divorzio*, to depart.

Do him not to dye, put him not to death, B. i. C. 7. St. 14. The same phrase he has, B. i. C. 8. St. 36.—St. 45. B. i. C. 9. St. 53. B. i. C. 11. St. 38. B. ii. C. 5. St. 12. B. ii. C. 6. St. 34. B. ii. C. 7. St. 27. B. ii. C. 8. St. 18. B. iii. C. 3. St. 39. and in other places. In the same manner, *doe him rew*, cause him to rew for it, B. ii. C. 1. St. 25. *to do him laugh*, to make him laugh, B. ii. C. 6. St. 7. *do him deadly fall*, to cause, B. ii. C. 7. St. 64. *doe men in bale to ster-ve*, cause men, &c. B. ii. C. 6. St. 34. *doe arway dread*, put away, B. iii. C. 2. St. 33. Ch. pag. 284.

Do waie, i. e. *apage*.—There are many passages of like kind in our poet. And thus Shakespeare, 2d part of King Hen. VI. Act iii. *Why Warwick, who should do the duke to death?* i. e. put him to death, cause his death. Chaucer uses *do*, for to cause a thing to be done. Anglo-Sax. *don*, *agere*, *facere*. Ch. *Doin*, to do, to cause. Hence he says *Doen aslake*, do flake, B. i. C. 3. St. 36. *doen to dye*, put to death, B. i. C. 8. St. 36. *to doen a thousand groan*, to cause a thousand to groan, B. iii. C. 4. St. 22. *doen be dead*, be put to death, B. iii. C. 10. St. 32. And in other places.

Dofte, do off, put off, B. iii. C. 4. St. 5. B. iii. C. 11. St. 55. B. iv. C. 1. St. 43. B. v. C. 6. St. 23. B. vi. C. 9. St. 36. *To doff*, to do off, to put off: *to don*, to do on, to put on, are common expressions in the western parts of England. Spenser uses both expressions, and so does Milton.

Dolour, *Dolor*: spelt both ways: Lat. *dolor*, grief, pain, sorrow, &c. B. iii. C. 4. St. 6.—St. 12. B. iii. C. 7. St. 54. B. iii. C. 11. St. 16. B. iv. C. 7. St. 39.—St. 43. B. iv. C. 8. St. 3. *Dolours*, B. i. C. 11. St. 27. *Dolorous*, sorrowful, painful, &c. Lat. *dolorosus*, B. 2. C. 10. St. 24.

Doale, B. v. C. 4. St. 39. So cruel a distribution of blows: a distributing, a dealing out.

Doole, dole, complaint, sorrow, B. ii. C. 12. St. 20. B. iv. C. 8. St. 3. B. vi. C. 7. St. 39.

To Doon, to do, to aft, B. ii. C. 3. St. 15. *To donne*,

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

- to do, B. vi. C. 10. St. 32. *To done*, to do, B. iii. C. 2. St. 23. *well to doune*, in well doing, to do well, B. ii. C. 10. St. 33. *for nothing good to doune*, good to do no one thing, B. iii. C. 7. St. 12. Chaucer uses this word frequently from the Anglo-Sax. *Don*, to *æd*, to *doe*. *Somn*. So *Fairf*. i. 70. to done *bis lord's bebest*, i. e. to do.
- To Don*, to do on, to put on, a common expression in the west of England, B. iii. C. 6. St. 38. B. iv. C. 1. St. 18. B. iv. C. 6. St. 5. B. v. C. 6. St. 17. B. vi. C. 8. St. 24.
- Dortours*, B. vi. C. 12. St. 24. The places where the monks lay were called *Dortours*, from *dormitorium*. See Chaucer.
- Dotid*, dotting, impaired, B. i. C. 8. St. 34.
- Doubt*, *well approv'd in many a doubt*, B. v. C. 11. St. 47. many a doubtful and hazardous case.
- Doucepere*, B. iii. C. 10. St. 31. spelt in the Folio 1609. *Douzeperere*, used by Chaucer in the *Flowre and the Leefe*, 516. Like one of the twelve peers of France. *Les douze pairs*. See the *Glossary* to Ch.
- Doughtie*, B. i. C. 5. St. i. B. i. C. 11. St. 52. and other places. Valiant, courageous, Anglo-Sax. *dohtig*.
- Drad*, dreaded, B. v. C. 11. St. 32. The Folio 1609, in B. v. C. 1. St. 2. reads *drad*, but the old quarto *dread*. used by Chaucer.
- Draft*, drift, B. iv. C. 2, St. 10.
- Drapets*, linen clothes, B. ii. C. 9. St. 27. Ital. *drappo*.
- Draught*, a military detachment, B. ii. C. 10. St. 51.
- Dread*, one to be feared and honoured, and revered, *dearest dread*, *Introduct*. B. i. St. 4. and again, B. iv. C. 8. St. 17. *bis deare dreed*, B. i. C. 6. St. 2. So Chaucer uses *Dread*, *Dreed*, for reverence and respect. *Dread* is used likewise, to be feared without reverence, *mine onely deadly dread*. i. e. my onely deadly terrour, B. i. C. 7. St. 50. and used for dreadful, *the tempest dred*, i. e. the dreadful tempest, B. i. C. 1. St. 8. the other editions excepting the 1st and 2d in quarto, read *tempests dred*, as if *dred* was a substantive. So *darknes dred*, B. i. C. 1. St. 38. *dredd dragon*, B. i. C. 11. St. 47. *danger dred*, B. iii. C. 8. St. 33.
- Dreadlesse*, without dread: perhaps 'tis to be interpreted, *Doubtless*: So Chaucer, *Withoutin drede*, i. e. without doubt. And *Dreadless*, for doubtless, he uses in *Troil* and *Cress*. i. 1035. *For dredlesse me were lewir to die*. 'This latter interpretation I like best; for Chaucer is the best interpreter of Spenser, B. ii. C. 5. St. 17.
- Dreed*, B. i. C. 6. St. 2. See *Dread*.
- Drent*, [Chaucer *dreint*, drench't or drowned] B. ii. C. 6. St. 49. B. ii. C. 12. St. 6. B. v. C. 7. St. 39. Anglo-Sax. *adnencan*, *adnent*.
- Dreere*, *Dreare*, sorrow, sadness. *ghastly dreare*: *despiteous dreare*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 42. *deadly dreare*, B. v. C. 10. St. 35. B. v. C. 12. St. 20. *fad dreare*, B. vi. C. 2. St. 46. *doleful dreare*, B. vi. C. 3. St. 4.
- Dreare*, adjectively: dreary, dismal, sorrowful: *gryphons dreare*, B. ii. C. 11. St. 8. *darknes dreare*, B. iii. C. 11. St. 55.
- Dreary dame*, B. i. C. 5. St. 24. *dreary wounds*, B. i. C. 6. St. 45. *dreery night*, B. i. C. 7. St. 2. Anglo-Sax. *dreopi*, *dreopiȝ*, sad, dreery. *Chaucero*, *dreri*. *Somner*.
- Dreerinesse*, sorrow, B. iii. C. 11. St. 12. Anglo-Sax. *dreopiȝnyrre*, sadness, dreerinesse. *Caucero*, *dreerines*, *Somn*.
- Dreeriment*, sorrow, heaviness, B. i. C. 2. St. 44. B. i. C. 11. St. 32. B. ii. C. 1. St. 15. B. ii. C. 4. St. 31. B. ii. C. 6. St. 27. B. ii. C. 7. St. 1. B. iii. C. 4. St. 30. B. iv. C. 7. St. 29.
- Dreerybedd*, B. iii. C. 1. St. 16. B. iii. C. 1. St. 62. B. iii. C. 12. St. 17. B. v. C. 3. St. 26. a sorrowful and dreary state, sorrow. from *hood*, which see below, and *dreary*.
- Drift*, ordered, prepared. See *Address*. used by Chaucer.
- Dre-vill*, a driveller, a fool, B. iv. C. 2. St. 3. See Junius.
- Drift*, B. i. C. 8. St. 21. *with fearefull drift*, impulse, force, or driving on; as we say drifts of ice, drifts of sand, &c. But B. ii. C. 12. St. 8. *this despairful drift*, i. e. aim, purpose.
- Drover*, his boat *driving* without anchor: as the sailors say, *the ship drives*, B. iii. C. 8. St. 22.
- To dub a cucquold*, ludicrously expressed, from dubbing a knight, B. iii. C. 10. St. 11. *was dubbed knight*, B. v. C. 11. St. 53. So again, B. vi. C. 2. St. 35. Germ. *adobare*, *equitem creare*. See *Wacht*.
- Dulcet melody*, B. iii. C. i. St. 40. Milton, *dulcet Symphonies*.
- Durezza*, confinement, imprisonment, hardship, B. iv. C. 8. St. 19. The Italians use *durezza* for hardness, cruelty, &c. So Chaucer.

E.

- E**ARE, B. i. C. 12. St. 24. spelt so in the two old quarto editions; near the Gothick, air, ante, priusquam, but in the Folios *ere*, Anglo-S. *ær*. Belk. *eer*, Germ. *er*: 'tis sometimes written *or*. In the bible printed *an*. 1595, 'tis spelt *yer*.
- Earne*, *Erne*, to yearn, to be moved with compassion, Gen. xliii. 30. *bis bowels did yern on bis brother*. Anglo-S. *ȝyrnan*, *ȝeornan*, *desiderare*. B. i. C. 1. St. 3. B. i. C. 9. St. 18. B. ii. C. 3. St. 46. B. iii. C. 10. St. 21. B. iv. C. 12. St. 24. B. v. C. 9. St. 7. B. v. C. 11. St. 21.
- Earst*, *Erst*, at *earst*. at *erst*. Anglo-S. *æperst*, *æt æperstan*. Germ. *erst*: primus, imprimis, first of all; at first; before, formerly, &c.

Eekes.

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

Eeke, Eke, to add, to increase, to augment, Anglo-S. eacan. Germ. *auchen*. ἄξειν. *augere*. ЕЕКТ, *auctus*.

Efforced, made fierce and mad. B. iii. C. 11. St. 27.

Efforce, Gall. *efforce*, to force open, B. ii. C. 7. St. 30. *efforced*, taken by force, conquered, B. ii. C. 12. St. 43. *to efforce*, the same as *enforce*, if the passage is not corrupted, B. iii. C. 2. St. 15. *To efforce her chastity*, to force, to violate.

Effraide, frightened, afraid, B. 1. C. 1. St. 16. Gall. *Effrayer*. but St. 52. he spells it *Affrayd*. See *Affray*.

Eft, again, likewise, soon, &c. often used by our old poets, as likewise,

Eftsoones, again, presently, forthwith, &c.

Eglantine, B. ii. C. 5. St. 29. Sweet-briar, or wild rose.

Eke, also, likewise.

Eld, B. i. C. 8. St. 47. B. i. C. 10. St. 8. B. ii. C. 9. St. 56. B. ii. C. 20. St. 33. B. iv. C. 2. St. 33. Anglo-S. *æld*, old age. used by Chaucer.

Elf, a fairy. *Elfin knight*, fairy knight. See Somn. in *Elf*. And Wacht in *ALP*. G. Douglas translates *Fauni* sometimes *elfis*, and sometimes *faire-folkis*.

Elles, else, B. iii. C. 8. St. 48. according to the Anglo-S. *elley*, and so Chaucer. spelt *Ells*. Introd. B. ii. St. 5. B. iii. C. 11. St. 23. Spelt *Ells*, B. i. C. 9. St. 38. B. i. C. 10. St. 22. Gr. ἔλλως, *alias*, G. Douglas, *Ellis*, else, already.

Embase, B. iii. C. 3. St. 15. to lessen, make base: spelt *embase* in the Folios. So *Embase* in the 1st and 2d quarto editions, in the Folios *emba'st*, B. iii. C. 9. St. 33. *Embase*, B. vi. C. 1. St. 3. but it should have been printed *embase*; that the letters might answer in the rhyme: which is according to Spenser's manner.

Embay, not only to bath, as in B. ii. C. 1. St. 40. and in B. iii. C. 11. St. 2. but to cherish and delight, B. i. C. 9. St. 13. B. ii. C. 8. St. 55. B. ii. C. 12. St. 60. B. iii. C. 6. St. 7. See *Bathe*. from *em* and *Bæben*, *fomentare*, *facere ut caleat*.

Embard, shut up, B. i. C. 7. St. 44.

Embattled cart, his warlike chariot: *currus falcatus*; δεπτανήρορον ἄρμα. B. v. C. 8. St. 34.

Embayld, inclosed, Gall. *emballer*, Germ. *einballen*, to make up into bales or packs. B. ii. C. 3. St. 27.

Embofs; has different significations: *arms embost*, arms of embossed work, B. 1. C. 3; St. 24. *embost with gold*, raised as in relievo, B. ii. C. 7. St. 28. *embost with pearles*, raised or overlaid, B. iii. C. 1. St. 32. B. iv. C. 4. St. 15. Gall. *courage releve en bossé*. But 'tis used quite differently in some other places; and in the hunters phrase and sense, who say the *Deer is embost*: when the deer, hard chased and wearied out, runs to shelter and cover. Ital. *imboscarfi*, to hide one's self: See Skinner in *V. Embofs a deer*. So Milton Agonist. *like that bird in the Arabian woods Embost*, i. e. hid, inclosed, covered. So Spenser,

in ease embost, hid, concealed, B. vi. C. 4. St. 40. *embost with bale*, B. i. C. 9. St. 29. He uses the hunting phrase, in B. iii. C. i. St. 22. *The salvage beast embost in wearie chase*: so again in B. iii. C. 12. St. 17. meaning hard run and wearied out. — He says in B. i. C. 11. St. 20. *to embosse his speare in his body*, i. e. to lodge, to inclose, Ital. *imboscare*. But the most difficult place seems in B. iii. C. 1. St. 64. *embosse themselves in so glorious spoile*, which I explain from the Ital. *Imboscarfi*, i. e. by ambuscade to avail themselves of so glorious a spoil. 'Tis strangely interpreted in Hughes' Glossary, for it never can come from *imbuer*, to stain or imbrue: and so it signifies (says he) to dip their hands in the spoil, or take possession of it. But the metaphor seems to be from *embossing a deer*: and to come from the Ital. *imboscare*.

Embowed, imbowed, arched: covered arch-wife, B. i. C. 9. St. 19.

Emboyled, B. i. C. 11. St. 23. *emboyled with armes*: See the note. But the same word occurs, *emboyling in his heart*, i. e. all in a heat, boiling with anger, B. ii. C. 4. St. 9. So again, *emboyling wrath*, B. ii. C. 5. St. 18. the same as *boyled*, *boyling*.

Embrace his arms about him, B. ii. C. 1. St. 26. This is borrowed from the Italians, *imbracciare*. Ar. Orl. Fur. vi. 65. *Lo scudo imbraccia*, he bound on his shield. xvii. 118. *O Cb' imbracciar l'abominato scudo*. Or to imbrace, to bear on my arm, this abominable shield.

Embrave, adorn, make *brave* or fine, B. ii. C. 1. St. 60. See *Brave*.

Embras, imbracing, Gall. *embrasser*, to imbrace, B. iv. C. 8. St. 63.

Embrew, imbrew, to moisten or steep, B. ii. C. 5. St. 33. *embrewed game*, wet with blood, bloody game, B. iii. C. 6. St. 17. *Embrew*, imbrew with tears, B. vi. C. 8. St. 40.

Eme, uncle: B. ii. C. 10. St. 47. Chaucer.

Empar lance, B. iv. C. 9. St. 31. B. v. C. 4. St. 50. a law term, for petitioning the court for respite.

To empeach, to hinder. *Impedio*, *impeditio*, *impeditiare*, *empecher*, empeach, B. i. C. 8. St. 34. B. ii. C. 7. St. 15. B. ii. C. 10. St. 67. B. iii. C. 3. St. 53. B. iii. C. 11. St. 12. B. iv. C. 10. St. 36. B. v. C. 6. St. 21. B. 5. C. 7. St. 35. B. 5. C. 8. St. 37. B. vi. C. 2. St. 42. B. vi. C. 4. St. 11. St. 19.

Emperill, so the quarto: but the folios, *imperill*, endauger, B. iv. C. 4. St. 10.

Emperrisht perished, gone to ruin, B. iii. C. 7. St. 20. B. iv. C. 3. St. 29.

Empight, placed, fixed; the same as *pight*, B. ii. C. 4. St. 46. B. iii. C. 5. St. 20. B. 4. C. 3. St. 10. B. v. C. 10. St. 8. B. v. C. 10. St. 32. B. vi. C. 12. St. 27.

Emprize, enterprize. used by Chaucer, Milton and Fairfax.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- Embracement*, B. i. C. 2. St. 5. spelt so in the 1st quarto, à femibarb. *Inbracchiare*. In other editions spelt *embracement*. The more correct critics write, *inmitis, inpositus* &c. And so Spenser here, I think, *embracement*: not *Embracement*.
- Enchafed*, Gall. *enchassé*, inchafed, engraven, *enchase*, Gall. *enchaser*, to inchase, engrave. *To enchase her lineaments*, i. e. to engrave: à metaphor from in-chasing in gold, B. i. C. 12. St. 23. *enchafed*, set in, or engraven, B. ii. C. 9. St. 24. *to enchase* to engrave. exhibit as enchafed work, metaphorically, B. iv. C. 5. St. 12. *enchafed*, engraven B. 4. C. 10. St. 8. *to enchase*, to adorn as in-chafed work, B. v. C. 1. St. 11. *enchase their spears*, mark him with their spears, engrave his armour with their spears, B. v. C. 10. St. 34. *enchate*, engrave, metaphorically: B. vi. C. 4. St. 35. Fairfax xii, 57.
- They took their Swords againe, and each enchaste Deepe wounds in the soft flesh of his strong foe.*
i. e. engraved, cut.
- Encheafon*, occasion, accident, B. ii. C. 1. St. 30. Gower Fol. xxi. 2. *If that I had encheafon.* and by Ch.
- Endew* for endow; so the rhyme requires, B. i. C. 4. St. 51. or perhaps *indue*, supply, furnish, from *en* and *douer*. B. 3. C. 8. St. 40. *on himself he could endow*, put on. So in the common prayer, *Indue thy ministers with righteousness*, i. e. clothe thy ministers, invest.
- Endossé* Gall. *endossir*, to write on the back, to engrave, B. v. C. 11. St. 53.
- Endlong*, B. iii. C. 9. St. 51, B. 3. C. 10. St. 19. Chaucer in the Knightes tale. *His prikyth endlong in the large space*. Dryden uses it in his translation, *Then spurring, at full speed ran endlong on.* Anglo-S. *andlong*, *per longum*. G. Douglas *endlang*, *endlangis*, along.
- Endur'd*, hardened, *indurare*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 27. see the note.
- Enduren*, endure, continue, B. v. C. 12. St. 1.
- Enfeloned*, hurried on by wicked and felonious intent, B. v. C. 8. St. 48.
- Enforst*, enforced. Gall. *enforcer*, B. v. C. 9. St. 30. Chaucer.
- Enfouldred smoke*, B. i. C. 11. St. 40. smoke mixt with flame. See the note.
- Engine*, is used for contrivance in Chaucer, and so in Spenser, B. ii. C. 1. St. 23. B. ii. C. 4. St. 27. B. 3. C. 10. St. 7. and in other places; from *Ingenium*, wit, contrivance, Ital. *ingegno*.
- Englut*, satiate, glut: B. ii. C. 2. St. 23.
- Engore*, from *en* and *gore*, to pierce, to prick, to make bloody or gory, B. ii. C. 8. St. 42. B. iii. C. 8. St. 48. B. iii. C. 10. St. 45.
- Engorged yre*, anger arising to the very gorge or throat; or anger which he could not swallow. B. i. C. 11. St. 40.
- Engroste*, made thick: *en* and *grossier*, à *crassus grossus*, *gros*, B. ii. C. 7. St. 46. Ital. *aer grosso*, a thick air, B. iii. C. 4. St. 13.
- Anbaunst*, raised, lifted up, B. i. C. 1. St. 17. B. ii. C. 6. St. 31. B. i. C. 5. St. 47.
- Enquere*, inquire, B. v. C. 11. St. 48.
- Enrace*, enroot, implant, Gall. *enraciner*, *enracer*, *enrace*. Or from the substantive, *Race*, a stock, a root: *to enrace*, B. iii. C. 5. St. 52. B. vi. C. 10. St. 25.
- Enriuen*, from *en* and *riven*, torn asunder, B. v. C. 8. St. 34.
- Enseams*, i. e. fattens, from *en* an intentive particle, and *seam*, fat: as hogs seam: Anglo-S. *reim pinguedo*, *arvina*, B. 4. C. 11. St. 40. *en* is here used intentively; but used negatively in the Hawking language, viz. *to enseam a hawk*, i. e. to take away his fatness by purging.
- Enserw*, follow, B. 1. C. 5. St. 25. B. 3. C. 1. St. 45. B. iv. C. 2. St. 46. *Ensfude*, followed, B. ii. C. 12. St. 59.
- Ensnarle*, insnare, intangle as a skain of silk, B. v. C. 9. St. 9. see snarled.
- Entayled with anticks*, engraved or carved with images, Ital. *Intagliato*, ingraved, or carved, B. ii. C. 3. St. 27. *The steele entayld*, ingraved or cut B. ii. C. 6. St. 29. *of rich entayle*, ingrav- ing, carving, Ital. *intaglio*, Berni L. 1. C. 29. St. 50.
- Tutto intagliato di Sottile lavoro.*
Quivi d' intaglio con lavoro divino
Havea Merlinò imagini ritratte.
- Orl. Fur. xxvi, 30.
- Enterdeale*, mediation, B. v. C. 8. St. 21. the dealing or transaction between two parties.
- Enterprize*, *Him at the threshold met and well did enterprize*: and well did take him in hand, managed him well. Gall. *Enterprendre*, B. 2. C. 2. St. 14.
- Entertain*, entertainment, treatment, B. 5. C. 9. St. 37. *To entertaine terme*, to make terms, or conditions, B. v. C. 11. St. 56. *which any were best to entertaine*, to undertake, B. 6. C. 4. St. 24.
- Entertake*, entertain, B. v. C. 9. St. 35.
- Entraille*, without extrail, B. i. C. 1. St. 16. see the note.
- Entrailed intermingled*, interlaced, interwoven, *Entrailed the ends of the knots*, the ends of the knots were therein interlaced, or twisted one within another, B. 2. C. 3. St. 27. *entrayld with roses*, intermingled, B. 2. C. 5. St. 29. *entrayld atwart*, twisted together, B. iii. C. 6. S. 44. *a border was entrayld*, wrought as in knot-work, B. iii. C. 11. St. 46, *entrayld in lovely lore*, intermingled together with lovely instruction, B. iv. C. 3. St. 42. Ital. *Intralciare*, *Intralcato*, Gall. *entrelasser*, *entrelassé*.
- Entreat*, pleasures to entreat, to entertain, or use, *en* and *traiter*, B. ii. C. 7. St. 53.
- Enure*, accustom to, make use of, practise, put in ure or practise, *practised by her*, B. 5. C. 9. St. 39.
- Ermilin*, dimin. of *Ermine*. Ermine in heraldry is when the field is argent, and the powdering sable,
or

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

- or white interspersed with black spots, B. iii. C. 2. St. 25.
- Erne*, see *Earne*.
- Errant Knights*, who travel about the world seeking adventures. *Errant sprights*, wandering. B. iii. C. 8. St. 6. *Cavallieri erranti*, Orl. Fur. xviii. St. 99. *un Cavelliero errante*, Orl. Inn L. ii. C. 2. St. 42.
- Erst*, see *Earst*.
- Eschewd*, avoided, B. ii. C. 10. St. 13. *eschew*, avoid, B. iii. C. 1. St. 66.
- Esfloyne*, withdraw, sepearate himself, B. 1. C. 4. St. 20. from *longus*, *longinans*, *exlonginare*, *elloigner esfloyne*, Ital. *elongazione*, a removal. Hence in Chaucer, *Elenge*, strange, *Elangens* strangeness.
- Espial*, Sight, spying; so used By Chaucer. B. 4. C. 10. St. 17.
- Esfoyne*, excuse for not appearing: *Lat. Barb. Effonium*: Gall. *exoine*. B. i. C. 4. St. 20.
- Ewangelij*, Gospel, *ewangelium*: B. 2. C. 10. St. 53.
- Ewftes*, B. 5. C. 10. St. 23. efts, newts or evets.
- Ewghen bow*, a bow of yew, B. 1. C. 11. St. 19.
- Exanimate*, liveless, dead, B. 2. C. 12. St. 7.
- Excheat*, is bad *excheat* is a bad kind of accident, forfeit &c. *accidere*, *excidere*; *eschoir. escheata*, an escheat, an estate &c. which falleth casually to a person as Lord of the manor: B. i. C. 5. St. 25. *to leave that lady for excheat*, as an escheat as a forfeit; what belonged to him as lord of the manor: ludicrouly expressed: B. iii. C. 8. St. 16. see *Spelm.* in *Eschacta*.
- Express*, pressed out, squeezed out, *expressus*: B. 2. C. 11. St. 42.
- Expred*, B. iv. C. 1. St. 54. see the note.
- Extent*, extended, B. 2. C. 7. St. 61.
- Extirpe*, to extirpate, Gall *extirper, extirpare*. He spells it near the French idiom. B. i. C. 10. St. 25.
- Extort*, extorted, wrested, B. v. C. 10. St. 25.
- Extorted power*, power unjustly wrested, and forced from the civil power, such as the papal tyranny: B. i. C. 7. St. 18.
- Extreat*, extraction, a drawing out, B. v. C. 10 St. 1.
- Eyas hawke*, B. i. C. 11. St. 34. an hawk just taken full fledged and sum'm'd from the nest.
- Eyne*, Introd. B. i. St. 4. So Chaucer. and G. Douglas, page 122. vers. 45. *ene*, eyes.
- F.
- F**ACE, so set a bold face on a bad matter, to face down, B. v. C. 9. St. 5.
- Fade*, vanish, B. 1. C. 5. St. 15. to bring it nearer to its original *vadere*, he spells it with V. *their vapour vaded*, B. iii. C. 9. St. 20. B. v. C. 1. St. 40. Shakespeare of the ghost in Hamlet, Act. i. *It faded on the crowing of the cock*: i. e. it vanished. Spenser of a fountain, *ne ever would through fervent summer fade*, i. e. disappear, B. i. C. 7. St. 4. *before that shield did fade*, vanished, B. i. C. 7. St. 35. *flour of beautie fades away*, goes off, perishes, B. iii. C. 6. St. 38.
- Faine*, *doest faine*, art desirous. B. 2. C. 12. St. 74. *faining*, desiring, B. iii. C. 11. St. 28. *faine willingly*, B. i. C. 7. St. 38. *fierce and faine*, glad, joyous, B. 4. C. 6. St. 33. *spelt fayne*, gladly, B. 1. C. 4. St. 10. B. iv. C. 8. St. 27. *fayne*, glad, B. 1. C. 6. St. 12. *they faynd*, they desired, B. iii. C. 9. St. 24. *faind her*, desired her, B. vi. C. 3. St. 9. *rested faine*, i. e. gladly: B. vi. C. 5. St. 38. Anglo-S. *fægen*, glad, fain. *If so thou faine*, if so thou desirest, B. vii. C. 6. St. 34. Psalm lxxi. *My lips will be fain*, i. e. glad,
- Falled fancy*, falsified, deceived, B. i. C. 2. St. 30. B. iii. C. 1. St. 47. *Falled thy faith*, broke, made false, B. i. C. 9. St. 46. Chaucer uses *Falsid*, deceived, Troil. and Cress. V. 1053. *Falsed his blows*, made feints; falsified his thrust in fencing i. e. by making a feigned pass; B. ii. C. 5. St. 9. Ital. *falsare*.
- To fare*, to go, B. i. C. 1. St. 11. B. i. C. 3. St. 16. and in many other places. *Faring*, going on, B. 5. C. 8. St. 15. Anglo S. *fapan*, ire, Spenser of Archimago, *And forth he fares*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 2. Milton, of the original Archimago, IV. 131. *So on he fares*.
- Fare*, going, expedition, B. v. C. 10. St. 16.
- Fatal read*, propheticall advice, B. iv. C. 12. St. 27.
- Fatal errour*, B. iii. C. 9. St. 41. a wandering voyage order'd by the fates. see note in page 354. C. 2.
- Favours likenes*, the likenes of his countenance, face or favour: B. v. C. 7. St. 39.
- Fay*, I, a fairy, B. ii. C. 2 St. 43. B. iii. C. 3. St. 26. B. iv. C. 2. St. 44. B. 4. C. 2. St. 49
- La fata Morgana*, the Fay Morgana, Orl. Fur. vi. 38. *La fata Alcina*, the Fay Alcina, St. 41.
- La fata Manto*, the Fay Manto, xl.iii. 127. II. faith, truth: and so Chaucer uses *fay*, and Spenser, B. 5. C. 8. St. 19. *religion nor fay*, Gall. *foy, fay*. Span. *fe*.
- Fayld*, falsified, deceived, B. ii. C. 5. St. 11. B. iii. C. 11. St. 46.
- Fayne*, see *Faine*.
- Faytor*, B. i. C. 4. St. 47. B. i. C. 12. St. 35. B. ii. C. 1. St. 30. B. ii. C. 4. St. 30. B. iii. C. 2. St. 13. B. iv. C. 1. St. 44. B. v. C. 8. St. 8. some epithet is generally added, as *false faytor*, *infamous faytor*—but in B. v. C. 8. St. 8. *the other faytor*—without any epithet. Chaucer uses *faytors*, for deceivers, cheats &c. and P. P. Fol. xxxii. 2. *Tho were faytors asferd*. And Pol. lxxx. 2. *Eye on faytors and in fautores suos*, Historie of Prince Arthur, B. i. C. xxxv. *this fayter with his prophecie hath mocked me*. It signifies simply, a doer; but used as an ill-doer.
- Fealty*, B. i. C. 3. St. 1. fidelity or homage. He seems to use it, as we say, to hold by fealty; *per fidelitatem tenere*. So he says, *to hold in Fee*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 8. i. e. by perpetual right so again. B. vi. C. 4. St. 30. *Fee*, he uses for reward, or wages, B. vi. C. 3. St. 19. B. vi. C. 10. St. 21.

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

- Feare**, spelt so for the letters to answer in the rime
B. iv. C. 10. St. 27. B. vi. C. 8. St. 25. see *Fere*.
Feare, frighten, terrify. B. vii. C. 7. St. 3.
Feats of Arms, Gall. *Faits d'armes*, Ital. *fatto d'armi*, B. i. C. 3. St. 42, Milton hence seems to have wrote as Dr. Bentley saw, *Feats of Arms*, not *Fact of arms*, B. ii. 124.
Feculent, Lat. *feculentus*, B. ii. C. 7. St. 61.
To feed his Eye, B. i. C. 6. St. 4. *Pascit amore oculos*. Lucret.
Fell, Anglo-S. felle, fierce, cruell. *Felly*, cruelly, *Felnesse*, cruelty.
Fell, gaul, B. iii. C. 11. St. 2. 'tis the Anglo-S. word: which vindicates him from taking unlicensed words from the Latin.
Fellonest, most fierce, B. 4. C. 2. St. 32. So G. Douglas, uses *Felloun*.
Feminitee, B. iii. C. 6. St. 51. womanhood, state and dignity of woman. so Chaucer uses it, and, so his follower, Lydgate of the Troj. warres, B. 2. C. 16. *so trewe example of femynyte*.
Feood, B. 4. C. 1. St. 26. *feud*. so spelt in the old quarto editions, and folio of 1609, 1611. to answer to the letters in the rime. in B. i. C. 8. St. 2. *Food*, in which place I believe Spenser spelt it *feood*, but the Printer mistakingly *food*. see Spelm. in *Faida*,
Fere, companion, *Feres* companions. used frequently as, B. i. C. 10. St. 4. B. iv. C. 3. St. 52. B. iv. C. 10. St. 27. B. v. C. 3. St. 22. B. v. C. 3. St. 23. B. vi. C. 1. St. 43. B. vi. C. 7. St. 29. B. vi. C. 12. St. 4. G. Douglas in *fere*, *yfere*, together. *Feres* companions, Junius, *Fere*. vet. Angl. socius. D. S. *foeja*.
Ferne, B. 3. C. 5. St. 23. see the note.
Fett, fet, fetch, B. iii. C. 1. St. 8. B. 5. C. 3. St. 11. used so very often in the Bible, as in II Sam. 9. 5. I Kings, 9. 28.
Feutred his speare, B. iv. C. 4. St. 45. *be his steare gan feuter*, B. iv. C. 6. St. 10. to fet his spear in his rest: fet his speare easily and order y G. Douglas, translates Virg. *Heret pede pes*, they fetter fute to fute: See the gloss, and Menage, and likewise Richelet in *Feutrer*. FOSNE signifies, *theca* a sheath or scabbard. see Somner.
Fest, feast, for the rhyme, B. ii. C. 2, St. 16.
Field is often used for fight, combat, battle: as P. i. C. 1. St. 1. B. i. C. 4. St. 41. B. i. C. 6. St. 41. B. ii. C. 6. St. 29. B. 5. C. 3. St. 32. B. v. C. 5. St. 6. B. 6. C. 12. St. 11. *Feld*, *kellum* vide Wacht. in V. Milton thus uses it, *tho' the field be lost*.
File his tongue, B. i. C. 1. St. 35, see the note. so again, B. iii. C. 2. St. 12 Anglo-S. *feolan limapoline*.
Fine, end, B. iv. C. 3. St. 37.
Firmes his eye, keeps his eye steady and firm; not in the French idiom, former *les yeux*, to shut the eyes: B. ii. C. 7. St. 1.
Flaw of wind, B. v. C. 5. St. 6. Acts xxvii, 14, in the old translation. used by Milton, X. 698.
Flesht therewith, E. 6. C. 8. St. 8. Sydney's Arcad page 368, *so flesht'd in mal'ee*. And in the 2d part of K. Henry VI. Act. I. *flesht with conquest*. K. Henry V. Act. 3. *the flesht soldier*. A soldier is said to *flesht his sword*, when he first wounds an enemy, to which Shakespeare alludes, Henry IV. *Full bravely hast thou flesht thy maiden sword*.
Flit, fleet, swift, B. ii. C. 4. St. 38. B. iii. C. 10. St. 57. *did flit*, did remove, flit away: B. iv. C. 9. St. 29. *flitted*, flown away, *flitting* flowing, yielding.
Flust of Ducks, B. v. C. 2. St. 54. q. d. *fluxus anatun*.
Foile, B. i. C. 4. St. 4. B. iv. C. 2. St. 29. *golden foile*, leaf-gold. Anglo-S. *gold-fel*, gold-foile. Gall. *feuille d'or*.
Folke mote, a meeting or assembly of folk or people, B. iv. C. 4. St. 6. 'These round hills and square ' bawns, which you see so strongly trenced and ' thrown up; were called *Folk-motes*, that is a ' place of people to meet or talk of any thing that ' concerned any difference between parties and ' town-thips.' Spenser's view of Ireland.
Foltring tongue, B. i. C. 9. St. 24. B. 3. C. 11. St. 12. *faltering*, falling or tripping.
Fond, did find: for the rhyme: B. ii. C. 9. St. 60. B. iv. C. 4. St. 45. Anglo-S. *findan* to find: *fand*, did find.
Fond, foolish, B. i. C. 9. St. 39. B. 3. C. 8. St. 25.
Fone, foes, B. ii. C. 10. St. 10. B. iv. C. 2. St. 28. B. v. C. 3. St. 12.
Food, B. i. C. 8. St. 9. spelt so for the rhyme: see *Feood*.
For, on account of, because, *for in court* &c. because in court, B. ii. C. 3. St. 5. and in other places. FOR in composition sometimes encreases the signification: and sometimes gives the word an ill sense or denies and deprives. Ist. as increasing the force of the simple word; as *lorn* lost: *Ferlorn*, thoroughly lost, B. i. C. 1. St. 9. and in other places. *weariad*, *Forweariad*: *for-wandring*, *for-worne*, *ferwashed*. These words are often printed wrong: sometimes as two words: sometimes again, *fore-wearied*, *forewashed*, &c. II, as giving the word an ill sense, or depriving quality. *ex. gr.* to swear, to forswear: with the same power as the Gothic particle *fra* and *far*: and the Anglo-S. *forj*, as *rædan*, *consulere*, *forrædan*, *male consulere*. *done*, *fordone* i. e. undone, printed *fordone* in other editions, B. i. C. v. St. 41. B. i. C. 10. St. 60. *Fortaught* misinterpreted, B. i. C. 7. St. 18, which is wrongly printed *foretaught*, *forthinke*, grieve in thought, B. vi. C. 4. St. 22. so I read *Forspent*, and not *forespent*, B. i. C. 9. S. 43. so *forbear*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 53. i. e. ill support. *Forgone*, lost, B. ii. C. 3. St. 12 *Forwent*, forsook, B. 5. C. 8. St. 40. see Somner in *forwærian*. and Hicks Gram. Anglo-S. page 85. *For sæpe dat composito significationem, quæ simplici significationem pessundat & in malum sensum vertit: ut doen facere*

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

- facere*: φορδοεν, *interficere* &c. Thus in the Greek *παρὰ* in many compound words gives a vicious construction, as διατριβὰς, *philosophorum disputationes*: παραδωτριβὰς, *fales et inanes disputationes*. Εάμειν, παραεάμειν, άμειν, παραάμειν, &c.
- Fordos*, to destroy, ruin, B. v. C. 12. St. 3. *Fordone*, undone, B. i. C. 5. St. 41. and in other places. Spelt sometimes *Fredone*. So *Fordonne*, undone, ruined, B. v. C. 10. St. 33. See Somner, *Fordone*, *perdere*. *Fordonne*, *perditus*. *Chaucero* *Fordo*.
- Foreby*, near to.
- Forebent*, seized, B. iii. C. 4. St. 49. See the note.
- Forelent*, B. iv. C. 3. St. 6. lent before hand.
- Forgone*, lost, B. ii. C. 3. St. 12. *all forgon*, all other things neglected, B. v. C. 7. St. 9. *has forgon*, has left, forsaken, B. v. C. 8. St. 9.
- Forlore*, *Ferlorn*, lost, forsaken, wretched, Anglo-S. *forloren*, *perditus*, *forleoran*, *perdere*.
- Forpined*, much pined, consumed, B. iii. C. 10. St. 57. in the *Folios Forepined*, which is wrong.
- P.P. Fol. xxxiii. *forpyned shrewe*. Chaucer, pag. 3. *a forpined ghost*. printed wrong, pag. 12. *forepined*. Virgil calls the ghosts, vi. 401. *exsanguis umbras*.
- Forray*, B. vi. C. 11. St. 40. *Forraged*, ravaged, spoiled, B. i. C. 12. S. 3. used as a substantive, *Forraging*, *pillaging*, B. iii. C. 3. St. 58.
- Forstall*, read *Forestall*, B. v. C. 5. St. 47. would before any other take from him, would intercept him of. Anglo-S. *Foste-Ƴtellan*, to intercept.
- Forstact*, delayed, B. v. C. 12. St. 3.
- Forstow*, delay, B. iv. C. 10. St. 15.
- Fortaught*, B. i. C. 7. St. 17. wrongly printed in the copies *Foretaught*, misinterpreted. See *For*.
- Fortinke*, badly, grievously think of, B. vi. C. 4. St. 22. See *For*.
- Fortby*, therefore, Anglo-S. *Fordi*, *quamobrem*, wherefore, why. Chaucer *fortby*. Somner.
- Fortinke*, B. iv. C. 12. St. 14. B. vi. C. 4. St. 32. think ill of, repine at. See *For*.
- Fortilage*, fort.
- Forwent*, forfook, went out of their way, B. v. C. 8. St. 40. See *For*.
- Forworn*, much worn.
- Foster*, B. iii. C. i. St. 18. B. iii. C. 4. St. 50. *forrester*. So Chaucer, Pr. 117. *A foster was he*.
- Fouldring beat*, B. ii. C. 2. St. 20. with flames of lightning, Gall. *foudre*, lightning, *foudroyant*, thundering: *Foudroying*, *Foudring*, *FOULDRING*: inserted εὐφορίας *gratiâ*.
- Foundresse*, fundatrix, B. i. C. 10. St. 44.
- Foundering*, B. iv. C. 4. St. 30. See the note.
- Foy*, B. ii. C. 10. St. 41. Hom. Od. 6 505. ἔδωπόςθιον, Angl. *a voy*: Barnes. See *Foy* in Skinner. used by Spenser for subsidies.
- Foynd*, B. ii. C. 5. St. 9. B. ii. C. 8. St. 47. B. iv. C. 3. St. 25. B. v. C. 5. St. 6, push'd as in fencing. *Foin*, a thrust, Gall. *poindre ferire*. Used by Chaucer.
- Foyle*, B. iv. C. 5. St. 15. See *Foile*.
- Foyle*, to file, defile, B. 5. C. 11. St. 33. from *fylan*, or *fulan*, to make foul.
- Frankelin*, in Chaucer, a country gentleman and freeholder. by Spenser, for a gentleman, B. i. C. 10. St. 6.
- Franchise*, Gall. *franchise*, Ital. *franchezza*, B. iv. C. 9. St. 37. *Franchisement*, freedom, setting at liberty, B. v. C. 11. St. 36.
- Franton*, B. ii. C. 2. St. 37. B. v. C. 3. St. 22. one of too *frank* behaviour. 'Tis formed from *Frank* with the Italian termination. I don't find it used by any but Spenser.
- Freakes*. whimsies, mad actions, B. i. C. 3. St. 1.
- Frett*, to eat, consume, Anglo-Sax. *Ƴrictan*, B. ii. C. 2. St. 34. *as a moth doth frett the garment*, Pf. xxxix. 2. *Thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment*. *heart-fretting*, gnawing the heart, B. iv. C. 5. St. 45. *δουλοόσος*.——'Tis used in another sense, to *frett*, to adorn: *fretted*, adorned: Anglo-S. *Ƴrættan*, to adorn, Ital. *freggiato*, adorned; *freggio*, ornament, embroidery, *as with a golden fret*, i. e. ornament, B. iv. C. 11. St. 27. So *fretted with gold*, a phrase he often uses, from the Ital. *freggiato d'oro*, B. ii. C. 9. St. 37. B. iii. C. 2. St. 25. B. iii. C. 2. St. 25. B. iii. C. 3. St. 58. 'Tis used by Chaucer and Milton. by Ariosto frequently.
- C'havea d'oro fregiata l'armatura*.
- Orl. Fur. xxv. 97.
- Ricche di gicie, e ben fregiate d'oro.
- Orl. Fur. xxxviii. 78.
- Frize*, freeze, B. vi. C. 10. St. 33.
- Frize*, a coarse and warm kind of cloathing, made originally in Friesland, B. 7. C. 7. St. 31.
- Frozy*, froze, frozen, B. iii. C. 8. St. 35.
- Frounce*, curl, crisp, Gall. *froncer*, B. i. C. 4. St. 14.
- Frowy*, frowzy, mossy, musty, B. iii. C. 8. St. 30.
- Fry of children*, B. i. C. 12. St. 7. Gall. *fray*, spawn.
- Furninent*, Ital. *fornimento*, furnishing, furniture, B. iv. C. 3. St. 38.
- Furst*, first, that the letters might answer in the rhyme, Introd. B. v. St. 3.
- Fylde*. feeled. spelt in the Folio 1609. *filed*. For the rhyme, B. vi. C. 12. St. 21.
- G.
- G***AGE*, pledge, pawn, security, B. i. C. 4. St. 39. B. i. C. 11. St. 41. B. iv. C. 3. St. 4.
- Game*, B. i. C. 12. St. 8. *l'awixt earnest and game*, betwixt earnest and jest. Gower and Chaucer use this phrase.
- Garre*. See the note on B. ii. C. 5. St. 19.
- Gate*, a way, B. i. C. 8. St. 30.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- Geare*, stuff, attire, &c. *ease geare*, easy matter, B. vi. C. 3. St. 6.
- Geason*, uncommon, B. vi. C. 4. St. 37. Moth. Hub. Tale. *Strange and geason*, Anglo-S. *ǰærne*, *carus*. 'geaxon, hard to come by.' Ray.
- Gelt*, a gelding, Belg. *gelte*, Anglo-S. *ǰilt*, B. iv. C. 7. St. 21
- Gentlesse*, Gall. *gentillesse*, the behaviour of a gentleman, B. vi. C. 4. St. 3. Chaucer.
- German*, brother, B. ii. C. 8. St. 4.
- Gerne*, yawn, Anglo-S. *ǰeonian*, B. v. C. 12. St. 15.
- Gest*, *Gests*, action, actions, feats of arms, *res gestæ*, Ital. *gesta*, exploits, achievements.
- Ghest*, B. i. C. 8. St. 34. So spelt in the old quartos and Folios in Hughes, *gest*. Spenser follows the Belgick, *Ghissen*. See Skinner.
- Giambeaux*, B. ii. C. 6. St. 29. armour for the legs, boots, greaves, Gall. *jambiere*, Ital. *gambiera*. In Chaucer *jambeux*. See Menage in *Jambe*,
- Gibe and geare*, joke and jeer, B. ii. C. 6. St. 21. *jest and gibe*, B. v. C. 3. St. 39.
- Gin*, begin. *Gan*, began.
- Gin*, engin, contrivance, B. 2. C. 3. St. 13. B. iii. C. 7. St. 7.
- Giusts*, Justs, or tournaments, B. i. C. i. St. 1. *to giust*, to run in tilt or tournament, B. iii. C. 10. St. 35. B. iv. C. 1. St. 11. B. v. C. 3. St. 6. spelt from the Ital. *giustra*, *giostrare*. See Menage in *Jouste*.
- Glade*, a passage: used generally for a passage cut through a wood, B. iii. C. 4. St. 21. from the Anglo-S. *ǰlidan*.
- Glave*, B. iv. C. 7. St. 28. B. iv. C. 10. St. 19. Gall. *glai-ve*, corrupted from the Lat. *gladius*, a sword, spelt *Glai-ves*, B. v. C. 11. St. 58.
- Glee*, mirth.
- Glen*, (Anglo-S.) a valley, B. iii. C. 7. St. 6.
- Glib*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 12. *They* [the Irish] *have an other custom from the Scythians, that in wearing of mantles and long Glibbs, which is a thick curled bush of hair hanging down over their eyes, and monstrously disguising them.* Vox Hibern.
- Glitterand light*, B. i. C. 4. St. 16. *Glitterand armour*, B. i. C. 7. St. 29. *Glitterand armes*, B. ii. C. 11. St. 17. Chaucer in Pl. Tale. 2102. *Glitterand gold*. G. Douglas. [p. 130, 20. *Skalis glitterand bright*.
- Glid*, 'id glide, glance, or swiftly pass. used by Ch. fo G Douglas uses *glade*. The Anglo-S. præterit, from *ǰlidan*, B. iv. C. 4. St. 23.
- Glooming light*. See the note on B. i. C. 1. St. 14.
- Glooming east*, B. i. C. 12. St. 2.
- Glozing speeches*, flattering, deceitful, B. iii. C. 8. St. 14. Milt. *glozing lies*. So *gloz'd the tempter*. See Junius in *Glose*.
- Gnarre*, B. i. C. 5. St. 33. *gnarle* or *snarle*, *vox per onomat. à litt. caninā r.*
- Gondelay*. properly a Venetian wherry. B. ii. C. 6. St. 2.
- Goodlyhead*, goodliness, B. ii. C. 3. St. 37. B. iii. C. 2. St. 38.
- Gore*, pierce, B. ii. C. 12. St. 52.
- Gorge*, throat, B. i. C. 1. St. 19. B. i. C. 11. St. 13. what was *gorged*, or swallowed down the throat, B. i. C. 4. St. 21.
- Gorget*, B. iv. C. 3. St. 12. armour defending the throat, Gall. *gorgette*,
- Gossibs*, spelt in the 2d quarto *Gossips*: but he follows the Anglo-Sax. *ǰodribbe*, B. i. C. 12. St. 11.
- Grange*, B. vii. C. 7. St. 21. a granary, barn, farm, &c. *Granges* were so named à *grana gerendo*: being farms belonging to religious houses; the overseer of the grange was commonly called the Prior of the Grange.
- Grayle* [Grele, from *gracilis*. See Menage.] Some particles, or gravel, B. i. C. 7. St. 6. B. v. C. 9. St. 19. But used for the sacred dish in the last supper of our Saviour: in B. ii. C. 10. St. 53. See the note.
- Greave*, B. iii. C. 10. St. 42. See the note: Perhaps the same as *Grove*; as in B. vi. C. 2. St. 43. Chaucer in the Knight's Tale. 14. 97. *In the greves*. Somner, *ǰræfe*, a grove: Lancastrenfibus, a *GREAVE*.
- Gree*, in *greatest gree*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 5. *well in gree*, B. v. C. 6. St. 21. liking, pleasure, &c. Gall. *Gree*. Fairf. x. 10. *accept in gree*, Tasso, *Prendi in grado*.
- Gride*, *gryde*, B. ii. C. 8. St. 36. B. iii. C. 1. St. 62. B. iii. C. 2. St. 37. B. iii. C. 9. St. 20. B. iv. C. 6. St. 1. to pierce, or cut through. Lydgate of the warres of T. B. ii. C. 14. To see her husband with *large woundes depe gryde through the body*. Milt. VI. 329. *the griding sword*. Ch. Knightes T. 1012. *Through grit*, i. e. grided, pierced through. I take *gride* to be *per meta-thesin* for *Gird*: Anglo-S. *ǰerþ*, *virga*. and used by Chaucer for to strike, wound or pierce, See G. Douglas. in *Gird*. P. P. Fol. xi. has *girde* of; for to *smite* off.
- Griple*, see note on B. i. C. 4. St. 31. B. 6. C. 4. St. 6.
- Groynd*, B. vi. C. 12. St. 27. grunted. *ǰrennian*.
- Guarish*, to garish, to dress out gorgeously, B. iii. C. 5. St. 6. B. iv. C. 3. St. 29. *Mirr. for Magistrates*, part IId. Fol. 34. *with garish grace they smile*. Shakespear, *Rom. and Jul. Act. 3. The garish Sun*,
- Guild*, a guildhall, B. ii. C. 7. St. 43. Anglo-Sax. *ǰild*, Germ. *Gilde*.
- Guerdon*, (Gall.) reward, recompence.
- Guilers*, cheats, B. iii. C. 10. St. 37.
- Guise*, *Guize*, way, fashion, manner. Gall. *guise*, Ital.

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

Guife, Guize, way, fashion, manner, Gall. *guife*, Ital. *guifa*, Anglo-S. *gufa*.
Gyre, Lat. *gyrus*, Ital. *giro*. circling, turning round, &c. *warlike gyre*, B. ii. C. 5. St. 8. *compactd gyre*, their close circle, compassing &c. B. iii. C. 1. St. 23.

H.

H*Aberjeon*, armour covering the neck and breast, see Junius.

Habiliments, apparel, cloathing.

Hable, (Gall. *Habile*, Lat. *Habilis*) fit, ready, able.
Hacqueton, B. ii. C. 8. St. 38. In Chaucer, Urry's edit. page 146. *Haketon*: and explained in the Glossary, a jacket without sleeves. Gall. *Hoqueton*, q. d. ὁ χιτών. See Menage: But the true etymology is from the Germ. *Hak*, and the Anglo-S. *hoco*, hamus, uncus: for coats of mail were made from these hooks: *Lorica conferta kamis*: Virgil.

Hafendeale, B. iii. C. 9. St. 53. half. Used by Chaucer.

Hardy, brave, bold, *Hardiment*, courage, boldness, *Hardyhood*, *Hardyhead*, a brave state of mind, bravery.

Harrow, B. ii. C. 6. St. 43. 'tis used frequently by our poet, and by Chaucer: an interjection and exclamation shewing distress.

Hauberg, B. ii. C. 8. St. 44. spelt *Hauberque*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 16. *Hauberques*, B. iii. C. 11. St. 52.
Hauberk, B. iv. C. 3. St. 30. *Hawberks*, B. iv. C. 9. St. 27. The same as *Haberjeon*, Belg. *halsberg*. *hals*, *collum*, et *bergen*, *tegere*.

Haught corage, high mind, B. i. C. 7. St. 29.
Haughtie helmet, B. i. C. 7. St. 31. *haughty crest*, B. ii. C. 5. St. 12.

Haulst, B. iv. C. 3. St. 49. embraced: Chaucer's expression. from the Germ. *hals collum*, *balsian*, amplecti.

Heaft, Anglo-S. *hære*, a command, heft, or behest.

Heben bow, a bow made of the Heben tree, *Nigrum Ebum*, Virg. G. II. 116. *Speare of heben wood*, B. i. C. 7. St. 37. *hebene speare*, B. iv. C. 5. St. 8.

Hell, cover, B. iv. C. 10. St. 35. see the note.

Hend, to take hold of, *Hent*, seized: used very often.

Herbars, herbs, plants, belonging to herbs, *Herbaria*,

B. ii. C. 9. St. 46.

Herried, *Heried*, B. ii. C. 12. St. 13. B. iii. C. 1. St. 43. Anglo-S. *herian*, to praise, to celebrate.

Hersfall, reherfal, B. iii. C. 11. St. 18.

Hie, hasten, *Hide*, hied, hastened, B. ii. C. 11. St. 26.

Hight, named, called.

Hild, covered, B. iv. C. 11. St. 17. see the note.

Hold, B. ii. C. 2. St. 44. the hold of the castle is put for the castle itself.

Hole, spelt so in the 1st and 2d quarto editions, in

the Folios *whole*, B. iii. C. 12. St. 38.

Hood, State, condition, B. v. C. 7. St. 21. see Somner in *Had*. 'Tis frequently used as a termination marking quality or state, as *knighthood*, &c. so in Spenser, *Lustyhed*, *Droufyhed*, *Hardyhed*, *Maydenbed*, *Womanbed*, &c.

Hore, hoar, hoary.

Horre, horreur, B. iii. C. 6. St. 36.

Hot, was named, B. i. C. 11. St. 29. and so in B. iv. C. 4. St. 40. Anglo-S. *hatan*, *nominare*, *vocare*, *hac*, *nominatus*.

Howing, hovering, floating, B. iii. C. 7. St. 27.
Hoved, B. iii. C. 10. St. 20. Hovering, wandering, used by Chaucer: from the Cambro-B. *hovia*, *imminere*.

Hofry, an inn, B. v. C. 10. St. 23. used by Chaucer.

Houfing fire, B. i. C. 12. St. 37. see the note.

Hurtle, to rush with violence, to skirmish: *all hurtle forth*, B. i. C. 4. St. 16. *to hurlen*, St. 40.

This is wrongly printed in all, except the old editions *hurlen*. *came hurling on*, B. i. C. 8. St. 17. *hurtle round* in *warlike gyre*, B. ii. C. 5. St. 8. here too the Folios read *hurlen*. *To hurtle hie*, B. ii. C. 7. St. 41. *hurling round*, B. iv. C. 4. St. 29. 'Tis used by Chaucer, and often by Wickliff. So Fairfax, vi. 41. *together hurtled both their steeds*, from the Ital. *urtare*. Germ. *hurten*, *trudere*, *impellere*, Shakespeare likewise uses it: and 'tis frequently in the history of Prince Arthur, as in part 2d. Chap. 28. *They drew out their swords and hurtled together on horseback*.

Hylding, B. vi. C. 5. St. 25. contracted from *Hinderling*: Shakespeare uses it 1st part of Hen. IV. *some hilding fellow*: used as a word of contempt, from *Hynce*, a husbandman's servant, which word is in B. vi. C. 8. St. 12.

Hymen *io Hymen*, the nuptial song in weddings, invoking the god *Hymenæus*, B. i. C. 1. St. 48.

I.

I*ANE*, B. iii. C. 7. St. 58. see the note.

Jesses, B. vi. C. 4. St. 19. straps of leather fastened on the hawk's legs, when held on the fist, Ital. *Geto*, à *jacio*, *jaçtus*: q. d. *ligula coriacea Falconum pedibus circumjecta*.

Impacable, B. iv. C. 9. St. 22. *impacatus*. So the old quarto and folios. But Hughes *implacable*.

Impe of Jove, page 2. offspring of Jupiter. *Impes*, offsprings, B. v. C. 11. St. 16. Anglo-S. *impu*, to ingraft, to imp.

Implore, imploring, beseeching, B. 2. C. 5. St. 37.

Imply, has various significations: 'tis frequently used for to infold, intangle, incurber: as the Lat. *implicare*. Ital. *implicare*, B. i. C. 4. St. 31. B. i. C. 6. St. 6. B. i. C. 11. St. 23. In B. iii. C. 6. St. 34. for contain.

Importable, not to be born, B. ii. C. 8. St. 35. used by Chaucer.

* d

In

A GLOSSARY, &c.

In, *inne*, B. i. C. 1. St. 33. B. ii. C. 12. St. 32. so spelt in the old editions, and by G. Douglas. Anglo-S. *inne*, a chamber, a house, an inn: Somner.

Inclination, bending, tendency, B. iii. C. 6. St. 44. *Incontinent*, immediately, Gall. *incontinent*, Lat. *incontanter*, *haud constanter*, B. i. C. 6. St. 8. B. i. C. 9. St. 19, B. ii. C. 9. St. 1. B. 5. C. 9. St. 18.

Indeuced all, B. iii. C. 10. St. 9, see the note.

Indigne, unworthy, B. iv. C. 1. St. 30.

Indwellers, inhabitants, B. 6. C. 7. St. 55.

Infant, the prince, B. ii. C. 8. St. 56. B. ii. C. 11. St. 26. B. 6. C. 8. St. 25. see Skinner in *Infanta*, and *Wachter* in *Infante*.

Inferd, brought on, B. vi. C. 8. St. 31.

Infest, deadly, *infestus*, Ital. *infesto*, B. vi. C. 4. St. 5. as a verb, *infestare*, B. vi. C. 6. St. 2.

Ingate, [in and *gate*, a way] entrance, B. iv. C. 10. St. 12.

Ingooves, B. ii. C. 7. St. 5. so spelt in the 1st quarto in the 2d *ingoes*, and in the Folio 1609. But in the Folios 1611, 1617, *Ingots*.

Inholders, inhabitants, B. vii. C. 7. St. 17.

Intendment, attention, thought, understanding, Lat. *intendere*. Lat. Barb. *intendimentum*. Ital. *intendimento*, B. i. C. 12. St. 31. B. iii. C. 5. St. 32. B. iii. C. 12. St. 5.

Interesse, B. vii. C. 6. St. 33. He uses the Italian word: so his rhyme requires; spelt wrong in some editions, *interest*.

Intreat, speak of, treat of, B. v. C. 1. St. 1.

Inuse, contusion, B. iii. C. 5. St. 33.

Jollyhead, a state of jollity, B. vi. C. 11. St. 32.

Jett, B. i. C. 10. St. 26. Matt. v. 18. *one jett*, *יֵטָא יוּ*. The *iota* or *jod* in the Hebrew alphabet is the least of the letters.

Joyd, enjoyed, possessed, B. iii. C. 1. St. 38. *Joying*, enjoying, B. iii. C. 16. St. 48. *joyed in*, rejoiced in, B. iii. C. 8. St. 10.

Juell, so spelt in the old quarto: in the Folios, *jewell*, spelt *jewel* in G. Douglas, Germ. *juwel*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 8, and St. 10.

K.

K E E P, care, heed: of *nothing he takes keep*, takes no care of any thing, B. i. C. 1. St. 40.

B. iii. C. 10. St. 35. *I take no keep of her*. So again in B. v. C. 9. St. 13. B. v. C. 12. St. 42. Chaucer uses it frequently; as in Prol. 400, *He toke no kepe*, no heed or care. So Fairf. xv. 12.

Sir knights, take keep. Anglo-S. *Cepan*, *curare*,

Keeping, guard, B. i. C. 11. St. 2.

Keight, caught, B. iii. C. 2. St. 30. B. v. C. 6. St. 29.

Kend, knew, kenned, B. iii. C. 10. St. 38. *Kent*, kenned, knew, B. iii. C. 7. St. 19. *cunnan*, *scire*, Germ. *bekennen*, *bekant*, *notus*. *Kond*, B. v. C. 6. St. 35.

Keasars, *Keasars* Emperors, *Casars*, *Czars*, B. ii.

C. 7. St. 5. B. iii. C. 11. St. 29. B. iv. C. 7. St. 1. B. v. C. 9. St. 29. B. vi. C. 3. St. 5. B. vi. C. 12. St. 28. The oldest poet that uses this phrase is P. P. Fol. Ixv. 2. *Kynges and knyghtes casfers and cherles*, and Fol. cvi. *To be casfer or kyng*: and Fol. cxiii. *Kynges and Keysars, knyghtes and popes*.

Kest, cast, B. i. C. 11. St. 31. B. ii. C. 11. St. 42. So used by Chaucer, Phaer, and G. Douglas.

Kestrell, B. 2. C. 3. St. 4. a bastard kind of hawk. See Skinner.

Kight, a kite, B. vi. C. 8. St. 28. Spelt so that the letters might answer in the rhyme.

Kirtle, B. i. C. 4. St. 31. *cyrtel*, a woman's gown or kirtle, Somner.

Kond, see *Kend*.

Kynd, nature, *Kyndly*, natural.

Kynded, begotten, B. v. C. 5. St. 40. 'Acenned or 'Akenned, signify brought forth or born: we say 'of certain beasts that they have *kenned*,' Verstegan.

Kyne, cows or herds, B. v. C. 10. St. 9.

L.

L A D, led, did lead, B. i. C. 1. St. 4. Chaucer. From the Anglo-S. *lædan*, *lað*.

Lament, lamentation, B. ii. C. 2. St. 1. Milton.

Lamping sky, B. iii. C. 3. St. 1. Ital. *lampante*.

Lare, B. iv. C. 8. St. 29. spelt *Laire*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 51. See Junius edit. by Lye. *Laire of a deer*; and the Glossary to G. Douglas. Milton uses it vii. 437.

Launce [Ital. *lance*, à Lat. *Lanx*] balance, B. iii. C. 7. St. 4.

Lay, a song. *Layes*, songs, poems. Chaucer R. R. 715. *Layes of love*.

Lay, the earth, or ground, [Anglo-S. *ley*, *leag*. See Somner. So Fairfax, vii. 17. *Sleeping on the lay*. See Skinner in v. *a Lay or Lea of land*.] B. iii. C. 10. St. 23. B. iii. C. 8. St. 15.

Lay-stall, a place to lay dung or rubbish, B. i. C. 5. St. 53.

Lazars, leprous persons, B. i. C. 5. St. 3. Ch.

Lea, watry *lea*, B. iv. C. 2. St. 16. *downe the lea*, B. iv. C. 11. St. 41. *along the Lee*, B. v. C. 2. St. 19. à Gall. *Leau*: vel Anglo-S. *Lea*, campus, æquor.

Leach-craft, B. iii. C. 3. St. 17. B. iii. C. 4. St. 41. used by Chaucer in the *Knights Tale*, 2747. Anglo-S. *læce*, a surgeon or physician; and *craft*, art, knowledge.

Leare, *Leares*, *Leres*, learning, science; lessons or arts. Anglo-S. *læpe*

Leafing, lying: used in the translation of the Psalms.

Leav'd, levied, raised, Gall. *lever*, B. ii. C. 10. St. 31.

Ledden, language, dialect. B. iv. C. 11. St. 19. used by Chaucer, G. Douglas and Fairfax. See Junius in *Leden*.

Legierdemayne, sleight of hand, B. v. C. 9. St. 13.

Leman, a sweetheart, concubine, B. i. C. 1. St. 6. and 48. B. i. C. 7. St. 14. B. ii. C. 5. St. 28.

B.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

B. iii. C. 6. St. 41. See Junius.
Lenger, longer. So Chaucer whom Spenser generally follows. And fo the Anglo-S.
Leß, listen, B. vi. C. 1. St. 17.
Lewer, rather, B. iii. C. 2. St. 6. B. iii. C. 5. S. 7. B. iv. C. 1. St. 6.
Levin, lightning, B. iii. C. 5. St. 48. B. v. C. 6. St. 40. *Levin-Brand*, thunderbolt, B. 7. C. 6. St. 30.
 Lydgate of the Trojan wars, C. 1. *with fyry levin*, G. Douglas. *Levin*, lightning. *Fyry levin*, flashes of lightning. From the Germ. *Leuchten*, *coruscare*.
Lewdly, ignorantly, B. v. C. 7. St. 32. B. vi. C. 2. St. 31. B. vi. C. 6. St. 17. *Lewd poems*, idle, unearned B. v. C. 9. St. 25. *Lewd and ill* foolish and wicked, B. vi. C. 1. St. 13. *a lewd fool*, B. vi. C. 6. St. 17. *lewd companions*, ignorant, foolish: B. vi. C. 8. St. 22. Spenser uses the word in its antique signification; as Chaucer and the old poets; and so does Milton. See Junius and Spelman.
Liefe, dear, *Leifer*, *Lewer*: dearer: *Liefest*, dearest. Anglo-S. *leoþ*, *leoþfe*, *leoþart*. *Leife or luth*. See the note on B. iii. C. 9. St. 13. So again, B. vi. C. 1. St. 44. *my liefe*, my dear, B. 1. C. 3. St. 28. where some books read *My liefe*, which is wrong. *My liefest liefe*, my dearest dear, B. iii. C. 2. St. 33. *more hef*, more dear, B. iii. C. 8. St. 42.
Liege-lord, B. i. C. 1. St. 51. sovereign lord: properly lord of the fee, as explained, in B. ii. C. 3. St. 8. *Liege-man*, who owes allegiance to the liege-lord, B. ii. C. 8. St. 51. B. iii. C. 1. St. 44.
Lig. B. vi. C. 4. St. 40. lie, Germ. *ligen*, Belg. *liggen*. Anglo-S. *licgan*. Gr. *λύγειν*.
Lignage, B. i. C. 9. St. 3. So spelt in the 1st and 2d quarto editions. Gall. *lignage*, Ital. *lignaggio*.
Lilled, lollid, B. i. C. 5. St. 33. See Skinner in *Lill* and *Loll*.
Lime-hound, B. v. C. 2. St. 25. a blood-hound. Gall. *limier*. See Menage.
To Lin [alinnan, to cease, to linne, Somner. *ἐπινοῦν*, *cessare*. Blinnan, *cessare*; ablan, *cessatio*]. B. i. C. 1. St. 24. B. iii. C. 3. St. 22 and 30. B. iii. C. 8. St. 24. Chaucer uses *blin* in the same sense: and likewise G. Douglas.
Lincolne green, of green cloth, such as is usually made at Lincoln, B. vi. C. 2. St. 5.
Liquid ayrē, B. i. C. 1. St. 45. *liquido aīre*, Virg. Georg. 1. 404. *Liquid firmament*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 49.
Lists, B. i. C. 3. St. 38. B. iv. C. 3. St. 4. *Equal lists*, æquo certamine, B. i. C. 4. St. 40. what he calls *a paled green*, B. i. C. 5. St. 5. i. e. a parcel of ground inclosed for combats, or tilts and tournaments. *Lice*, *lieu*, *fermē de barriers*, *servant aux tournois*. See Menage.
Lite, alight, get off her horse. Anglo-S. *lihtan*, B. vi. C. 7. St. 40.
Livclod, livelihood, maintenance, B. v. C. 4. St. 9.

B. vi. C. 3. St. 7.
Livelybed, liveliness, life, B. ii. C. 9. St. 3.
Livery and seisin, B. vi. C. 4. St. 37. Law phrases.
Lone, a thing lent, a loan, B. iv. C. 9. St. 30. *lone of arms*, borrowed arms, B. v. C. 6. St. 37.
Long, belong, B. vi. C. 2. St. 8.
Loord, B. iii. C. 7. St. 12. See the note.
Lordings, firs, masters, a dim: of Lord, B. 3. C. 9. St. 3.
Lore, Anglo-S. *lære*, learning, instruction. *Loring*, a dim: of *Lore*.
Lore, left, lost. Ch. Plowman's T. 2671. *wonne or lore*. For *Lorn*, which he uses in B. i. C. 4. St. 2. Anglo-S. *loren*. Foploren, *perditus*.] B. iii. C. 12. St. 44. B. vi. C. 7. St. 14.
Lofell, an idle fellow. [used by Ch. in the Plowman's Tale, 3206. See Skinner and Junius.] B. ii. C. 3. St. 4. B. iii. C. 5. St. 20. B. v. C. 6. St. 38.
Lower, B. vi. C. 10. St. 42. See the note.
Lout, to bow fervilely, to crouch. Used frequently by Spenser and Chaucer, and P. P. Fol. lxxiv. *lowe he lowted*. 'alotene, groveling: hence Ch. loute.' Somner. *hlutan*, *se incurvare*.
Lugs, perches, B. ii. C. 12. St. 11.
Lusk, *Luskish*, *Luskishness*, a lazy disposition, B. vi. C. 1. St. 35.
Lustlesse limbs, B. i. C. 4. St. 20. *in lustlesse wīfe*, listlessly, B. vi. C. 1. St. 35. He uses *Lust* for will. desire, as in B. v. C. 3. St. 23.
Lyte, light on, settle, fall on, B. iii. C. 2. St. 3.

M.

MAGE, Gall. *mage*, Ital. *mago*, Lat. *magus*. *Archimago*, q. d. the chief magician.
Magnes stone, Lat. the loadstone, B. ii. C. 12. St. 4.
Make, 'maca, a peer, equal, companion, consort; 'a mate.' Somner. Used very often by Spenser: and in some editions frequently printed *mate*.
Malicing, bearing of malice, B. vi. C. 9. St. 39.
Maligne, maliciously abuse, B. iv. C. 1. St. 30. *malus*, *malignus*, *malignare*, *maligne*.
Maltalent, B. iii. C. 4. St. 61. Gall. *maltalent*, ill-will, spite. See Ch. in the Rom. of the Rose; and G. Douglas, the Glossary in *Matalent*.
Man'd, manned, furnished, filled; as we say a ship is manned, B. vi. C. 11. St. 46.
Manner, B. i. C. 6. St. 30. So spelt in the old books, in the Fol. *manner*. Chaucer in the character of the Priorese 150, says she was not stately of *manere*, i. e. behaviour, carriage, Gall. *maniere*.
Mantleth, displayeth his wings, a term in falconry, B. vi. C. 2. St. 32. Milton applies this term to the swan, *with arched neck between her white wings mantling*, i. e. spreading her wings, and covering herself as with a mantle. In B. ii. C. 12. St. 20. *Mantled with green*, i. e. covered with green as with a mantle.
Many, company, B. iii. C. 9. St. 11. B. iv. C. 19. St. 18. B. v. C. 11. St. 3. B. v. C. 11. St. 59.
 * d 2 and

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

- and in other places. *mæniġeo*, multitude, meny, or many, the rout or rabble, Somner. Germ. *manige*, *multitudo*.
- Marge*, Lat. *margo*, Gall. *marge*, margin, brim, B. iv. C. 8. St. 61.
- Mark-white*, the white mark, *alba meta*, B. v. C. 5. St. 33.
- Martelled*, hammered, B. iii. C. 7. St. 42. From Ar. Orl. F. xlv. 131. *e sopra gli martella*.
- Mas*, used for divine service; spelt with a single s, to answer the letters in the rhyme, B. v. C. 7. St. 17.
- To Mave*, to subdue, *mated*, subdued. See *Amate*.
- Maugre*, Gall. *malgre*, Ital. *malgrado*, in spite of, against one's will, notwithstanding. 'Tis used by Spenser adverbially, ex. gr. *But froward fortune, and too forward night, Such happinesse did maugre to me spight*, i. e. did spight to me much against my will, B. iii. C. 5. St. 7. *On the cold ground maugre himself he threw for fell despight*, i. e. much against his will he threw himself, viz. for fell despight, B. vi. C. 4. St. 40. 2dly. As a kind of imprecation, *maugre her spight*, B. ii. C. 5. St. 12. i. e. curse on her spight. *Male sit illi cum sua malevolentia*, MALE GRATE sit: The construction is, *impute it not entirely, merely to thy force, that hath by the unjust doom of fortune (curse on her spight!) thus laid me low in dust*: read THY with an emphasis. 3dly. As a preposition governing an accusative case, B. iii. C. 4. St. 31. *I mean not thee intreat to passe, but maugre thee will pass or die*. i. e. in spight of thee, against thy will: 'without leave asked of thee,' as Milton paraphrases it, B. ii. Ver. 684. *Through them I mean to pass, That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee*.
- Mayle*, a coat of mail, Gall. *cotte de mailles*, Ital. *maglia*, à Lat. *macula*, properly the meshes of a net, and applied to a coat of armour compacted with hooks and rings of iron with little meshes, Virg. iii. 467. *Loricam confertam hamis*: thus Spenser, B. iii. C. 5. St. 19. *linked mayles*, iron hooks and rings linked together: Hence likewise is to be explained, B. iii. C. 4. St. 16. B. iii. C. 5. St. 31.
- Mazed*, stunned, B. iv. C. 6. St. 37, a word frequent in the west.
- Mazer bowle*, properly a bowl of maple, B. ii. C. 12. St. 49. Chaucer calls it a *mazeline*.
- Meane*, means, conditions, occasion, B. iii. C. 12. St. 40.
- Meare*, so spelt that the letters might answer, B. ii. C. 11. St. 34. *his mere manhood*.
- Meare*, a meer, limit or boundary, Anglo-Sax. *mære*, a Gr. *μέσσω*, *divido*, B. iii. C. 9. St. 46.
- Medewort*, B. ii. C. 8. St. 20. from *Medica* and *wort*.
- Meed*, reward.
- Medling*, mingling, B. ii. C. 1. St. 61. Chaucer.
- Mell*, to meddle, B. i. C. 1. St. 30. B. v. C. 9. St. 1. B. vii. C. 7. St. 9. used by Chaucer and G. Douglas. See Junius.
- Melling*, meddling, B. v. C. 12. St. 35.
- Mene*, means, B. vi. C. 6. St. 9.
- Mene*, did mean, intended, B. vi. C. 7. St. 29.
- Ment*, mingled, B. i. C. 2. St. 5. B. vi. C. 6. St. 27. spelt *meynt*, B. iii. C. 11. St. 36. used by Chaucer.
- Mercyfyde*, pitied, B. vi. C. 7. St. 32.
- Merimake*, merriment, B. ii. C. 6. St. 21. B. iv. C. 10. St. 16.
- Mespryse*, neglect or contempt. Gall. *mesprise*, B. ii. C. 7. St. 39. B. ii. C. 12. St. 9. B. iii. C. 9. St. 9. B. iv. C. 4. St. 11. B. iv. C. 9. St. 35. spelt *misprize*, B. v. C. 5. St. 48.
- Met*, meet, B. vi. C. 8. St. 45.
- Mew*, Gall. *muë*, a place to mew hawks: any place shut up. *To mew*, to shut up. Gr. *μύω*, B. iv. C. 7. St. 34.
- Mieve*, B. iv. C. 12. St. 26. *move*: for the rhyme. Chaucer uses *meve* for *move*.
- A mincing minion*, a finical affected darling, à Gall. *mince* and *mignon*, B. ii. C. 2. St. 37.
- Minime*, B. vi. C. 10. St. 28. a minim in musick, Ital. *minima*.
- Miniments*, toys, trifles, B. iv. C. 8. St. 6.
- Mirksome air*, obscure, foul. B. i. C. 5. St. 28. Milton x. 280. *Murky air*. See Junius.
- Mis* in composition gives an ill meaning to the word it is joined with. See Wacht Prol. Sect. v. in *Mis*, and Somner in *Mis*. And likewise Junius. *Misaymed*, wrongly aimed, B. i. C. 8. St. 8. *Misadvised*, ill-advised, B. iii. C. 2. St. 9.
- Miscreated*, ill-made, ill-formed, B. i. C. 2. St. 3. B. ii. C. 7. St. 42. Milton has the same word, ii. 683. *Misdone*, when the list to *misdoe*, to act amiss; Anglo-S. *mis* and *donne*, to do, B. iii. C. 9. St. 7. *Misdeem*, to judge wrong, *misdeeming night*, that causes us to judge wrongly, B. i. C. 2. St. 3. *Misdeempt*, ill thought on, B. iii. C. 10. St. 29. *Misdiet*, bad diet, B. i. C. 4. St. 23. *Misfright*, ill decked out, B. v. C. 7. St. 37. *Misfare*, misfortune, ill-fare, Anglo-S. *misfaran*. to go wrong, B. iv. C. 5. St. 30. B. iv. C. 6. St. 2. B. iv. C. 8. St. 5. B. v. C. 11. St. 48. B. vi. C. 3. St. 24. and in other places. *Misfell*, unluckily fell out, or happened, used by Chaucer, B. v. C. 5. St. 10. *Misguide*, wickedly direct, B. vi. C. 3. St. 47. *Mis-seeming*, unbecoming. *Misfeme*, mis-become.
- Misleeke*, dislike, B. v. C. 2. St. 49.
- Mister*, manner, sort, art, mystery, &c. *What mister wight*, what kind of creature, B. iv. C. 9. St. 23. So again, B. iii. C. 7. St. 14. B. i. C. 7. St. 10. B. iv. C. 8. St. 13. B. v. C. 2. St. 5. *What mister malady*, what kind of disease, B. iv. C. 12. St. 22. *It misreth not*, it signifies not, it needs not, Ital. *meziere*, need, occasion, B. iii. C. 7. St. 51. So Fairfax, iv. *what mister wight she was*. Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, 1712. *what mister men ye ben*. Gall. *metier*, Ital. *meziere*, à Lat. *ministerium*.

Mistrayned,

A GLOSSARY, &c.

Misfrayned, wrongly trained, instructed amifs : or rather misled, drawn aside, *mis* and *trainer*, B. v. C. 11. St. 54.

Misweening, weening or imagining amifs, wrongly interpreting, B. i. C. 4. St. 1. *Misweene*, wrongly judge, Introd. B. 2. St. 3. *Misweened*, wrongly imagined, B. v. C. 8. St. 46.

Miswent, gone astray, B. iv. C. 5, St. 30. Ch.

Mo, moe, more, Anglo-S. *ma*. used by the translators of the Bible.

Momc, B. vii. C. 6. St. 49. a stupid fellow. Used by Sh. Com. of Err. Act iii. Sc. 1. See *Menage* in *Mommon*, *Mommerie*. Wacht: in *Mumme*, *larva*.

Mold. *Mould*, *treen mould*, trees : to the form and shape of trees : so *formæ decrum*, *formæ luporum*, i. e. gods, wolves, B. i. C. 2. St. 39. B. i. C. 7. St. 26. *earthly mold*. earth, B. i. C. 7. St. 22. *mis-created mold*, ill-formed shape, B. ii. C. 7. St. 42. *antique mold*, cast or fashion, B. iii. C. 2. St. 25. *fleshly mold*, flesh, B. iii. C. 2. St. 39. *yron mold*, iron, B. 5. C. 1. St. 12. A mould is a form wherein a thing is cast, Gall. *moule*, à *Lat. mcdulus*: or from the Anglo-S. *molde*, i. e. dust or earth in which they make forms for casting.

Monastere, (Gall.) a monastery, B. vi. C. 12. St. 23.

Mone, sorrow, B. i. C. 10. St. 53. B. vi. C. 7. St. 18.

Mores, B. vii. C. 7. St. 10. Anglo-S. *moþan*, *acini*, *baccæ*, *semina*. Somner. We use the word in the west of England.

Morion, B. vii. C. 7. St. 28. Ital. *morione*, a sort of a steel-cap or head-piece; such as used by the Moors.

More, greater, as in other places, so in B. v. C. 2. St. 34. and 39. B. v. C. 8. St. 34.

Most is used by our old writers for *chiefest*, *greatest*, Anglo-Sax. *mæst*, the chiefest, the principal, the greatest. Somner. *mæst 7 læst*, *most and least*, i. e. greatest and least, B. iv. C. 11. St. 9. B. v. C. 2. St. 37. B. vi. C. 6. St. 12. B. vi. C. 12. St. 24. And in other places, Ch. Knight's Tale 2200. *The grete gefts also to the most and leste*.

Mote, must, might, Belg. *moet*, *oportet*, Anglo-S. *mōt*, may be. Somner. Chaucer uses it frequently, and so does Spenser.

Moulds, grows mouldy, B. ii. C. 3. St. 41.

Mountenance, a furlong's *mountenance*, the distance of a furlong. B. iii. C. 8. St. 18. *the m. of a spot*, the distance, &c. B. iii. C. 6. St. 20. *the mountenance of a fight*, a bow-shot, B. v. C. 6. St. 36. This phrase he seems to have borrowed from Chaucer, who uses *mountenance* for quantity, value, amount, space. &c. Gall. *montance*, *the mountenance of a tare*, i. e. the value, Knight's tale 1572. So again, in the Pardoner's Tale, 2381. *the mountenance of a corne*, Rom. of the Rose, 1562. *The mountenance of two fingers bight*, i. e. the distance. Troil. and Cress. L. ii. ver. 1707. *the mountenance of an hour*, the space. And Gower Folio clxxxvii. *Not full the mountenance of a mile*.

i. e. the distance or space,

Moves, making of mouths, B. vi. C. 7. St. 49. used in the Psalms. See Junius.

Muchell, much, B. i. C. 6. St. 20. Anglo-S. *mi-chel*; *many*, *much*, *great*, Chaucero *mihell*. Somn.

Mucky pelf, B. iii. C. 9. St. 4. B. v. C. 2. St. 27. *massie*, *mucke*, B. iii. C. 10. St. 31. Anglo-S. *meox-dung*, *muck*. Somner.

Mum, B. iv. C. 7. St. 44. Sh. K. Ric. III. *The citizens are mum*. like maskers in dumb showe. Dani, *Mumme*, larva.

Munificence, subsidies, aid, benevolence. See note on B. ii. C. 10. St. 15.

Mured, inclosed, B. vi. C. 12. St. 34. Ital. *murare*.

Muzd, mused, B. iii. C. 11. St. 54. B. iv. C. 5. St. 43.

N.

Nathemore, *Nathemoe*, never the more.

Nathlesf, *Nathlesf*, sometimes of two, sometimes of three syllables, used by Chaucer and Milton. Anglo-S. *naðelesf*, nevertheless. Somn.

Ne, Anglo-S. *ne*, *neither*, *not*.

Neibor, so spelt, B. i. C. 4. St. 30. Anglo-S. *nehbuj*.

Nempt, named, B. iii. C. 10. St. 29. Ch.

Nett, neat, clean, Ital. *netto*, Gall. *net*, à *nitidus*. B. iii. C. 12. St. 20. *net*, neatly dressed or prepared, B. vi. C. 8. St. 45.

New-fanglenesse, B. i. C. 4. St. 25. a love of novelty and new fashions a changing, unsettled disposition. used by Chaucer. see Junius.

Nil, will not: contracted from *ne will*; *will or nil* (*nolens volens*) B. i. C. 3. St. 43. *willed or nilled*, B. iv. C. 7. St. 16. *yet nil*, yet I will not B. i. C. 9. St. 15, *I nil*, I will not have, B. ii. C. 7. St. 33. *who nil*, who will not, B. iii. C. 11. St. 14. P. P. Fol. xxxiii. *will thou or nilt thou*, *we wyll have our wyl*. P. P. Fol. cxii. *wyl be nyll be*. 'our ancestors used sundry negative abbreviations as, *nil*, to be unwilling, *nif*, wist not, 'nold, would not, 'Verstegan. *nilan*, *nolle*, to *nil* or *be unwilling*, Chaucer hath *nil* for *ne will* or *will not*: Somn.

Nimbleffe, *nimbleness*, B. v. C. 9. St. 29.

Nobleffe, Gall. *Noblesse*, nobility, B. i. C. 8. St. 26. B. v. C. 2. St. 1. *Nobileffe*, in three syllables, B. ii. C. 8. St. 18. So the Ital. *Nobilezza*.

Nonce, *For the nonce*, for the occasion, B. 5. C. 11. St. 14.

Not, *Note*, Know not, contracted from *ne wot*. Anglo-S. *ne pat*, I know not. See Hickes Grammat. Anglo-S. page 73. B. i. C. 12. St. 17. *that no'te*, that I know not, introd. B. ii. St. 4. *she no'te walk*, B. ii. C. 4. St. 4. *she note stirre*, St. 13. *yet note be chuse*, he knew not to chuse, B. ii. C. 7. St. 39. *yet note discourse*, yet knew not how to discover, B. iii. C. 3. St. 50.

A GLOSSARY; &c.

- note see find*, yet the knew not how to find, B. iii. C. 6. St. 40. B. iv. C. 3. St. 9. and in other places. Used by the old English writers.
- Noule*, B. vii. C. 7. St. 39. Germ. *nol. nal. caput*, hnoł, the crown or top of the head, the noddle, hereof *nel* in jobbernoł or gabbernoł, Somn. *cnolle the top of a bill*
- Novice*, Introd. B. i. St. 2. Ital. *novizio*.
- Nould*, contracted from *ne would*, would not, B. i. C. 6. St. 17. B. ii. C. 4. St. 12. B. ii. C. 8. St. 30. B. iii. C. 10. St. 35. B. iii. C. 11. St. 55. B. v. C. 8. St. 41. B. vi. C. 7. St. 36. Anglo-S. *nołde*, *he would not, he refused* 'Somn.
- Nouriture*, B. i. C. 9. St. 5. the manner of bringing up by my tutor, Gall. *nourriture*, nurture, education. used again, B. ii. C. 3. St. 2, and spelt there *noriture* in the 1st and 2d editions in quarto.
- Nourise*, to nourise, educate, B. vi. C. 4. St. 35.
- Noy'd*, B. i. C. 10. St. 24. B. i. C. 11. St. 45. annoyed, vexed, hurt. à *noxa*, Ital. *noia*.
- Noyous night*, B. i. C. 5. St. 45. B. i. C. 11. St. 50.
- Noyous jnall*, B. i. C. 8. St. 40. *noyous injurias*, B. ii. C. 9. St. 16. *noyous cloud*, B. iii. C. 1 St. 43. *questa noiosa vita*, this irksome life. Orl. fur. xxi. 33.
- O.
- Oaten reeds*, introd. B. i. St. 1. *Oaten pipe*, B. i. C. 2. St. 28. *Avena*, Virg.
- Obsequy*, *obsequium*, Gall. *obseques* funeral rites, B. ii. C. 1. St. 60.
- Od*, strife, B. vi. C. 11. St. 30. B. vii. C. 6. St. 23.
- Offal*, refuse, drofs, &c. B. ii. C. 3. St. 8. *offa*, *offula*, *offal*.
- Old old man*, B. ii. C. 9. St. 55. Ital. *un sene vecchio*, senex vetulus. γέρον πάλαιος. This expression I have heard in the west.
- Oppressed*, ravished, B. iv. C. 2. St. 45. *Chaucer* thus uses it frequently.
- Ordele*, B. v. C. 1. St. 25. particular ways for persons accused to vindicate themselves were called, ordeal by fire, ordeal by water, ordeal by combat, &c. see *Veritegan* pag. 69. and *Wacht*. in *V. Ordalium*. Somn. in *ORÐæl*. Spelm. in *ordalium*.
- Origane*. ορίγανον, *origanum*, organy, B. i. C. 2. St. 40.
- Over-came*, i. e. came over it, B. iii. C. 7. St. 4. *Shakespeare* uses it so in *Macbeth*, as I formerly mentioned.
- Over-craw*, to crow over, to insult, B. 1. C. 9. St. 50.
- Overlent*, overtook, B. ii. C. 10. St. 18. B. iii. C. 5. St. 25. B. iii. C. 7. St. 19. B. v. C. 8. St. 4. B. v. C. 10. St. 36. See *Hent*.
- Overkeft*, overcast her, B. iii. C. 6. St. 10.
- Over-raught*, reaching over them, B. v. C. 12. St. 30.
- Over-red*, did read it over, B. iii. C. 11. St. 57.
- ofer-rædan*, to read over or through, Somn.
- Over-weening*, self-conceited, over and above opinionated, B. vi. C. 7. St. 42. *Oper-penan*, to presume, to overween, to stand much in his opinion and conceit, Somn.
- Ought*, B. i. C. 4. St. 39. *But th' Elfin knight which ought that warlike wage*, i. e. which owed, or was owner of, possessed that warlike pledge, *As he it ought*, i. e. as he who owned it, B. ii. C. 8. St. 40. *Knights service ought*, did owe, B. iii. C. 1. St. 44. *ought*, was owner of, B. vi. C. 3. St. 2. *which halfe it ought*, who is owner of half, B. vi. C. 7. St. 16. Anglo-S. *aȝan*, to own or possess.
- Ought the more*, the more at all, B. iii. C. 1. St. 23.
- Out*, away with, *uTON*, joined often with the interjection *Harrow*, which see above. *out alas!* B. vi. C. 11. St. 29, used by *Ch*.
- Out-fond*, found out, B. i. C. 12. St. 3.
- Out of hond*, out of hand, forthwith, B. i. C. 12. St. 3.
- Out-well*, B. i. C. 1. St. 21. discharge, see *well*.
- Out-win*, B. iv. C. 1. St. 20, get out, win the way out.
- Owches*, B. i. C. 2. St. 13. B. i. C. 10. St. 31. B. iii. C. iv. St. 23. *owches of gold*, Ex. 28. 11.
- Owre*, B. ii. C. 7. St. 5. so spelt in the 1st and 2d quarto editions: in the folios of 1609, 1611, 1617.
- Owver*, Anglo-S. *oſta*. Belg. *oer*. perhaps à *Gr. οὐρτιν*.
- P.
- Pace*, go, B. ii. C. 1. St. 26. *pace*, pass or way, B. iii. C. 1. St. 19.
- Pain*, *Payne*, pains, endeavour, Ital. *pena*, Gall. *peine*, Gr. πόνος. *with faigned paine*, with pretended pains, or feignedly, B. i. C. 2. St. 39. used as a verb, *did payne*, did endeavour, B. i. C. 4. St. 15. B. iv. C. 6. St. 40. *With buste paine*, i. e. busily, B. i. C. 6. St. 21. *buste paine*, is an expression our poet frequently uses, *ex. gr.* B. i. C. 6. St. 21. B. i. C. 7. St. 24. B. ii. C. 7. St. 35. B. iii. C. 5. St. 31. B. v. C. 12. St. 26. B. vi. C. 3. St. 28. B. vi. C. 6. St. 38. B. vii. C. 11. St. 4. And this expression he seems to have borrowed from his favourite *Chaucer*, see the note on B. i. C. 6. St. 21. so likewise, *with careful paine*, B. i. C. 6. St. 33. B. ii. C. 1. St. 46. i. e. carefully. *the practike paine*, the practise and endeavour, B. i. C. 12. St. 34. *See her paynd*, the endeavoured, B. 4. C. 6. St. 40. *did so well him paine*, did his endeavours so well acted so well, B. v. C. 12. St. 10. *enforjt with paine* with labour and difficulty, Ital. *a gran pena*, Gall. *a grand peine*. B. vi. C. 2. St. 2. *his former payne*, adventure, B. vi. C. 2. St. 38. *unhappy pain*, unfortunate endeavours, B. vi. C. 4. St. 31. *with paine*, with difficulty, B. vi. C. 8. St. 9.
- Painim*, Pagan, infidel, so *Ch* and *Milt*. *Painim chivalry*.
- Paire*,

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

- Paire*, empaire, diminish, B. i. C. 7. St. 41. Ch. *Paled part per part*. This expression is taken from heraldry: a pale is a representation of a pale or stake set upright: a coat is *paled* when equally charged with pales of metal or colour: *part per part*, is what in heraldry is called *party* or *parted*, denoting it divided or marked out into partitions. — *Pinckt upon gold*, wrought in gold in pink work, in round holes or eyes.—B. vi. C. 2. St. 6.
- Pallid herb*, B. iii. C. 2. St. 28. B. vi. C. 8. St. 40. *Pallid death*, [Horat. *pallida mors*.] B. v. C. 11. St. 45.
- Paracbaeca*, B. iii. C. 5. St. 32. *πανακεια*, a universal medicine.
- Pannikell*, B. iii. C. 5. St. 23. the brain-pan, the the skull, the crown of the head, Ital. *pannicula*, Gall. *pannicule*.
- Paragon*, B. iii. C. 2. St. 13. B. iii. C. 3. St. 54. B. iii. C. 6. St. 52. B. iv. C. 1. St. 33. B. 5. C. 3. St. 24. B. vi. C. 1. St. 1. an example, pattern; companion or fellow.
- Paramour*, a lover, *Paramours*, lovers.
- Paravaunt*, B. iii. C. 2. St. 16. B. vi. C. 10. St. 15. *par aventure*, peradventure, Ital. *per avventura*.
- Parbreake*, vomit, B. i. C. 1. St. 20. to parbreak, *wel à Belg.* Braecken, *Teut.* brechen, *womere*, *wel à per et break*, *q. d. prorumpere in vomitum*, * Skin.
- Parture*, departure, B. iii. C. 8. St. 46.
- Pas*, go, B. v. C. 7. St. 17. *Pas*, surpass, exceed, B. ii. C. 6. St. 25. B. v. C. 8. St. 49, B. v. C. 10. St. 3.
- Pase*, B. iii. C. 1. St. 19. it signifies here, country, land, region: from the Ital. *paese*, Gall. *pais*.
- Passionate*, B. i. C. 12. St. 16. did passionately shew, see the note. *of matter passioned*, B. iii. C. 12. St. 4. expressing passion.
- Paterosters*, B. i. C. 3. St. 13. Ital. *paternostre*, the Lord's prayer, Orl. innam. L. i. C. 5. St. 68. *e per lui dica un paternostro, o dui*.
- Pavone*, peacock; an Italian word: B. iii. C. 11. St. 47. G. Douglas *pozne*: *porvne*: for Peacock.
- Paunce*, B. iii. C. 11. St. 37. A pancy, or violet.
- Payne* see *paine*.
- Pays'd* poized, equipoized, for the rhyme, B. ii. C. 10. St. 5.
- Pece*, a fort, a strong place, citadel &c. Ital. *piazza*, B. i. C. 10. St. 59. B. ii. C. 11. St. 14. B. iii. C. 10. St. 10. B. v. C. 2. St. 21. 'tis so used in Nehem. III, ii. *Malchibaj repaired the other peece*. Fairfax uses it often as in book VII. 29. VII. 90.
- Peise*, poise, Vet. Angl. B. v. C. 2. St. 46.
- Pelmell* [Gall. *pele mele*, confusedly.] B. v. C. 7. St. 35.
- Penon*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 30. so spelt in the old quarto editions, and Folios of 1609. 1611, Gall. *pennon*, a banner, or streamer born on the top of a lance Ital. *penone*. perhaps from *pendere*, or from *pannus*. 'parce que ces etendars ou enseignes etoient faits de riches etoffes.'
- Perdie*, Gall. *par dieu*. B. iii. C. 2. St. 27. Ch. frequently uses it thus expletively.
- Pere*, B. iii. C. 1. St. 26. B. iii. C. 10. St. 24. spelt *peare*, B. iii. C. 12. St. 7. *Peers*, companions, equals, *pares*, B. i. C. 5. St. 37. spelt *peres*, 1st and 2d quarto edit. in B. ii. C. 3. St. 39. and *peares*, B. iii. C. 9. St. 4.
- Perforce*, Gall. *par force*, Ital. *per forza*, by force.
- Perling*, purling, trickling down, B. v. C. 9. St. 50.
- Perilous*, perilous, dangerous, B. ii. C. 6. St. 38. see B. iii. C. 4. St. 21. where perhaps the poet wrote *per'lous*.
- Perfaunt*, B. i. C. 10. St. 47. piercing, so used by Ch. R. R. 2089. from the Fr.
- Person*, B. i. C. 2. St. 11. *the person to put on*, to put on the character, to personate: *personam induere*.
- Persee*, B. iii. C. 5. St. 28. pursuing, perfute, or chase.
- Phocas*, B. iii. C. 8. St. 30. Virgil of Proteus, G. IV, 395. *turpes pascit sub gurgite PHOCAS*, Ital. *foca*, a sea-calf.
- Physnomy*, B. vii. C. 7. St. 5. Physiognomy.
- Picturals*, paintings, B. ii. C. 9. St. 53.
- Pight*, placed, pitched, fixed, B. i. C. 2. St. 42. B. i. C. 8. St. 37. B. i. C. 10. St. 25. B. i. C. 12. St. 25. B. ii. C. 7. St. 35. Introd. B. v. St. 4. B. v. C. 7. St. 26. B. v. C. 8. St. 8. *Ypight*, B. i. C. 9. St. 33. so printed in the 2d quarto edition and folio of 1609, printed wrong in the 1st edition, *ypight*.
- Pill*, B. 6. C. 10. St. 5. rob. Gall. *piller*, à Lat. *pilare*, *compilare*.
- Pine*, B. ii. C. 9. St. 35. a pining away: the verb used as a substant. the Greek happily accords *πεννα fanns*.—*be done to pine*, he put to death, B. 6. C. 5. St. 28. *pined ghost*, B. iii. C. 2. St. 52. B. iv. C. 7. St. 41. Chaucer in the Nonnes priest tale, 1047. *pale as a forpynded ghost*. *for* increases the signification of the verb or participle with which it is joined. See *Forpined*.
- Plaine*, complain, B. iii. C. 11. St. 17. B. 4. C. 3. St. 1. B. vii. C. 6. St. 14. B. vii. C. 7. St. 13.
- Plast*, spelt in the Folio, 1609. *plact*, placed. B. vi. C. 9. St. 19.
- Plate and mail*, he frequently uses: So Milton, vi. 368. *Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail*. Chaucer uses *Plates* plates of armour, Knights T. 2123. and Lydgate has this expression, in the *Troj. Warres* B. ii. C. 26.
- He bent a speare and thought he ne would sayl
To fight Hector through shelde, plate and mayle.*
- coperto à piastra e à maglia.
Ariost. Orl. Fur. xxxviii: 74.
- Plesh*, for the rhyme, a plash, B. ii. C. 8. St. 36.
- Point*, B. i. C. 2. St. 12. *cared not for God or man a point*, not at all, not a tittle: ne punctum quidem, Ital. *punto*. Gall. *point*. *To point ared*, declared punctually and minutely Ital. *punto di punto in punto*, B. iii. C. 2. St. 16. *Armed to poin*

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- point*, completely armed, armed at all points, Ital. *armato di tutto punto*, B. i. C. 1. St. 16. B. i. C. 2. St. 12. B. iv. C. 3. St. 6. B. v. C. 5. St. 5. B. v. C. 10. St. 34. B. vi. C. 5. St. 11.
- Poize*, weight, B. i. C. 11. St. 54.
- Polaxe*, pole-ax or battle ax, used or invented by the Polanders, B. v. C. 12. St. 14.
- Pols and Pils*, plunders and pillages, B. v. C. 2. St. 6.
- Polygony*, B. iii. C. 5. St. 32. See the note.
- Port*, behaviour, carriage, B. iii. C. 11. St. 46. Gall. *port*. Chaucer.
- Portaunce* B. ii. C. iii. St. 5. spelt *portarce*, St. 21. Ital. *portamento*, comportment, carriage.
- Portcullis* [from *porte* a gate and *couler* to fall down : a falling gate hung over the entrance of a fortified castle, to let down or draw up at pleasure; imaging the nose in. B. ii. C. 9. St. 24.
- Portesse*, B. i. C. 4. St. 19. Ascham's schoolmaster-pag. 179. *If he could turn his portess and pie readily*. Harrington translates (Ariost. 27. 37.) *i breviali*. the portesses. Chaucer in the Shipman's Tale, 2639. *on my portbose I makin an othe*. i. e. breviary, or prayer-book: so named from *porter* and *bose*: because carried about with them in their pockets, or *bose*.
- Pouldred*, reduced to powder, *poudre*, B. i. C. 7. St. 12. In a different sense, *Pouldred skin*, i. e. as it were powdered with spots, G. Douglas, pag. 257, 47. *Pallas scheidt with serpent skalis poudderit in goldin field*, i. e. powdered, spotted: field is the ground or area. *Poudred with pearle and stone*, B. iv. C. 10. St. 31. i. e. diversified or spotted: a metaphor borrowed from heraldry. The Glossary to Chaucer says, 'Powdiring, embroidery, or rather ermine-spots. See the Assembly of Ladies, Verf. 530. In Urry's edit. pag. 544. Verf. 63. *the green ground powdrid with daisie*. and Milton vii. 579. *the milky way powdered with stars*.
- Poynant speare* [Gall. *poignant*, *pungente* in Ariosto's epithet.] B. ii. C. 8. St. 36.
- Practick paine*, the cunning practice, plot, and endeavour, B. i. C. 12. St. 34. used as the Ital. *pratica*, not only for practice and design, but for plot, secret cunning and intrigue, and so *pratico* practised, intriguing, designing, &c. *Practick wit*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 3. *Practick knavery*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 9. experienced, plotting, &c. just as in Orl. Fur. iii. 70. *Questo Brunel si pratico e si astuto*, i. e. plotting, designing. In a different sense, *practicke use in arms*, B. v. C. 7. St. 29.
- Prank*, B. i. C. 4. St. 14. *Some prancke their ruffes*, i. e. exhibit forth, and proudly shew. Germ. *prangen*, *superb re*, *ornatum arrogantius ostendere*, *gepränge*, *ostentatio*, *pompa*. Belg. *pranken*. So again, B. ii. C. 2. St. 36. *In sumptuous tire she joyd herself to pranck*, i. e. proudly to shew and exhibit forth. And B. ii. C. 3. St. 6. *his plumes doth pranck*. Milton in his Mask, says very elegantly *falſe rulers pranck in reason's garb*, i. e. pompously set forth, arrogantly tricked out, &c.
- Preace*, spelt *Preaſe* in the 2d edit. and Folios of 1609, 1611. In Hughes *Praise* which is an error; *Far from all peoples preace*, i. e. resort, company, &c. Gall. *preſe*, Ital. *preſa*. *Ne I again the ſame can juſtly preace*, B. i. C. 3. St. 3, nor can I preſs you, urge you, &c. B. i. C. 12. St. 19. *Preaced to draw near*, ſo the firſt and 2d quartos and Folios of 1609, 1611, 1617, in Hughes *Preſſed*, B. 2. C. 7. St. 44. *The learned preace*, the learned ſociety, company, &c. B. ii. C. 10. St. 25. *round about him preace*, preſs, throng, B. v. C. 6. St. 29.
- Prejudize*, Lat. *præjudicium*, preconjecture, fore-judging, B. ii. C. 9. St. 49.
- Propenſe*, weigh, conſider, premeditate, B. iii. C. 11. St. 14. from *præ* before-hand and *pendo*, to weigh.
- Preſence*, B. i. C. 4. St. 7. *to the preſence mount*, St. 13. *in preſence came*: and again, B. ii. C. 12. St. 24. *we ſay the preſence*, ſpeaking of a prince's court, Gall. *chambre de preſence*.
- Pretended*, ſhewn forth, B. vi. C. 4. St. 10. held out, B. vi. C. 11. St. 19. à Lat. *prætendere*.
- Preſt*, prepared, ready at hand, uſed ſo by Ch. Lat. *præſto*. Gall. *preſt*. Ital. *preſto*. *vengeance preſt*. B. ii. C. 8. St. 28. in Hughes edit. *preſt'd*: which is an error. Again, B. iv. C. 5. St. 36. B. iv. C. 8. St. 48. B. v. C. 7. St. 27. B. v. B. v. C. 8. St. 9. B. vi. C. 6. St. 9. B. vi. C. 6. St. 44. B. vi. C. 7. St. 19. *Preſt*, ſometime, for preſſed, as in B. iv. C. 4. S. 21.
- Price*, *ſhall with his own blood price that he hath ſpilt*, B. i. C. 5. St. 26. So again, B. i. C. 9. St. 37. *with thine own blood to price his blood*, i. e. pay the price or value. Ital. *prezzare*, to prize or value, Gall. *priſer*.
- Priefe*, proof. B. ii. C. 1. St. 48. B. v. C. 7. St. 44. ſpelt ſo in G. Douglas.
- To prick*, to prick with ſpurs, as fully expreſſed, B. ii. C. 1. St. 49. *gay ſteede with ſpurs did pricke*. In the ſame ſenſe as the Italian authors uſe *ſpronare*. Berni, L. i. C. 15. St. 5. *Il re lo vide, e'ncontro anch' egli SPRONA*. *Pricking on the plaine*, B. i. C. 1. St. 1. B. iii. C. 8. St. 44. *Pricking towards him with baſtie beat*, B. i. C. 3. St. 33. *So fierce to prick*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 26. *He tricked forth*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 50. B. iv. C. 4. St. 19. B. 8. C. 10. St. 31. Milton has borrowed this expreſſion from Spenser, B. ii. 539. *before each wan Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their ſpeares*. Again, *on the plain faſt pricking*, B. ii. C. 5. St. 2. *Prickt ſo fierce*, St. 3. *So proudly pricked on his courſer ſtrong*, B. ii. C. 5. St. 38. *to pricke with eager ſpeede*, B. iv. C. 6. St. 2. *Prickt with all his might*, B. v. C. 8. St. 5. B. vi. C. 1. St. 32. *be pricked over yonder plaine*, B. v. C. 1. St. 19. *Prickt forth with jollitie*, i. e. pushed on, ſpurred on, B. i. C. 9. St. 12. So B. ii. C. i. St. 27. *Prickt with courage*. See the Glossary to Chaucer, and G. Douglas in *Prekand* and *Prick*.
- Prime*, is uſed in different ſignifications: *that day is every prime*, B. i. C. 2. St. 40. i. e. the ſpring,

A GLOSSARY, &c.

or beginning of the year: It may mean the prime of the moon, at the first appearing of the new moon, called the prime: and this explanation has reference to Hecate, who is the same as the moon, and who presides over witchcraft. *As fresh as Flora in her prime*, i. e. in her spring, B. i. C. 4. St. 17. so again, *glad as birds of joyous prime*, B. i. C. 6. St. 13. *the wanton prime*, B. iii. C. 6. St. 42. *Primavera*, Gall. *Printemp.* the pride of hastening, or hastening, *prime*, B. vii. C. 7. St. 43. *Prime*, is used for the morning as, *At evening and at prime*, i. e. morning: *primo mane*: B. ii. C. 9. St. 25. fo Milton *while day arises, that sweet hour of prime*.

Prise, scuffle, fight: 'tis a French word. *Prise, en venir aux prises*, to fight, to engage. So the Ital. *presa. venire alle prese*, B. vi. C. 8. St. 25.

Prize, prove, B. vi. C. 12. St. 18. fo Chaucer.

Procur'd, solicited, intreated: a *procurando*, from soliciting in another person's business, B. iii. C. 1. St. 1.

Protese, B. iii. C. 3. St. 4. extension, drawing out. See the note.

Prow, brave; *prover*, braver; *prowest*, bravest. *Prowest*, comes from *probitas*, and *Prow*, from *probus*, see Menage in *Prou* and *Prouesse*. *Prow valiance*, Gall. *preux vaillance*: Ital. *prode valore*: hardy courage or prowess, B. iii. C. 3. St. 28. *Prowest* occurs frequently, as, B. ii. C. 3. St. 15. B. ii. C. 5. St. 36. B. iii. C. 3. St. 24. B. 4. C. 2. St. 31.

Prune her feathers, B. iii. C. 3. St. 37. see the Gloss. to Ch. in *Proimith*, and Junius.

Puissance, valour.

Purchase, B. i. C. 3. St. 15. see the note.

Pursled with gold and pearly, B. i. C. 2. St. 13. See likewise, B. ii. C. 3. St. 26. embroidered, or decorated as with embroidery, Ital. *profilato*. Skin. 'Bordure pourfilée, i. e. *simbria acupita*: *pourfilée oritur à pro et filum q. d. profilata.*' Milton in his mask, *the pursled Scarf of Iris*. See the Gloss. of Ch. But I believe Spenser had in view P. P. Fol. viii. which the reader may consult at his leisure.

Purpose, Ital. *Proposito*, Gall. *Propos*, discourse, talk, words, B. i. C. 2. St. 30. B. i. C. 7. St. 38. B. i. C. 7. St. 1. B. i. C. 12. St. 13. B. ii. C. 2. St. 45. B. ii. C. 4. St. 39. B. ii. C. 6. St. 6. B. ii. C. 8. St. 56. B. iii. C. 2. St. 4. B. iii. C. 8. St. 14. B. iii. C. 9. St. 32. B. iv. C. 6. St. 45. B. 6. C. 5. St. 32. B. vi. C. 11. St. 39. used as a verb, B. ii. C. 12. St. 16. *gan so purpose*, to discourse, Gall. *proposer*, as likewise B. ii. C. 4. St. 39. used by Chaucer and Milton.

Purway, provide, B. iii. C. 3. St. 58. B. v. C. 12. St. 10. B. 6. C. 2. St. 48. Gall. *pourvoir*. *Purweyance*, B. i. C. 12. St. 13. B. vii. C. 6. St. 43.

Puttocke, B. ii. C. 11. St. 11. B. v. C. 5. St. 15.

B. v. C. 12. St. 30. the Gloss. of Ch. explains it, *puttocks*, Bitterns, kites,
Pyned ghost, see *Pine*.
Pyonings, B. ii. C. 10. St. 63. works of pioneers. military works raised by pioneers.

Q.

Q*Uadrate*, a square, Ital. *quadrato*, B. ii. C. 9. St. 22.

Quar'le, B. ii. C. 11. St. 33. contracted from *quarrell*, shaft, arrow, B. ii. C. 11. St. 24. Ital. *Quadrello: à formâ quadrata*: square darts shot from a cross bow, Gall. *quarreau*.

Quaile, to subdew, to quell, B. i. C. 9. St. 49. *newer quaile*, flinch, yield, B. ii. C. 8. 35. *did quaile*, grow faint, languish, B. iii. C. 8. St. 27. *quayld*, subdewed, B. iii. C. 8. St. 24. *manly heart to quayle*: to grow faint: or freeze with fear, as the Ital. use *quagliare*, to quail or curdle as milk. Belg. *quelen*, to grow faint and languish. Anglo-S. *cpellan*, *Subigere*.

Quarrey, prey.

Quart, the western division: the fourth part, Gall. *quart*, Ital. *quarta*, B. ii. C. 10. St. 14.

Quay'd, quailed. Somner, *aquald*, slain, quelled, B. i. C. 8. St. 14. see *Quaile*.

Queint elect, quaintly or odly chosen, B. iii. C. 7. St. 22. *in queynt disguise*, in a strange disguise, B. iv. C. 4. St. 39.

Queint, quenched, B. ii. C. 5. St. 11. Anglo-S. *acpencan*, *extinguere*, *acpent*, *extinctus*, used by Chaucer.

Quest, adventure, exploit.

Quich, B. v. C. 9. St. 33. Anglo-S. *cucian*, to quicken, to stir.

Quip, taunt, flout, B. vi. C. 7. St. 44.

R.

R*Acc*, see *Ras't*.

Rad, [præterit, from *rædan*. See *Areed*,] interpreted, declared, B. iii. C. 9. St. 2. B. iv. C. 7. St. 24. B. v. C. 6. St. 10. B. vi. C. 1. St. 4.

Raft, præterit, from *Reave*, bereft, bereaved, B. i. C. 1. St. 24. spelt *rest* in the Folio, 1609.

Raid, see *Ray*.

Raile, B. i. C. 6. St. 43. *adoun their sides did raile*, i. e. flow, or run along. So again B. ii. C. 8. St. 37. B. iii. C. 11. St. 46. B. iv. C. 2. St. 18. *rayling tears*, gushing forth, B. iii. C. 4. St. 57. Chaucer uses this word, ex: gr: *The purple blode doune railid right fast*, i. e. trickled down. Lament, of Mary M. ver. 181. and fo ver. 119. And Dougl. Virg. page 390. ver. 43.

* e *Quibil*

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

Quib al the bloude haboundantly furth relis.

- Raine** of the wide ayre, i. e. region, B. iii. C. 4. St. 49. in his own rayne, rule, or kingdom, B. iv. C. 3. St. 27. *this woodie raine*, B. vi. C. 2. St. 9. Chaucer Knightes tale 1640. in the reign of Thrace, i. e. realm or region, *Pluto's rayne*, B. ii. C. 7. St. 21. Mr. Pope has this expression in the beginning of his translation of Homer.
- Rank**, in order, B. ii. C. 3. St. 6. B. iv. C. 5. St. 33.
- Ranfackt**, plundered, rified, violated, B. i. C. 6. St. 5.
- Rapt**, in a rapture: Ital. *rapito*, B. iv. C. 9. St. 6. *Berni*, L. i. C. 25. St. 42. *rapito in paradiso*.
- Rasb**, mailles did rasb, B. 4. C. 2. St. 17. *rasbing off kelms*, B. v. C. 3. St. 8, Ital. *raschiare*; Gr. *ῥάσσω. ἄρασσω*, *scindere*. G. Douglas, *Raschand*, breaking, thivering in pieces.
- Rasfall routes**, B. i. C. 7. St. 35. B. ii. C. 9. St. 15. *the rasfall many*, B. i. C. 12. St. 9. B. v. C. 11. St. 59. *ἑμπολλῆ*. *Rasfall stockes*, B. ii. C. 11. St. 19. *Rasfall rablement*, B. iii. C. 11. St. 46. *Rasfall crew*, B. v. C. 2. St. 52. *Scelestia Plebs*, Hor. L. i. Od. 4. ver. 17. *la bassa plebe*, Orli. Fur. xxvi. 32. 'Rasfall being the name of lean and worthless deer is applied to men of no worth.' *Vertegan*. Gall. *racaille*. used by Ch.
- Rasf**, razed, erased, effaced, B. ii. C. 12. St. 80. B. iv. C. 1. St. 21. *their buildings race*, B. ii. C. 12. St. 83. overturn.
- Raught**, reached, from *Reach*, B. i. C. 6. St. 29. B. i. C. 7. St. 18. B. i. C. 9. St. 51. B. ii. C. 3. St. 2. B. ii. C. 8. St. 40. B. ii. C. 9. St. 19. B. ii. C. 10. St. 20. B. v. C. 8. St. 48. Chaucer uses it, see Prol. 136.
- Ravin**, rapine, spoil, ravening, &c. Gall. *ravir*, Ital. *rapina*, B. i. C. 11. St. 12.
- To Ray**, discolour, beray, B. ii. C. 1. St. 40. B. vi. C. 4. St. 23. *raid*, discoloured, B. iii. C. 8. St. 32. the Greek *ῥάω*, *corrumpto*, comes very near.
- Ray**, used for array, ornament, furniture, &c. B. v. C. 2. St. 54. *the goodly ray* of a ship. Sa Ch. uses *rayid*, for arrayed, adorned.
- Ray**, in ray, in array, in order and rank, B. v. C. 11. St. 34. Gall. *arroy*.
- Rayling teares*, see Raile.
- Rayne**, see Raine.
- Read**, spelt sometimes *Reed*; to advise, warn, pronounce, declare, interpret, guess, divine. Likewise counsel, advice, prophecy. See *Aread*. Germ. *rede*, Belg. *rede*, *sermo*, *ratio*. Anglo-Sax.
- Ræde**, **Ræder-men**, counsellors.
- Reædifye**, rebuild, *reædificare*, Gall. *reedifier*, Ital. *reedificare*, B. ii. C. 10. St. 46.
- Reallie**, B. vii. C. 6. St. 23. rally.
- Reave**. *To reave his life*, to take away, Anglo-S. *bepeasan*, *spoliare*. So B. ii. C. 3. St. 23. *that quite bereaved the rash beholder's sight*, i. e. to^o away, B. v. C. 4. St. 10. *to have her grief by death bereaved*, i. e. taken away, B. v. C. 5. St. 37. *his life bereave*, take away, bereave him of life. *That did her reave*, that did take her away; bereave you of her, as we now say, B. iv. C. 6. St. 38. *whose wits are reaved*, taken away, B. iv. C. 7. St. 21. Chaucer uses *reave*, to take away, or spoil. See above *Bereave*.
- Reck**, care, reckon. Anglo-S. **PECC**, care, **PECCAN**, to care for, to esteem, to make account or reckoning of. *Lanc*. to *recke*. Chaucer hath *recketh* for careth. Somn.
- Reclayme**, call back, B. v. C. 12. St. 9.
- Recoyle** to your bowers, go back to your chambers, Gall. *reculer*, B. i. C. 10. St. 17. *might her back recoyle*. i. e. might cause her to recoyle or come back, B. ii. C. 12. St. 19. G. Douglas, pag. 306. 54. *reculis bakwart*, recoyls, goes back or gives ground, Gall. *reculer*, Ital. *riculare*.
- Recoure**, recover, B. iv. C. 9. St. 25. *Recure*, recover from their fatigue, B. i. C. v. St. 44. B. i. C. 11. St. 30. B. iii. C. 12. St. 34. B. v. C. 13. St. 26. *Recured*, recovered, B. i. C. 9. St. 9. B. i. C. 10. St. 52. B. ii. C. 10. St. 23. B. iii. C. 5. St. 34. B. iv. C. 4. St. 37. *Recover*, B. iv. C. 3. St. 20. used by Chaucer.
- Recreant**, B. ii. C. 6. St. 28. a title most ignominious in romances. See Skinner.
- Recule**, **Recuile**, recoil, B. v. C. 11. St. 47. B. vi. C. 1. St. 20. Gall. *reculer*.
- Reed**, see *Read*.
- Red**, B. i. C. 6. St. 36. *to tell the sad sight which mine eyes have RED*: So B. i. C. 8. St. 21. *he had redd his end*. In the 2d edit. in quarto 'tis spelt *read*, which is wrong: from *read* comes *red*. 'Tis used for interpreted, declared, &c. B. i. C. 7. St. 46. B. i. C. 10. St. 17. B. i. C. 11. St. 46. B. ii. C. 1. St. 30: B. v. C. 8. St. 13. B. vi. C. 2. St. 30. *richest red*, named, declared, called the richest, B. v. C. 9. St. 28. See *Aread*, *Read*.
- Redisbourse**, Gall. *debouser*, B. iv. C. 3. St. 27.
- Redoubted knight**, Itall. *ridottabile*. *ridottato*, Gall. *redoutable*: *redouté*. revered, honoured, feared: B. i. C. 7. St. 46. B. i. C. 12. St. 29. B. ii. C. 4. St. 38. B. ii. C. 8. St. 25. and in other places. Used by Chaucer.
- Redounding tears**, abounding and flowing over and above, Lat. *redundantes*, Ital. *ridondante*, B. i. C. 3. St. 8.
- Rest**, taken away, bereft, bereaved, deprived, B. i. C. 9. St. 31. B. i. C. 10. St. 65. B. iii. C. 4. St. 52. B. v. C. 7. St. 41. B. v. C. 12. St. 23. B. vi. C. 3. St. 18.
- Regard**, Gall. *regard*, not only a look or glance of the eye, but a countenance and aspect: used in this sense, B. ii. C. 12. St. 79. *a sweet regard*. otherwise B. v. C. 9. St. 43. *high regards*, things of high account and consideration.

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

Registers, B. ii. C. 9. St. 59. spelt in the 2d quarto and Folio 1619. *registers*.

Regiment, rule, government, B. ii. C. 10. St. 30. B. iii. C. 3. St. 39. B. v. C. 8. St. 30. B. vii. C. 6. St. 2. Ital. *reggimento*, *regiments*, separate governments, districts, B. ii. C. 9. St. 59.

Relate, bring back again, B. iii. C. 8. St. 51. a Lat. *referre*, to bring again, *retuli*, *relatum*, relate.

Relent his pace, Ital. *rallentare il corso*, to slacken, to stay, B. ii. C. 12. St. 65. *relent her flight*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 49. *to relent her haste*, B. iii. C. 7. St. 2. *made them to relent*, B. vi. C. 5. St. 20. to stop, stay, slacken, abate, &c. as Gall. *ralentir*, Ital. *rallentare*. *Without relent*, without stopping, B. v. C. 7. St. 24.

Reli-v'd, *Relyv'd*, *Reviv'd*: restored again to life, B. i. C. 9. St. 52. B. iii. C. 4. St. 35. B. iii. C. 8. St. 3. B. vi. C. 11. St. 24.

Remercied, B. ii. C. 11. St. 16. thanked, Gall. *remercièr*.

Rencounter, Gall. *rencontre*, an accidental fight, or adventure, B. i. C. 11. St. 53. B. iii. C. 1. St. 9. *rencounting*, meeting him in fight, Gall. *rencountner*, B. i. C. 11. St. 53.

Renforst, reinforced, B. ii. C. 10. St. 48.

Renferst, reinforced, again made *ferce* and bold, B. ii. C. 8. St. 45.

Renverst, Gall. *renversè*: *reverst*, turned upside down, B. i. C. 4. St. 41. B. v. C. 3. St. 37. *whose shield he bears renverst*. — *Then from him rest his shield and it renverst*. *Renverse*, in heraldry, is when the arms are turned backward, or upside down. This was a ceremony used in the degradation of knights; he was deprived of his sword, his spurs were cut off with a hatchet, and his arms were reversed: *Clypeo gentilitio inverso*.

Replevie, B. iv. C. 12. St. 31. to redeem, to recover by a replevy.

Reprifè, reproof, B. i. C. 9. St. 29. B. iii. C. 3. St. 5. B. iii. C. 8. St. 1.

Reprived, reproved, B. v. C. 6. St. 24.

Reprize, to make reprisals; B. iv. C. 4. St. 8.

Require, require, B. v. C. 8. St. 27.

Re seized, had seisin or possession again; reinstated in his kingdom, B. ii. C. 10. St. 45.

Resiant, B. iv. C. 11. St. 28. lodged, placed, resident, Lat-Bar. *resiantia*, residence.

Rest, B. ii. C. 1. St. 26. *And in the rest his ready speare did sticke*, B. iv. C. 1. St. 41. *with speare in rest*; and so likewise, B. iv. C. 4. St. 6. B. v. C. 2. St. 12. B. v. C. 8. St. 5. B. v. C. 8. St. 9. Gall. *mettre la lance en arrest*, to couch the lance. Ital. *Resta*, the rest of a lance: *metter la lancia in resta*, to couch the lance. So named, *à restando*, because the knight, when he couches his speare, *rests* it against little pieces of iron fixed to his armour.

Restore, restoration, B. iii. C. 5. St. 18.

Retrate, *Retrait*, picture, *pourtrait*: air of the face, Ital. *ritratto*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 25. B. ii. C. 9. St. 4.

Retrate, retreat, B. iv. C. 9. St. 34. B. v. C. 7. St. 35. B. v. C. 12. St. 9. Ital. *ritratta*, Gall. *retraite*.

Retyr'd, drawn out, Gall. *retirè*, Ital. *ritirato*, B. i. C. 11. St. 53.

Reverse, *did reverse the view of his crimes*, did recall, did cause to return: *revertere*: B. i. C. 9. St. 48. *fond fancies to reverse*, here used according to the Ital. *riverfare*, to subvert, to overturn her foolish fancies, B. iii. C. 2. St. 48. *And shall again reverse*, i. e. return again to life, *revertere*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 1. *his charms back to reverse*, to abrogate, to turn contrary: to recall or repeal their power and efficacy; *revertere*, B. iii. C. 12. St. 36.

Revert, return, *revertere*, B. iv. C. 6. St. 43. G. Douglas, pag. 403. 15.

Seand throw kynd ilk thing spryngis and revertis, i. e. revives, returns to life again.

Revest, dress again, Ital. *Rivestire*: Lat. *revestire*: reinvest. B. ii. C. 1. St. 22.

Revoke, to recall, to withdraw, &c. *to revoke the forward footing*, literally from Virgil, *revocare gradus*, B. i. C. 1. St. 12. So again, B. ii. C. 8. St. 39. and B. iii. C. 11. St. 21. B. vi. C. 3. St. 28. *With love revokt*, called back, B. i. C. 7. St. 28. *Talus to revoke*, to call away, B. v. C. 12. St. 27. But in B. ii. C. 2. St. 28. *revoke* is used for to take away; to make of none effect, to repeal, to abrogate, &c. as we say to *revoke* or repeal a law.

Revolt, B. iii. C. 11. St. 25. roll back, *revolvere*, or rather according to the Ital. *rivoltare*: did change, alter, abate their force.

To rew, rue, pity, &c. B. i. C. 1. St. 51—St. 53. But B. iii. C. 6. St. 35. *rew*, a row. So B. iii. C. 6. St. 17, *in a rew*, in a row.

*First than my ordre longeth to
The vices for to tell on rewe.*

Gower, Fol. ix

Rife, Anglo-S. *ryfe*, used adverbially: fully, abundantly, B. i. C. 9. St. 44. St. 52. B. iii. C. 5. St. 31. B. iii. C. 6. St. 14. B. 5. C. 9. St. 48.

Rifst, cleft, chink or crack, B. i. C. 2. St. 30. B. i. C. 8. St. 22.

To rive, to cleave asunder, *Riven*, rent, split, torn asunder, B. i. C. 3. St. 44. B. ii. C. 11. St. 37. B. iii. C. 10. St. 10. B. iii. C. 5. St. 37. B. v. C. 10. St. 32.

Rode, inrode. B. vi. C. 8. St. 35.

Rolls, records; a bundle of any thing *rolled up*, fo *volumen* in Lat. page 1. Again, B. ii. C. 9. St. 57. spelt *Roules*, B. vi. C. 7. St. 33. See Spelman in *Rotulus*.

Ronning, B. ii. C. 4. St. 37. Spelt in the 2d quarto *running*. Spenser for the fulness of the found seems to have spelt it with an o.

Roode, B. 6. Anglo-S. *roode*, a cross. The Rood-loft

lost is the place where the crucifix was placed: to which Spenser in this passage alludes.

Rosiere, properly in French a rose-bush, but used for roses in B. ii. C. 9. St. 19. used by Chaucer.

Rosy-fingred Morr, B. i. C. 2. St. 7. ῥοδοδάκτυλος Μῆδης, Hom. Il. ᾠ. 477.

Rote, [Harp or crowd, *crota*, *rota*, *rote*.] B. ii. C. 10. St. 3. B. iv. C. 9. St. 6.

Rove, Introd. B. i. St. 3. *didst rove*, i. e. didst shoot thy roving arrows. *Rovers* are a species of arrows mentioned by Ascham in Toxophilus. So B. v. C. 5. St. 35. *Even at the marke-white of his heart she row'd*, i. e. she shot with a roving arrow at the white mark [*alba meta*] of his heart. And before with the same allusion in B. iii. C. 1. St. 56. B. iii. C. 9. St. 28.

Rouies, see *Rolls*.

Royn, B. v. C. 9. St. 33. growl, Gall. *rognonner*. or rather to gnaw and bite his chain, from *rogner*, *rodere*.

Rounded in his eare, whispered in his ear, B. iii. C. 10. St. 30.

Rozondell, a round bubble, B. iii. C. 4. St. 33.

Rubins, B. ii. C. 3. St. 24. Spelt so in the 1st and 2d edit. in quarto and Folio of 1609, but in the Folio of 1617, *rubies*. Spenser seems to have spelt it *Rubins* from the Lat. *Rubinus*, Ital. *rubino*.

Ruffs, B. i. C. 4. St. 14. ruff bands, ornaments of plaited or ruffled muslin or cambrick which men and women wore about their necks.

Ruffed: [So the books of authority, and not *ruffed*. See Junius in Ruff and Ruffe] B. iii. C. 2. St. 27. So again, B. iii. C. 11. St. 32. *ruffing his feathers*.

Ruinat, Ital. *ruinare*, *ruinato*, brought to ruin, overthrown, B. v. C. 10. St. 26.

Ruing, pitying, B. v. C. 10. St. 4. *Ruefully*, pitifully, B. v. C. 10. St. 6. *Ruefulness*. so as to raise pity and compassion, B. i. C. 4. St. 25.

Ruth, pity.

Rybauld, B. ii. C. 1. St. 10. Ital. *ribaldo*.

Ryfe, see *Rife*.

Ryved, see *Rizv*.

S.

SACRED fountain, B. i. C. 1. St. 34. *Fons Saer*, Ov. Epist. xv. 158. Amor. L. iii. Eleg. i. 3. So *sacred nymph*, of a fountain nymph, B. i. C. 7. St. 4. *Sacred* is used in a quite different sense, as *sacer* in Latin: for cursed, detestable, &c. *Sacred ashes*, B. i. C. 8. St. 35. what Spenser calls the *sacred soile*, B. ii. C. 12. St. 37. he calls the *curfed land*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 51. *Sacred fire*, i. e. cursed, abominable, B. vi. C. 8. St. 48. *The sacred soile*, may mean the enchanted soile: So *sacro* is used in the Italian poets, whom Spenser follows, Ariosto, C. 3. St. 74. calls the ring which Brunel had to make himself invisible, *il*

sacro anel. The same poet calls the cursed and cruel Ægyptus, *il sacro Egisto*, xxi. 57.

Sad, grave, B. i. C. 1. St. 2. *too solemne sad*, i. e. with too much solemnity and gravity: the same words occur, B. ii. C. 6. St. 37. Una when going to be betrothed to St. George, B. i. C. 12. St. 21. is said to come forth *sad sober chere*, B. ii. C. 6. St. 19. *with his sad guide*, i. e. grave, B. ii. C. 11. St. 3. *habis sad*: and in other places.

Safe her, her excepted, B. iii. C. 7. St. 59.

Saint Fraunces fire, B. i. C. 4. St. 35. Ital. *sacro fusco*. *Sacer ignis*: *sacer morbus*: ἱερὰ νοσος. called commonly St. Antonie's fire.

Saliance, B. ii. C. 1. St. 29. with so fierce a fall or assault. *Salire*, *salientia*, *saliance*.

To salve his hurts, to cure, to remedy, B. i. C. 5. St. 17. *cast how to salve*, to palliate matters, to save appearances, B. iv. C. 1. St. 11. *though he could not salve*, &c. though he could not cure, yet to palliate her, &c. B. iv. C. 4. St. 27. *Salvare*, to save, preserve, to defend, &c.

Salved, saluted, B. ii. C. 8. St. 23. Gall. *Salver*. Used by Chaucer in the Rom. of the Rose, 7431.

Salewd, saluted, B. iv. C. 6. St. 25. Chaucer Squier's Tale, iii. *Salved the king and queen*. *Ibid*. 132. *Sale-wit you*.

Sanguine, used substantively, Gall. *sanguin*, Ital. *sanguineo*, blood red, B. iii. C. 8. St. 6. Ch. Prol. 441. *In sanguine and in Perse he was clad*. all.

Sardonian smile. See note on B. v. C. 9. St. 12. μείδησι σαρδάνοις, Hom. Od. ὁ 302. *ne rideamus γέλωτα σαρδονιοι*, Cicer. Epist.

Sauvguard, Gall. *savegarde*, B. ii. C. 5. St. 8.

Say, a thin sort of silk stuff, Gall. *soye*, Ital. *soja*, B. i. C. 4. St. 31. B. iii. C. 12. St. 8.

Say, a sword of better *say*; of better proof, assay, B. vi. C. 11. St. 47.

Scarecrow, B. ii. C. 3. St. 7. a mock representation of a man made of straw to scare crows away.

Scarmoges, B. ii. C. 6. St. 34. skirmishings, Ital. *Scaramuccio*, Gall. *escarmouche*.

Scath, B. i. C. 4. St. 35. B. i. C. 12. St. 34. B. ii. C. 5. St. 18. B. iii. C. 4. St. 24. B. iii. C. 10. St. 11. B. v. C. 8. St. 49. Anglo-S. *Scaðe*, *harm*, *mischief*, Chaucero, *skath*, Somn. Germ. *schad*, *noxa*, *schaden*, *lædere*, Gr. *σκαδᾶν*, *disipare*, *diserpere*. Milton uses the verb i. 613. *As when heavens fire hath scath'd the oaks*.

Scatterlings, B. ii. C. 10. St. 63. scattered or dispersed rovers or ravagers. Spenser uses it in his discourse on Ireland, 'Lofels and scatterlings.' Again, 'scatterlings and out laws.'

Scerne, discern, B. iii. C. 10. St. 22. *cernere*, *discernere*.

Slave, B. ii. C. 7. St. 33. spelt so in the 1st and 2d quarto: in the Folios *slawe*, Gall. *esclave*. Germ. *Schlaw*. Lat. bar. *selavus*. Vide Voss. in voce *selavus*: de vitii Latini sermonis: spelt *selavis* i. e. slaves

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

- flaves in G. Douglas.
- Sclaunders*, B. v. C. 9. St. 26. Folios, *flanders*.
- Sclander*, B. iii. C. 1. St. 47. B. iii. C. 7. St. 36. B. v. C. 2. St. 27. spelt so in the 1st and 2d quarto : in the Folios *slender* : *c* is inserted often after *s* in our English writers, particularly by G. Douglas. See likewise the Glossary to Chaucer.
- Scer'd*, marked, engraven, B. i. C. 1. St. 2. B. ii. C. 9. St. 2.
- Score*, reckoning, B. vi. C. 9. St. 21. because reckonings and accounts were kept by *scoring* or notching of wood.
- Scorse*, exchange, B. ii. C. 9. St. 55. [to *scorse*, to change : a word well known in the west of England.] But he *scorsed*. B. vi. C. 9. St. 3. i. e. he forced to run, Ital. *scorsò* from *scorrere*.
- Scruze*, squeeze out, press out, B. iii. C. 5. St. 33. *Scruzed*, scrufed out, pressed out, B. ii. C. 11. St. 46. à *Screw* ; so the Editor of Junius.
- Scryde*, descride, B. v. C. 12. St. 38.
- Scryne*, Introd. B. i. St. 2. B. ii. C. 9. St. 56. à Lat : *Scrinium*, an escritore, desk, ' *Scryn*. a ' shrine : antiently a chest, or cofer.' Veritegan. See Somn. in *rejin*.
- Scutchion*, B. iv. C. 1. St. 34. used for a devize on a shield, dim : from *Scutum*.
- Sdaine*, disdain : B. v. C. 5. St. 51. *Sdayned*, disdained ; B. v. C. 5. St. 44. *Sdeigned*, disdained : B. iii. C. 1. St. 40. *Sdeigne*, B. iii. C. 1. St. 55. *Sdeignfull*, disdainful : B. iii. C. 7. St. 10. B. v. C. 2. St. 33. Ital. *Sdegnare*, to disdain, *Sdegnò*, disdain, anger &c. So Milton, I *Sdeigid* *subjection*.
- Seare*, Sulphure *seare*, burning, parching : B. i. C. 11. St. 13. *his body seard*, parched, burnt : B. i. C. 11. St. 26. *whose pith and sap is seare*, dry, withered : B. iv. C. 3. St. 9. Anglo-S. *reapan*, to dry, to seare, Somn. Milton, *with wy never-sear*, i. e. ever-green, never withered, *Ξηρός*, *aridus*.
- See*, feat, habitation, B. iii. C. 6. St. 2. B. iv. C. 10. St. 30. We still use it when we say a *bishops see*.
- Seeled up with death*, B. i. C. 7. St. 23, the phrase seems taken from feeling a hawk, which is by running a thread through the eye-lids to make her bear the hood, So in B. ii. C. 1. St. 38. *Seele up her eyes*.
- A seely lamb*, B. i. C. 6. St. 10. *the seely man*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 6, *a seely wretch*, B. iii. C. 7. St. 51. Chaucer in the Reves tale, 992. *These seely Clerkis*. Ibid. 1000. *cometh seely Jobn*. This word I would restore to other passages, as B. iii. C. 8. St. 27. *Seely virgin*, not *Silly*. So again, B. iii. C. 10. St. 45. *Seely maid*, B. i. C. 4. St. 37.
- Seemen*, seem, B. vii. C. 7. St. 7.
- Seemly*, becoming, decent, *seemless*, unbecoming, unseemly, *seemlyhed*, seemly and decent carriage or behaviour : B. iv. C. 8. St. 14, Germ. *ziemen*, *decere*, *convenire*.
- Seeth*, boil, or grow hot, B. ii. C. 10. St. 26. A-S.
- reodan*, *coquere*.
- Selcouth*, uncommon, B. iv. C. 8. St. 14. from *Seld* feldom, and *COUð* known, G. Douglas, *Selcouth* : *Selcouth* : strange, uncommon. Anglo-S. *sel-cuð*, *strange* or *uncouth*, Somn.
- Sele* a seal-fish, B. v. C. 12. S. 15. Anglo-S. *peol*.
- Seleæ shapes*, chosen, elegant, B. iii. C. 6. St. 12.
- Sell*, Saddle, Lat. *Sella*, Gall. *Selle*, B. ii. C. 2. St. 11. B. ii. C. 3. St. 12. B. ii. C. 8. St. 31. B. iii. C. 3. St. 60. B. iii. C. 10. St. 38. B. iv. C. 4. St. 30.
- Semblaunt*, B. i. C. 2. St. 12. B. ii. C. 1. St. 21. B. ii. C. 9. St. 2.—St. 39. B. iii. C. 4. St. 54. B. iii. C. 11. St. 29. B. iv. C. 10. St. 49. B. v. C. 3. St. 19. B. v. C. 5. St. 56. B. v. C. 9. St. 38. Gall. *Semblant*, shew, pretence, appearance : Ital. *sembiante* ; in *sembiante*, in appearance, in shew. *Semblaunces*, shews, pretences, B. iii. C. 7. St. 16. G. Douglas, *semblant*, appearance, shew. Used by Ch.
- Seminary*, Ital. *seminario*, Gall. *seminaire*, a nursery, B. iii. C. 6. St. 30.
- Senelchall*, B. iv. C. 1. St. 12. B. v. C. 10. St. 30. B. vi. C. 1. St. 15. B. vi. C. 1. St. 25. The chief magistrate of a certain precinct, governour, master of the ceremonies, &c.
- Sens*, so used by Chaucer for *Since*. B. iv. C. 5. St. 23. in the Folios *Since*.
- Sent*, the *scent* or having the scent of a thing, the smelling out, as plainly used in B. iv. C. 5. St. 41. the dogs did barke *at sent of stranger guest* : 'tis so spelt in the quarto and old folios, in Hughes spelt *Scent*, so B. iii. C. 7. St. 23. *his perfect sent* ; B. vii. C. 7. St. 10. and in other places. But Spenser's spelling is nearest the etymology. Skinner, *a sent*, odor, *procul dubio à sentiendo*. Ital. *sentire*.
- To sew*, to follow, Gall. *suivre*, B. ii. C. 2. St. 17. B. ii. C. 7. St. 9. B. iii. C. 5. St. 47. B. iv. C. 9. St. 26. B. vi. C. 10. St. 2. *Seewing*, following, B. iii. C. 9. St. 37. B. vi. C. 9. St. 2. *Seerde*, followed, pursued, B. iii. C. 4. St. 50. *Sewd at hand*, was a sutor at hand, B. iii. C. 10. St. 9. Spelt *Sude*, B. vi. C. 8. St. 20.
- Shallop*, Gall. *chaloupe*, a boat, B. iii. C. 8. St. 27.
- Shard*, used for a gap in the west of England : Spenser seems to use it for a river, see note on B. ii. C. 6. St. 38. i. e. a cut for a river ; from the word that follows,
- Share*, divide. B. v. C. 2. St. 17. *shar'd*, divided, B. v. C. 1. St. 10. So Milton, *deep-entring shar'd his right side*, vii. 326.
- Shawmes*, B. i. C. 12. St. 13. a musical instrument mentioned, Pfal. 98. 7.
- Sheene*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 10. B. ii. C. 2. St. 40. B. ii. C. 10. St. 8. B. iii. C. 1. St. 65. B. iii. C. 4. St. 51. B. iv. C. 5. St. 11. B. v. C. 8. St. 29. B. v. C. 9. St. 27. B. v. C. 10. St. 25.
- Shining*, fair &c. Chaucer Prol. 974, *And Emilie her yonge*

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

- Jerge Styfir* there: this passage of Chaucer supports my emendation in B. ii. C. 1. St. 10 as likewise what Spenser says in B. iv. C. 5. St. 11.
- To shend*, to disgrace, to blame, B. i. C. 1. St. 53. B. ii. C. 6. St. 35. B. ii. C. 8. St. 12. B. iii. C. 9. St. 1. B. iv. C. 1. St. 51. B. iv. C. 4. St. 43. B. v. C. 4. St. 24. *Shent*, disgraced, blamed, B. ii. C. 1. St. 11. B. ii. C. 1. St. 27. B. ii. C. 5. St. 5. B. iii. C. 4. St. 50. B. iii. C. 4. St. 58. B. iii. C. 9. St. 33. B. iii. C. 10. St. 32. B. iv. C. 5. St. 18. B. vi. C. 6. St. 33. B. vi. C. 7. St. 45. '*Scende*, to hurt, impair: '*Scended*, hurt or blame: we yet use the word '*Shent* for blame or rebuke.' Verstegan. Germ. *Schanden*, *dedecorare*. Anglo-S. *scendan*, to shame, to disgrace. *scende*, *scendid*, *shamed*, *shent*, Chaucer hath *shenden* in the same sense, viz. to blame, to spoile, to marre, hurt, 'Somn.
- Shere*, pure, clear, Anglo-S. *scip*, Germ. *Shier*. B. iv. C. 6. St. 20.
- Sheres the liquid skeye*, B. ii. C. 6. St. 5. *doth skeye the subtle ayre*, B. iii. C. 7. St. 39. '*Scheren*, *radere*, *tondere*, Gr. *Kégev*, *radere*, literally from Virg. V, *Radit iter liquidum*: which G. Douglas translates, *Sberand the lowynyt are*.
- Sherz of living wright*, an appearance or sight of living creature. B. i. C. 3. St. 10.
- Shinc*, for *shen*; as the rhyme requires: B. iv. C. 3. St. 3. See *Shen*.
- Should*, for would, B. i. C. 4. St. 34. B. ii. C. 3. St. 16. B. ii. C. 4. St. 26. B. ii. C. 10. St. 43. B. ii. C. 10. St. 74. B. iii. C. 1. St. 32. B. iii. C. 4. St. 35. B. iii. C. 12. St. 34. B. iv. C. 2. St. 17. B. vi. C. 2. St. 37. and in other places.
- To Shrieve*, B. iv. C. 12. St. 26. i. e. to act the part of a confessor: to hear his confession and give him absolution.
- Sbright*, shrieked, B. iii. C. 8. St. 32. *Sbrightes*, shriekings, B. ii. C. 7. St. 57. *Sbright*, shriek, B. vi. C. 4. St. 2.
- To Shrill*, to sound shrilly: the adj. used for a verb. B. v. C. 7. St. 27. B. vi. C. 8. St. 46.
- Shrilling*, shrill.
- To Shrowd*, to shelter themselves, B. i. C. 1. St. 6.
- Shrowded in sleep*, covered, sheltered, B. i. C. 3. St. 15. Virg. G. IV, 414. *tegeret cum lumina somno*.
- Shyne*, shining, brightness, B. i. C. 10. St. 67. Germ. *Shein*, *splendor*. Milton thus uses *shen*, as *celestial shen*; *spangled shen*. Psal. 97, 4. *his lightnings gave shine unto the world*.
- Sib*, related, of kin, B. iii. C. 3. St. 26. Germ. *Sippe*, *cognatio*, *affinitas*, Anglo S. *ryb*, kindred, affinity, *quo sensu*, *sib utitur Chaucerus*. Somn.
- Sickerneffe*, B. iii. C. 7. St. 25. B. iii. C. 11. St. 55. safety. Chaucer Troil. and Crefs. ii, 843. *stone of Sikirneffe*, rock of security. *Securus*, secure, *Sicker*; *securitas*, *Sickerneffe*, Germ. *sicher*, *tutus*.
- Siege*, Gall. *Singe*, seat, bench, throne, &c. B. ii. C. 2. St. 39. *from lofty Siege*, literally from Virg. Aen. II. 2. *toro ab alto. A stately Siege*, B. ii. C. 7. St. 44.
- Sieged*, besieged.
- Sield*, ceiled as a room, B. v. C. 5. St. 21.
- Sient*, Gall. *Scion*, a grass, sprig or young shoot, B. v. C. 1. St. 1. so spelt in the old quarto and folio 1609. in Hughes, *cyen*.
- Sight*, sighted, B. vi. C. 8. St. 20. B. vi. C. 10. St. 40.
- Sin*, since: B. vi. C. 11. St. 44. G. Douglas, *syne*, afterwards, thereafter, then. Teut. *Sint*, Belg. *Sind*, *post*, *postea*. In Swedish, *fenn*, since.
- Singulfes*, fobblings, B. iii. C. 11. St. 12. B. v. C. 6. St. 13. the old books read *Singulfes*; the Folios, *singults*, which is the better reading. à Lat. *Singultus*, Ital. *Singulto*.
- Sit*, B. i. C. 1. St. 30. *sits not*, suits not, [see the note on] B. i. C. 8. St. 33. *ill it sits*, it agrees ill, becomes ill.
- Sith*, since, Anglo-S. *rype*, *ryððan*, a thousand *sith*, B. iii. C. 10. St. 33. a thousand times, *ryðon*, *vices*, *courses*, *turnes*, *times*, Somn: Chaucer's Prolog. 487. *ofte sithes*, i. e. oftentimes, Anglo-S. *rype*, *turne*, *course*, *ryðon*, *courses*, *times*, Chaucero: *sith eodem sensu*. Somn.
- Sithens*, since that time, B. i. C. 4. St. 51. '*Sythan*, sithence, or since that time.' Verstegan.
- Skill*, *did skill*, did understand, B. iii. C. 1. St. 50. *It little skill*, i. e. matters little, of little signification, B. v. C. 4. St. 14. see Junius in *Scill*.
- To slug*, to grow sluggish, B. ii. C. 1. St. 23.
- Smouldry cloud of smoke*, sweltring, hot, B. i. C. 7. St. 13. *smouldring dreriment*, B. i. C. 8. St. 9. *Smouldry smoke*, B. iii. C. 11. St. 21. Anglo-S. *smolt*, *hereof our Smolt*, *hot weather*. Somn. Milton in his hymn on the nativity, *While the red fire & smouldring clouds out-brake*.
- Snar*, B. vi. C. 12. St. 27, Belg. *Snarren*, to snarl. *Snarled haire*, i. e. intangled; as a skain of Silk, B. iii. C. 12. St. 17. *ensnarle*, entangle, B. v. C. 9. St. 9.
- Snubbes*, knobs, *ab Hibern*, Cnap, *nodus*, litterâ sibilâ præposita, B. i. C. 8. St. 7.
- Sods*, B. iii. C. 7. St. 6. *turfs*, clods of earth.
- Sold*, Salary, hire, a fouldier's pay, B. ii. C. 9. St. 6. Germ. *fold*, *stipendium*, *et omnis merces quæ merenti vel militanti solvitur*, vide Wacht, in V.—And Menage, and Spelman in *Soldarius*.
- Somme*, the sum, substance, B. v. C. 6. St. 8.
- Sootblich*, soothly, true, Anglo-S. *soðlice*.
- Soring hauke*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 36. spelt *soaring* in the 2d. quarto edit. Spenser seems to have followed the spelling of the Ital. *soare*: from *super*, *for*, *soare*, to fore. G. Douglas, *soarand*, *soaring*.
- Sory*, *sorry*, sorrowful, sad.
- Sort*, company, B. iii. C. 1. St. 40. B. iv. C. 10. St. 43. B. v. C. 4. St. 36. B. v. C. 4. St. 44. B. 6.

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

- B. vi. C. 11. St. 9. — St. 17. B. vii. C. 6. St. 28. Waller imitates Spenser, using *fort* in the same sense. *A fort of sheep*, a flock of sheep, B. v. C. 4. St. 44, *a fort of merchants*, a company, B. vi. C. 2. St. 9. *a fort of dogs*: a pack of dogs, B. vi. C. 11. St. 17. G. Douglas *fort*, a company, Gall. & Ital. *forte, genus, species*. Shak. K. Rich. II. *But they can see a fort of traitors here*, i. e. a company.
- In Sort*, in such fort or manner, B. i. C. 12. St. 20. *To souce*, B. i. C. 5. St. 8. and *souce so sore*. Dryden uses it in Theod. and Honoria.
- all attend
- On whom the fowling eagle will descend.
- Soucing on the shore* [plunging; falling: *soufed* over head and ears; is a vulgar expression: and *soufed* is used for what is pickled, or marinated.] B. iii. C. 4. St. 16. *Souft* is used for plunged, B. i. C. 3. St. 31. But the metaphor is from Falconry, B. iv. C. 3. St. 25. *he stroke, he soust*. Again, B. iv. C. 4. St. 80. *he soust him*, he came fowling, like a hawk at his prey, upon him. So the substantive is used very plainly, B. ii. C. 11. St. 36. *as a faulcon that hath failed of her soufe*. Used again, B. iv. C. 3. St. 19. B. iv. C. 8. 44. B. v. C. 12. St. 23. B. v. C. 4. St. 42. See note on B. ii. C. 11. St. 36.
- Souldan*, B. v. C. 8. St. 24. and frequently afterwards. This word is spelt variously in our old writers, as *Sowdan*, *Soudan*, *Souldan*, *Soldan*, all from the Hebrew, signifying a king, tyrant, sovereign, Ital. *Soldano*.
- Sout*, so spelt in the 1st and 2d quarto, and Folios of 1609, 1611, 1617. in Hughes, *foot*, which modern spelling comes nearer the Anglo-S.
- ƆOC. III. *soct*, B. ii. C. 7. St. 3.
- Sowndes*, *Irisb Sowndes*, B. iv. C. 1. St. 42. A sound is any inlet of the sea between two head lands.—As *Irisb sounds*, *Plymouth sound*, &c. *The sound* [Καρ' ἰξοχρν] is the Straights of the Baltick Sea between Denmark and Sweden, Gall. *Le Sond*.
- Sowne*, found. the rhyme requires *sowne*, and so Chaucer writes it: from *sonus*, Ital. *suono*, very unskillfully altered in some editions into *found*, B. i. C. 1. St. 41. *with sbrieking sowne*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 30. *femino ululatu*. Virg. iv. 667.
- Soyle*, the prey, the foiled beast, B. iv. C. 3. St. 16. 'Tis a hunting term, applied to the foil of a wild boar, i. e. the slough wherein he wallows, or to a deer, which is said to take foil when he runs into the water. Spenser uses it somewhat catachrestically, Gall. *Soville*, à *Lat. suile*.
- Space*, walk about, range about, *spatiari*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 54. B. v. C. 1. St. 11. B. vii. C. 6. St. 55.
- Spalles*, Gall. *espaules*, shoulders, B. ii. C. 6. St. 29. G. Douglas *spaldis*, shoulders, arms.
- Sparcling*, B. i. C. 11. St. 25. spelt so in the 1st quarto: in the 2d *sparckling*. The *k* is a letter very rare among the Latins; nor used by the Anglo-S. or Italians; which might be the reason for Spenser to omit it: for the same reason he seems to have spelt it *rancling*, not *raunkling*, as other editions, B. i. C. 11. St. 38.
- Sperre the gate*, to barr, or shut the gate, B. v. C. 10. St. 37. *opening the sparre*, the barr. B. v. C. 11. St. 4. *Unsparr*, to open: which is to be reitored to P. P. Fol. lxxxviii. *unsparrd his eyes*, i. e. opened his eyes, Germ. *sperrn claudere*, Anglo-S.
- Ƴpappen, *to spar*, Gall. *barrer*.
- Sperfed air*, dispersed, B. i. C. 1. St. 39. Fairf. xiii. 2. *in sperfed aires*. Ital. *sperfo*.
- Sperst*, dispersed, scattered, B. v. C. 3. St. 37.
- Spicery*, B. ii. C. 11. St. 49. spelt *spicere*, B. iii. St. 42. spiced wines.
- To spill*, to spoil, to destroy. Anglo-S. Ƴpillan. Chaucer uses *to save or spill*, to save or to destroy: and so does our poet, B. i. C. 3. St. 43. B. iii. C. 7. St. 54. B. iv. C. 3. St. 36. B. v. C. 10. St. 2. B. vi. C. 7. St. 31. And *Spill* he has, B. ii. C. 9. St. 37. B. v. C. 6. St. 1. B. v. C. 8. St. 19. B. v. C. 10. St. 2. B. v. C. 12. St. 36. P. P. Fol. xxi.
- Whoso spareth the spring*, [read *springg*] *spylleth bys children*.
- Spilt*, shed, scattered over, B. iv. C. 10. St. 5.
- Sprent*, sprinkled, B. iv. C. 2. St. 18. Sir Philip Sydney uses it *with my tears sprent*, and Chaucer. see Junius in *Sprene*.
- Spright*, *sprite*, *spirit*, B. i. C. 2. St. 32.—St. 33.
- Springals*, B. v. C. 10. St. 6. G. Douglas, *Springald*, a springall, a youth, a stripling. Chaucer *springold*. from *spring* and *al*, a termination.
- Spyals*, espials, spies, Gall. *espier*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 4.
- Spyre*, it doth spire forth, or grow up into the fairest flower, Ital. *Spigare*: from *Spica*: to grow to an ear.—But much rather I would bring it from the Ital. *Spirare*, which among other significations is used for *to produce*: it produces the fairest flower, B. iii. C. 5. St. 52.
- Stales*, incitements, devices, tricks, B. ii. C. 1. St. 41. B. vi. C. 10. St. 3. *Mirr. for magistrates*, part iii. Fol. 32.
- I like the balke which sores in good estate,
Did spy a stiale, I swoopte, and tooke a mate.*
- Anglo-S. Ƴtæl-hƳnanaf. *Stale-rayne deere*, or *a tamer sort of deere, wherewith*, (as with STALES) *they take the wild*. Somn. See *Wacht*. in *STAL*.
- Starke*, *starke* with cold, stiff, Belg. *sterck*, Germ. *stark*, Anglo-S. Ƴtearic, B. ii. C. 1. St. 42.
- Star-read*, in reading, or interpreting the stars. *Introd.* B. v. St. 8.
- Stean*, B. vii. C. 7. St. 42. *an earth-pot steane*, i. e. stony earth-pot. 'Tis the Dutch word *Steen*.
- Sted*, place, seat, station, situation, B. i. C. 8. St. 17. B. i. C. 9. St. 14. B. i. C. 11. St. 46. B. iii. C. 11. St. 50. B. iii. C. 12. St. 2. B. v. C. 12. St. 23, spelt *stead*, B. ii. C. 2. St. 21. B. ii. C. 4. St. 42. B. iii. C. 42. St. 14.

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

- Stecme*, to smoke, B. vi. C. 7. St. 15.
Stecm'd, had steamed, exhaled, or breathed out, B. iii. C. 1. St. 55.
Steemed, esteemed, B. iv. C. 5. St. 3. B. vi. C. 10. St. 35. So the Ital. *stimare*, *stimato*.
Steme, B. ii. C. 6. St. 27. *to steme his molten heart in sleep*, to cause his melted heart or courage to pass off in a meer steem and vapours, to melt quite away in sleep.
Stent, stint, stay, stop, B. ii. C. 4. St. 12. G. Douglas, *stent*, to stint, stop, cease.
Stept, steeped, soaked, wetted, B. ii. C. 6. St. 42.
Sterne, tail. B. i. C. 1. St. 18. B. i. C. 11. St. 28. The tail of a grey hound is called the sterne.
Sterwe, to perish, B. ii. C. 6. St. 34. B. iv. C. 1. St. 4. B. iv. C. 1. St. 26. Germ. *sterben*. *interficere*, *facere ut moriatur*. Anglo-S. *ƿteorƿan*, G. Douglas, *sterf*, to starve: used for, to die, or to be killed by whatever kind of death.
Stie, see *Stye*.
Stire, *Stir*, or move: for the rhyme. B. ii. C. 1. St. 7. stir, prick him on, B. ii. C. 5. St. 2.
Stole, a long garment, or matrons robe. *Stola*, B. i. C. 1. St. 4. and in other places. *Stolata mulier*, Hor.
Stond, stand, station: spelt so in the quarto editions from the Anglo-S. *ƿtonðan*, B. 1. C. vi. St. 48. B. ii. C. 11. St. 15. and this is the meaning perhaps of *Storwnd*, in B. iii. C. 1. St. 65. a letter added for the rhyme.
Stonied, astonished, or stunned, B. v. C. 11. St. 30. *was stonied fore*. Gall. *estonner*, *estonné*. *stonied*. *His senses stound*, i. e. stunned, B. i. C. 7. St. 12. Phaer thus translates Virg. ii. 774. *obstupui steteruntque comae*, I *stoynd* and *my heare upstound*. And hence perhaps is to be explained his epithet, *stony borrou*, B. i. C. 6. St. 37, *stony dart*. B. i. C. 7. St. 22. *Stony eyes*, B. i. C. 9. St. 24. *Stony feare*, B. ii. C. 2. St. 8. B. ii. C. 8. St. 46. *But what so stonie mind*, so stupified, B. v. C. 5. St. 39. *Stony ffound*, B. vi. C. 5. St. 6. *estonné*, *stony*. Unless the reader will imagine it comes from *stone*; so that *stony* may be as cold as a stone, as senseless as a stone, as hard as a stone, as stupified as a stone, &c. &c.
Stoon'd, see *stonied*.
Stound, *storwnd*, Anglo-S. *ƿtund*, a while, a space, moment, season, hour, time, Germ. *Stund*. *Ealeful stound*, B. i. C. 7. St. 25. *bitter stound*, B. ii. C. 8. St. 32. B. ii. C. 11. St. 25. *evil stound*, B. i. C. 8. St. 12. He uses it very often: —*every stound*, every moment, B. i. C. 8. St. 38. *till that stound*, till that time, B. i. C. 11. St. 36. —*ran to the stound*, B. iii. C. 1. St. 63. I question if *storwnd* is not here for *Stond*, place: which see above.—used frequently by Chaucer, and G. Douglas: the adjective prefixed determines it to a good or bad sense.
Stoup, a stoup in Falconry is when the hawk on the wing strikes at the fowl; she is then said to Stoup or make her stoup. *Idle stoups*, B. v. C. 5. St. 15. *stouping*, B. iii. C. 7. St. 39.
Stour, *Stouvre*, very often used for, fight, stir, attack, quarrel. used by Chaucer and G. Douglas, Isl. Stir, bellum, Anglo-S. *ƿtyrƿan*, *turbare*.
Storwnd see *stond* and *stound*.
Straine, *Strene*, race, descent, family, origin. Anglo-S. *ƿtƿynðe*, B. iv. C. 8. St. 33. B. v. C. 9. St. 32. B. vi. C. 6. St. 9. G. Douglas, *stƿynd* Chaucer *strene*, kindred, descent.
Strayt, treat, *strata viarum*, B. ii. C. 7. St. 40.
Stresse, distresse, B. iii. C. 11. St. 18.
To stye, B. i. C. 11. St. 25. *to stye above the ground*: to mount. Wick. Matt. XIV. 23. *he stiede into an hill for to preie*, i. e. went up. *That was ambition*, *rash desire to stye*, that was ambition viz. a rash desire to mount, B. ii. C. 7. St. 46. *Cax higher stie*, can mount higher, B. iii. C. 2. St. 36. *round about doth stye*, mount, hover above, B. iv. C. 9. St. 33. Anglo-S. *ƿrtizan*, to ascend, mount up, *ƿrtizan*, to mount up. *ƿrtizele*, a stile. Spenser in his view of Ireland; 'the stirrup was called so in some as it were a *Stay* to get up; being derived of the old English word *sty*, which is to get up or mount.' *To styre*, to stir, B. iii. C. 7. St. 45. Anglo-S. *ƿrtipian*, to move, to stir,
Subwerß, subverted, B. iii. C. 12. St. 42.
Successse, succession, B. iii. C. 10. St. 45.
Sude, see *Sew*.
Suffused eyes, B. iii. C. 7. St. 10. bedewed, suffused with tears, *Oculus lacrymis suffusa*, Virg. I, 232. Dryden uses it very elegantly in his Fables, *His eye-bals glare with fire*, suffus'd with blood.
Suppressing, keeping him under, B. vi. C. 8. St. 18.
Supprest ravished, B. i. C. 6. St. 40.
Surbet, B. ii. C. 2. St. 22. *Surbate*, B. vi. C. 4. St. 34. *Surbate* is a bruise in a horses foot: Gall. *Salbature*, furbated, furbet, Gall. *Salbatu*.
Surcease, stop.
Surceast, stopped, B. iii. C. 4. St. 31.
Surquedry, B. iii. C. 3. St. 46. B. iii. C. 4. St. 7. B. iii. C. 10. St. 2. B. v. C. 2. St. 30. Pride, presumption. P.P. Fol. cix. *And sent forth surquidous his sargeant of armes*. Used by Chaucer. See Skinner.
Sute, suit. petition, request, B. v. C. 9. St. 44.
Swaidd, see *Sway*.
Swart, swarthy, Anglo-S. *ƿƿearƿ*, black, swart, or swarthy. *Kiliano*, *fwaro*, *fwert*, Somn. B. ii. C. 10. St. 15.
Swarving, swerving, giving way, going from, &c. B. ii. C. 3. St. 42. B. ii. C. 8. St. 30—St. 36. B. ii. C. 12. St. 76. B. iv. C. 3. St. 18. B. iv. C. 8. St. 10. B. 5. C. 10. St. 35.
Sway, a substantive, management, direction, rule, motion, &c. B. iii. C. 2. St. 36. B. iv. C. 4. St. 31. B. vi. C. 8. St. 8. a verb, to direct, to manage,

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

manage, to move, to weigh down, &c. B. i. C. 2. St. 38. B. i. C. 11. St. 42. B. ii. C. 6. St. 31. B. ii. C. 8. St. 46. B. ii. C. 10. St. 49. B. iii. C. 1. St. 6. B. v. C. 3. St. 21. Milton says *the sway of battle*, for the violent moving of armies: and of a sword wielded or swayed with both hands, *with huge two-handed sway*.

Sweath-bands, swathe, or swaddling bands, B. vi. C. 4. St. 23.

Swelt, B. i. C. 7. St. 6. B. iii. C. 11.---27. B. iv. C. 7. St. 29. B. vi. C. 12. St. 21. burnt, suffocated with heat, fainted. P. P. Fol. cxiii. *favoured and swelted*. Chaucer Knight's Tale 1358. *he swelt*. Troill. and Cress. iii. 348. *made his hert to swelt*. 'swelt, dead: it seemeth to be meant of 'being dead by violence: we say yet when one 'taketh excessive pains, that he will *swelt* out his heart.' Veritegan. G. Douglas: *swelt*, to be 'choaked, suffocated, to die, ab Anglo Sax.

Speltan, *mori*. 'Spealtan, *to dye*, Lanc. 'to swelt. *Vet. Fland. swelten, deficere, lanquiel-cere, fatiscere: Kiliano,* Somn. *speltende, dying, speltendlic, ready to dye*.

Swords, B. i. C. 3. St. 41. B. i. C. 4. St. 40.

Sword, B. ii. C. 8. St. 47. Anglo-S. *speard*, Belg. *Swerde*. spelt as the original.

Swerwed, moved out of his place, Belg. *swerwen vagari*, errare, B. v. C. 10. St. 35. Milton uses it in B. vi. ver. 386.

Swinged, B. i. C. 11. St. 26. So spelt in the two old quarto editions; Folios, *Singed*: Gr. *εὐνο τωρ-ερε, σβειν, swinge*.

Swinck and sweat, B. ii. C. 7. St. 8. B. ii. C. 7. St. 58. B. vi. C. 4. St. 32. 'Swync, labor. 'We say yet swinc and sweat.' Veritegan.

Swound. So the old quartos: the Folio 1609. *Swounne*, B. i. C. 5. St. 19. a swoon or fainting fit.

T.

TALANTS, B. i. C. 12. St. 11. So spelt in the old quarto editions, and in the Folios 1609, 1611, 1617, 1679. So in Jer. xii. 9. a talented bird. We spell it now from the French *talons*, Lat. *talus*, Ital. *tallone*.

Targe, B. iv. C. 12. St. 14. a buckler or shield.

Tassel or Toffel, a twisted or bushy ornament of silk gold or silver—a *horn in twisted gold and tassels gay*, B. i. C. 8. St. 3. Milton in his *Mask* hence prettily says, *the tasseld horn*, i. e. ornamented with tassels or tassels of silk, gold, &c.

Tassel gent, a gentle, tame male hawk, B. iii. C. 4. St. 49. Gall. *tiercelet de Faucon*.

Teade, from the Lat. *Teda*, a torch, B. i. C. 12. St. 37. Ital. *Teda*, a torch.

Teene, Tine, Tyne. So variously is this word spelt. 'Tis used frequently for trouble; sometimes for injury, mischief, &c. In Urry's Chaucer 'tis spelt *Tene, Teine*. In Shakspeare's *Tempest*, Act i.

Teene. It comes from the Anglo-S. *TEON*, annoyance, trouble, Lanc. *teen*, *TEONAN*, to incense, Vol. I.

to provoke, *TEONfull*, injurious, doleful. *teene*, trouble, B. i. C. 9. St. 34. So again, B. i. C. 12. St. 18. B. ii. C. 1. St. 15. B. ii. C. 1. St. 21. B. ii. C. 1. St. 58. B. iii. C. 5. St. 40. B. iii. C. 11. St. 37. B. iv. C. 3. St. 31. B. iv. C. 3. St. 37. B. iv. C. 12. St. 21. B. v. C. 10. St. 7. *bitter milk of tine*, of trouble and mischief, B. iii. C. 11. St. 1. *ruful tine*, trouble, B. iv. C. 3. St. 37. *winters tine*. mischief or injury of winter, B. iv. C. 12. St. 34. which he spells *winter's teene*. B. iv. C. 3. St. 23. And this word he spells *Tyne*, that the letters might answer in the rhyme, in B. i. C. 9. St. 15. *with labour and long tyne*, i. e. trouble. So again, B. v. C. 1. St. 13. B. vi. C. 5. St. 24. B. vi. C. 8. St. 33.

Tenor, B. i. C. 11. St. 7. Ital. *tenore*: the middle part next the base.

Thee, thrive, prosper. *Well mote ye thee*. B. ii. C. 1. St. 33. *sayre mote be thee*, B. ii. C. 11. St. 17. See Veritegan, page 259. G. Douglas, Chaucer and Junius in *Thee*. Anglo-S. *ðean*, to thrive, Lancelot. *to thee*, Somn.

Thewes, qualifications, manners, Anglo-S. *þeap*, a manner, custom, behaviour, qualities, Chaucero, *thewes*, Somn. *Gentle thewes*, B. i. C. 9. St. 3. B. ii. C. 1. St. 33. *goodly thewes*, B. i. C. 10. St. 4. B. vi. C. 8. St. 38. *godly thewes*, B. ii. C. 10. St. 59. *good thewes*, B. iv. C. 9. St. 14. B. vi. C. 2. St. 2.

Thewed ill, B. ii. C. 6. St. 26. *male moratus*, with ill thewes or manners. Chaucer.

Thristie, B. i. C. 5. St. 15. B. i. C. 10. St. 38. and so B. ii. C. 2. St. 29. *after blood to thurst*: and 'tis spelt *thrist*, B. ii. C. 6. St. 17. in the 1st quarto: in the 2d *thrist*. *To thurst*, to thirst: B. ii. C. 2. St. 29. *flaming thurst*, B. iii. C. 7. St. 5. So the first edit. the 2d *thurst*. In the old translation of the Bible 'tis spelt *thristie*: *thrist*. Germ. *durst*, *fitis*. Franc. *thrust*, *thrustan*, *fitire*. Ch. has *thristed* for thirsted.

Tbo, then, Anglo-S. *þa*. used by Chaucer and the old writers.

Tbrall, slave, *to tbrall*, to enslave, *tbraldom*, slavery, captivity, Anglo-S. *ðræl*, *fervus*.

Tbreasury. So spelt in the 1st and 2d quarto, and Folio of 1609, B. ii. C. 7. St. 4. B. ii. C. 8. St. 4. B. v. C. 2. St. 19. *Tbreasure*, B. iv. C. 2. St. 33. B. iv. C. 9. St. 12.

Tbrill, to pierce through, Anglo-S. *ðiplian*, *to pierce or bore through*, *to drill*: Chaucero, *thirled*, *perforatus* Somn. B. i. C. 10. St. 19. B. iii. C. 5. St. 20. B. iv. C. 7. St. 31. *thbrillant speare*, B. i. C. 11. St. 20. *hart-thbrilling speare*, B. ii. C. 3. St. 6. *hart-thbrilling brond*, B. ii. C. 8. St. 41. *thbrillant darts*, B. ii. C. 4. St. 46. *thbrilled brest*, B. iii. C. 2. St. 32. See G. Douglas.

Throw, that last bitter throw, pain, pangs. B. i. C. 10. St. 41. *So mighty throwes*, strokes, blows, B. ii. C. 5. St. 9. In the same sense the word occurs in B. ii. C. 8. St. 41. But differently, *to slepe a throwe*, i. e. a small while, or space, B. iii.

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

- C. 4. St. 53. *danger of the throwes*, i. e. strokes, blows; as above. B. iv. C. 3. St. 26. So again, B. iv. C. 3. St. 33. *deadly throwe*, stroke. *So it betid upon a throwe*, i. e. a certain time, Gower, Fol. xviii. And P. P. Fol. lxxxvii. 2. *And I have thought a throwe* [read, *throwe*] *of these thre poles*. See the Glossary of Chaucer in *Throawe*. *Thrust*, see *Thruste*.
- Tickle*, slippery, unstable, ticklish, B. vi. C. 3. St. 5. B. vii. C. 7. St. 22.
- A tide*, a while, B. i. C. 2. St. 29. Anglo-S. *tid*, time, season, an hour.
- Tight*, tied, B. vi. C. 12. St. 34.
- Tind*, kindled, excited, B. ii. C. 8. St. 11. B. iii. C. 7. St. 15. B. iv. C. 7. St. 30. in the same sense, *so inly they did Tine*, i. e. inflame, rage, B. ii. C. 11. St. 21. Anglo-S. *tenðan*, *accendere*. The word is common in the west of England. Sometimes spelt *Tynd*, i. e. kindled, stirred up, excited, B. iii. C. 3. St. 57. B. iii. C. 10. St. 13. and in other places: But in B. iv. C. 11. St. 36. *that Tyncd on his strand*, it means, that were lost or died. See G. Douglas in *Tyne*, and Junius — *ruful tine* — *milk of tine* — *winter's tine* — *long tyne* — *sad tyne* — See above in *Ten*.
- Tilt and tournament*, B. iii. C. 1. St. 44. B. v. C. 8. St. 7. *Tilt or tourney*. B. iii. C. 2. St. 9. *Tilt*, B. 3. C. 8. St. 18.
- Tire*, rank, row, as a tire of ordnance, &c. B. i. C. 4. St. 33.
- To*, used expletively: *all to rent*, B. iv. C. 7. St. 8. B. v. C. 8. St. 4. B. v. C. 8. St. 43. *all to brusd*, B. v. C. 8. St. 44. *all to worne*, *all to torne*, B. v. C. 9. St. 10. In this expletive manner, or rather to increase the force of the verb or participle before which it is placed; it seems used in B. i. C. 7. St. 47. *So they to fight*: which in all the editions but the first is changed into, *so they two fight*.
- Tofore*, before Anglo-S. *tofoþan*. Used by Ch. and G. Douglas.
- Too and fro*, B. i. C. 1. St. 10. B. i. C. 8. St. 30. B. iv. C. 3. St. 9. This is the spelling of the 1st and 2d editions. *to and froe*, B. i. C. 1. St. 34. *to and fio*, B. i. C. 10. St. 56. and in other places, Psal. cvii. 27. *They reel to and fro*. Ephef. iv. 14. *tossed to and fro*.
- Tort*, B. i. C. 12. St. 4. B. ii. C. 5. St. 17. B. iii. C. 2. St. 12. B. iv. C. 8. St. 31. *tortious wrong*, B. ii. C. 2. St. 18. *tortious poure*, B. iv. C. 9. St. 12. B. v. C. 8. St. 30. B. v. C. 10. St. 8. Gall. *tort*, wrong, injury, Ital. *torto*, *tortoso*.
- Totty*, B. vii. C. 7. St. 39. Used by Ch. dizzy, tottering.
- Touch*, true as touch, true as touched or tried gold, or so true as to be able to bear the touch-stone, or strictest trial, B. i. C. 3. St. 2.
- Tourney*, B. ii. C. 1. St. 6. B. iii. C. 2. St. 9. Vide Spelman in *Tourneamentum*. G. Douglas, page 146. ver. 6. thus translates Virg. ver. 550. *Ducat suo turmas* —
- Bid him bring hidder his rowtis to turnay*. See below *Turnament*.
- Touz'd*, tugged and hauled about: *to touwe wool*, is to card and dress it: Anglo-S. *tyrlean*, *to wex*, to teaze *tyrlung*, a teasing, Somn. B. ii. C. 11. St. 33.
- Towards gan advance*, i. e. towards him, B. ii. C. 3. St. 34. *my toward good*, the good inclining towards me, B. ii. C. 4. St. 22. *running towards*, running towards them, B. ii. C. 4. St. 37.
- Tracē*, B. i. C. 1. St. 11, *by tracē*, by tracing, or by the track and footing: a hunting term. Ital. *traccia*, a footstep, mark or track, *hath tracēd*, traced, B. ii. C. 6. St. 39. Ital. *tracciare*, to follow the trace or footing *he tracē his steps*, traced, followed, B. vi. C. 7. St. 3.
- Trade*, B. ii. C. 6. St. 39. tread, trace, or footsteps: not spelt so merely for the rhyme, but according to its original: Boxhurn in lex. antiq. *trawd*, *incessus*, *curfus pedestris*.
- Trade*, do tread, walk, inhabit, B. iv. C. 11. St. 9. *Tradition*, B. iv. C. 3. St. 13. See the note.
- Traveile*, B. iii. C. 3. St. 11. labour, Gall. *travailer*, Ital. *travagliare*.
- Train*, *Trays*, the train or tail (as we say the train of a robe) B. i. C. 1. St. 18. B. i. C. 8. St. 17. B. i. C. 8. St. 37. and in other places. *Train* is likewise used for treachery, deceit, Ital. *travello*, B. i. C. 3. St. 24. B. i. C. 6. St. 11. and in several other places.
- Translated*, turned them to, B. 5. C. 7. St. 29.
- Transnew*, transmute, transform, Gall. *transmuere*, B. i. C. 7. St. 35. B. iii. C. 1. St. 38.
- Transverse*, B. 7. C. 7. St. 36. awry, out of order, in *transversum*.
- Transforme*, so spelt in the 1st edit, in the 2d *transforme*, B. ii. C. 5. St. 27. Spenser followed the Ital. *trasformare*: his editors the Latin *transformare*.
- Trast*, followed as it were by tract or footing. The Folios, *tract*, B. v. C. 8. St. 37.
- Treachour*, *Treachetour*, traitor, Gall. *tricheur*, B. i. C. 9. St. 32. B. ii. C. 1. St. 12. B. ii. C. 4. St. 27. B. ii. C. 10. St. 51.
- Treague*, B. ii. C. 2. St. 33. Ital. *tregua*, a truce, or cessation of arms, Germ. *treuga*.
- Treen*, of a tree, See *Mould*. G. Douglas *Trene*, of tree, wooden.
- Trenchand*, Gall. *tranchant*, sharp, cutting, B. i. C. 1. St. 17. B. i. C. 10. St. 24. B. v. C. 5. St. 9. used by Chaucer.
- Troad*, path, B. vi. C. 10. St. 5.
- Trow*, believe, imagine, conceive.
- To trufs*, a term in hawking, when the hawk raises his prey aloft, and then descends with it to the ground, B. iv. C. 7. St. 18.
- Turnament*, *Turneyment*, *Turney*, B. i. C. 5. St. 1. B. iii. C. 1. St. 44. B. iv. C. 4. St. 13. B. iv. C. 7. St. 3. B. v. C. 8. St. 7. B. iv. C. 4. St. 26. B. iv. C. 6. St. 6. B. iv. C. 9. St. 28. *Turneyng*, B. iv. C. 2. St. 27. *Turneyd*, B. iv. C. 5.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

- C. 5. St. 7. 'Twas ingeniously said that *Tornamenta*, tournaments, is a corruption of *Trojamenta*, and that jousts and tournaments owed their original to the *Ludus Trojæ*, or *Troja*, which Virgil has so elegantly described, *Aen.* v. 545, &c. See *Wacht*. in *Turnier*.
- Turribant*, B. iv. C. 11. St. 28. so spelt by Spencer, q. d. *Turkischband*: a turban.
- Tway*, two, in *tway*, in two, B. i. C. 7. St. 27. B. ii. C. 6. St. 31. B. iii. C. 11. St. 11. *Twayne*, two, B. i. C. 3. St. 22—44. *his twayne*, his couple, B. iii. C. 10. St. 20. Anglo-S. *ƿwa*, *two*, *ƿwa* and *ƿwa*, *two* and *two*. *ƿwe-feald*, *two-fold*.
- Twight*, twit, upbraid, B. v. C. 6. St. 12.
- Twyfold*, twofold, B. i. C. 5. St. 28. '*twyfeald* or '*twesfeald*, two-fold, doubtful, *anceps*.' Verfteg.
- Tyne*, see *Teene*.
- Tynd*, see *Tind*.
- V.
- V** *VADE*, see *Fade*.
- Valentide*, the tide or season of Valentine: St. Valentine's day, Feb. 14, when the birds choose their mates, and the youth their valentines, B. vi. C. 7. St. 32.
- Valerw*, so spelt in the 1st edition, in the 2d *Value*, and so in the *Folios*: in Hughes, *Valour*: it means value, worth, valour, &c. à Lat. *valere*, *validus*, &c. Ital. *Valere*, B. ii. C. 6. St. 29. Spelt likewise *Valerw*, B. ii. C. 9. St. 24. and *Value*, B. iii. C. 12. St. 14. See the note in page 458.
- Valiance*, Gall. *Vaillance*.
- Vauncing*, advancing, B. iv. C. 4. St. 17.
- To Vaunt*, to boast. *Vaunt*, boasting. *Vaunter*, a boaster. *Vaunten*, boast of, B. iii. C. 10. St. 31. *Vaunted speare*, boasted, B. iv. C. 4. St. 7.
- Vellenage*, it should rather be spelt *Villenage*, as in the *Folios*. 'Tis the meanest and lowest of tenure, B. ii. C. 11. St. 1.
- Venery*, hunting of wild beasts. [Gall. *Venerie*: Chaucer uses it so.] B. i. C. 6. St. 22.
- Venger*, revenger, B. i. C. 3. St. 20.
- Ventayle*, B. iii. C. 2. St. 24. B. iv. C. 6. St. 19.
- Ventailles*, B. v. C. 8. St. 12. Chaucer adds the *A*, and writes it *Aventaille*, and so does Lydgate. 'Tis the forepart of the helmet to give vent or air to the face, and is made to lift up. Ital. *Ventaglia*.
- Vented up her umbriere*, lifted up the visor of her helmet: gave vent to her face by lifting up her headpiece, B. iii. C. 1. St. 42. Ital. *ventare*. Gall. *venter*.
- Verdict*, [quasi *vere dictum*; a strict and true report of the jurymen] B. v. C. 10. St. 2.
- Vere the maine foete*, B. i. C. 12. St. 1. B. v. C. 12. St. 18. Lat. *gyrare*, Gall. *wirer*, to *veer*, to turn, to shift, &c.
- Vermell*, Ital. *vermiglio*, Gall. *vermiel*. Vermilion, a lively deep red colour, B. iii. C. 1. St. 46, 65. B. iv. C. 9. St. 27. For the rhyme he writes *Vermily*, B. iii. C. 8. St. 6.
- Virtuous steele*, indued with such virtues or powers, B. ii. C. 8. St. 22. So *virtuous staff*, B. ii. C. 12. St. 86. So the Ital. poet speaking of the enchanted ring of Angelica,
- In bocca avea quell' anel virtuosfo.*
Orl. inn. L. i. C. 14. St. 49.
- Viaundes*, B. ii. C. 9. St. 27. Gall. *Viande*.
- Vilde*, vile.
- Virelays*, B. iii. C. 10. St. 8. Gall. *Virelai*, a kind of a song. See the note. Used by Gower *Fol.* xxxiii. *Roundel*, *balade*, and *verelais*.
- Visnomie*, B. v. C. 4. St. 11. Physiognomy.
- Umbriere*, B. iii. C. i. St. 42. B. iv. C. 4. St. 44. The visor of the helmet: so named from shading the face: *ombrare*, to shade.
- Uncouth*, unusual, strange, harsh, &c. B. i. C. 1. St. 15—50. B. i. C. 8. St. 31. B. i. C. 9. St. 22. B. ii. C. 1. St. 24, 29. '*Cuth*, known, acquainted, familiar; as contrarywise *uncouth*, is unknown.' Verfteg. un-cuð, unknown, Somn.
- Underfong*, attempt by underhand and indirect means, B. v. C. 2. St. 7. '*Underfenge*, to under-take. *Underfengud*, undertaken, enterprised.' Verftegan.
- Undertime*, B. iii. C. 7. St. 13. '*Underntyde*, the afternoon, toward the evening.' Verftegan. Vid.
- Wacht*. in *undern*, '*undejn*, the forenoon, 'the third hour of the day, that is nine of the clock with us'.—Accordingly both Chaucer's interpreter and Verftegan are to be corrected, who by *undern* and *undern-tide* understood afternoon. Somn.
- Undight*: *bong undight*, not dight, disordered. See *dight*, B. iii. C. 6. St. 18. *Undight their garments*, untie or put off; B. iii. C. 9. St. 19. So 'tis used again, B. v. C. 7. St. 41. B. vi. C. 3. St. 20.
- Uneath*, B. i. C. 9. St. 38. B. ii. C. 1. St. 49. B. ii. C. 10. St. 8. and in other places, un-eaðe, scarcely. Chaucero, *uneth*. Somn.
- Unbele*, B. ii. C. 12. St. 64. B. iv. C. 5. St. 10. Somner, unhelan, to discover, to bewray: helan, to cover. P. P. *Fol.* lxxxvi. *And if his house be unbilede*, i. e. uncovered. See note on B. iv. C. 10. St. 35.
- Unberst*, B. v. C. 3. St. 37. took them from the Herse, or temporary monument where they were usually hanged.
- Unkempt*, B. iii. C. 10. St. 29. Void of all grace and elegance; Lat. *incomptus*: from *un* and *kempt*, dressed up, adorned; so used by Chaucer in his version of Boethius. In the Knight's tale, 2136, *kempid heiris*, combed hairs; and he uses *to kembe*, to adorn. So *unkempt*, *incomptus*, unadorned.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

Unkinde, unnatural, B. iii. C. 2. St. 43. *Unkindly*, unnaturally, B. i. C. 1. St. 26. B. ii. C. 10. St. 9.
Unlapse, unlaced; so spelt that the letters might answer in the rhyme, B. ii. C. 1. St. 24. B. vi. C. 1. St. 39.
Unlich, unlike, B. i. C. 5. St. 28. so written for the sake of the rhyme: however he has likewise Chaucer's authority, who writes *lich*, for *like*. Anglo-S. un-*gelic*.
Unpurvaide, unprovided, B. vii. C. 6. St. 14.
Unrest, B. v. C. 6. St. 7. B. v. C. 8. St. 3. *disquiet*, uneasiness, used by Chaucer.
Untill, unto, *them until*, unto them, B. i. C. 11. St. 4. *Untill the closure*, to the closure, B. iii. C. 3. St. 27. *Until* is used for *unto*, in the version of Pf. cxxxix. ver. 6.

*Too wonderfull above my reach,
 Lord, is thy cunning skill:
 It is so high, that I the same
 Cannot attaine untill.*

i. e. Unto the same. Our poet uses it in his Pastorals, Nov.

But knew we fools what it us brings untill.

i. e. Unto us, G. D. pag. 35. 16. *til obey*, to obey. Chaucer's Knight's tale, 1354.

Until the temple purposith to go.

Unwares, unexpectedly, uncautiously, unwarily.
Unweeting, unknowing, ignorant, B. i. C. 2. St. 40. The 2d edit. in quarto reads *unweening*, and is followed by the Folios: from *un*, a negative particle: *āvev*: and Anglo-S. wītan, Belg. *Weten*, *feire*. The same word occurs again, B. i. C. 2. St. 45. B. i. C. 7. St. 6. B. i. C. 10. St. 9—65. B. i. C. 11. St. 29. B. v. C. 8. St. 13. and in other places.

Unwist, unknowing, B. v. C. 1. St. 22.
Unwreaked, unrevenge, B. iii. C. 11. St. 9.
Voide his course, to quit or to go out of the direct road, or depart from his streight course: Gall. *Vuider le course*, B. iv. C. 6. St. 3. *Voyded*, B. vi. C. 7. St. 43. kept clear from his face: kept from falling about his face. Gall. *Vuider*, to clear; to keep clear, &c. G. D. pag. 102, 25. *estir all was wodit*, i. e. after all was removed: *Post ubi digressi*, Virg. iv. 80.

Upbraist, burst open, B. vi. C. 11. St. 43.
Upbrayes, upbraidings, B. iii. C. vi. St. 50. *Upbraide*, upbraiding, B. iv. C. 9. St. 28. *To upbray*, to shame, to upbraid.

Uppon, B. i. C. 2. St. 11. B. ii. C. 1. St. 31. spelt so likewise in several other places: according to the Anglo-S. *uppan*. 'Tis so spelt in many places of the old version of the Bible, and by our old English writers: and sometimes spelt *upon*: which variety of spelling Spencer follows.

W.

WAGE, a pledge, likewise reward, wages, B. i. C. 4. St. 39. B. iv. C. 3. St. 4. *wags thy works*, carry on thy affairs, &c.

Waist a stray. B. ii. C. 12. St. 31. *waived* or *waist* goods: things lost and not claimed when found in a twelve month.

Ware, warie, cautious. *warely*, cautiously. *wareless*, uncautious. *Wareless* word, careless, B. v. C. 5. St. 17. But, *Wareless* pain, B. v. C. 1. St. 22. is explained, stupified: it means out of that pain, which he could not guard against. Anglo-S.

Warian, *covere*.

Ware, did weare or wore, B. i. C. 4. St. 37.

War-hable, able or powerful in war, *bello habiles* B. ii. C. 10. St. 62.

To warraye, to make war upon, to harrafs with war. *the world warrayd*, harrafsed, made war on the world, B. i. C. 5. St. 48. *warrayd on Bruncild*, made war, B. ii. C. 10. St. 21. *the Romans him warrayd*. B. ii. C. 10. St. 50. so again, B. ii. C. 10. St. 72. B. 3. C. 5. St. 48. Chaucer Knight's tale. 1486. *on Theseus to help him to warraye*. Lydgate in his Prolog. to the Trojan warres. *The worthy Grekis helpe to warraye Again Troysen*. Latino-Bar. *guerrive et werrive*, to make war.

Warre old. See the note on B. iv. C. 8. St. 31. *Vox Suecica*, *wærr*, worse. Anglo-S. *pærna*, *worse*. Somn. 'War, worse: war and war, worse and worse.' Ray. in North country words.

Warriouresse, a woman warrior, an Amazon, B. v. C. 7. St. 27. Gall. *guerriere*.

Watchet bew, B. iv. C. 11. St. 27. *watchet mantles*, B. iv. C. 4. St. 40. see the note.

Warwes, waves. B. ii. C. 11. St. 4. 'tis so used by Chaucer, Gower and Lydgate.

Way, weigh, value, esteem. that the letters might answer in the rhyme. B. vii. C. 6. St. 55. B. vii. C. 8. St. 1. *wayd*. B. i. C. 10. St. 40. B. iv. C. 1. St. 7. B. iv. C. 10. St. 1. and in several other places.

To wayment, to bewail, lament. B. ii. C. 1. St. 16. used substantively, for lamentation, B. iii. C. 4. St. 35. Chaucer in the Knight's tale, 904. *Such a waymenting*.

Wayne, *Waine*, chariot. B. v. C. 8. St. 40. B. vi. C. 3. St. 29.

Wearisb, B. iv. C. 5. St. 34. *Ascham*. pag. 24. *a countenance not weerish and crabbed, but fair and comely*. Carew's survey of Cornwall. *their wearisb and ill-disposed bodies*.

Weeds, a dress or garment: we use the word still in *widows weeds*. Anglo-S. *pæda*. Belg. *waed*. Germ. *wad*.

Weeke, spelt so in the 1st and 2d edit. In the Folios, *wike*,

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

- wike*. Belg. *wiecke*. Anglo-S. *weoce*. wick of a candle. B. ii. C. 10. St. 30.
- Wield*, see *Wield*.
- Ween*, imagine, judge &c. Anglo-S. *penan*, *Fóisiv*, *existimare*, *opinari*. *Fóisivis*, an over-weaning.
- Weet*, Anglo S. *witan*, to know, *to weet* scilicet. to wit. *to weeten*, to know, B. iii. C. 5. St. 7. *to weet*, to know, to understand, B. vi. C. 3. St. 47.
- West*, B. iii. C. 10. St. 36. B. iv. C. 2. St. 4. B. v. C. 3. St. 27. B. vi. C. 1. St. 18. a fray, a wanderer, a thing lost.
- Weste*. i. e. where first she *wasted* her wherry over: so spelt for the rhyme: B. ii. C. 6. St. 18.
- Weste*, waved, put off, B. iii. C. 4. St. 36. *wbere bene west?* i. e. where have ye been wasted or wandered: B. vi. C. 5. St. 23. Anglo-S. *wastian*, *fluatwære*.
- Weld*, see *Wield*.
- Weld*, B. i. C. 8. St. 47. i. e. did well, flow, spring: see to *well*.
- Welkin*. B. 1. C. 4. St. 9. *the welkin way*. B. iii. C. 9. St. 11. *the faire welkin*. Anglo-S. *welcn*, *the sky*, *firmament*, *the welkin*.
- Well away*. B. ii. C. 6. St. 43. B. ii. C. 8. St. 46. B. iv. C. 11. St. 1. B. v. C. 1. St. 15. B. v. C. 6. St. 16. B. vi. C. 11. St. 29. This is printed in the *Folios*, *weal-away!* Anglo-S. *pala pa*, *alas for pity*.—*pela pa*. *Lanc. well away*. Somn. used by Chaucer and the old poets.
- To well*, to flow, to spring, to pour forth, &c. Belg. *wellen*. Germ. *wallen*. *Scaturire*. John IV, 14. *πηγή ὕδατος*. *Φαλλόμενος* [*swelling*] *ἰς ζῶν ἀϊόνιον*. B. i. C. 1. St. 34. B. i. C. 7. St. 4. B. i. C. 9. St. 36. B. iv. C. 8. St. 13. *Introductio*. B. 5. St. v. Hence the compound *to outwell*, i. e. discharge, B. i. C. 1. St. 21. — But B. i. C. 2. St. 43. *your wonted well*, i. e. your usual welfare, weal, happiness, so the rhyme requires; See the following.
- Wele*, weal, welfare, B. v. C. 6. St. 23. B. v. C. 11. St. 16. spelt *Well*, as the rhyme requires, B. i. C. 2. St. 43. Chaucer prol. 897. *In all his wele*. i. e. prosperity. Germ. *weil*, *quies*, *otium*. Anglo-S. *pela*, *prosperitas*.
- To welke*, to set. Germ. *welken*. to grow faint and languid. 'tis not very distant from *Φαλένομαι*, *perio*. B. i. C. 1. St. 23. *Phoebus gins to welke in west*, to set in the west. So in his Pastorals, *the welked Phoebus*, the setting sun. And in November, *But now sad winter welked bath the day*, i. e. (as explained in the Glossary) shortened, or empaired: very plainly from the Germ. *welken*.
- Wend*, go, B. i. C. 10. St. 15. B. iii. C. 3. St. 14.
- Wend*, for *weneed*, imagined, B. vii. C. 6. St. 11.
- Went* B. iv. C. 2. St. 47. B. iv. C. 5. St. 46. B. vi. C. 6. St. 3. way. journey: to used by Chaucer and Gower, and G. Douglas.
- To west*, to set in the west. *Introductio*. B. v. St. 8. *Milt. says, the evening star had stop'd his westering wheel*: i. e. his setting. Chaucer in Troil, and *Cress.* ii, 906. *The sun gan westrin*, i. e. to set.
- To wax*, to increase, to grow. *Waxed*, waxed, increased. *Wext*, increased.
- Whally*, full of wheals. B. i. m. 4. St. 24.
- Whatso*, whatsoever.
- Wheare*, see note on B. iii. m. 4. St. 19.
- Whenso*, whensoever.
- Wher*, where so spelt in the old books. Anglo-S. *hpræj*.
- Whereas*, where.
- Wheret*o wheresoever.
- Whis* hushed, silenced, B. vii. C. 7. St. 59. *Phaer, They wusted all: Conticuere omnes*. Virg. ii, 1.
- Whit* a little part. *no whit*, not at all. Anglo-S. *apihc*. *aliquid*. somewhat.
- Whoso*, whosoever.
- Whot*, hot. *ἄιδων ardens* *Φαίδων whot*: spelt so the in old editions of the Bible: and so pronounced to this day in the west of England.
- Whyleare*, B. i. C. 9. St. 28. B. ii. C. 2. St. 11. B. 2. C. 11. St. 25. B. iii. C. 7. St. 1. B. iv. C. 12. St. 22. Anglo-S. *hpilær*. *erewhile*, some time before.
- Whylome*, Anglo-S. *hpilum*. formerly some while ago.
- Wicked herbes*, noxious, poisonous, B. i. C. 2. St. 42. so again, *wicked weeds*, B. iii. C. 1. St. 48. *Wicked steels*, hurtful, deadly, B. iii. C. 5. St. 20. So again, *wicked shafte*, B. iii. C. 5. St. 24. *wicked weapon*, B. iii. C. 5. St. 24. *wicked weapon*, B. iv. C. 3. St. 11.
- Wield*: spelt sometimes *Weld*, to manage, handle, govern, direct, turn, sway &c. B. 1. C. 4. St. 11. B. i. C. 3. St. 42. B. i. C. 7. St. 11. B. i. C. 11. St. 28. B. ii. C. 1. St. 18. B. ii. C. 9. St. 56. B. iv. C. 1. St. 37. B. iv. C. 2. St. 42. B. v. C. 10. St. 24. B. vi. C. 8. St. 11. Anglo-S. *wealdan*. Germ. *walten*.
- Wight*. Germ. *Wicht*, *res qualibet*, *homo*, *animal*, *creatura*. See *Watch*. Anglo-S. *pihc*, *a creature*, *a wight*. Somn.
- Wimple*, See note on B. i. C. 1. St. 4.
- Wise*, see *Wize*.
- To wis*, to know.
- Wist*, knew. Germ. *wissen*. Anglo-S. *witian*, *noscere*. *And his sister stood asur off to wit what would be done to him*. Exod. ii, 4.
- Wite*, blame. B. ii. C. 12. St. 16. *Introductio*. B. iv. St. 1. B. vi. C. 3. St. 16. spelt *Wite*, B. iii. C. 4. St. 52. B. v. C. 11. St. 57. B. vi. C. 12. St. 41. Anglo-S. *witian*, *to blame*—*wite* *punishment* &c. Chaucer (if rightly interpreted) useth the word for blame. Somn.

A GLOSSARY, &c.

Withbault, B. ii. C. 11. St. 9. with-holden, with-drew. from *with* and Anglo-S. *healden*, to hold.

Wise: *Wife*: manner. B. i. C. 4. St. 14. B. iii. C. 3. St. 53.

Wo worth the man, see note on B. ii. C. 6. St. 32.

Wo worth the day. Ezek. 30. 2.

Woe begonne, far gone in woe. B. iii. C. 7. St. 20.

B. v. C. 8. St. 16. used by our old writers.

Womanhood, the *hood*, i. e. the quality, state, or condition, of *Woman*.

Wondrous woes, see note on B. ii. C. 8. St. 53. B. iv. C. 1. St. 38. *paa*, *maustus*, *tristis*: *heavy*, *sad*. Somn.

Wonne, is used in two senses, B. 1. C. 6. St. 39. in the first, for to overcome, gain the victory, from to win: in the second place for to dwell, from the Anglo-S. *punian*, to dwell, to inhabit. Germ. *wonen*, *habitare*. Both the verb, *wonne*, dwell: and the substantive, *Wonne*, *won*, habitation, are used in very many places. As a verb, to dwell, to inhabit, B. i. C. 6. St. 39. B. ii. C. 1. St. 51. B. ii. C. 3. St. 18. B. ii. C. 7. St. 49. B. ii. C. 12. St. 69. B. iii. C. 1. St. 3. B. 3. C. 4. St. 20. B. iv. C. 12. St. 1. B. iii. C. 6. St. 29. B. iii. C. 7. St. 5. B. iv. C. 6. St. 5. B. v. C. 2. St. 4. B. vi. C. 2. St. 48. B. vi. C. 1. St. 1. and in other places. As a Subst. *Wonne*, *Won*, habitation dwelling, B. ii. C. 7. St. 20. B. ii. C. 12. St. 11. B. iii. C. 3. St. 7. B. iii. C. 8. St. 37. B. iv. C. 8. St. 5. B. iv. C. 8. St. 22. B. v. C. 9. St. 8. B. vi. C. 3. St. 37. and in other places. Milton uses it *the wild beast where he wons in forest wild*.—Milton uses it here for the alliteration.

Won, use, B. iii. C. 9. St. 21. *punian*. *zepunian*. to use, to be wont. Chaucer uses it so frequently.

Wont, custom, manner. B. iv. C. 1. St. 43. *wont pleasures*, wonted, usual, accustomed, B. v. C. 3. St. 1. *wont in warre*, used in war. B. v. C. 4. St. 44.

Woo, to court, or win by courting, B. iv. C. 6. St. 30.

Wood, mad. *Woodness* madness. Anglo-S. *þoð*, mad wood furious. Somn. Germ. *wuten*. *furere*. Belg. *woeden*.

I wot, I know. *Wotest*, knowest.

Wowed, wooed, for the rhyme. B. vi. C. 11. St. 4.

Woxed, *Waxed* B. i. C. 10. St. 2.

Wraft, wrest, for the rhyme. B. v. C. 12. St. 21.

Wrawling, B. vi. C. 12. St. 27. *vox onomatop.* Chaucer has it: see Junius in *Wral*.

Wreake, to revenge. *Wroke*, revenged. Germ. *rachen*. Anglo-S. *þræccan*. Belg. *wreken*, *ulcisci*.

Wrest, wrist: for the rhyme and poetically part for the whole: B. iii. C. 7. St. 2.

Wrizled, we say now wrinkled. Spencer spelt it

from the Germ. *runzel*. Ital. *grinzare*, to wrinkle. *grinzo*, wrinkled. B. i. C. 8. St. 47.

Wyle, beguile. B. iii. C. 10. St. 5.

Wyte, see *Wite*.

Y.

THE Saxon *ȝe* prefixed to words has given place to *Y* and *i*. for the Saxon language as spoken and written after the Norman invasion changed *ȝe* into *i* or *Y*, as *ȝecleped*, *vocatus*, *ȝeleped*, *releped*.

ȝbet, beaten, B. iv. C. 4. St. 9.

ȝblent, blinded, or confounded. B. i. C. 2. St. 5. B. ii. C. 7. St. 1. see *Blent*.

ȝclad. *clad*. B. i. C. 1. St. 1.—St. 7. B. i. C. 4. St. 38. *ȝeled*, for *ȝelad*, *clad*; So the rhyme requires.

ȝalisse, idleness. B. vi. C. 2. St. 31.

ȝdrad, *ȝdred*, dreaded: B. i. C. 1. St. 2. B. v. C. 11. St. 3. B. iii. C. 12. St. 2. B. v. C. 12. St. 37. used by Chaucer in *Troil* and *Cress*. 111. 655. and by G. Douglas. pag. 413. 41. *Abuf the bewin* *ȝdrad* and *Starrit Sky*.

ȝearne, earn, get, procure. B. vi. C. 1. St. 40.

To ȝeed, *ȝeade*, to go, B. ii. C. 4. St. 2. *ȝeed* B. i. C. 11. St. 5. *ȝod*, *ȝode*, went. B. 1. C. 10. St. 53. B. ii. C. 7. St. 2. B. iii. C. 8. St. 45. Anglo-S. *eode vel*, *ȝeode*. he went: the Anglo-S. preterit. from *ȝanȝan ire*. *ȝeode iwit*.

ȝfere, B. i. C. 9. St. 1. B. ii. C. 1. St. 35. B. ii. C. 9. St. 2. B. iii. C. 7. St. 48. B. iii. C. 8. St. 52. B. iii. C. 9. St. 13. B. iii. C. 10. St. 16. B. iii. C. 12. St. 16. in company, together: used by Chaucer and G. Douglas: so in *fere* in company: *ȝefepa* signifies both a companion and company.

ȝfostered, B. iii. C. 6. St. 51. *fostered*, *nourished*, *brought up*.

ȝfraught, *fraighted*, loaden, B. iii. C. 8. St. 8.

ȝfretted, the same as *Fretted*, which see above.

ȝgoe, *gone*, lost. B. ii. C. 1. St. 2. *late ygoe*, lately lost. used by Chaucer.

ȝerks, yerks, jerks, lashes, B. vi. C. 7. St. 44. see Junius.

ȝii, yet: for the rhyme B. i. C. 2. St. 30. B. 3. C. 8. St. 5.

ȝmagery, B. i. C. 8. St. 36. B. ii. C. 7. S. 4. images, figures, &c.

ȝmolt, molten, melted, B. i. C. 11. St. 25. B. 3. C. 11. St. 25.

ȝmp, *impe*, offspring, B. i. C. 6. St. 24. B. i. C. 9. St. 6. B. i. C. 10. St. 60. B. iii. C. 12. St. 7. B. vi. C. 2. St. 38.

ȝmpt, B. iv. C. 9. St. 4. grafted on, fixed on as a graff.

ȝod, see *ȝeed*.

ȝold, yielded, B. iii. C. 11. St. 17—25. used by Chaucer.

A G L O S S A R Y, &c.

Yore, B. i. C. 1. St. 5. B. i. C. 9. St. 1. B. i. C. 12. St. 27. and in other places. *Yore*, of yore, anciently. Anglo-S. *ȝeara*.

Yond, see note on B. ii. C. 8. St. 40. B. iii. C. 7. St. 26.

Yunker, a lusty young man, B. iv. C. 1. St. 11. Germ. *jungling*. Anglo-S. *ȝeondȝer*.

Ypaid, see *Apaid*.

Ypight, see *Pight*.

Yplaste, placed, B. i. C. 4. St. 28.

Yplight, plighted, B. 2. C. iii. St. 1.

Yre, ire, anger, B. ii. C. 2. 31.

Yrent, rent, B. iv. C. 6. St. 15.

Yriwed, rived, riven, B. iv. C. 6. 15.

Ysame, B. vii. C. 7. St. 32. ‘YSAME, *yfome*, *simul* ‘*unà*. Spens. Anglo-S. *ȝam*. Goth. *samana*,

consonum est Gr. ἕμα, Jun. edit. Lye. ‘Anglo-S. ‘*ȝame*, also, together, likewise,’ Somn. ‘*Sam*. ‘*unà pariter*,’ Wacht.—I rather think in this passage *yfame* is originally from the Germ. *Sammen*, *colligere*, *congregare*. Hence the Anglo-S. *ȝe-ramnian*, *to gather together, to collect*: and the Anglo-S. *ȝe* is changed into *y* hence *yfame*, i. e. collected together.

Ythriald, B. iii. C. 4. St. 15. thrilled, pierced.

Ywreke, B. iv. C. 8. St. 14. *Ywroke*, B. iv. C. 6. St. 23. B. iv. C. 11. St. 5: See *Wreake*.

Ywis, truly, indeed: used sometimes expletively, and sometimes ironically, B. ii. C. 1. St. 19. B. iii. C. 4. St. 37. B. iii. C. 7. St. 53. used by Chaucer.



ERRATA in the GLOSSARY.

IN the explanation of *Capon*, for *met*, read *metaphorically*.

— *Curry favour*, read *gratiam et favorem quærere blanditiis*.

— *For*, instead of *printed fordone in other editions*, read *printed foredone*.

— *Fouldring*, read *l* inserted *ἰσφωρίας gratiâ*.

— *Guise*, for *πῦρα*, read *πῦρα*.

— *Poynant*, for *in Ariosto's* read *is Ariosto's*.

— *Reave*, read *i. e.* took away.

— *scruze*, read *scruze from screw*.

— *Sterne*, after *is called the sterne*. Add, *And the sterne of the ship is where the rudder is placed to steer, or direct her course*.

TO

THE MOST HIGH MIGHTIE AND MAGNIFICENT

E M P R E S S E

RENOWNMED FOR PIETIE VERTVE AND ALL GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT

E L I Z A B E T H

BY THE GRACE OF GOD QVEENE OF ENGLAND

FRAVNCE AND IRELAND AND OF VIRGINIA

DEFENDOVR OF THE FAITH &c

HER MOST HVMBLE SERVAVNT

E D M V N D S P E N S E R

DOTH IN ALL HVMILITIE

DEDICATE PRESENT AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVR S

TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.

A

LETTER of the Authors, expounding his whole intention in the course of this worke; which for that it giueth great light to the Reader, for the better understanding is hereunto annexed.

To the Right noble and Valorous

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, Knt.

Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes and her Maiesties lieftenaunt of the County of Cornewayll.

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I haue entituled the Faery Queen, being a continued allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good as well for auoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded,) to discouer unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by-accidents, therein occasioned. The general end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: which for that I conceiued shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter, then for profite of the ensample, I chose the historye of king Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of enuy, and suspition of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique poets historicall; first Homere, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysses; then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Æneas; after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando; and lately Tasso disseuered them again, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part which they in philosophy call ethice, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named politice in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before

he was king, the image of a braue knight, perfected in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as Aristotle hath deuised; the which is the purpose of these first twelue bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this methode will seem displeasaut, which had rather haue good discipline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in allegorical deuises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these days, seeing all things accounted by their showes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his iudgement, formed a commune-welth, such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a gouernment, such as might best be: so much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whom I conceiue, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin deliuered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the lady Igrayne, to haue seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty rauished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faerye land. In that Faery Queene I meane Glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceiue the most excellent and glorious person of our soueraine the Queene, and her kingdom in Faery land. And yet in some places els, I do otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal queene or empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia: Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana. So in the person of prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii. other vertues, I make xii. other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: Of which these three bookes contayn three.

The first of the knight of the Red-crosse, in whom I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce: The third of Britomartis a Lady knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights seuerall aduentures. For the methode of a poet historical is not such, as of an historiographer. For an historiographer discourseth of affayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the middest, euen where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forepasse, and diuining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all.

The

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an historiographer should be the twelfth booke which is the last, where I deuise that the Faery Queen kept her annual feaste xii. days; upon which xii. severall dayes, the occasions of the xii. severall adventures hapned, which being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these xii. booke severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented himselfe a tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faeries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse; which was that hee might haue the atchiuement of any adventure, which during that feaste should happen. That being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the arms of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient king and queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years shut up in a brasen castle, who thence suffred them not to ysew: and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assigne her some one of her knights to take on him that exploit. Presently that clownish person upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the lady much gaine saying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the lady told him, that unlessie that armour which she brought, would serue him (that is the armour of a christian man specified by St. Paul, v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprife: which being forthwith put upon him with dew furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the lady. And esteemes taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, *viz.*

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

The second day there came in a palmer bearing an infant with bloody hands, whose parents he complained to haue bene slayn by an enchauntresse called Acrasia: and therefore craued of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight, to performe that adventure, which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in a groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile enchanter called Busirane had in hand a most faire lady called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grieuous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour the lover of that lady presently tooke on him that adventure. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his love.

But

But by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled, but rather as accidents, then intendments: as the loue of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphebe, the lasciuiousnes of Hellenora; and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I haue briefly ouerronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the history, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seem tedious and confused. So humbly crauing the continuance of your honourable fauour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

23. January 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

Ed. Spenser.

V E R S E S

V E R S E S

To the Author of the FAERY QUEENE.

A Vision vpon this concept of the Faery Queene.

ME thought I saw the graue, where Laura lay,
Within that temple, where the vestall flame
Was wont to burne, and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tumbe faire Loue, and fairer Vertue kept,
All suddainly I saw the Faery Queene :
At whose approach the soul of Petrarke wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seene :
For they this Queene attended, in whose steed
Obliuion laid him down on Lauras herse :
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And grones of buried ghostes the heauens did perse :
Where Homers spright did tremble all for grieve,
And curst th' accessse of that celestiall theise.

Another of the same.

TH E prayse of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,
As doth the Cuckoes song delight when Philumena sings.
If thou hast formed right true Vertues face herein ;
Vertue herselfe can best discerne, to whom they written bin.
If thou hast Beautie praysd, let her sole lookes diuine
Iudge if ought therein be amis, and mend it by her eie.
If Chastitie want ought, or Temperaunce her dew,
Behold her princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.
Meane while she shall perceiue, how far her vertues fore
Aboue the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of yore ;
And thereby will excuse and favour thy good will,
Whose vertue cannot be exprest, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of thy deuce.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

COLLYN, I see by thy new taken taske,
Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That leades thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,
And loath the layes that long to lowly swaynes ;
That lifts thy notes from shepheardes unto kinges :
So like the liuely lark that mounting singes.

Thy louely Rosalinde scemes now forlorne,
And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight,
Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
Those prety pypes that did thy mates delight ;
Those trusty mates, that loued thee so well,
Whom thou gau'st mirth ; as they gaued thee the bell.

Yet as thou earst with thy sweet roundelayes,
Didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers :
So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes,
Delight the daintie eares of higher powers :
And so mought they, in their deep skanning skill,
Alow and grace our Collyns flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queene of thine ;
In whose faire eyes Loue linckt with Vertue fittes,
Enfusing by those bewties fyers deuine
Such high conceits into thy humble wittes,
As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes
From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Redcrosse knight with happy hand
Victorious be in that faire Islands right,
Which thou dost vayne in type of Faery land,
Elizas blessed field, that Albion hight ;
That shields her friendes, and warres her mightie foes ,
Yet fill with people, peace, and plentie flowes.

But

But (iolly shepeheard) though with pleasing stile,
Thou feast the humour of the courtly trayne ;
Let not conceipt thy fetled fence beguile,
Ne daunted be through enuy or disdaine :
Subiect thy dome to her empyring spright,
From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light,
Hobynoll.

FAYRE Thamis streame, that from Ludds stately towne,
Runst paying tribute to the ocean seas,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be silent, whyle this Bryttane Orpheus playes :
Nere thy sweet bankes, there liues that sacred crowne,
Whose hand strowes palme and neuer-dying bayes ;
Let all at once with thy soft murmuring sowne
Present her with this worthy poets prayes :
For he hath taught hye drifts in shepherdes weedes,
And deepe conceites now sings in Faeries deedes.

R. S.

GRAVE Muses march in triumph and with prayfes;
Our Goddesse here hath giuen you leau to land :
And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.
Deserte findes dew in that most princely doome,
In whose sweete brest are all the Muses bredde :
So did that great Augustus erst in Roome
With leaues of fame adorne his Poets hedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your Faery Queene,
Euen of the fairest that the world hath seene.

H. B.

WHEN stout Achilles heard of Helens rape,
And what reuenge the states of Greece deuisd;
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
In womans weedes himselfe he then disguisde :
But this deuise Ulysses soon did spy,
And brought him forth the chaunce of warre to try.

When Spencer saw the fame was spredd so large
Through Faery land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a shepheard then he made his choice :
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne
From his retyred life to menage armes :
So Spencer was by Sidneys speeches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes :
For well he knew his Muse would soone be tyred
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles in those warlike frayes
Did win the palme from all the Grecian peeres :
So Spencer now to his immortall prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.
What though his taske exceed a humaine witt,
He is excused, sith Sidney thought it fitt.

W. L.

TO looke upon a worke of rare deuise,
The which a workman fetteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deserued prife,
That unto such a workmanship is dew,
Doth either prove the iudgment to be naught,
Or else doth shew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to discommend,
Would raise a ieaious doubt that there did lurke
Some secret doubt, whereto the prayse did tend.
For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
Tis needlesse for the hoast to have a sygne.

Thus then to shew my iudgment to be such
As can discern of colours blacke and white,
As alls to free my minde from enuies tuch,
That neuer giues to any man his right,
I here pronounce this workmanship is such,
As that no pen can fet it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
Not for to shew the goodnes of the ware ;
But such hath bene the custome heretofore ;
And customes very hardly broken are :
And when your tast shall tell you this is trew,
Then looke you giue your hoast his utmost dew.
Ignoto.

S O N N E T S

Sent with the FAERY QUEEN to several persons of
Quality by the Author.

To the right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord high
Chancellor of England, &c.

THOSE prudent heads that with their counfels wise
Whylom the pillours of th' earth did sustaine,
And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise,
And in the neck of all the world to rayne;
Oft from those graue affaires were wont abstaine,
With the sweet lady Muses for to play:
So Ennius, the elder Africane,
So Maro oft did Cæsars cares allay.
So you great Lord, that with your counsell sway
The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes sometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull policy:
And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,
Which for their titles sake may find more grace.
E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord Burleigh, Lord high Threasurer
of England.

TO you right noble Lord, whose carefull brest
To menage of most grave affaires is bent,
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest
The burdein of this kingdomes gouernment
As the wide compasse of the firmament,
On Atlas mighty shoulders is vpstayd;
Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,
The labour of lost time, and wit unstayd:
Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,
And the dim vele, with which from commune view
Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd,
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receaue,
And wipe their faults out of your censure graue.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earl of Oxenford, Lord high
Chamberlayne of England, &c.

REceiue, most noble Lord, in gentle gree
The vnripe fruit of an vnready wit;
Which by thy countenance doth craue to bee
Defended from foule enuies poisonous bit:
Which so to doe may thee right well besit,
Sith th'antique glory of thine auncestry
Vnder a shady vele is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility;
And also for the loue, which thou doest beare
To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee;
They vnto thee, and thou to them most deare;
Deare as thou art vnto thy selfe; so loue
That loues and honours thee, as doth behoue.

E. S.

To

To the right honourable the Earle of Northumberland.

THe sacred Muses haue made alwaies clame
To be the nourishes of nobility,
And registres of euerlasting fame,
To all that arms professē and cheualry:
Then by like right the noble progeny,
Which them succede in fame and worth, are tyde
T' embrace the seruice of swete poetry,
By whose endeauours they are glorified;
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,
To patronize the author of their praise,
Which gives them life, that els would soone haue died
And crownes their ashes with immortall baies.
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I send
This present of my pains, it to defend.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of Cumberland.

REdoubted Lord, in whose corageous mind
The flowre of cheualry, now bloosming faire,
Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind,
Which of their praises haue left you the haire;
To you this humble present I prepare,
For loue of vertue and of martiall praise,
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies,
Yet brave ensample of long passed daies,
In which trew honor yee may fashiond see,
To like desire of honour may ye raise,
And fill your mind with magnanimitie.
Receiue it, Lord, therefore as it was ment,
For honour of your name and high descent.

E. S.

To the most honourable and excellent Lord, the Earle of
Essex, Great Maister of the Horse to her Highnesse, and
Knight of the noble order of the Garter, &c.

Magnificke Lord, whose vertues excellent
Doe merit a most famous poets witt,
To be thy liuing praises instrument;
Yet doe not sdeigne to let thy name be writt
In this base poem, for thee far vnfitt:
Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby.
But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing flitt,
Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,
With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty
To the last praises of this Faery Queene;
Then shall it make more famous memory
Of thine heroicke parts, such as they beene:
Till then, vouchsafe thy noble countenance
To these first labours needed furtheraunce,

E. S.

To the right Honourable the Earle of Ormond and
Offory.

Reeive, most noble Lord, a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit, which saluage soyl hath bred;
Which being through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is ouerspredd;
And in so faire a land, as may be redd,
Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thy selfe hast thy brave mansione:
There indeede dwel faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,
And in thy person without paragone
All goodly bountie and true honour fits!
Such therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receiue, dear Lord, in worth the fruit of barren field.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord Ch. Howard, Lord high Admiral
of England, Knight of the noble order of the Garter,
and one of her Maiesties priuie Counfel, &c.

ANd ye, braue Lord, whose goodly personage,
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,
Make you ensample to the present age
Of th' old heroës, whose famous offspring
The antique poets wont so much to sing,
In this fame pageaunt haue a worthy place;
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,
That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,
Like flying doves, ye did before you chace:
And that proud people, woxen insolent
Through many victories, did first deface.
Thy praises euerlasting monument
Is in this verse engrauen semblably,
That it may liue to all posterity.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, high
Chamberlaine to her Maiesty.

REnowmed Lord, that for your worthinesse
And noble deeds haue your deserued place
High in the fauour of that Emperesse,
The worlds sole glory and her sexes grace;
Here eke of right haue you a worthe place,
Both for your neernes to that Faerie Queene,
And for your owne high merit in like cace;
Of which, apparaunt prooffe was to be seene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene
Of northerne rebels ye did pacify,
And their disloiall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory.
Liue, Lord, for euer in this lasting verse,
That all posteritie thy honour may reherse.

E. S.

To the most renowned and valiant Lord, the Lord Grey
of Wilton, Knight of the noble order of the Garter, &c.

Most noble Lord, the pillar of my life,
And patron of my Muses pupillage,
Through whose large bountie poured on me rife,
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe liue, bound yours by vassalage :
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reauce
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small giift to receauce,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leauce
Of all the rest, that I am tyde t'account ;
Rude rymes, the which a rustic Muse did weauce
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount,
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned loome :
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favourable doome.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one of her
Maiesties priuie Counsell.

IN vain I think, right honourable Lord,
By this rude ryme to memorize thy name,
Whose learned Muse hath writ her own record
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame :
Thou much more fit (were leasure to the fame)
Thy gracious Souerain praises to compile,
And her imperiall Maiestie to frame,
In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.
But sith thou mayst not so, giue leauce a while
To baser wit his power therein to spend,
Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,
And vnaduised ouersights amend.
But euermore vouchsafe it to maintaine
Against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

E. S.

VOL. I.

* D

To

To the right honourable Sir Fr. Walsingham Knight,
principall Secretary to her Maiefty, and of her
honourable priuy Counsell.

THat Mantuane poets incompared spirit,
Whose girland now is fet in highest place,
Had not Mecenas, for his worthy merit,
It first aduaunst to great Augustus grace,
Might long perhaps haue lien in silence bace,
Ne bene so much admir'd of later age.
This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,
Flies for like aide unto your patronage,
That are the great Mecenas of this age,
As wel to al that ciuil artes professe
As those that are inspir'd with martial rage,
And craues protection of her feebleness:
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse
In bigger tunes to sound your liuing praise.

E. S.

To the right noble Lord and most valiaunt Captain, Sir
John Norris knight, Lord president of Mounster.

WHOO euer gave more honourable prize
To the sweet Muse then did the Martiall crew,
That their braue deeds she might immortalize
In her shrill tromp, and sound their praises dew?
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you
Most noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And precedent of all that armes ensue?
Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
Tempred with reason and aduizement sage,
Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile,
In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage,
And lately shakt the Lusitanian foile.
Sith then each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,
Loue him, that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

To the right noble and valorous knight Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord
Wardein of the Stanneryes, and lieftenaunt of Cornewaile.

TO thee, that art the sommers nightingale,
Thy foueraine Goddesſes moſt deare delight,
Why doe I ſend this ruſticke madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare unſeaſon quite ?
Thou onely fit this argument to write,
In whoſe high thoughts Pleaſure hath built her bowre,
And dainty Love learnd ſweetly to endite.
My rimes I know unfauory and ſowre,
To taſte the ſtreames, that like a golden ſhowre
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy loues praife,
Fitter perhaps to thonder Martiall ſtowre,
When ſo thee liſt thy lofty Muſe to raiſe :
Yet till that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthias praifes be thus rudely ſhowne.

E. S.

To the right honourable and moſt vertuous Lady, the Counteſſe
of Pembroke.

REmembraunce of that moſt heroicke ſpirit,
The heuens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit
Of his braue vertues, crownd with laſting baies,
Of heuenlie bliſs and euerlaſting praies ;
Who firſt my Muſe did liſt out of the flore,
To ſing his ſweet delights in lowlie laies,
Bids me, moſt noble Lady, to adore
His goodly image, liuing euermore
In the diuine reſemblance of your face ;
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
And natiue beauty deck with heuenlie grace :
For his, and for your own eſpecial ſake,
Vouchſafe from him this token in good worth to take.

E. S.

To the most vertuous, and beautifull Lady, the Lady Carew.

NE may I, without blot of endlesse blame,
You, fairest Lady, leaue out of this place,
But with remembraunce of your gracious name,
Wherewith that courtly garlond most ye grace,
And deck the world, adorne these verses base:
Not that these few lines can in them comprife
Those glorious ornaments of heauenly grace,
Wherewith ye triumph ouer feeble eyes,
And in subdued harts do tyranyse:
For thereunto doth need a golden quill,
And siluer leaues, them righty to deuise,
But to make humble present of good will;
Which, when as timely meanes it purchase may,
In ampler wise it selfe will forth display.

E. S.

To all the gracious and beautifull Ladies in the Court.

THE Chian peincter, when he was requir'd
To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,
To make his worke more absolute, desird
Of all the fairest maides to haue the vew.
Much more me needs to draw the semblant trew,
Of beauties Queene, the worlds sole wonderment,
To sharpe my sence with sundry beauties vew,
And steale from each some part of ornament.
If all the world to seeke I ouerwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I see,
Then that braue court doth to mine eie present;
That the worlds pride seems gathered there to bee:
Of each a part I stole by cunning theste:
Forgiue it me, faire dames, sith lesse ye haue not leste.

E. S.

T H E



The first BOOKE of the

FAERY QUEENE

CONTAYNING

The Legend of the Knight of the Red-Crosse,
or of Holinesse.



O I the man, whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly shepheards weeds,
Am now enforst a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,

Me all too meane the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

II.

Help then, o holy virgin, chiefe of nyne,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still.
Of faerie knights and fayrest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong.

O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong!

III.

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

IV.

And with them eke, o Goddesse heavenly bright,
 Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,
 Great ladie of the greatest isle, whose light
 Like Phoebus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
 Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
 And raise my thoughtes too humble and too vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted stile:
 The which to hear vouchsafe, o dearest dread, a while.

CANTO

CANTO I.

*The patron of true holinesse
Foule Errour doth defeat;
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.*

I.

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

II.

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 living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and every vertuous lore,
 And by descent from royall lynage came
 Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters strecht from east to westerne shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held ;
 Till that infernal feend with foule uprore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld ;
 Whom to avenge, shee had this knight from far compeld.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII. And

VIII.

And fourth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
 Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
 The sayling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-propp elme, the poplar never dry,
 The builder oake, sole king of forrests all,
 The aspine good for staves, the cypresse funerall,

IX.

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 shaftes, the fallow for the mill,
 The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound,
 The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitfull olive, and the platane round,
 The carver holme, the maple feeldom inward found.

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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

XIV.

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
 The youthful knight could not for ought be staide,
 But forth unto 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 ugly monster plaine,
 Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
 But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
 Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

XV.

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

XVI. Their

XVI.

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
 About her curfed 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.

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX. There

XX.

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 vildly, that it forst him slacke
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe :
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
 And creeping sought way in the weedy gras :
 Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI.

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

XXII.

The same so fore annoyed has the knight,
 That wel-nigh choked with the deadly stinke,
 His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
 Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinke,
 She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
 Her fruitfull cursed 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.

XXIII.

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
 When ruddy Phoebus gins to welke in west,
 High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
 Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best ;
 A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
 All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
 That from their noyance he no where can rest ;
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

XXIV. Thus

XXIV.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
 Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
 Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
 (Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
 Or soone to lose, before he once would lin)
 And stroke at her with more 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 from her corse.

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

*Far hence, quoth he, in wastfull wildernesse
 His dwelling is, by which no living wight
 May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.
 Now, saide the ladie, draweth toward night ;
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all forwearied 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 waves emong.*

XXXIII.

*Then with the sunne take, sir, your timely rest,
 And with new day new worke at once begin :
 Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best.
 Right well, sir knight, ye have advised bin,
 Quoth then that aged man ; the way to win
 Is wisely to advise. now day is spent :
 Therefore with me ye may take up your in
 For this same night. the knight was well content :
 So with that godly father to his home they went.*

XXXIV.

*A little lowly hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pas
 In traveill to and froe : a litle wyde
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,
 Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy things each morne and eventyde :
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.*

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast,
 And the sad humor loading their eye-liddes ;
 As messenger of Morpheus on them cast
 Sweet slombing deaw, the which to sleepe them bic
 Unto **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 fundrie kindes,
 He seeks out mighty charmes to trouble sleepey minds.

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

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 never peepe,
 His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
 In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
 Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

The messenger approaching to him spake ;
 But his waste wordes retournd 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 fights and fancies weake,
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

XLIII.

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

XLIV. The

XLIV.

The God obeyde ; and calling forth straight way
 A diuerſe dreame out of his priſon darke,
 Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
 His heaue head, deuoid of careful carke ;
 Whoſe fences all were ſtraight benumbd and ſtarke.
 He backe returning by the yuorie dore,
 Remounted up as light as chearefull larke ;
 And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
 In haſt unto his lord, where he him left afore.

XLV.

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

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

Thus well inſtructed to their worke they haſte ;
 And coming where the knight in flomber lay,
 The one upon his hardie head him plaſte,
 And made him dreame of loves and luſtfull play ;
 That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
 Bathed in wanton bliſ and wicked joy.
 Then ſeemed him his lady by him lay,
 And to him playnd, how that falſe winged boy
 Her chaſte hart had ſubdewd to learne dame Pleaſures toy.

XLVIII. And

XVIII.

And she her selfe, of beautie soveraigne queene,
 Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
 Her, whom he waking evermore did weene
 To bee the chastest flowre, that aye did spring
 On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
 Now a loose leman to vile service bound :
 And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen iö Hymen, dauncing all around ;
 Whylst freshest Flora her with yvie girlond crownd.

XLIX.

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

L.

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

LI.

And sayd, *Ab sir, my liege lord, and my love,*
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped love 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 avenging destinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

LII.

*Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
 My fathers kingdom,—there she stopt with teares ;
 Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave :
 And then againe begun, My weaker yeares,
 Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
 Fly to your sayth for succour and sure ayde :
 Let me not die in languor and long teares.
 Why, dame, quoth he, what bath ye thus dismay'd?
 What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?*

LIII.

*Love of your selfe, she saide, and deare constraint
 Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
 In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
 Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.
 Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
 Suspect her truth ; yet since no' untruth he knew,
 Her fawning love with foule disdaine full spight
 He would not shend, but said, Deare dame, I reew,
 That for my sake unknowne such grieffe unto you grew.*

LIV.

*Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground ;
 For all so deare as life is to my hart,
 I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound :
 Ne let vaine fears 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.*

LV.

*Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Much griev'd to thinke that gentle dame so light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
 At last dull wearines of former fight
 Having yrockt asleep his irkesome spight,
 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 spight he backe returnd againe.*

CANTO II.

*The guilefull great enchaunter parts
The redcrosse knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth.*

I.

BY this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet ;
But firme is fixt, and fendeth light from farre
To all, 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 up the easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill.

II.

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

III.

Eftsoones 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 loves and lustyhed
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight :
Those two he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
Covered with darkenes and misdeeming night;
Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

IV.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned-faithfull haſt
 Unto 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 calls, *Riſe, riſe, unhappy ſwaine,*
That here weſt old in ſleepe, whiles wicked wights
Have knit themſelves in Venus ſhameful chaine :
Come ſee where your falſe lady doth her honor ſtaine.

V.

All in amaze he ſuddenly up 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 embracement :
 Which when he ſaw, he burnt with gealous fire ;
 The eie of reaſon was with rage yblent ;
 And would have ſlaine them in his furious ire,
 But hardly was reſtreined of that aged fire.

VI.

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
 And bitter anguiſh of his guilty fight,
 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 lampe, and brought forth dawning light ;
 Then up he roſe, and clad him haſtily ;
 The dwarfe him brought his ſteed ; ſo both away do fly.

VII.

Now when the roſy-fingred Morning faire,
 Weary of aged Tithones ſaffron bed,
 Had ſpread her purple robe through deawy aire ;
 And the high hills Titan diſcovered ;
 The royall virgin ſhooke off drouſyhed :
 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.

VIII. And

VIII.

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 disdaine,
 That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:
 Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;
 But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
 Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
 He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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 silver shield; upon his coward brest
 A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
 A bounch of heares discolourd diversly.
 Full iolly knight he seemde, and wel adrest;
 And when he sate uppon his courser free,
 Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him to be.

XII.

But he, the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
 The true faint 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 upon the way
 A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
 SANSFOY : full large of limbe and every ioint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII.

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

XIV.

With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,
 Shee intertaine her lover all the way :
 But when she saw the knight his speare aduance,
 Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
 And bad her knight addressse him to the fray ;
 His foe was nigh at hand. he, pricke with pride,
 And hope to winne his ladies hearte that day,
 Forth spurred fast : adowne his courfers side
 The red blood trickling staine the way, as he did ride.

XV.

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 their forces hideous
 Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand ;
 And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Doe backe rebutte, and each to other yealdeth land.

XVI. As

XVI.

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 shocke
 Astonied both stand fencelesse as a blocke,
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory.
 So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII.

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

XVIII.

*Curse on that crosse, quoth then the Sarazin,
 That keeps 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 fitt,
 And hide thy head. therewith upon his crest
 With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
 That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
 And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairly blest.*

XIX.

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

XX. The

XX.

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 overtooke, and bad to stay ;
 For present cause was none of dread her to disinay.

XXI.

Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenance,
 Cride, *Mercy, mercy, sir, vouchsafe to show*
On silly dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty will. her humbleffe low
 In so rich weedes and seeming glorious show,
 Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart,
 And said, *Deare dame, your suddein overthrow*
Much rueth me ; but now put feare apart,
And tel, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

XXIV. His

XXIV.

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

XXV.

*At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
 To meete me wandring, who perforce me led
 With him away; but yet could never win
 The fort, that ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
 There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
 Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,
 The eldest of three brethren; all three bred
 Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansioy;
 And twixt them both was born the bloody bold Sansloy.*

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

*Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
 Having both found a new friend you to aid,
 And lost an old foe, that did you molest:
 Better new friend then an old foe is said.
 With change of chear the seeming-simple maid
 Let fall her eien, 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 lookes: so dainty, they say, maketh dertth.*

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

Faire-seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
 With goodly purposes, thereas they sit :
 And in his falsed fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest wight, that lived 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 blood, that trickled down the same.

XXXI.

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

XXXII. At

XXXII.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
 Was overpast, 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 ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to spare ?*

XXXIII.

Then groning deep, *Nor damned ghost*, quoth 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 seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.*

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
 The fire of love and ioy of chevalree
 First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
 To love 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.

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

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

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

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

XLV.

Her ſeeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
 As all unweeting 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 up gan liſt ; with trembling cheare
 Her up he tooke, (too ſimple and too trew,)
 And oft her kiſt. at length all paſſed feare,
 He ſet her on her ſteede, and forward forth did beare.

CANTO III.

*Forfaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the lyon mylde,
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
In hand of leachour vyld.*

I.

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

II.

And now it is empaffioned so deepe,
For fairest Unacs 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 ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches shayre.

III.

Yet she, 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
Through that late vision, which th'enchauter wrought,
Had her abandond: she of nought affrayd
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily fought;
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

IV. One

IV.

One day, nigh-wearie of the yrkesome way,
 From her unhaftic beaft she did alight;
 And on the graffe her dainty limbs did lay
 In fecrete shadow, far from all mens fight;
 From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole afide : her angels face
 As the great eye of heaven fhyned bright,
 And made a funfhine in the shady place :
 Did never mortall eye behold fuch heavenly grace.

V.

It fortun'd out of the thickeft wood
 A ramping lyon rufhed fuddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after falvage blood ;
 Soone as the royall virgin he did fpy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have attonce devourd her tender corfe :
 But to the pray whenas he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage afwaged with remorse,
 And with the fight amazd, forgat his furious forfe.

VI.

Instead thereof he kift her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong ;
 As he her wronged innocence did weet.
 O how can beautie maifter the moft ftrong,
 And fimple truth fubdue avenging wrong !
 Whose yielded pryde and proud fubmiffion,
 Still dreading death, when fhe had marked long,
 Her hart gan melt in great compaffion ;
 And drizling teares did fhed for pure affection.

VII.

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

VIII.

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 upon her gazing stood;
 With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
 Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
 To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne.

IX.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
 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 she wakt, he wayted diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepard:
 From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
 And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
 As if her life upon the wager lay ;
 And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
 Sate in eternall night ; nought could she fay ;
 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 arrived there
 Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere :

XIII.

Which when none yielded, her unruly 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 darksome corner pent :
 Where that old woman day and night did pray
 Upon her beads, devoutly penitent ;
 Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
 And thriſe nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to fay.

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI. Now

XVI.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye,
 Above 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 entraunce was not at his call :
 For on his backe a heavy load he bare
 Of nightly stelths and pillage severall,
 Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

XVII.

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 given was to them for good intents :
 The holy faints of their rich vestiments
 He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept ;
 And spoild the priests of their habiliments ;
 Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
 Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

XVIII.

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

XIX.

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bett,
 Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
 (The lyon frayed them) him in to lett :
 He would no lenger stay him to advize,
 But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
 And entring is ; when that disdainfull beast
 Encountring fierce, him fuddein doth surprize ;
 And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
 Under his lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

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 breasts, and naked flesh to teare:
 And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
 Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
 Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
 To follow her, that was the causer of their ill:

XXIII.

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

XXIV. But

XXIV.

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

XXV.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
 And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
 Saying, that harlott shee 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 advance
 His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmed lance.

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
 Of all her passed paines : one loving howre
 For many years 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 speakes no more
 Of past : true is, that true love hath no powre
 To looken backe ; his eies be fixt before.
 Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so fore.

XXXI.

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 having tand his tawney hide
 With blustering breath of heaven, that none can bide,
 And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound,
 Soone as the port from far he has espide,
 His chearful whistle merily doth found,
 And Nereus crownes with cups ; his mates him pledg around.

XXXII. Such

XXXII.

Such ioy made Una, when her knight she found ;
 And eke th'enchauter ioyous seemde no lesse,
 Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
 His ship far come from watrie wildernesse ;
 He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse.
 So forth they past, and all the way they spent
 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.

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

But that proud paynim forward came so ferce,
 And full of wrath ; that with his sharp-head 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 puiffance 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 bloud did gush.

XXXVI. Dif-

XXXVI.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
 He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
 And proudly said, *Lo, there the worthie meed*
Of him, that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife :
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake ;
When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,
The black infernall Furies doen aslake.
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee take.

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

And said, *Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,*
What do 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,
Instead 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 fit : which doen away,
 He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay :

XL.

But to the virgin comes ; who all this while
 Amas'd stands, herselfe 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 fame paynim bold,
 From whom her booteth not at all to flie ;
 Who by her cleanly garment catching hold,
 Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

XLI.

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

XLII.

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

XLIII.

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

XLIV. And

XLIV.

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

C A N T O III.

*To sinfull bous of Pryde Dueffa
 Guydes the faithfull knight ;
 Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansioy
 Doth chaleng him to fight.*

I.

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

II.

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

III. Great

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

Arrived 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 Malvenù, who entrance none denide :
 Thence to the hall, which was on every ſide
 With rich array and coſtly arras dight :
 Infinite ſortes of people did abide
 There waiting long, to win the wiſhed fight
 Of her, that was the lady of that pallace bright.

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

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

XII.

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 native ſoveraintie;
 But did uſurpe with wrong and tyrannie
 Upon the ſcepter, which ſhe now did hold:
 Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but pollicie,
 And ſtrong advizement of fix wiſards old,
 That with their counſels bad her kingdome did uphold,

XIII.

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

XIV.

With loſtie eyes, halfe loth to looke ſo lowe,
 She thancked them in her diſdaineſull wiſe;
 Ne other grace vouchſafed them to ſhowe
 Of princeſſe worthy; ſcarſe them bad ariſe.
 Her lordes and ladies all this while deviſe
 Themſelves to ſetten forth to ſtraungers fight:
 Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guiſe,
 Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
 Their gay attyre: each others greater pride does ſpight.

XV.

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
 Right-glad with him to have increast their crew ;
 But to Dues' 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.

XVI.

Suddein upriseth 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, upon her to gaze :
 Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eies amaze.

XVII.

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 strove to match, in roiall rich array,
 Great Iunoes golden chayre ; the which, they say,
 The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 To Ioves high hous through heavens bras-paved way,
 Drawne of fayre pecocks, that excell in pride,
 And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

XVIII.

But this was drawne of six unequall 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 nurse of sin ;
 Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin ;
 Like to an holy monck, the service to begin.

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
 Upon a bearded goat, 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 ;
 Unseemely man to please faire ladies eye :
 Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
 When fairer faces were bid standen by:
 O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

XXV.

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
 Which underneath 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 love with secret lookes,
 And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulnesse,
 And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes ;
 And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshy hookes.

XXVI.

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

XXVII. And

XXVII.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
 Upon a camell loaden all with gold ;
 Two iron coffers hong on either side,
 With precious metall full as they might hold ;
 And in his lap an heap of coine he told :
 For of his wicked pelf his God he made,
 And unto hell himfelfe for money fold :
 Accurfed ufury was all his trade ;
 And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

XXVIII.

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste ;
 And thred-bare cote, and cobled fhoes hee ware ;
 Ne fcarfe good morfell all his life did taste ;
 But both from backe and belly ftill did spare,
 To fill his bags, and richeffe to compare :
 Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
 To leave them to ; but thorough daily care
 To get, and nightly feare to lofe his owne,
 He led a wretched life, unto himfelfe unknowne.

XXIX.

Moft wretched wight, whom nothing might fuffife,
 Whofe greedy luft did lacke in greateft ftore ;
 Whofe need had end, but no end covetife ;
 Whofe welth was want, whose plenty made him pore ;
 Who had enough, yett wifhed ever more.
 A vile difeafe, and eke in foote and hand
 A grievous gout tormented him full fore ;
 That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor ftand.
 Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

XXX.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
 Upon a ravenous wolfe, and ftill did chaw
 Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
 That all the poifon ran about his jaw ;
 But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
 At neibors welth, that made him ever fad :
 For death it was, when any good he faw,
 And wept, that caufe of weeping none he had ;
 But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

XXXI. All

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

And after all upon 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,
 Showting for joy, and still before their way
 A foggy mist had covered all the land ;
 And underneath their feet, all scattered lay
 Dead sculls and bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

Who when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy
 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 envious gage
 Of victors glory from him snacht away:
 But th' elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
 Disdained to loose the meed he wonne in fray;
 And him rencountring fierce reskewd the noble pray.

XL.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
 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, upon eternall paine
 Of high displeasure, that enfewen might,
 Commaunded them their fury to refraine;
 And if that either to that shield had right,
 In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

XLI.

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

XLII.

*And to augment the glorie of his guile,
 His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe
 Is there possessed of the traytour vile;
 Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,
 Sown in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
 That brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
 So be, o queene, you equall favour showe.
 Him litle answerd th' angry elfin knight;
 He never meant with words, but swords to plead his right:*

XLIII. But

XLIII.

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 aveng'd each on his enemy.
 That night they pas in ioy and iollity,
 Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall ;
 For steward was excessive Gluttony,
 That of his plenty poured forth to all :
 Which doen, the chamberlain Slowth did to rest them call.

XLIV.

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

XLV.

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

XLVI.

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
 And bad fay 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 lovely dart
Of deare Sansfoy, I never ioyed bowre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
 And for his sake have felt full many an heavie flowre.

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

But since faire sunne bath sperst that lowring clowd,
 And to my loathed life now shews some light,
 Under 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 love.
 Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
 Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
 From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse move.

XLIX.

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

L.

O, but I feare the fickle freakes, quoth she,
 Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.
 Why dame, quoth he, what oddes can ever bee,
 Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield ?
 Yea, but, quoth she, he beares a charmed shield,
 And eke 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 reberce.

LI.

*But, faire Fideffa, fithens fortunes guile,
 Or enimies powre, bath now captived you,
 Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,
 Till morrow next, that I the elfe subdew,
 And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew.
 Ay me, that is a double death, she said,
 With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
 Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
 Shall follow you. so passing forth, she him obaid.*

CANTO V.

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

I.

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

II.

At last, the golden orientall gate
 Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre;
 And Phoebus fresh, as brydegrome to his mate,
 Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre;
 And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.
 Which when the wakeful elfe perceiv'd, streightway
 He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
 In fun-bright armes, and battailous array:
 For with that pagan proud he combatt will that day.

III. And

III.

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 minftrales maken melody,
 To drive 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 loves, and warres for ladies doen by many a lord.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII. The

VII.

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 helmets hewen deepe shew marks of eithers might.

VIII.

So th'one for wrong, the other strives 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 ravine rend away :
 With hideous horror both together smight,
 And fouce so fore, that they the heavens affray :
 The wife southfayer, seeing so sad fight,
 Th'amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortal fight.

IX.

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

X.

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

XI. Goe,

XI.

*Goe, caytive elfe, him quickly overtake,
 And soone redceme from his long-wandring woe :
 Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
 That I his shield have quit from dying foe.
 Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
 That 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 Dueffa, *Thine the shield, and I, and all.**

XII.

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 mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies fake,
 Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be,
 And with so'exceeding furie at him strake,
 That forced him to stoupe upon his knee :
 Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

XIII.

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

XIV.

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

XV.

Not all so fatisfide, with greedy eye
 He fought all round about, his thirsty blade
 To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy ;
 Who all that while lay hid in secret shade :
 He standes amazed how he thence should fade.
 At last the trumpets triumph 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.

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

As when a wearie traveler, that strays
 By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
 Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
 Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
 Which in false grieve hyding his harmefull guile,
 Doth weepe full fore, and sheddeth tender tears ;
 The foolish man, that pities all this while
 His mourneful plight, is swallowed up unwares ;
 Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes an others cares.

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

She stayd, and fourth Dueffa gan proceede,
O thou most auncient grandmother of all,
More old than Iove, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of Gods caelestiall ;
Which wast begot in Daemogorgons hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world unmade ;
Why suffredst thou thy nephewes deare to fall
With elfin sword, most shamefully betrade ?
Lo where the stout Sansioy doth sleepe in deadly shade !

XXIII. *And*

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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

XXXI. Thence

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV. There

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

Who all in rage his sea-god fyre befought,
 Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast :
 From furing gulf two monsters streight were brought ;
 With dread whereof his chafing steedes aghast
 Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast.
 His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
 Was quite dismembred, and his members chast
 Scattered on every mountaine as he went ;
 That of Hippolytus was leste no monument.

XXXIX. His

XXXIX.

His cruell step-dame seeing what was donne,
 Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
 In death avowing th'innocence of her sonne.
 Which hearing, his rash fyre began to rend
 His heare, and hafty tong, that did offend :
 Tho gathering up the reliques 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 every part.

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

*Ab dame, quoth he, thou temptest me in vaine
 To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew ;
 And the old cause of my continued paine
 With like attempt to like end to renew.
 Is not enough, that thrust from heaven dew
 Here endlesse penaunce for one fault I pay ;
 But that redoubled crime with vengeaunce new
 Thou biddest me to eeke ? can Night defray
 The wrath of thundring Iove, that rules both night and day ?*

XLIII. *Not*

XLIII.

Not so, quoth she, but sith that heavens king
 From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing?
 And fearest not that more thee burten might,
 Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
 Go to then, o thou far-renowned sonne
 Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might
 In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
 Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be donne.

XLIV.

Her words prevaild : 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 having scene, from thence arose away
 The mother of dredd darknesse, and let stay
 Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure ;
 And backe retourning took her wonted way,
 To ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebus pure
 In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV.

The false Dueffa, leaving 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) unready 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 caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and day :

XLVI.

A ruefull sight as could be scene with eie :
 Of whom he learned had in secret wise
 The hidden cause of their captivitie ;
 How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
 Through wastfull pride, and wanton riotise,
 They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,
 Provokt with Wrath, and Envyes false furmise,
 Condemned to that dongeon mercilesse,
 Where they should live in wo, and dye in wretchednesse.

XLVII. There

XLVII.

There was that great proud king of Babylon ;
 That would compell all nations to adore,
 And him as onely God to call upon,
 Till through celestiaall doome, thrown out of dore,
 Into an oxe he was transformd of yore.
 There also was king Croesus, that enhaunf
 His hart too high through his great richeffe store :
 And proud Antiochus, the which advaunf
 His curfed hand gainst God, and on his altares daunf.

XLVIII.

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 under all, yet above all in pride,
 That name of native fyre did fowle upbrayd,
 And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide ;
 Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.

XLIX.

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

L.

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 Sthenoboea, that her selfe did choke
 With wilfull chord, for wanting of her will ;
 High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
 Of aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill :
 And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon fill :

LI.

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles,
 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 that dongeon lay,
 Fell from high princes courtes, or ladies bowres ;
 Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
 Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse howres,
 And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

LII.

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

LIII.

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

CANTO VI.

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

I.

AS when a ship, that flies fayre under sayle,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile ;
The mariner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To ioy at his fool-happie oversight :
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
The dreadlesse corage of this elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his fight.

II.

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

III.

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 have 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 love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

IV.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while,
 And looking lovely, and oft sighing sore,
 Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile :
 But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhore ;
 As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.
 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'enforce her chastitye.

V.

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
 And subtile engines bett from batteree ;
 With greedy force he gan the fort assaile,
 Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
 And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
 Ah heavens ! that doe this hideous act behold,
 And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
 How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,
 And hurle not flashing flames upon that paynim bold ?

VI.

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
 Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes ;
 (The last vaine helpe of wemens greate distresse)
 And with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes ;
 That molten starres do drop like weeping eyes ;
 And Phoebus flying so most shameful fight
 His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
 And hydes for shame. what witt of mortall wight,
 Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a plight ?

VII.

Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,
 Where none appeares can make her selfe a way :
 A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
 From lyons clawes 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 away
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
 Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sounnd :

VIII. Who,

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

She more amazd in double dread doth dwell;
 And every 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 every lim
 With change of feare, to see the lyon looke so grim.

XI.

Such fearefull fitt affaid her trembling hart;
 Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to move she had:
 The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
 And read her sorrow in her cont'nance sad;
 Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,
 And rustick horror all asyde 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.

XII. The

XII.

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, in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
 Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth ;
 And all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
 Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance fayne.

XIII.

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

XIV.

And all the way their merry pipes they found,
 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 governing,
 And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout ;
 And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

XV.

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

XVI.

The wood-borne 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 never had so sober mood:
 Sometimes Diana he her takes to be;
 But misseth bow and shaftes and buskins to her knee.

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX.

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 wel-deserved name :
 He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
 And fild far landes with glorie of his might ;
 Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
 And ever lov'd to fight for ladies right ;
 But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

XXI.

A fatyres sonne yborne in Forrest wyld,
 By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
 And there begotten of a lady myld,
 Fayre Thyamis the daughter of Labryde ;
 That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
 To Therion, a loofe unruly swayne :
 Who had more ioy to raunge the Forrest wyde,
 And chafe the salvage beaste with busie payne,
 Then serve his ladies love, and waste in pleasures vayne.

XXII.

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,
 And could not lacke her lovers company ;
 But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
 And seeke her spoufe, that from her still does fly,
 And followes other game and venery :
 A fatyre chaunst her wandring for to find,
 And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
 The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
 And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

XXIII.

So long in secret cabin there he held
 Her captive to his sensuall desyre ;
 Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
 And bore a boy unto that salvage fyre :
 Then home he suffred her for to retyre ;
 For ranfome leaving him the late-borne childe :
 Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
 He noursed up in life and maners wilde,
 Emongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of men exilde.

XXIV. For

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

In these and like delightes of bloody game
 He trayned was, till ryper years 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
 Defyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
 And far abroad for straunge adventures sought ;
 In which his might was never overthrowne ;
 But through al faery lond his famous worth was blown.

XXX.

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

XXXI.

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

XXXII. But

XXXII.

But she, all vowd unto the red-crosse knight,
 His wandring perill closely did lament,
 Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight ;
 But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
 And all her witt in secret counfels spent,
 How to escape. at last in privy wise
 To Satyrane she shewed her intent ;
 Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
 How with that pensive maid he best might thence arise.

XXXIII.

So on a day when Satyres all were gone
 To do their service to Sylvanus old,
 The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
 He led away with corage stout and bold.
 Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
 Or ever hope recover her againe :
 In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
 So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
 That they the woods are past, and come now to the plaine.

XXXIV.

The better part now of the lingring day
 They traveild 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 betyde,
 Or tidings of her knight of the red-crosse ;
 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.

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

The knight approching nigh of him inquerd
 Tidings of warre, and of adventures new ;
 But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.
 Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,
 Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
 That in his armour bare a croslet red.

*Ay me ! d are dame, quoth he, well may I rew
 To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red ;
 These eies did see that knight both living and eke ded.*

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

Then gan the pilgrim thus, *I chaunst this day,
 This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
 To see two knights, in travell on my way,
 (A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,
 Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull bew :
 My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
 To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
 That dronke with blood, yet thirsted after life :
 What more ? the red-crosse knight was slain with paynim knife.*

XXXIX.

*Ab ! dearest lord, quoth she, how might that bee,
 And he the stoutest knight, that ever wonne ?
 Ab ! dearest dame, quoth he, how might I see
 The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne ?
 Where is, said Satyrane, that paynims sonne,
 That him of life, and us of ioy hath reste ?
 Not far away, quoth he, he hence doth wonne,
 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left
 Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele were cleft.*

XL.

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in haft,
 Whiles Una, with huge heavineffe opprest,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast ;
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
 Whereas that pagan proud himselfe did rest
 In secret shadow by a fountaine side :
 Even he it was, that earst would have supprest
 Faire Una ; whom when Satyrane espide,
 With foule reprochful words he boldly him deside ;

XLI.

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

XLII.

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

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
 That fainting each themselves to breathe lett;
 And ofte refreshed, battell oft renew.
 As when two bores, with rancling malice mett,
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett;
 Til breathlesse both themselves 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.

XLV.

So fierfly, 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 dreary wounds and bloody gore
 They both deformed, scarcely could bee known.
 By this sad Una fraught with anguish fore,
 Led with their noise which through the aire was thrown,
 Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blood had sown.

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

*O foolish faeries sonne, what fury mad
 Hath thee incens'd to hast thy dolefull fate?
 Were it not better I that lady had,
 Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
 Most sencelesse man be, that himselfe doth hate
 To love another: lo then for thine ayd
 Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.*

So they to fight; the whiles the royall mayd
 Fledd farre away, of that proud paynim fore afraid.

XLVIII. But

XLVIII.

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

CANTO VII.

*The red-crosse knight is captive made,
 By gyaunt proud opprest :
 Prince Arthure meets with Una great-
 ly with those newes distrest.*

I.

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

II.

Who when, returning from the dreery Night,
 She fownd not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
 Where she had left, the noble red-crosse 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 fyde,
 Disarmed all of yron-coted plate ;
 And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

III. Hee

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,
 And lying downe upon 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 chaunged powres at first themselves not felt ;
 Till crudled cold his corage gan assayle,
 And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
 Which like a fever fit through all his bodie swelt.

VII.

Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
 Poured out in loofnesse on the grassy grownd,
 Both carelesse of his health and of his fame:
 Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sounnd,
 Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
 That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
 And trees did tremble. th' else therewith astownd,
 Upstart lightly from his loofer make,
 And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

VIII.

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

IX.

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
 And bluftring Aeolus his boasted fyre;
 Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
 And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,
 That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time,
 In which the wombes of wemen do expyre,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slyme,
 Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with sinfull cryme.

X.

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
 Upon a snaggy oke, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he disfnayde.

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

As when that divelish 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,
 Conceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill
 With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke ;
 That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Through smouldry cloud of dulkish stincking smoke ;
 That th' only breath him daunts, who hath escapt the stroke.

XIV.

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

XV.

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 new-found make.
 Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse ;
 And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
 Him to his castle brought, with hastie forse,
 And in a dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
 That to the hous of heavenly gods it raught ;
 And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
 The ever-burning lamps from thence it braught,
 And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught ;
 And underneath his filthy feet did tread
 The sacred thinges, and holy heastes fortaught.
 Upon this dreadfull beast with sevenfold head
 He sett the false Dueessa, for more aw and dread.

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII.

O lightfome day (the lampe of higheft Iove,
 Firft made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
 When darkneffe he in deepeft dongeon drove)
 Henceforth thy bated face for ever kyde,
 And ſhut up heavens windowes ſhyning wyde ;
 For earthly fight can nought but ſorrow breed,
 And late repentance, which ſhall long abyde.
 Mine eyes no more on vanitie ſhall feed,
 But ſealed up with death ſhall have their deadly meed.

XXIV.

Then downe againe ſhe fell unto the ground ;
 But he her quickly reared up againe :
 Thrife did ſhe finke adowne in deadly ſwound,
 And thrife he her reviv'd with buſie paine.
 At laſt when life recover'd had the raine,
 And over-wreſtled his ſtrong enemy,
 With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
 Tell on, quoth ſhe, the woeful tragedy,
 The which theſe reliques ſad preſent unto mine eye.

XXV.

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

XXVI.

Then gan the dwarfe the whole diſcourſe declare ;
 The ſubtile traines of Archimago old ;
 The wanton loves of falſe Fideſſa fayre,
 Bought with the blood of vanquiſht paynim bold ;
 The wretched payre transformd to treen mould ;
 The houſe of Pryde, and perilles round about ;
 The combat, which he with Sansioy did hould ;
 The luckleſſe conflict with the gyaunt ſtout,
 Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he ſtood in doubt.

XXVII. She

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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 strove for to amaze the weaker fights ;
 Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
 In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious flights ;
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
 Of mother-perle, and buckled with a golden tong.

XXXI. His

XXXI.

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 over all did spredd
 His golden winges; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
 Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd;
 That suddeine horreur to faint hartes did show:
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

XXXII.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
 A bounch of heares discolourd diversly,
 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 brave bedecked daintily;
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At everie little breath, that under heaven is blowne.

XXXIII.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
 Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
 Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
 (Such earthly mettals soon 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 never percen could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
 Nor bloody wordes of bold enchaunters call ;
 But all that was not such as seemd in fight
 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.

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX. *What*

XXXIX.

*What worlds delight, or ioy of living 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 upon my bitter bale.
 Such helpleffe harmes yts better hidden keep,
 Then rip up grieffe, where it may not availe;
 My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile.*

XL.

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

XLI.

*O but, quoth she, great grieffe will not be tould,
 And can more easily be thought, then said.
 Right so, quoth he, but he, that never would,
 Could never: will to might gives greatest aid.
 But grieffe, quoth she, does greater grow displaid,
 If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.
 Despaire breeds not, quoth he, where faith is staid.
 No faith so fast, quoth she, but flesh does paire.
 Flesh may empaire, quoth he, but reason can repaire.*

XLII.

*His goodly reason and well-guided speach
 So deepe did settle in her gracious thought;
 That her perswaded to disclose the breach,
 Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;
 And said, Faire sir, I hope good hap hath brought
 You to inquere the secrets of my grieffe;
 Or that your wisdom will direct my thought;
 Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:
 Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you brieffe.*

XLIII.

The forlorne maiden, whom your eies have seene
 The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
 Am th' onely daughter of a king and queene,
 Whose parents deare (whiles equal destinies
 Did runne about, and their felicities
 The favourable heavens did not envy)
 Did spread their rule through all the territories,
 Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
 And Gebons golden waves doe wash continually :

XLIV.

Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
 An huge great dragon, horrible in sight,
 Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
 With murdrous ravine, and devouring might,
 Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight :
 Themselves, for feare into his iawes to fall,
 He forst to castle strong to take their flight ;
 Where fast embard in mighty brasen wall,
 He has them now four years besiegd to make them thrall.

XLV.

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

XLVI.

At last, yled with far-reported praise,
 Which flying fame throughout the world had spread,
 Of doughty knights, whom fary land did raise,
 That noble order hight of maidenbed,
 Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
 (Of Gloriane, great queene of glory bright)
 Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red ;
 There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
 That parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

*And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
 His biting sword, and his devouring speare,
 Which have endured many a dreadful stowre,
 Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
 And well could rule; now he hath left you beare
 To be the record of his ruefull losse,
 And of my dolefull disaventurous deare.
 O heavie record of the good red-crosse,
 Where have yee left your lord, that could so well you tesse?*

XLIX.

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

L.

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

LI.

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

LII.

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

CANTO VIII.

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

I.

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

II.

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

III.

So with his squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towardses that castle wall;
Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living wight
To warde the same, nor 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 over all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

IV. Was

IV.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling fownd,
 But trembling feare did feel in every vaine :
 Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
 And ecchoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe :
 No faulfe 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 noife flew open quite, or braist.

V.

The same before the geaunts gate he blew,
 That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
 And every dore of free-will open flew.
 The gyaunt selfe dismaied with that fownd,
 Where he with his Dueffa 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.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
 And eke impatient of unwonted 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 neighbour woods around with hollow murmur ring.

XII. That

XII.

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

XIII.

The proud Dueffa, 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 overthroe,
 Scorning the let of so unequall foe :
 But nathemore would that corageous swayne
 To her yeeld passage, gainst his lord to goe ;
 But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
 And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI. And

XVI.

And high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
 Stroke one of those deformed heades so fore,
 That of his puiffaunce proud ensample made ;
 His monstrosus scalpe down to his teeth it tore,
 And that misformed shape misshaped more :
 A fea of blood gusht from the gaping wownd,
 That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
 And overflowed all the field arownd ;
 That over shoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beaft, amazd
 At flashing beames of that fun-shiny shield,
 Became stark blind, and all his fences dazd ;
 That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
 And seemd himfelfe as conquered to yield.
 Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
 Unto the gyaunt lowdly she gan call,

O helpe, Orgoglio, helpe, or els we perish all.

XXI.

At her so pitteous cry was much amoov'd
 Her champion stout ; and, for to ayde his frend,
 Againe his wonted angry weapon prov'd,
 But all in vaine ; for he has redd his end
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
 Themselves 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 eye, and daunts the fences quight.

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

*But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling,
Have made you master of the field this day,
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
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 dangeon lay;
Where he his better dayes bath wasted all.*

O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call!

XXIX.

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his squyre,
That scarlet whore to keepe[n] carefully:
Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
Into the castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye:
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call;
But no man car'd to answere to his crye:
There raignd a solemne silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or hall.

XXX.

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 unused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

XXXI.

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

XXXII. His

XXXII.

His reverend heares and holy gravitee
 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 puiffaunce fell
 Had made his caytive thrall. againe he sayde,
 He could not tell ; ne ever other answere made.

XXXIII.

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 fyre, it seemes thou hast not red*
How ill it fits with that same silver bed,
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee :
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrabed
With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wise, what I demaund of thee.

XXXIV.

His answere likewise was, he could not tell.
 Whose fencelesse speech, and doted ignorance,
 Whenas the noble prince had marked well,
 He ghest his nature by his countenance ;
 And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance.
 Then to him stepping, from his arme did reache
 Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
 Each dore he opened without any breach :
 There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

XXXV.

There all within full rich arayd he found,
 With royall arras, and resplendent gold,
 And did with store of every thing abound,
 That greatest princes prefence 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 over it was strowed new.

XXXVI. And

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

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

XL.

But neither 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 up to reare;
 Whose feeble thighes, unhable to uphold
 His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare;
 A rueful spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

XLI.

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

XLII.

Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran
 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, *Ab dearest lord! what evil starre*
On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming bew your manly looks doth marre?

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

*Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,
 The things, that grievous 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 bath this lesson deare
 Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
 That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.*

XLV.

*Henceforth, sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
 And maister these mishaps with patient might :
 Loe where 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 live, or die.
 To doe her die, quoth Una, were despight,
 And shame t'avenge so weake an enemy ;
 But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.*

XLVI.

*So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
 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 despoyld her tire and call,
 Such, as she was, their eies might her behold,
 That her misshaped parts did them appall,
 A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
 Whose secreet filth good manners biddeth not be told.*

XLVII.

*Her crafty head was altogether bald,
 And, as in hate of honorable eld,
 Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald ;
 Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
 And her sowre breath abhominably smeld ;
 Her dried dugs, 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 have loathd all womankind.*

XLVIII. Her

XLVIII.

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 fecte most monstrous were in fight ;
 For one of them was like an eagles claw,
 With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight ;
 The other like a beares uneven paw.
 More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

XLIX.

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

L.

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

C A N T O IX.

*His loves and lignage Arthure tells :
The knights knitt friendly bands :
Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,
Whom red-cros knight withstands.*

I.

O Goodly golden chayne, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize ;
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave pourfuit of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him, in need that stands ;
But friendly each did others praise devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good prince redeemed the red-crosse knight from bands.

II.

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

III.

*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 hevens light,
From mother's pap I taken was unfitt,
And streight deliver'd to a fary knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.*

IV. Unto

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

Well worthy impe, said then the lady gent,
 And pupil fitt for such a tutors hand.
 But what adventure, or what high intent
 Hath brought you hether into fary land,
 Aread, prince Artbure, crowne of martiall band?
 Full hard it is, quoth he, to read aright
 The course of heavenly cause, or understand
 The secret meaning of th'eternall might,
 That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of living wight.

VII.

For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
 Me hither sent, for cause to me unghest ;
 Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
 Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
 With forced fury following his bebest,
 Me hether brought by wayes yet never found ;
 You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest.
 Ah courteous knight, quoth she, what secret wound
 Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on ground ?

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI.

But all in vaine ; no fort can be so strong,
 Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sounnd,
 But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
 Or unawares at disadvantage 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,
 Dotb soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
 And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most despight.

XII. Ensample

XII.

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

XIII.

*Forweariéd 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 helmett fayre displayd :
 Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
 And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
 Me seemed, by my side a royall mayd
 Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay :
 So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.*

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI. Thus

XVI.

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,
 And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
 Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
 And hide the smoke, that did his fire display;
 Till gentle Una thus to him gan say,
*O happy queene of faries, that hast found
 Mongst many one, that with his prowesse may
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound.
 True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground.*

XVII.

Thine, o! then said the gentle red-crosse knight,
*Next to that ladies love, shal be the place,
 O fayrest virgin, full of heavenly 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,
 (Yf living man mote worthie be) to be her lief.*

XVIII.

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

XIX.

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

XX. Thus

XX.

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

XXI.

So as they traveld, lo they gan espy
 An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
 That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
 Or other grievly 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 braft,
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
 As he had been a fole of Pegafus his kynd.

XXII.

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

XXIII.

The red-crosse knight toward him crossed fast,
 To weet what mister wight was so dismayd :
 There him he findes all fencelesse and aghast,
 That of himselve he seemd to be afraid ;
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
 Till he these wordes to him deliver might ;
*Sir knight, aread, who bath ye thus arayd,
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight ?
 For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.*

XXIV. He

XXIV.

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
 Infernall Furies with their chaines untyde.
 Him yett againe, and yett againe bespake
 The gentle knight, who nought to him replyde ;
 But trembling every ioynt did inly quake,
 And soltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to shake ;

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII. *From*

XXVIII.

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 wbyleare,
 A man of hell, that calls himselfe Despayre:
 Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes
 Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare:
 So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,
 Inquireth of our states and of our knightly deedes.

XXIX.

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

XXX.

With which sad instrument of hasty death,
 That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
 A wyde way made to let forth living breath.
 But I more fearfull, 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 never let his charmed speaches heare!

XXXI.

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 bonny mealt'h
 Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine,
 That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
 His powre is rest, and weaknes doth remaine.
 O never, sir, desire to try his guilefull traine!

XXXII.

*Certes, said he, hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachours art have heard and tryde :
And you, sir knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde.
I that hight Trevisan, quoth he, will ryde
Against my liking backe, to doe you grace :
But not for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place ;
For lever had I die then see his deadly face.*

XXXIII.

Ere long they come, where that fame wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcafes doth crave :
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle ;
And all about it wandering ghostes did wayle and howle :

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
 With thornes together pind and patched was,
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts :
 And him beside there lay upon 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.

XXXVII.

Which piteous spectacle approving trew
 The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
 Whenas the gentle red-crosse knight did vew,
 With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
 Him to avenge, before his blood were cold ;
 And to the villein sayd, *Thou damned wight,*
The outbour of this fact we here behold,
What iustice can but iudge against thee right,
With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in fight ?

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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

XLI.

*The knight much wondred at his fuddeine wit,
 And sayd, The terme of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong, nor skorten it :
 The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
 Nor leave his stand, untill his captaine bed.
 Who life did limit by almighty doome,
 Quoth he, knowes best the termes established ;
 And he, that points the centonell his roome,
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.*

XLII.

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

XLIII.

*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 avengement,
 Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent :
 For life must life, and blood must blood repay.
 Is not enough thy evill life forespent ?
 For he, that once hath missed the right way,
 The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.*

XLIV. Then

XLIV.

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

XLV.

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

XLVI.

Why then doeſt thou, o man of ſin, deſire
 To draw thy dayes forth to their laſt degree ?
 Is not the meature of thy ſinfull hire
 High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
 Againſt the day of wrath, to burden thee ?
 Is not enough, that to this lady mild
 Thou falſed haſt thy faith with periuree,
 And ſold thy ſelfe to ſerue Dueſſa wild,
 With whom in all abuſe thou haſt thy ſelfe defild ?

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

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

L.

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

LI.

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

LII. Which

LII.

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
 The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
 As in a swowne: but soone reliv'd againe,
 Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
 And to him said, *Fie, fie, faint-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?

LIII.

Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshy wight,
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
 Ne diuvelish 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 greater grace;
 The which doth quench the brond of bellish smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed place.

LIV.

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
 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 himselfe, unbid, unblest.
 But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
 For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
 Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
 Till he should die his last, that is eternally;

C A N T O X.

*Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
To house of holinesse ;
Where he is taught repentaunce, and
The way to hevenly blesse.*

I.

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 fiedle most cowardly doth fly ?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory :
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

II.

By that which lately hapned Una saw
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 unfitt for bloody fight.
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III.

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

IV. Dame

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

There fayrely them receives a gentle squyre,
 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 Reverence: he them with speeches meet
 Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
 But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
 As might become a squyre so great persons to greet.

VIII.

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 up arose with seemly grace,
 And toward them full matronely did pace.
 Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
 Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
 Her heart with ioy unwonted inly sweld,
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld :

IX.

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

X.

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 evill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way.
O foolish men, why hast ye to your own decay ?

XI.

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 prayfes and broad-blazed fame,
That up to heven is blowne. the auncient dame,
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
 And enterteynd them both, as best became,
 With all the court'fies that she could devyse,
 Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

XII. Thus

XII.

Thus as they gan of fondrie thinges devise,
 Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
 Ylinked arme in arme, in lovely wife ;
 With countenance demure and modest grace
 They numbred even steps and equall pace :
 Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
 Like funny beames threw from her christall face,
 That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
 And round about her head did shine like hevens light.

XIII.

She was araied all in lilly white,
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
 With wine and water fild up to the hight,
 In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
 That horrour made to all that did behold ;
 But she no whitt did chaunge 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 understood.

XIV.

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

XV.

They seeing Una, 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 themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
 And him salute with well-beseeming glee ;
 Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
 And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

XVI.

Then Una thus, *But she your sister deare,
The deare Chariffa, 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 her trouble sore;
But thank be God, and her encrease so evermore.*

XVII.

Then said 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 forwearied be: therefore a whyle
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.
Then called she a groome, that forth him ledd
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd:
His name was meeke Obedience rightfully aredd.*

XVIII.

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

XIX.

And that her sacred booke, with blood ywritt,
That none could reade except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosed every whitt;
And heavenly documents thereout did preach
(That weaker witt of man could never reach)
Of God, of grace, of iustice, of free-will;
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
For she was hable with her wordes to kill,
And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

XX. And

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

But wife Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
 And taught him how to take assured hold
 Upon her silver anchor, as was meet ;
 Els has his finnes so great and manifold
 Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
 In this distressed doubtfull agony,
 When him his dearest Una did behold,
 Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
 She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity ;

XXIII.

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 advisement right ;
 And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
 To fetch a leach; the which had great insight .
 In that disease of grieved conscience,
 And well could cure the same ; his name was Patience.

XXIV. Who

XXIV.

Who comming to that fowle-diseafed knight,
 Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
 Which knowne, and all, that noyd his heavie fpright,
 Well fearcht, eftfoones he gan apply relief
 Of falves and med'cines, which had paffing prief;
 And thereto added wordes of wondrous might:
 By which to ease he him recured brief,
 And much afwag'd the paffion of his plight,
 That he his paine endur'd, as feeming now more light.

XXV.

But yet the caufe and root of all his ill,
 Inward corruption and infected fin,
 Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained ftill,
 And festring fore did ranckle yett within,
 Clofe creeping twixt the marow and the skin:
 Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
 Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
 Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
 And with ftreight diet tame his ftubborne malady.

XXVI.

In afhes and fackcloth he did array
 His daintie corfe, proud humors to abate;
 And dieted with fasting every day,
 The fwelling of his woundes to mitigate;
 And made him pray both earely and eke late:
 And ever as fuperfluous flefh did rott,
 Amendment readie ftill at hand did wayt,
 To pluck it out with pincers fyrie-whott,
 That foone in him was lefte no one corrupted iott.

XXVII.

And bitter Penaunce with an yron whip,
 Was wont him once to difple every day:
 And fharp Remorfe his hart did prick and nip,
 That drops of blood thence like a well did play:
 And sad Repentance used to embay
 His body in falt water smarting fore,
 The filthy blottes of fin to wash away.
 So in fhort fpace they did to health reftore
 The man that would not live, but erft lay at deathes dore.

XXVIII. In

XXVIII.

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 eat.
 His owne deare Una hearing evermore
 His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
 Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
 For pittie of his payne and anguish sore :
 Yet all with patience wisely she did beare ;
 For well she wist his cryme could els be never cleare.

XXIX.

Whom thus recover'd by wise Patience,
 And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought ;
 Who ioyous of his cured conscience,
 Him dearly 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 Una brought this unacquainted guest.

XXX.

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

XXXI.

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

XXXII. The

XXXII.

The knight and Una 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 Una her befought to be so good,
 As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
 Now after all his torment well withstood
 In that sad house of Penaunce, where his spright
 Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring night.

XXXIII.

She was right ioyous of her iust request ;
 And taking by the hand that faeries sonne,
 Gan him instruct in everie good behest
 Of love, 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 heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

Eftfoones unto an holy hospitall,
 That was foreby the way, she did him bring;
 In which seven bead-men, that had vowed all
 Their life to service of high heavens king,
 Did spend their daies in doing godly thing:
 Their gates to all were open evermore,
 That by the wearie way were traveiling;
 And one fate wayting ever them before,
 To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

XXXVII.

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
 Of all the house had charge and government,
 As guardian and steward of the rest:
 His office was to give entertainment
 And lodging unto all that came and went;
 Not unto such as could him feast againe,
 And double quite for that he on them spent;
 But such, as want of harbour did constraine:
 Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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

XLI.

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
 And comfort thofe in point of death which lay ;
 For them moft needeth comfort in the end,
 When fin, and hell, and death doe moft difmay
 The feeble foule departing hence away.
 All is but loft, that living we beftow,
 If not well ended at our dying day.
 O man ! have mind of that laft bitter throw ;
 For as the tree does fall, fo lyes it ever low.

XLII.

The fixt had charge of them now being dead,
 In feemely fort their corfes to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
 That to their heavenly fpoufe both fweet and brave
 They might appeare, when he their foules fhall fave.
 The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
 Whofe face he made all beaftes to feare, and gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour fhould.
 Ah, deareft God, me graunt, I dead be not defould !

XLIII.

The feventh, now after death and buriall done,
 Had charge the tender orphans of the dead,
 And wydowes ayd, leaft they fhould be undone :
 In face of iudgement he their right would plead,
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
 In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
 Be wonne their rightfull caufes downe to tread :
 And when they stood in moft neceffitee,
 He did fupply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV. There

XLIV.

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

XLV.

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

XLVI.

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 devotion,
 Ne other worldly busines did apply :
 His name was heavenly Contemplation ;
 Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

XLVII.

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

XLVIII.

There they doe finde that godly aged fire,
 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 every sinew seene, through his long fast :
 For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed ;
 His mind was full of spirituall repast,
 And pyn'd his flesh to keep his body low and chaste.

XLIX.

Who, when these two approaching he aspide,
 At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
 That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside ;
 And had he not that dame respected more,
 Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
 He would not once have moved for the knight.
 They him saluted standing far afore ;
 Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
 And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious hight ?

L.

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

LI.

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

LII.

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

LIII.

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 upon; where, writt in stone
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,
 The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
 He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone:

LIV.

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

LV.

From thence, far off he unto 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 and strong
 Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
 Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
 Too high a ditty for my simple song:
 The citty of the greate king hight it well,
 Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

LVI.

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
 The blessed angels to and fro descend
 From highest heven in gladsome companee,
 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 unto the starry sphere,
 And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

LVII.

*Faire knight, quoth 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 pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
 On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam,
 That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt :*
*Now are they saints all in that citty sam,
 More dear unto their God then younglings to their dam.*

LVIII.

*Till now, said then the knight, I weened well,
 That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
 In which that fairest fary queene doth dwell
 The fairest citty was, that might be scene ;
 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,
 And this bright angels towre quite dims that towrre of glas.*

LIX.

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

LX.

*And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
 How ever now accompted elvins sonne,
 Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
 To aide a virgin desolate fordonne.
 But when thou famous victorie 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, and wars but sorrows yield.*

LXI.

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

LXII.

*Unworthy wretch, quoth he, of so great grace,
 How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?
 These that have it attaynd, were in like cace,
 Quoth he, as wretched, and liv'd in like paine.
 But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
 And ladies love to leave, so dearely bought?
 What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,
 Said he, and battailes none are to be fought?
 As for loose loves they are vaine, and vanish into nought.*

LXIII.

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

LXIV. *Then*

LXIV.

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

LXV.

*For well I wote thou springst from ancient race
 Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
 And many bloody battailes fought in place,
 High reard their royall throne in Britane land,
 And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
 From thence a faery thee unweeting rest,
 There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
 And her base elfin brood there for thee left:
 Such men do chaungelings call, so chaung'd by faeries theft.*

LXVI.

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

LXVII.

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

LXVIII.

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

CANTO XI.

*The knight with that old dragon fights
 Two dayes incessantly :
 The third, him overthrowes, and gayns
 Most glorious victory.*

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

O gently come into my feeble brest,
 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 sounnd,
 The God of warre with his fiers equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sounnd ;
 And scared nations doest with horror sterne astounnd.

VII.

Fayre Goddeffe, lay that furious fitt afyde,
 Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe fing,
 And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
 Twixt that great faery queene and paynim king,
 That with their horror heven and earth did ring;
 A worke of labour long and endleffe prayse:
 But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
 And to my tunes thy second tenor raife,
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

VIII.

By this, the dreadful beaft drew nigh to hand,
 Halfe flying and halfe footing in his hafte,
 That with his largeneffe measured much land,
 And made wide shadow under his huge waste;
 As mountaine doth the valley overcafte.
 Approching nigh, he reared high afore
 His body monftrous, horrible, and vafte;
 Which, to increafe his wondrous greatnes more,
 Was fwoln with wrath and poyfon and with bloody gore;

IX.

And over all with brafen scales was armd,
 Like plated cote of fteele, fo couched neare
 That nought mote perce, ne might his corfe bee harmd
 With dint of fwerd, nor push of pointed fpeare:
 Which, as an eagle, feeing pray appeare,
 His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight;
 So fhaked he, that horror was to heare:
 For, as the clafhing of an armor bright,
 Such noyfe his rouzed scales did fend unto the knight.

X.

His flaggy winges, when forth he did difplay,
 Were like two fayles, 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 canvas lynd;
 With which whenas him lift the ayre to beat,
 And there by force unwonted paffage fynd,
 The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
 And all the hevens stood still amazed with his threat.

XI.

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

XII.

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

XIII.

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 devoured bodies did appeare,
 That fight thereof bredd cold congealed feare ;
 Which to increase, and all at once to kill,
 A cloud of smothering smoke and sulphure feare
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
 That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

XIV.

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

XV.

So dreadfully he towardes him did pas,
 Forelifing up aloft his speckled brest,
 And often bounding on the brused gras,
 As for great ioyance of his new-come gueft.
 Eftfoones he gan advance his haughty crest;
 As chauffed bore his bristles doth upreare;
 And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest;
 That made the red-crosse knight nigh quake for feare,
 As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

XVI.

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

XVII.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
 And fresh encounter towardes 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 avenged of so great despight;
 For never felt his imperceable brest
 So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
 Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puiffant knight.

XVIII.

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

XIX.

Long he them bore above the subject 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 hagarð hauke presuming to contend
 With hardy fowle, above his hable might,
 His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
 To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight ;
 Which comming down to ground does free itselfe by fight.

XX.

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 unto the stroake he layd ;
 Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
 And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
 Close under his left wing, then broad displayd ;
 The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
 That with the uncouth smart the monster lowdly cryde.

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII. His

XXIII.

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
 And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
 Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
 Striving to loofe the knott, that fast him tyes,
 Himfelfe in freighter bandes too rash implyes ;
 That to the ground he is perforce conftroynd
 To throw his ryder : who can quickly ryfe
 From off the earth, with durty blood diftaynd,
 For that reprochfull fall right fowly he difdaynd :

XXIV.

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
 With which he ftroke fo furious and fo fell,
 That nothing feemd the puiffaunce could withftand :
 Upon his creft the hardned yron fell ;
 But his more hardned creft was armd fo well,
 That deeper dint therein it would not make ;
 Yet fo extremely did the buffe him quell,
 That from thenceforth he fhund the like to take,
 But when he faw them come, he did them ftill forfake.

XXV.

The knight was wroth to fee his ftroke beguyld,
 And fmot againe with more outrageous might ;
 But backe againe the fparcling Steele recoyld,
 And left not any marke, where it did light ;
 As if in adamant rocke it had beene pight.
 The beaft impatient of his fmarting wound,
 And of fo fierce and forcible defpight,
 Thought with his winges to ftye above the ground ;
 But his late wounded wing unferviceable found.

XXVI.

Then full of grief and anguifh vehement,
 He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard ;
 And from his wide devouring oven fent
 A flake of fire, that flafhing in his beard
 Him all amazd, and almoft made afeard :
 The fcorching flame fore fwinged all his face,
 And through his armour all his body feard,
 That he could not endure fo cruell cace,
 But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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

XXXI. Now

XXXI.

Now gan the golden Phoebus 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, having kest
 His wearie foe into that living well,
 Can high aduance his broad discoloured brest
 Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
 And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

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,
 Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
 And looked all about, if she might spy
 Her loved knight to move his manly pace :
 For she had great doubt of his safety,
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

XXXIV.

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
 Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay ;
 As eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
 Where he hath lefte his plumes all hory gray,
 And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
 Like cyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
 His newly-budded pineons to assay,
 And marveiles at himselfe, stil as he flies :
 So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

I wote not, whether the revenging 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 never could the force of fleshy arme,
 Ne molten mettall in his blood embrew:
 For till that stownd could never wight him harme,
 By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

XXXVII.

The cruell wound enraged him so fore,
 That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
 As hundred ramping lions seemd to rore,
 Whom ravenous 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 overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore:

XXXVIII.

The same advauncing high above his head,
 With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
 That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead,
 Ne living wight would have him life behott:
 The mortall sting his angry needle shott
 Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder feasd,
 Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott:
 The grieve thereof him wondrous fore diseasd,
 Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeasd.

XXXIX. But

XXXIX.

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
 Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
 From loathed foile he can him lightly reare,
 And strove to loofe the far-infixe d sting :
 Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
 And strooke fo strongly, that the knotty string
 Of his huge taile he quite asonder clefte ;
 Five ioints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him lefte.

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

Tho when he saw no power might prevaile,
 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 andvile use to fly,
 When heavy hammers on the wedg are fwaid ;
 Therewith at last he forst him to unty
 One of his grasping fete, him to defend thereby.

XLIII.

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 :
 Upon the ioint the lucky steele did light,
 And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine ;
 The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
 But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV.

For grieffe thereof and diuclish 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 cole-blacke clouds and filthy smoke,
 That al the land with stench, and heven with horror choke.

XLV.

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

XLVI.

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
 As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
 Whereof great vertues over all were redd :
 For happy life to all which thereon fedd,
 And life eke everlasting 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.

XLVII.

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
 Save in that foile, where all good things did grow,
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
 As incorrupted nature did them sow,
 Till that dredd dragon all did overthrow.
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof whofo did eat, eftfoones did know
 Both good and ill : o mournfull memory !
 That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to dy.

XLVIII.

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

XLIX.

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

L.

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

LI.

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

LII.

Then freshly up 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 have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
 When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
 As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
 He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare :
 Nathelesse with wonted rage he him advanccd neare :

LIII.

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
 He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
 And rusht upon him with outrageous pryde :
 Who him rencounting fierce, as hauke in flight,
 Perforce rebutted back. the weapon bright
 Taking advantage of his open iaw,
 Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
 That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
 And back retyrd, his life blood forth withall did draw.

LIV.

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

LV.

The knight himfelfe even trembled at his fall,
 So huge and horrible a maffe it feemd ;
 And his deare lady, that beheld it all,
 Durft not approach for dread, which ſhe miſdeemd ;
 But yet at laſt, whenas the direfull feend
 She ſaw not ſtirre, off-ſhaking vaine affright
 She nigher drew, and ſaw that ioyous end :
 Then God ſhe prayſd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
 That had atchieved ſo great a conqueſt by his might.

CANTO XII.

*Fayre Una to the red-croſſe knight
 Betrouthed is with ioy :
 Though falſe Dueſſa it to barre
 Her falſe ſleightes doe imploy.*

I.

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

II.

Scarſely had Phoebus in the glooming eaſt
 Yett harned his fyrie-footed teeme,
 Ne reard above the earth his flaming creaſt,
 When the laſt deadly ſmoke aloft did ſteeme,
 That ſigne of laſt out-breathed life did ſeeme
 Unto the watchman on the caſtle-wall ;
 Who thereby dead that balefull beaſt did deeme,
 And to his lord and lady lowd gan call,
 To tell how he had ſeene the dragons fatall fall.

III. Uproſe

III.

Uprose with hasty ioy, and feeble speed,
 That aged fyre, the lord of all that land,
 And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
 Those tydings were, as he did understand :
 Which whenas trew by tryall he out-fond,
 He badd to open wyde his brafen 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.

IV.

Then gan triumphant trompets sounnd on hye,
 That sent to heven 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 asssembled with one full confort;
 Reioycing at the fall of that great beast,
 From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII. And

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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 heaven sent,
 And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.
 But when they came where that dead dragon lay,
 Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
 The fight with ydle feare did them dismay,
 Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch or once assay.

X.

Some feard, and fledd; some feard, and well it faynd;
 One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
 Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
 Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
 Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
 Of many 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 move his eyes indeed.

XI.

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

XII.

Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about:
 The whiles that hoarie king with all his traine
 Being arrived, where that champion stout
 After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
 Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
 With princely gifts of yvory 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.

XIII.

And after to his pallace he them brings,
 With shaumes and trompets and with clarions sweet;
 And all the way the ioyous people sings,
 And with their garments strowes the paved street;
 Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet
 Of all, that royall princes court became;
 And all the floore was underneath their feet
 Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
 On which they lowly fitt, and fitting purpose frame.

XIV.

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

XV. Then

XV.

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

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

Ab dearest lord, said then that doughty knight,
 Of ease or rest I may not yet devize ;
 For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
 I bownden am streight after this emprize,
 (As that your daughter can ye well advise)
 Backe to retourne to that great faery queene,
 And her to serve fixe yeares in warlike wize,
 Gainst that proud paynim king, that works her teene :
 Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene.

XIX.

*Unhappy falls that hard necessity,
 Quoth he, the troubler of my happy peace,
 And vowed foe of my felicity ;
 Ne I against the same can justly preace.
 But since that band ye cannot now release,
 Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be wayne)
 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 :*

XX.

*Which for my part I covet to performe,
 In sort as through the world I did proclame,
 That whoeso kild that monster most deforme,
 And him in hardy battayle overcame,
 Should have 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 chevalree,
 Both daughter and eke kingdome lo I yield to thee.*

XXI.

*Then forth he called that his daughter fayre,
 The fairest Un', 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 herselfe in sight:*

XXII.

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

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

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

XXV.

All in the open hall amazed stood
 At suddeinneffe of that unwary fight,
 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 humbleffe he did make,
 And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight ;
 Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
 Which he disclosing, red thus, as the paper spake ;

XXVI.

“ 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 advized for the best,
 “ Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
 “ Of wedlocke to that new unknowen guest :
 “ For he already plighted his right hand
 “ Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII. “ To

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

" Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
 " Or falsē or trew, or living or else dead,
 " Withhold, o soverayne prince, your hasty hond
 " From knitting league with him, I you aread ;
 " Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
 " Through weakenesse of my widowed 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,

XXIX.

Fidesse.

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
 The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
 That still he sate long time astonished,
 As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
 At last his 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 adventurest ;
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

XXX.

What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd ?
What hevens, what altars, what enraged beates,
(Here heaped up with termes of love unkynd)
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bynd ?
High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame.
But if yourselve, sir knight, ye faulty fynd,
Or wrapped be in loves of former dame,
With cryme doe not it cover, but disclose the same.

XXXI. To

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

Then stepped forth the goodly royall mayd,
 And on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
 With sober countenance thus to him sayd,
O pardon me, my soveraine lord, to show
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have 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.

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

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

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX. During

XXXIX.

During the which there was an heavenly noife
 Heard fownd through all the pallace pleafantly,
 Like as it had bene many an Angels voice
 Singing before th' eternall maiefty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hye :
 Yett wift no creature whence that heavenly sweet
 Proceeded, yet each one felt fecretly
 Himfelfe thereby reſte of his fences meet,
 And raviſhed with rare impreſſion in his ſprite.

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

Now ſtrike your ſailes, yee iolly mariners,
 For we be come unto 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 have 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.



The second B O O K E of the

FAERY QUEENE

C O N T A Y N I N G

The Legend of Sir Guyon, or of Temperaunce.

I.



R I G H T well I wote, most mighty soveraine,
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' abundance of an ydle braiue
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of iust memory ;
Sith none that breatheth living aire doth know

Where is that happy land of faery,
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show ;
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

II.

But let that man with better fence advize,
That of the world least part to us is red ;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' indian Peru ?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The Amazons huge river, now found trew ?
Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever vew ?

III. Yet

III.

Yet all these were, when no man did them know,
 Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene ;
 And later times things more unknowne shall show.
 Why then should witleffe man so much misweene,
 That nothing is, but that which he hath seene ?
 What if within the moones fayre shining spheare,
 What if in every other starre unseene,
 Of other worldes he happily should heare ?
 He wonder would much more ; yet such to some appeare.

IV.

Of faery lond yet if he more inquire,
 By certein 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 thou, o fayrest princeffe under 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.

V.

The which o pardon me thus to enfold
 In covert 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 eare
 The brave adventures of this faery knight,
 The good sir Guyon, gratioufly to heare ;
 In whom great rule of temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

C A N T O I.

*Guyon, by Archimage abusd,
The red-crosse knight awaytes ;
Fyndes Mordant and Amavia slaine
With pleasures poisoned baytes.*

I.

THAT conning architect of cancred guyle,
Whom princes late displeasure left in bands
For falsed letters and suborned wyle,
Soone as the red-crosse knight he understands
To beene departed out of Eden landes,
To serve againe his soveraine elfin queene,
His artes he moves, and out of caytives handes
Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene ;
His shackles emptie lefte, himselfe escaped cleene :

II.

And forth he fares full of malicious mynd
To worken mischief and avenging woe,
Wherever he that godly knight may fynd,
His onely hart-fore and his onely foe ;
Sith Una now he algates must forgoe,
Whom his victorious handes did earst restore
To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe ;
Where she enjoyes sure peace for evermore,
As wether-beaten ship arryv'd on happie shore.

III.

Him therefore now the object of his spight
And deadly feude he makes : him to offend
By forged treason or by open fight
He seekes, of all his drifte the aymed end :
Thereto his subtile engins he does bend,
His practick witt and his fayre-fyled tonge,
With thousand other sleightes ; for well he kend
His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong :
For hardly could bee hurt, who was already stong.

IV. Still

IV.

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay,
 With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,
 And privy 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 flight :
 The fish that once was caught new bayt wil hardly byte.

V.

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.
 Upon the way him fortun'd to meete,
 Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,
 A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
 That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

VI.

His carriage was full comely and upright,
 His countenance demure and temperate ;
 But yett so sterne and terrible in fight,
 That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate :
 He was an elfin borne of noble state,
 And mickle worship in his native land ;
 Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,
 And knighthood tooke of good fir Huons hand,
 When with king Oberon he came to fary land.

VII.

Him als accompanyd upon the way
 A comely palmer, clad in black attyre,
 Of ripest 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 fage and sober fyre,
 And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,
 Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to tread.

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

Or rather would, (o would it so had chaunst !)
 That you, most noble sir, had present beene
 When that lewd rybould, with vyle lust advaunst,
 Laid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene,
 To spoyle her dainty corps so faire and sheene,
 As on the earth, great mother of us all,
 With living eye more fayre was never seene
 Of chastity and honour virginall :
Witnes ye heavens, whom she in vaine to help did call.

XI.

How may it be, sayd then the knight halfe wroth,
 That knight should knighthood ever so have shent ?
 None but that saw, quoth 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 ;
Tonge hates to tell the rest that eye to see abhord.

XII. Therewith

XII.

Therewith amoved from his sober mood,
And lives he yet, said he, that wrought this act,
And doen the heavens afford him vitall food?
He lives, 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 bound
The stricken deare doth chaleng by the bleeding wound.

XIII.

He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre
 And zealous haste away is quickly gone
 To seeke that knight, where him that crafty squyre
 Supposed to be. they do arrive anone
 Where fate a gentle lady all alone,
 With garments rent, and heare discheveled,
 Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone :
 Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
 And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

XIV.

The knight approching nigh thus to her said,
Faire lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,
Great pitty is to see you thus dismayd,
And marre the blossom of your beauty bright :
Forthy appease your grieffe and heavy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceived payne :
For if he live, that hath you doen despight,
He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,
Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

XV.

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 seen,
 But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
 Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
 As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene :

XVI.

Till her that squire bespake, *Madame, my liefe,*
For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,
But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you present.
For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment ?
When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
And the weake minde with double woe torment.
 When she her squire heard speake, she gan appeare
 Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

XVII.

Eftsoone she said, *Oh gentle trustie squire,*
What comfort can I wofull wretch conceive ?
Or why should ever I henceforth desyre
To see faire heavens face, and life not leave,
Sith that false traytour did my honour reave ?
False traytour certes, saide the faerie knight,
I read the man, that ever would deceave
A gentle lady, or her wrong through might :
 Death were too litle paine for such a fowle despight.

XVIII.

But now, *sayre lady, comfort to you make,*
And reade who hath ye wrought this shamefull plight ;
That short revenge the man may overtake,
Whereso he be, and soone upon him light.
Certes, saide she, I wote not how he hight,
But under him a gray steede he did wield,
Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight ;
Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
 He bore a bloodie crosse, that quartred all the field.

XIX.

Now by my head, saide Guyon, much I muse,
 How that same knight should doe so fowle amis,
 Or ever 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.

XX.

*Nathlesse be shortly shall againe be tryde,
 And fairely quit him of th' imputed blame;
 Els be ye sure be dearely shall abyde,
 Or make you good amendment for the same:
 All wrongs have mendes, but no amendes of shame.
 Now therefore, lady, rise out of your paine,
 And see the salving of your blotted name.*

Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine;
 For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine.

XXI.

Her purpose was not such as she did faine,
 Ne yet her person such as it was seene;
 But under simple shew and semblant plaine
 Lurkt false Dueffa secretly unseene,
 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 devisd
 To be her squire, and do her service well aguisd.

XXII.

Her late forlorne and naked he had found,
 Where she did wander in waste wilder nesse,
 Lurking in rockes and caves far under ground,
 And with greene mosse cov'ring her naked nesse,
 To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
 Sith her prince Arthur of proud ornaments
 And borrowd beauty spoyld. her nathel esse
 Th' enchaunter finding fit for his intents
 Did thus revest, and deckt with dew habiliments.

XXIII.

For all he did was to deceive 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 grieve him overcame,
 To see the red-crosse thus advanced hye;
 Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
 Against his praise to stirre up enmitye
 Of such, as vertues like mote unto him allye.

XXIV.

So now he Guyon guydes an uncouth way,
 Through woods and mountaines, till they came at last
 Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay
 Betwixt two hils, whose high heads overplast
 The valley did with coole shade overcast ;
 Through midst thereof a little river rold,
 By which there sate a knight with helme unlaste,
 Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
 After his travell long and labours manifold.

XXV.

*Lo yonder he, cryde Archimage alowd,
 That wrought the shamefull fact which I did shew ;
 And now he doth himselfe in secret sbrowd,
 To fly the vengeaunce 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 view.*
 So they him left inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
 That streight against that knight his speare he did addresse.

XXVI.

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 whenas still he saw him towards pace,
 He gan rencounter him in equall race.
 They bene ymett, both ready to affrap,
 When suddainly that warriour gan abace
 His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
 Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap ;

XXVII.

And cryde, *Mercie, sir knight, and mercie, Lord,
 For mine offence and beedelesse bardiment,
 That had almost committed crime abbord,
 And with reprochfull shame mine honour spent,
 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 uneach,
 Who prickt with courage kene did cruell battell breath.

XXVIII. But

XXVIII.

But when he heard him speake, streight way he knew
 His errour ; and, himselfe inclyning, sayd,
Ab deare sir Guyon, well becommeth you,
But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
Whose hasty hand so far from reason strayd,
That almost it did haynous violence
On that fayre ymage of that heavenly mayd,
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence :
Your court'se takes on you anothers dew offence.

XXIX.

So beene they both atone, and doen upreare
 Their bevers bright each other for to greet ;
 Goodly comportsunce each to other beare,
 And entertaine themselves with court'ies meet.
 Then saide the red-crosse knight, *Now mote I weet,*
Sir Guyon, why with so fierce saliaunce,
And fell intent, ye did at earst me meet ;
For sith I know your goodly gouvernaunce,
Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some uncouth chaunce.

XXX.

Certes, said he, *well mote I shame to tell*
The fond encheason that me bether 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 lady gent ;
Whick to avenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled : foule shame him follow wher he went.

XXXI.

So can he turne his earnest unto game,
 Through goodly handling and wise temperaunce.
 By this his aged guide in presence came,
 Who soone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
 Eftsoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
 Sith him in faery court he late avizd ;
 And said, *Fayre sonne, God give you happy chaunce,*
And that deare crosse uppon your shield devizd,
Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme agvizd.

XXXII.

*Ioy may you have and everlasting fame,
 Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
 For which enrolled is your glorious name.
 In heavenly regester's above the sunne,
 Where you a saint with saints your seat have wonne :
 But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
 Most now anew begin like race to runne.
 God guide thee, Guyon, well to end thy warke,
 And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke.*

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

*In this faire wize they traveld 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.*

XXXVI. *But*

XXXVI.

*But if that carelesse hevens, quoth she, despise
 The doome of iust revenge, and take delight
 To see sad pageaunts of mens miseries,
 As bound by them to live in lives despight ;
 Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
 Come then, come soone, come, sweetest death, to me,
 And take away this long lent loathed light :
 Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweete the medicines be,
 That long captived soules from weary thraldome free.*

XXXVII.

*But thou, sweete babe, whom frowning froward fate
 Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
 Sith heven thee deignes to hold in living state,
 Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall,
 Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall :
 Live 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 leave. so give me leave to rest.*

XXXVIII.

*With that a deadly shrieke she forth did throw,
 That through the wood re-echoed againe ;
 And after gave 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 launched, forth her bleeding life does raine,
 Whiles the sad pang approaching shee does feele,
 Braies out her latest breath, and up her eies doth seele.*

XXXIX.

*Which when that warriour heard, dismounting straiçt
 From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
 And soone arrived where that sad pourtraiçt
 Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick ;
 In whose white alabafter brest did stick
 A cruell knife, that made a griefly wownd,
 From which forth gusht a stream of gore-blood thick,
 That all her goodly garments staind arownd,
 And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd,*

XL.

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
 Beside a bubling fountaine low she lay,
 Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
 And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray ;
 Als in her lap a lovely 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 ever eie did vew.

XLI.

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

XLII.

Whom 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 fences seemd berefte attone :
 At last his mighty ghost gan deepe to grone,
 As lion, grudging in his great disdaine,
 Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone ;
 Til ruth and fraile affection did constraine
 His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

XLIII.

Out of her gored wound the cruell steel
 He lightly snatcht, and did the floodgate stop
 With his faire garment : then gan softly feel
 Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
 Of living blood yet in her veynes did hop :
 Which when he felt to move 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 living aire.

XLIV. Which

XLIV.

Which 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,
 What direfull chaunce armd with avenging fate,
 Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
 Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date ?*
Speake, o dear lady, speake : help never comes too late.

XLV.

Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,
 On which the dreary death did sitt, as fad
 As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare :
 But when as him, all in bright armour clad,
 Before her standing she espied had,
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
 She weakely started, yet she nothing drad :
 Streight downe againe herselfe in great despight
 She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

Then casting up a deadly looke, full low
 She sigh't 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 riven chest ;
*Leave, ah leave off, whatever wight thou bee,
 To lett a weary wretch from her dew rest,
 And trouble dying soules tranquilitie :*
Take not away now got, which none would give to me.

XLVIII.

*Ab far be it, said he, deare dame, fro mee;
 To hinder soule from her desired rest,
 Or bold sad life in long captivittee:
 For all I seeke is but to have 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 grieffe.*

XLIX.

*With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
 As heven accusing guilty of her death,
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
 In these sad wordes she spent her utmost breath;
 Heare then, o man, the sorrowes that uneach
 My tong can tell, so far all sence they pas:
 Loe this dead corpse, that lies here underneath,
 The gentlest knight, that ever on greene gras
 Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good sir Mordant was.*

L.

*Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
 My lord, my love, my deare lord, my deare love,
 So long as hevens iust with equall brow
 Vouchsafed to behold us from above:
 One day when him high corage did emmove,
 (As wont ye knightes to seeke adventures wilde)
 He pricked forth his puissant force to prove,
 Me then he left entwombed of this childe,
 This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with blood defild.*

LI.

*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 gulse, her dwelling is:
 Fayre sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne
 The cursed land where many wend anis,
 And know it by the name; it hight the bowre of blis.*

LII.

*Her blis is all in pleasure and delight,
 Wherewith she makes her lovers dronken mad;
 And then with words and weedes of wondrous might,
 On them she workes her will to uses bad:
 My liefest lord she thus beguiled had;
 For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frayltie breed)
 Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
 (Weake wretch) I wrapt myselfe in palmers weed,
 And cast to seek him forth through danger and great dread.*

LIII.

*Now had fayre Cynthia by even tournes,
 Full measured thre quarters of her yeare,
 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;
 The woods, the nymphes, my bowres, my midwives weare,
 Hard help at need. so deare thee, babe, I bought;
 Yet nought too dear I deemd, while so my deare I sought.*

LIV.

*Him so I sought, and so at last I fownd,
 Where him that witch had thrall'd 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 governaunce,
 I him recured to a better will,
 Purged from drugs of fowle intemperaunce;
 Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.*

LV.

*Which when the vile enchaunteresse perceiv'd,
 How that my lord from her I would reprove,
 With cup thus charmd him parting she deceiv'd;
 " Sad verse, give death to him that death does give;
 " And losse of love to her that loves to live,
 " So soone as Bacchus with the nympe does lincke:
 So parted we, and on our iourney drive,
 Till coming to this well, he stoupt to drinke:
 The charme fulfilld, dead suddainly he downe did sincke.*

LVI.

Which when I wretch—not one word more she sayd,
 But breaking off the end for want of breath,
 And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
 And ended all her woe in quiet death.
 That seeing, good fir Guyon could uneath
 From teares abstayne ; for grieve his hart did grate,
 And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
 Accusing fortune and too cruell fate,
 Which plonged had faire lady in so wretched state.

LVII.

Then turning to his palmer said, *Old syre,*
Behold the ymage of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshy tyre,
When raging passion with fierce tyranny
Robs reason of her dew regaletie,
And makes it servaunt 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 weake through smart.

LVIII.

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 grieve and dolefull tene :
Thrise happy man, who fares them both atweene.
But sith this wretched woman overcome,
Of anguish, rather then of crime, hath bene,
Reserve her cause to her eternall doome,
And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

LIX.

Palmer, quoth he, *death is an equall doome*
To good and bad, the common inne of rest ;
But after death the tryall is to come,
When best shall bee to them that lived best :
But both alike, when death hath both suppress,
Religious reverence 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, unburied bad to beene.

LX.

So both agree their bodies to engrave;
 The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
 And with sad cypresse seemely it emgrave;
 Then covering with a clod their closed eye,
 They lay therein those corfes tenderly,
 And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.
 But ere they did their utmost obsequy,
 Sir Guyon more affection to increace,
 Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should ay release.

LXI.

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
 With which he cutt a lock of all their heare,
 Which medling with their blood and earth he threw
 Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare;
*Such and such evil God on Guyon reare,
 And worse and worse, young orphane, be thy payne,
 If I or thou dew vengeauncè doe forbeare,
 Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtayne.*
 So shedding many teares they closd the earth agayne.

C A N T O II.

*Babes bloody handes may not be clenst.
The face of golden Meane:
Her sisters, two Extremities,
Strive her to banish cleane.*

I.

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

II.

*Ab lucklesse babe, borne under cruell starre,
And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
Full little weeneest thou what sorrowes are
Left thee for porcion of thy livelybed ;
Poore orphan, in the wide world scattered,
As budding braunch rent from the native 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.*

III.

Then soft himselfe inclyning on his knee
Downe to that well, did in the water weene
(So love does loath disdainefull nicitee)
His guiltie handes from bloody gore to cleene :
He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
For all his washing cleaner : still he strove,
Yet still the litle hands were bloody seene ;
The which him into great amaz'ment drove,
And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove,

IV. He

IV.

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 sore blood-guiltinesse he hat'th ;
 Or that the charme and veneme, which they dronck ;
 Their blood with secret filth infected hath,
 Being diffused through the senceless tronck,
 That through the great contagion direful deadly stonck !

V.

Whom thus at gaze the palmer gan to bord
 With goodly reason, and thus fayre bespake ;
*Ye bene right hard amated, gracious lord,
 And of your ignorance great merveill make,
 Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake.
 But know, that secret vertues are infusd
 In every fountaine and in everie lake,
 Which who hath skill them rightly to have chusd,
 To prooffe of passing wonders hath full often usd :*

VI.

*Of those some were so from their source indewd
 By great dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
 Their wel-heads spring, and are with moisture deawd ;
 Which feeds each living plant with liquid sap,
 And fillles with stowres 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,
 And thenceforth were renowmd, and sought from place to place.*

VII.

*Such is this well wrought by occasion straunge,
 Which to her nymph befell. upon a day,
 As she the woodes with bow and shaftes did raunge,
 The hartlesse kynd and roebucke 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 kynd from her, so she fled from her enemy.*

VIII. *At*

VIII.

*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 tearcs, and quite dismayd
 With stony feare of that rude rustick mate,
 Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.*

IX.

*Lo now she is that stone ; from whose two beads,
 As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
 Yet colde through feare and old conceived 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 waves with any filth be dyde ;
 But ever, like herselfe, unstayned hath beene tryde.*

X.

*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 innocence may tell,
 As she bequeathd in her last testament ;
 That as a sacred symbole it may dwell
 In her sonnes flesh, to mind revengement,
 And be for all chaste dames an endlesse monument.*

XI.

*He hearkned to his reason ; and the childe
 Uptaking, to the palmer gave to beare ;
 But his sad fathers armes with blood defilde
 (An heavie 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 thereare :
 By other accident, that earst befell,
 He is convaide ; but how or where, here fits not tell.*

XII. Which

XII.

Which when fir Guyon saw, all were he wroth,
 Yet algates mote he soft himseife appease,
 And fairely fare on foot, however loth :
 His double burden did him fore diseafe.
 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 fame,
 And wondrous strong by nature and by skilfull frame:

XIII.

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
 The children of one fyre by mothers three ;
 Who dying whylome did divide 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 strive and daily disagree ;
 The eldest did against the youngest goe,
 And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

XIV.

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right well
 Receiv'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.

XV.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
 And comely courted with meet modestie ;
 Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
 Was lightnesse seene or looser vanitie,
 But gracious womanhood and gravitie,
 Above the reason of her youthly yeares :
 Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
 In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
 Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

XVI. Whilest

XVI.

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 lavish fest :
 They were two knights of perelesse puissaunce,
 And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
 Which to these ladies love did countenance,
 And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to aduaunce.

XVII.

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

XVIII.

But he that lov'd the youngest was Sansloy,
 He that faire Una late fowle outraged,
 The most unruly and the boldest boy,
 That ever warlike weapons menaged,
 And all to lawlesse lust encouraged,
 Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might ;
 Ne ought he car'd whom he endamaged
 By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right ;
 He now this ladies champion chose for love to fight.

XIX.

These two gay knights, vovd to so diverse loves,
 Each other does envy with deadly hate,
 And daily warre against his foeman moves,
 In hope to win more favour with his mate,
 And th' others pleasing service to abate,
 To magnifie his owne. but when they heard
 How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
 Both knights and ladies forth right angry far'd,
 And fercely unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

XX. But

XX.

But ere they could proceede unto the place
 Where he abode, themselves 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 uprore 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.

XXI.

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
 To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond ;
 Where whenas two brave knightes in bloody fight
 With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
 His sun-broad shield about his wrest he bond,
 And shyning blade unsheathd, with which he ran
 Unto that stead, their strife to understond ;
 And at his first arrivall them began
 With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

XXII.

But they him spying, both with greedy forse
 Attonce upon 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 furbet,
 Whom they in equall pray hope to divide,
 They stint their strife and him assayle on everie side.

XXIII.

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 grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
 Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight,
 Gan with new rage their shieldes to hew and cut.
 But still when Guyon came to part their fight,
 With heaue load on him they freshly gan to smight.

XXIV.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
 Whom raging windes, threatning to make the pray
 Of the rough rockes, doe diversly diseafe,
 Meetes two contrarie billowes by the way,
 That her on either side doe fore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
 Shee scorning both their spights does make wide way,
 And with her brest breaking the fomy wave
 Does ride on both their backs, and faire herself doth save:

XXV.

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 invade,
 Before, behind, and round about him laies:
 So double was his paines, so double be his praise.

XXVI.

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 love to gaine,
 Which gotten was but hate. so love does raine
 In stoutest minds, and maketh monstros warre;
 He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
 And yett his peace is but continual iarre.
 O miserable men, that to him subiect arre!

XXVII.

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 before
 Besought them by the womb which them had born,
 And by the loves which were to them most deare,
 And by the knighthood which they sure had sworn,
 Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
 And to her iust conditions of faire peace to heare,

XXVIII. But

XXVIII.

But her two other sisters standing by
 Her lowd gainfald, and both their champions bad
 Pursew the end of their strong enmity,
 As ever of their loves they would be glad
 Yet she with pittthy words and counsell fad
 Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke :
 That at the last suppressing fury mad
 They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
 And hearken to the sober speaches which she spoke ;

XXIX.

*Ab, puissaunt lords, what cursed evill spright,
 Or fell Erinmys, in your noble harts
 Her bellish brond hath kindled with despight,
 And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts ?
 Is this the ioy of armes? be these the parts
 Of glorious knighthood, after blood to thrust,
 And not regard dew right and iust desarts ?
 Vaine is the vaunt, and victory uniuist,
 That more to mighty hands then rightful cause doth trust.*

XXX.

*And were there rightfull cause of difference,
 Yet were not better fayre it to accord,
 Then with blood-guiltinesse to heape offence,
 And mortal vengeance ioyne to crime abbord ?
 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 revenging rage and base contentious iarre.*

XXXI.

*But lovely concord and most sacred peace
 Doth nourish vertue and fast friendship breeds ;
 Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does increace,
 Till it the pitch of highest praise exceeds :
 Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
 By which she triumphes over yre and pride,
 And winnes an olive girlond for her meeds.
 Be therefore, o my deare lords, pacifide,
 And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside.*

XXXII.

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
 And funcke so deepe into their boyling brefts,
 That downe they lett their cruell weapons fall,
 And lowly did abafe their lofty crefts
 To her faire prefence and discrete behefts.
 Then ſhe began a treaty to procure,
 And ſtabliſh termes betwixt both their requests,
 That as a law for ever ſhould endure ;
 Which to obſerve in word of knights they did aſſure.

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

Eliffa (ſo the eldeſt hight) did deeme
 Such entertainment baſe, ne ought would eat,
 Ne ought would ſpeake, but evermore 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 ſould, and frownd with froward countenance ;
 Unworthy of faire ladies comely governaunce.

XXXVI. But

XXXVI.

But young Periffa was of other mynd,
 Full of difport, ftill laughing, loofely light,
 And quite contrary to her fifters kynd;
 No meafure in her mood, no rule of right,
 But poured out in pleasure and delight;
 In wine and meats ſhe flowd above the banck,
 And in exceffe exceeded her owne might;
 In ſumptuous tire ſhe ioyd her ſelfe to pranck;
 But of her love too lauiſh, litle have ſhe thanck.

XXXVII.

Faſt by her ſide did fitt the bold Sansloy,
 Fitt mate for ſuch a mincing mineon,
 Who in her loofeneſſe 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 grieve at his bold faſhion;
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment:
 Yett ſtill he fatt, and inly did himſelfe torment.

XXXVIII.

Betwixt them both the faire Medina ſate
 With ſober grace and goodly carriage:
 With equall meafure ſhe did moderate
 The ſtrong extremities of their outrage;
 That forward paire ſhe ever would aſſwage,
 When they would ſtrive dew reaſon to exceed;
 But that ſame froward twaine would accorage,
 And of her plenty adde unto their need:
 So kept ſhe them in order, and herſelfe in heed.

XXXIX.

Thus fairely ſhee attempered her feaſt,
 And pleaſd them all with meete ſatiety:
 At laſt, when luſt of meat and drinke was ceaſt,
 She Guyon deare beſought of curteſie
 To tell from whence he came through ieopardy,
 And whether now on new adventure bownd.
 Who with bold grace and comely gravity,
 Drawing to him the eies of all arownd,
 From lofty ſiege began theſe words aloud to ſownd;

XL.

*This thy demaund, o lady, doth revive
 Fresh memory in me of that great queene,
 (Great and most glorious virgin queene alive)
 That with her souveraine power and scepter shene
 All faery lond does peaceably sustene.
 In widest ocean she her throne does reare,
 That over all the earth it may be seene ;
 As morning sunne her beames dispredden cleare ;
 And in her face faire peace and mercy doth appeare.*

XLI.

*In her the richesse of all heavenly grace
 In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye :
 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 reverence,
 As th' idole of her Makers great magnificence.*

XLII.

*To her I homage and my service 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.
 An yearely solenne 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 adventures to be told.*

XLIII.

*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 craw'd redresse. my souveraine,
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
 Eftsoones devisd redresse for such annoyes :
 Me all unfit for so great purpose she employes.*

XLIV.

Now bath faire Phoebe with her silver face
 Thrice seene the shadowes of the neatbar world,
 Sith last I left that honorable place,
 In which her roiall presence is enrold;
 Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
 Till I that false Acrasia have 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.

XLV.

Tell on, fayre 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 pursew,
 And told the story of the mortall payne,
 Which Mordant and Amavia did rew,
 As with lamenting eyes himfelse did lately vew.

XLVI.

Night was far spent, and now in ocean deep
 Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
 His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
 When of his 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 overtake.
 At last, when they had markt the chaunged skyes,
 They wist their houre was spent; then each to rest him hyes.

C A N T O III.

*Vaine Braggadocchio getting Guyons
Horse is made the scorn
Of knight-hood trew, and is of fayre
Belphoebe fowle forlorne.*

I.

SOONE as the morrow fayre with purple beames
Disperst the shadowes of the misty night,
And Titan, playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deavy ayre with springing light ;
Sir Guyon mindfull of his vow yplight
Uprose from drowfie couch, and him addrest
Unto the iourney which he had behight :
His puissaunt armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

II.

Then taking congè of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly committ, and her coniure
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th ;
And that so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might for memory of that dayes ruth
Be called Ruddymane, and thereby taught
T'avenge his parents death on them that had it wrought.

III.

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 under greene woodes fyde
He lately heard that dying lady grone,
He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
And rushed in on foot to ayd her ere she dyde.

IV. The

IV.

The whyles a lofell wandring by the way,
 One that to bountie never cast his mynd,
 Ne thought of honour ever 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
 Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclynd ;
 He that brave steed there finding ready dight,
 Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full light.

V.

Now gan his hart all swell in iollity,
 And of himselfe great hope and help conceiv'd,
 That puffed up with smoke of vanity,
 And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd,
 He gan to hope of men to be receiv'd
 For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee :
 But for in court gay portance he perceiv'd,
 And gallaunt shew to be in greatest gree,
 Eftsoones to court he cast t'advantage his first degree.

VI.

And by the way he chaunced to espy
 One sitting ydle on a funny banck,
 To whom avaunting in great bravery,
 As peacocke, that his painted plumes doth pranck,
 He smote his courser in the trembling flanck,
 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.

VII.

Thereat the scarcrow wexed wondrous prowde,
 Through fortune of his first adventure fayre,
 And with big thundring voice revyld him lowd ;
Vile caytive, vassall of dread and despayre,
Unworthie of the commune breathed ayre,
Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And dost not unto death thyselfe prepayre ?
Dy, or thyselfe my captive yield for ay.
 Great favour I thee graunt for aunswere thus to stay.

VIII.

Hold, o deare lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
 Then loud he cryde, I am your humble thrall.
 Ab wretch, quoth he, thy destinies withstand
 My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
 I give thee life : therefore prostrated fall,
 And kisse my stirrup ; that thy homage bee.
 The miser threw himselfe, as an offall ;
 Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
 And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

IX.

So happy peace they made and faire accord.
 Eftsoones this liegeman gan to wexe more bold,
 And when he felt the folly of his lord,
 In his owne kind he gan himselfe unfold :
 For he was wylie-witted, and growne old
 In cunning sleightes and practick knavery.
 From that day forth he cast for to uphold
 His ydle humour with fine flattery,
 And blow the bellows to his swelling vanity.

X.

Trompart, fitt man for Braggadochio
 To serve at court in view of vaunting eye ;
 Vaine-glorious man, when fluttering wind does blow
 In his light winges, is lifted up to skye ;
 The scorne of knighthood and trew chevalrye,
 To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
 And noble worth to be advanched hye ;
 Such prayse is shame : but honour, vertues meed,
 Doth beare the fayrest flowre in honourable seed.

XI.

So forth they pas, a well comforted payre,
 Till that at length with Archimage they meet :
 Who seeing one, that shone in armour fayre,
 On goodly courser thondring with his feet,
 Eftsoones supposed him a person meet
 Of his revenge to make the instrument :
 For since the red-crosse knight he erst did weet
 To been with Guyon knitt in one consent,
 The ill, which earst to him, he now to Guyon ment.

XII. And

XII.

And comming close to Trompart gan inquere
 Of him, what mightie warriour that mote bee,
 That rode in golden fell with single spere,
 But wanted sword to wreake his enmittee.
*He is a great adventurer, said he,
 That bath his sword through hard assay forgone,
 And now bath vowd, till he avenged bee
 Of that despight, never to wearen none ;
 That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.*

XIII.

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 red-crosse knight ;
 Which two, through treason and deceitful gin,
 Had slayne sir Mordant and his lady bright :
 That mote him honour win, to wreake so foule despight.

XIV.

Therewith all suddainly he seemd enrag'd,
 And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,
 As if their lives had in his hand beene gag'd ;
 And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
 To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
 Thus said, *Old man, great sure shal be thy meed,
 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.*

XV.

*Certes, my lord, said he, that shall I soone,
 And give you eke good helpe to their decay.
 But mote I wisely you advise to doon,
 Give no ods to your foes, but doe purway
 Yourselfe of sword before that bloody day :
 For they be two the prowest knights on grownd,
 And oft approv'd in many hard assay :
 And eke of surest steele, that may be fownd,
 Do arm yourselfe against that day, them to confownd.*

XVI.

*Dotard, saide he, let be thy deepe advise ;
 Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
 And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
 Els never 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 that this right-hand can :*
Speake they, which have beheld the battailes which it wan.

XVII.

*The man was much abashed at his boast ;
 Yet well he wist that whoso would contend
 With either of those knightes on even coast,
 Should neede of all his armes him to defend ;
 Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend :*
*When Braggadocchio saide, Once I did sweare,
 When with one sword seven knightes I brought to end,
 Thenceforth in battaile never sword to beare,
 But it were that which noblest knight on earth doth weare.*

XVIII.

*Perdy, sir knight, saide then th' enchaunter blive,
 That shall I shortly purchase to your hond :
 For now the best and noblest knight alive
 Prince Arthur is, that wonnes in faerie lond ;
 He hath a sword, that flames like burning brond :
 The same by my device I undertake
 Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.*
*At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
 And wondred in his minde what mote that monster make.*

XIX.

*He stayd not for more bidding, but away
 Was suddeine vanished out of his fight :
 The northerne winde his wings did broad display
 At his commaund, and reared him up light
 From off 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 atonce, ne ever backe retourned eye ;

XX.

Till that they come unto a Forrest greene,
 In which they shrowd themselves from causelesse feare ;
 Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene :
 Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they heare,
 As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare :
 Yet both doe strive their fearefulnesse tō faine.
 At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
 Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
 And made the Forrest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

XXI.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush ;
 With noyse whereof he from his loftie 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 heavenly birth.

XXII.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,
 But heavenly 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 fence with double pleasure fed,
 Hable to heale the sicke and to revive the ded.

XXIII.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th' heavenly Makers light,
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same ;
 So passing persant and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereav'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.

XXIV. Her

XXIV.

Her yvorie forehead, full of bounty brave,
 Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
 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 silver found, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

XXV.

Upon her eyelids many Graces fate,
 Under the shadow of her even browes,
 Working belgardes and amorous retrate ;
 And everie one her with a grace endowes,
 And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes :
 So glorious mirrhour of celestially grace,
 And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
 How shall frayle pen describe her heavenly face,
 For feare through want of skill her beauty to disgrace ?

XXVI.

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
 She seemd, when she presented was to fight,
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a filken camus lilly whight,
 Purpled upon with many a folded plight,
 Which all above besprinckled was throughout
 With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
 Like twinckling starres, and all the skirt about
 Was hemd with golden fringe.

XXVII.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,
 And her streight legs most bravely were embayld
 In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,
 All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
 With curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld :
 Before they fastned were under 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 :

XXVIII. Like

XXVIII.

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
 Which doe the temple of the gods support,
 Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
 And honour in their festivall resort ;
 Those same with stately grace and princely port
 She taught to tread, when she herselfe would grace ;
 But with the woody nymphes when she did play,
 Or when the flying libbard she did chace,
 She could them nimble move, and after fly apace.

XXIX.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
 And at her backe a bow and quiver gay
 Stuff with steel-headed dartes, wherewith she queld
 The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
 Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
 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.

XXX.

Her yellow lockes crisped like golden wyre
 About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
 And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
 They waved like a penon wyde dispred,
 And low behinde her backe were scattered :
 And whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
 As through the flouing Forrest rash she fled,
 In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap.

XXXI.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore
 Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,
 Where all the nymphes have her unwares 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 herselfe in great triumphant ioy,
 To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

XXXII. Such

XXXII.

Such whenas hartlesse Trompart did her vew,
 He was difmayed in his coward minde,
 And doubted whether he himfelfe 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 overtake.*

XXXIII.

Wherewith reviv'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 avow to thee,
 Such wounded beaſt, as that, I did not ſee,
 Sith earſt into this forreſt wild I came.
 But mote thy goodlybed forgive it mee,
 To weete which of the gods I ſhall thee name,
 That unto thee dew worſhip I may rightly frame.

XXXIV.

To whom ſhe thus—but ere her words enſewd,
 Unto the buſh her eye did ſuddein glaunce,
 In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewd,
 And ſaw it ſtirre : ſhe leſte her percing launce,
 And towards gan a deadly ſhaſte advaunce,
 In mind to marke the beaſt. at which ſad ſtowre
 Trompart forth ſtept, to ſtay the mortall chaunce,
 Out crying, O whatever heavenly powre,
 Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly bowre.

XXXV.

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 caitive hands and thies ;
 And ſtanding ſtoutly up, his lofty creſt
 Did fiercely ſhake and rowze, as comming late from reſt.

XXXVI. As

XXXVI.

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave
 For dread of foring hauke herselfe hath hid,
 Not caring how her silly life to save,
 She her gay painted plumes disorderid ;
 Seeing at last herselfe from daunger rid,
 Peepes forth, and soone renews her native pride ;
 She gins her feathers fowle disfigured
 Prowdly to prune, and sett on every side ;
 So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

XXXVII.

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 have pursewd
 Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall :*
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.

XXXVIII.

To whom he thus, O fairest under skie,
 Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
 That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
 Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,
 And many battailes fought and many fraies
 Throughtout the world, wherso they might be found,
 Endeavoring my dreaded name to raise
 Above the moone, that fame may it resound
 In her eternall tromp with laurell girlond croud.

XXXIX.

But what art thou, o lady, which doest raunge
 In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
 And doest not it for ioyous court exchaunge,
 Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis
 And all delight does raigne, much more then this ?
 There thou maist love, and dearly loved 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 fit for thee.

XL.

*Whoſo in pompe of proud eſtate, quoth ſhe,
Does ſwim, and bathes himſelfe in courtly blis,
Does waſte his daies in darke obſcuritee,
And in oblivion ever buried is :
Where eaſe abound, yt's eath to doe amis :
But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
Behaves with cares, cannot ſo eaſy miſ.
Abroad in armes, at home in ſtudious kynd,
Who ſeekes with painfull toile, ſhal honor ſoooneſt fynd :*

XLI.

*In woods, in waves, in warres ſhe wents to dwell,
And wil be found with perill and with paine ;
Ne can the man, that moulds in ydle cell,
Unto her happy manſion attaine :
Before her gate high God did ſweate ordaine,
And wakefull watches ever 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.*

XLII.

*In princes court—the reſt ſhe would have ſayd,
But that the fooliſh man (ſild with delight
Of her ſweete words, that all his ſence diſmayd,
And with her wondrous beauty raviſht quight)
Gan burne in filthy luſt, and leaping light,
Thought in his baſtard armes her to embrace.
With that ſhe ſwarving backe, her iavelin bright
Againſt him bent, and fiercely did menace :
So turned her about, and fled away apace.*

XLIII.

*Which when the peſaunt ſaw, amazd he ſtood,
And grieved at her flight ; yet durſt he nott
Purſew her ſteps through wild unknowen 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 untoucht, and leave ſo proud diſclayne ?**

XLIV. *Perdy,*

XLIV.

*Perdy, said Trompart, let her pas at will,
 Least by her presence daunger mote befall.
 For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill)
 But that shee is some powre celestiall?
 For whiles she spake, her great words did appall
 My feeble corage and my heart oppresse,
 That yet I quake and tremble over all.
 And I, said Braggadocchio, thought no lesse,
 When first I heard her horn sound with such gbastlinesse.*

XLV.

*For from my mothers wombe this grace I have
 Me given by eternall destiny,
 That earthly thing may not my corage brave
 Dismay with feare, or cause one foot to flye,
 But either bellish feends, or powres on hye:
 Which was the cause, when earst that borne I heard,
 Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,
 I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;
 But when I other knew, my self I boldly reard.*

XLVI.

*But now, for feare of worse that may betide,
 Let us soone hence depart. they soone agree:
 So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride
 As one unfitt therefore, that all might see
 He had not trayned bene in chevalree.
 Which well that valiaunt courser did discernē;
 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.*

CANTO III.

*Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
And stops Occasion :
Delivers Phedon, and therefore
By Strife is rayld uppon.*

I.

IN brave pourfuitt of honorable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble feed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence ;
As feates of armes and love to entertaine :
But chiefly skill to ride seemes a science
Proper to gentle blood : some others faire
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter ; but in vaine.

II.

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 strengthen, and the strong suppressse.

III.

It fortun'd, forth faring on his way,
He saw from far, or seemed for to see
Some troublous uprore 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 upon the grownd,
A handfom stripling with great crueltee,
Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wownd,
That cheekes with teares, and fydes with blood did all abownd.

IV. And

IV.

And him behynd a wicked hag did stalke,
 In ragged robes and filthy difaray,
 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 unrold ;
 But all behinde was bald, and worne away,
 That none thereof could ever taken hold ;
 And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinckles old.

V.

And ever as she went, her tounge did walke
 In fowle reproch and termes of vile despight,
 Provoking him by her outrageous talke,
 To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight :
 Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to smite ;
 Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
 Withouten which she could not goe upright ;
 Ne any evil meanes she did forbear,
 That might him move to wrath, and indignation reare.

VI.

The noble Guyon, mov'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 streightway
 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 avengement.

VII.

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
 Had he had governaunce 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 unwares,
 Whylest reason, blent through passion, nought descryde ;
 But, as a blindfold bull, at randon fares,
 And where he hits nought knowes, and whom he hurts nought cares.

VIII. His

VIII.

His rude assault and rugged handling
 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 overthrow him strongly did assay,
 But overthrew himsefse unwares, and lower lay :

IX.

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 upon to kill him in the place.
 With whose reproch and odious menace
 The knight emboying in his haughtie hart,
 Knitt all his forces, and gan soone unbrace
 His grasping hold : so lightly did upstart,
 And drew his deadly weapon to maintaine his part.

X.

Which when the palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
*Not so, o Guyon, never thinke that so
 That monster can be maistred or destroyd :*
*He is not, ah ! he is not such a foe,
 As steele can wound, or strength can overthrowe.
 That same is Furor, cursed cruel wight,
 That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe ;
 And that same hag, his aged mother, hight
 Occasion, the roote of all wrath and despight,*

XI.

*With her, who so will raging Furor tame,
 Must first begin, and well her amenage :
 First her restraine from her reprochfull blame
 And evill 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 overflowne when stopped is the flood.*

XII. There-

XII.

Therewith fir 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 revilement ;
 But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wrong :
 But nathelasse he did her still torment,
 And catching hold of her ungratious tong,
 Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and strong.

XIII.

Then whenas use of speach was from her rest,
 With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
 And beckned him ; the last help she had left :
 But he that last left helpe away did take,
 And both her handes fast bound unto a stake,
 That she no'te 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 overtooke in sad perplexitye.

XIV.

In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,
 Who him gain-striving nought at all prevaild :
 For all his power was utterly defaste,
 And furious fitts at earst quite weren quaild :
 Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
 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.

XV.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
 And hundred knots, that did him fore constraine :
 Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind
 And grimly gnash, threatning revenge 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.

XVI. Thus

XVI.

Thus whenas Guyon Furor had captivd,
 Turning about he saw that wretched squire,
 Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,
 Lying on ground, all foild with blood and myre :
 Whom whenas he perceived 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 caytives thrall, the thrall of wretchednesse.

XVII.

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
 Fayre sir, quoth he, what man can shun the hap,
 That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse ?
 Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
 The man most wary in her welching lap.
 So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
 Unweeting and unaware of such mishap,
 She brought to mischief through occasion,
 Where this same wicked villein did me light upon.

XVIII.

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 nurse
 Attonce I was upbrought ; and este when yeares
 More ripe us reason lent to chose our peares,
 Ourselves in league of vowed love we knitt :
 In which we long time without gealous feares
 Or faultie thoughts contynewd, as was fitt ;
 And for my part, I vow, dissembled not a whitt.

XIX.

It was my fortune (commune to that age)
 To love 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 love then lov'd to bee :
 Long I her serv'd, and found her faithful still,
 Ne ever thing could cause us disagree :
 Love that two harts makes one, makes eke one will :
 Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

XX.

*My friend, bight Philemon, I did partake
Of all my love and all my privitie ;
Who greatly ioyous seemed for my sake,
And gracious to that lady, as to mee ;
Ne ever wight, that mote so welcome bee
As he to her, withouten blott or blame,
Ne ever thing, that she could think or see,
But unto him she would impart the same :
O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle dame.*

XXI.

*At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that lady to my spouse had wonne ;
Accord of friendes, consent of parents sought,
Affyaunce made, my happineffe 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 les ioyous deeme.*

XXII.

*But ere that wished day his beame disclosd,
He either envying my toward good,
Or of him selfe to treason ill disposd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told for secret how he understood
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 wist me stay, till I more truth should fynd.*

XXIII.

*The gnawing anguish and sharp gelosy,
Which his sad speach infixd in my brest,
Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,
That my engreeved mind could find no rest,
Till that the truth thereof I did out-wrest,
And him besought by that same sacred band
Betwixt us both to counsell me the best :
He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
Assurd, ere long the truth to let me understand.*

XXIV.

Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
 Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
 And that it was a groome of base degree,
 Which of my love was partner paramoure;
 Who used in a darke some inner bowre
 Her oft to meete: which better to approve,
 He promised to bring me at that howre,
 When I should see that would me nearer move,
 And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

XXV.

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 she might more pleasing to appeare.
 One day to worke her to his will more neare,
 He woo'd her thus; Pryene (so she hight)
 What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
 Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
 That it should not deface all others lesser light?

XXVI.

But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
 T' adorne thy forme according thy desert,
 Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have blent,
 And staynd their prayyses with thy least good part;
 Ne should faire Claribell with all her art,
 Tho' she thy lady be, approach thee neare:
 For prooffe thereof this evening, as thou art,
 Aray thyselfe in her most gorgeous geare,
 That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

XXVII.

The mayden, proud through praise, and mad through love,
 Him bearkned to, and soone herselfe arayd:
 The whiles to me the treachour did remove
 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 feignd th' abuser of my love to bee.

XXVIII.

*Eftsoones he came unto th' appointed place,
 And with him brought Pryene, rich arayd,
 In Claribellaes clothes : her proper face
 I not descerned in that darke some shade,
 But weend it was my love with whom he playd.
 Ah God ! what horrour and tormenting grieffe
 My hart, my handes, mine eies, and all assayd !
 Me liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe,
 Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of such repriefe.*

XXIX.

*I home retourning, fraught with fowle despight,
 And chewing vengeance all the way I went,
 Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,
 With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent ;
 That after soone I dearely did lament :
 For when the cause of that outrageous deede
 Demanded, I made plaine and evident,
 Her faultie handmayd, which that bale did breede,
 Confest how Philemon her wrought to chaunge her weede.*

XXX.

*Which when I heard, with horrible affright
 And hellish fury all enragd, I sought
 Upon myselfe that vengeance 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 dearely bought :
 Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
 And washt away his guilt with guilty potion.*

XXXI.

*Thus heaping crime on crime, and grieffe on grieffe,
 To losse of love adioyning losse of friend,
 I meant to purge both with a third mischieffe,
 And in my woes beginner it to end :
 That was Pryene ; she did first offend,
 She last should smart : with which cruell intent,
 When I at her my murderous blade did bend,
 She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
 And I poursewing my fell purpose, after went.*

XXXII.

Feare gave 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 pursewd apace,
 And shortly overtooke : 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.

XXXIII.

Betwixt them both they have me doen to dye,
 Through wounds and strokes and stubborne handeling,
 That death were better then such agony,
 As grieffe and fury unto me did bring ;
 Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
 That during life will never be appeasd.
 When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
 Said Guyon, Squire, sore have ye beene diseasd ;
 But all your hurts may soone through temperance be easd.

XXXIV.

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 overthrow :
 Wrath, gelosy, grieffe, love, this squire have laide thus low.

XXXV.

Wrath, gealosie, grieffe, love, do thus expell :
 Wrath is a fire, and gealosie a weede,
 Grieffe is a flood, and love a monster fell ;
 The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede,
 The flood of drops, the monster filth did breede :
 But sparks, seed, drops, and filth, do thus delay ;
 The sparks soone quenck, the springing seed outweed,
 The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away :
 So shall wrath, gealosy, grieffe, love, die and decay.

XXXVI. Unlucky

XXXVI.

*Unlucky squire, saide Guyon, sitb thou hast
 Falne into mischiefe through intemperaunce,
 Henceforth take beede of that thou now hast past,
 And guyde thy waies with warie governaunce,
 Least worst betide thee by some later chaunce.
 But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
 Phaon I hight, quoth he, and do advaunce
 Mine auncestry from famous Coradin,
 Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin.*

XXXVII.

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde
 A varlet ronning towardes 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 ey-glaunce at him shot.

XXXVIII.

Behind his backe he bore a brafen shield,
 On which was drawen 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 beseemed 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.

XXXIX.

When he in presence came, to Guyon first
 He boldly spake, *Sir knight, if knight thou bee,*
Abandon this fcestalled place at erst,
For feare of further harme, I counsell thee ;
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne ieopardee.
 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 ;

XL.

*Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly.
But whence shold come that harme, which thou dost seeme
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 never yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay.*

XLI.

*How bight he, then sayd Guyon, and from whence?
Pyrochles is his name, renowned farre
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approv'd in many a cruell warre,
The brother of Cymochles, both which arre
The sonnes of old Acrates and Despight;
Acrates sonne of Pklegeton and Iarre:
But Pklegeton is sonne of Herebus and Night;
But Herebus sonne of Aeternitie is bight.*

XLII.

*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 and spoile is his delight.
His am I Atin, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke upon,
And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearfull stead anon,
Least thy fool-hardize worke thy sad confusion.*

XLIII.

*His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,
Sayd 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, quoth 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 bainous crueltee;
Hard is his hap, that first fals in his ieopardie.*

XLIV.

*Mad man, said then the palmer, that does seeke
 Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife ;
 Shee comes unsought, and shonned followes eke.
 Happy, who can abstaine, when rancor rise
 Kindles revenge, and threats his rusty knife :
 Woe never wants, where every cause is caught,
 And rash Occasion makes unquiet life.
 Then loe, wher bound she sits, whom thou hast sought,
 Said Guyon, let that message to thy lord be brought.*

XLV.

That when the varlett heard and saw, streightway
 He wexed wondrous wrath, and said, *Vile knight,
 That knights and knighthood doest with shame upbray,
 And shewst th' ensample of thy childishe might,
 With silly weake old woman thus to fight.
 Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou gott,
 And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in fight :
 That shall Pyrochles well requite, I wott,
 And with thy blood abolissh so reprochfull blott.*

XLVI.

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
 Headed with yre and vengeable despight :
 The quivering steele his aymed end wel knew,
 And to his brest itselke intended right :
 But he was wary, and ere it empight
 In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atween ;
 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.

C A N T O V.

*Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne untyes;
Who him sore wounds, whiles Atin to
Cymochles for ayd flies.*

I.

WHOEVER 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 give that name;
For it the goodly peace of staied mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclaime:
His owne woes author, whofo bound it findes,
As did Pyrochles, and it wilfully unbindes.

II.

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 do glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and fomed yre,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly fire.

III.

Approching nigh, he never staid to greete,
Ne chaffar words, prowd corage to provoke,
But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete
The smouldring dust did rownd about him smoke,
Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
And fayrly couching his steele-headed speare,
Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke:
It booted nought sir Guyon, comming neare,
To thincke such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare:

IV. But

IV.

But lightly shunned it, and passing by
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
 That the sharpe steele arriving forcibly
 On his broad shield bitt not, but glauncing fell
 On his horse necke before the quilted fell,
 And from the head the body fundred 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.

V.

Sore bruized with the fall he slow uprofe,
 And all enraged thus him loudly shent ;
*Disleall knight, whose coward corage chose
 To wreake itselſe on beaſt all innocent,
 And ſound 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 avayl,
 If wanted force and fortune doe me not much fayl.*

VI.

With that he drew his flaming ſword, and ſtrooke
 At him ſo fiercely, that the upper marge
 Of his ſeven-folded 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 fowle from thence it would diſcharge ;
 Natheleſſe ſo fore a buff to him it lent,
 That made him reele, and to his breſt his bever bent.

VII.

Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
 And much aſhamd that ſtroke of living 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 diſarme ;
 Yet there the ſteele ſtayd not, but inly bate
 Deepe in his fleſh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

VIII.

Deadly difmayd with horror of that dint
 Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre ;
 Yet nathemore did it his fury flint,
 But added flame unto his former fire,
 That wel-nigh molt his hart in raging yre :
 Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
 Or strike, or hurtle rownd in warlike gyre,
 Remembred he, ne car'd for his faufgard,
 But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel tygre far'd.

IX.

He hewd, and lasht, and foyn'd, and thondred blowes,
 And every way did seeke into his life ;
 Ne plate, ne male could ward so mighty throwes,
 But yielded passage to his cruell knife :
 But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
 Was wary wife, and closely did awayt
 Avauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife ;
 Sometimes athwart, sometimes he strook him strayt,
 And falsed oft his blowes t'illude him with such bayt.

X.

Like as a lyon, whose imperiall powre
 A proud rebellious unicorne defyes,
 T' avoide the rash assault and wrathful stowre
 Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies,
 And when him ronning in full course he spyes,
 He slips aside ; the whiles that furious beast
 His precious horne, sought of his enemyes,
 Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
 But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

XI.

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 unto his knee,
 And doe unwilling worship to the saint,
 That on his shield depainted he did see ;
 Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

XII. Whom

XII.

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 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 uniuſt
That bath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust.

XIII.

Estfoones his cruel hand fir Guyon stayd,
 Tempring the passion with advizement slow,
 And maistring might on enemy dismayd;
 For th' equall die of warre he well did know:
 Then to him said, *Live, and alleagaunce owe*
To him, that gives thee life and liberty;
And henceforth by this daies ensample trow,
That hasty wroth and heedlesse hazardry
Doe breede repentaunce late and lasting infamy.

XIV.

So up he let him rise; who with grim looke
 And count'naunce sterne upstanding, gan to grind
 His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
 His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
 Knotted in blood and dust, for grief 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 wondered.

XV.

Which Guyon marking said, *Be nought agriev'd,*
Sir knight, that thus ye now subdued arre:
Was never man who most conquestes atchiev'd,
But sometimes had the worse and lost by warre,
Yet shortly gaynd that losse exceeded farre:
Losse is no shame, nor to bee lesse then foe;
But to bee lesser then himselfe doth marre
Both losers lott and victours prayse alsoe:
Vaine others overthrowes who selfe doth overthrow.

XVI.

*Fly, o Pyrochles, fly the dreadful warre
 That in thyselfe thy lesſer partes do move ;
 Outrageous anger, and woe-working iarre,
 Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring love :
 Thoſe, thoſe thy foes, thoſe warriours far remove,
 Which thee to endleſſe bale captived lead.
 But ſith in might thou didſt my mercy prove,
 Of courteſie to mee the cauſe aread
 That thee againſt me drew with ſo impetuous dread.*

XVII.

*Dreadleſſe, ſaid he, that ſhall I ſoone declare ;
 It was complaind that thou hadſt done great tort
 Unto 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 chaunge thy will, and ſet Occaſion free,
 And to her captive ſonne yield his firſt libertee.*

XVIII.

*Thereat ſir Guyon ſmylde, And is that all,
 Said he, that thee ſo ſore diſpleaſed hath ?
 Great mercy ſure, for to enlarge a thrall,
 Whoſe freedom ſhall thee turne to greateſt ſcath.
 Nath'leſſe now quenck thy whott emboyling 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 captivitee.*

XIX.

*Soone as Occaſion felt herſelfe untyde,
 Before her ſonne could well affoyled bee,
 She to her uſe returnd, and ſtreight defyde
 Both Guyon and Pyrochles : th' one (ſaid ſhee)
 Bycauſe he wonne ; the other, becauſe hee
 Was wonne : ſo matter did ſhe make of nought
 To ſtirre up ſtrife, and garre them diſagree :
 But ſoone as Furor was enlargd, ſhe fought
 To kindle his quencht fyre, and thouſand cauſes wrought.*

XX.

It was not long ere she inflam'd him so,
 That he would algates with Pyrochles 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 Pyrochles wex as wood as hee,
 And him affronted with impatient might :
 So both together fiers engrasped bee,
 Whyles Guyon standing by their uncouth strife does see.

XXI.

Him all that while Occasion did provoke
 Against Pyrochles, and new matter fram'd
 Upon 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 urgent did devise ;
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

XXII.

Their fell contention still increased more,
 And more thereby increased Furors might,
 That he his foe has hurt and wounded fore,
 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 gave into his hond,
 That armd with fire more hardly he mote him withstond.

XXIII.

Tho gan that villain 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 disdeignd so loathly fight.
 At last he was compeld to cry perforce,
Help, o sir Guyon, helpe most noble knight,
To ridd a wretched man from handes of bellish wight.

XXIV. The

XXIV.

The knight was greatly moved at his playnt,
 And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
 Till that the palmer, by his grave restraynt,
 Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse,
 And said, *Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth repreffe,*
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pittie wayne :
He that his sorow fought through wilfulnesse,
And his foe fettred would release agayne,
Deserves to taste his follies fruit, repented payne.

XXV.

Guyon obeyd ; so him away he drew
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to poursew.
 But rash Pyrochles' varlett, Atin hight,
 When late he saw his lord in heavie plight,
 Under sir Guyons puiffaunt stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in fight,
 Fledd fast away to tell his funerall
 Unto his brother, whom Cymochles men did call.

XXVI.

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 doen to death, subdewde in equall 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.

XXVII.

His dearest dame is that enchaunteresse,
 The vyle Acrasia, that with vaine delightes,
 And ydle pleasures in her bowre of blisse,
 Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprights
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes ;
 Whom then she does trasforme to monstrous hewes,
 And horribly misshapes with ugly fightes,
 Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes,
 And darksom dens, where Titan his face never shewes.

XXVIII. There

XXVIII.

There Atin fownd Cymocles fojourning,
 To serve his lemans love : for he by kynd
 Was given all to lust and loose living,
 Whenever his fiers handes he free mote fynd :
 And now he has pourd out his ydle mynd
 In daintie delices and lavish ioyes,
 Having his warlike weapons cast behynd,
 And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,
 Mingled emongst loose ladies and lascivious boyes.

XXIX.

And over him art sryving to compayre
 With nature did an arber greene dispred,
 Framed of wanton yvie, flouing 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 smels, and painted colors shew.

XXX.

And fast beside there trickled softly downe
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
 Emongst the pumy stones, and made a fowne,
 To lull him soft asleepe that by it lay :
 The wearie traveler, wandring that way,
 Therein did often quench his thrifty heat,
 And then by it his wearie limbes display,
 Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
 His former payne, and wypt away his toilsom sweat.

XXXI.

And on the other fyde a pleasaunt grove
 Was shott up high, full of the stately tree
 That dedicated is t' Olympick Iove,
 And to his sonne Alcides, whenas hee
 In Nemus gayned goodly victoree :
 Therein the mery birdes of every sorte
 Chaunted alowd their chearfull harmonie,
 And made emongst themselves a sweete consort,
 That quickned the dull spright with muscally comfort.

XXXII. There

XXXII.

There he him found all carelesly displaid,
 In secrete shadow from the sunny ray,
 On a sweet bed of lillies softly laid,
 Amidst a flock of damzelles fresh and gay,
 That rownd about him dissolute did play
 Their wanton follies and light meriment ;
 Every of which did loosely disaray
 Her upper partes of meet habiliments,
 And shewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

XXXIII.

And every of them strove with most delights
 Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew :
 Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening lights ;
 Others sweet wordes, dropping like honny dew ;
 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 above her tender hips ;
 Another her out-boastes, and all for tryall strips.

XXXIV.

He, like an adder lurking in the weedes,
 His wandring thought in deepe desire does sleepe,
 And his frayle eye with spoyle of beauty feedes ;
 Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
 Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe
 To steale a snatch of amorous concept,
 Whereby close fire into his hart does creepe ;
 So he them deceives, deceivd in his deceipt,
 Made dronke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

XXXV.

Atin arriving there when him he spyde
 Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
 Fiercely approaching 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 up his mortall blade,
That hath so many kaughty conquests wonne ?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne ?

XXXVI. Then

XXXVI.

Then pricking him with his sharp-pointed dart,
 He said, *Up, up, thou womanish weake knight,*
That here in ladies lap entombed art,
Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
And weetlesse eke of lately-wrought despight ;
Whiles sad Pyrochles lies on sencelesse ground,
And groneth out his utmost grudging spright
Through many a stroke and many a streaming wound,
Calling thy help in vaine that here in ioyes art dround.

XXXVII.

Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame
 The man awoke, and would have questiond more ;
 But he would not endure that wofull theame
 For to dilate at large, but urged fore
 With percing wordes and pittifull implore
 Him hasty to arise : as one affright
 With hellish feends, or Furies mad uprore,
 He then uprofe, inflamd with fell despight,
 And called for his armes ; for he would algates fight :

XXXVIII.

They bene ybrought ; he quickly does him dight,
 And lightly mounted passeth on his way :
 Ne ladies loves ne sweete entreaties might
 Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay ;
 For he has vovd to beene avengd that day
 (That day itselfe him seemed all too long)
 On him, that did Pyrochles deare dismay.
 So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
 And Atin ay him pricks with spurs of shame and wrong.

C A N T O VI.

*Guyon is of immodest merth,
Led into loose desyre;
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-
ther burnes in furious fyre.*

I.

A Harder lesson to learne continence
In ioyous pleasure then in grievous paine :
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker fence
So strongly, that uneathes it can refraine
From that which feeble nature covets faine :
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies
And foes of life, she better can restraine :
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories ;
And Guyon in them all shewes goodly maysteries.

II.

Whom bold Cymochles traveiling to finde,
With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
The wrath which Atin kindled in his mind,
Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
Wayting to passe he saw whereas did swim
Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
A litle gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a litle Forrest seemed outwardly.

III.

And therein fate a lady fresh and fayre,
Making sweete solace to herselfe alone ;
Sometimes she song as lowd as larke in ayre,
Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breath was gone ;
Yet was there not with her else any one,
That to her might move cause of meriment :
Matter of merth enough, though there were none,
She could devise, and thousand waies invent
To feede her foolish humour and vaine iolliment.

Which

IV.

Which when far off Cymochles heard and saw,
 He lowdly cald to such as were aboard
 The little barke unto the shore to draw,
 And him to ferry over that deepe ford.
 The merry mariner unto his word
 Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
 Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike lord
 She in receiv'd; but Atin by no way
 She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

V.

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
 More swift then swallow sheres the liquid skye,
 Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
 Or winged canvas with the wind to fly:
 Onely she turnd a pin, and by and by
 It cut away upon the yielding wave;
 Ne cared she her course for to apply,
 For it was taught the way which she would have,
 And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely save.

VI.

And all the way the wanton damfell found
 New merth her passenger to entertaine;
 For she in pleasaunt purpose did abound,
 And greatly ioyed merry tales to fayne,
 Of which a store-houfe did with her remaine;
 Yet seemed nothing well they her became:
 For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
 And wanted grace in ut'ring of the same;
 That turned all her pleasaunce to a scoffing game.

VII.

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devize,
 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 of the leaves light,
 Or to behold the water worke and play
 About her little frigot, therein making way.

VIII.

Her light behaviour and loose dalliaunce
 Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
 That of his way he had no fovenance,
 Nor care of vow'd revenge and cruell fight ;
 But to weake wench did yield his martiall might.
 So easie was to quench his flamed minde
 With one sweete drop of sensuall delight :
 So easie is t'appease the stormy winde
 Of malice in the calme of pleasaunt womankind.

IX.

Diverse discourses in their way they spent ;
 Mongst which Cymochles of her questioned
 Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
 Which in her cott she daily practized :
*Vaine man, saide she, that wouldest be reckoned
 A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
 Of Phaedria (for so my name is red)
 Of Phaedria, thine owne fellow seruaunt ;
 For thou to serve Acrasia thyselfe doest vaunt.*

X.

*In this wide inland sea, that bight 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 serve my tourne ;
 Ne swelling Neptune ne lowd-thundring Iove
 Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne :
 My litle boat can safely passe this perilous bourne.*

XI.

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
 They were far past the passage which he spake,
 And come unto 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 islewing on the shore
 Disburnd her : their way they forward take
 Into the land that lay them faire before,
 Whose pleasaunce she him shewd and plentifull great store.

XII.

It was a chofen plott of fertile land,
 Emongft wide waves fett like a litle neft,
 As if it had by natures cunning hand
 Bene choycely picked out from all the reft,
 And laid forth for enfample of the beft :
 No dainty flowre or herbe that growes on grownd,
 No arborett with painted bloffomes drest
 And fmelling sweete, but there it might be fownd
 To bud out faire and throwe her sweete fmels al arownd.

XIII.

No tree, whose braunches did not bravely fpring ;
 No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not fitt ;
 No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetely fing ;
 No fong, but did containe a lovely ditt.
 Trees, braunches, birds, and fongs were framed fitt
 For to allure fraile mind to carelefse ease.
 Carelefse the man foone woxe, and his weake witt
 Was overcome of thing that did him please :
 So pleased did his wrathfull purpofe faire appeafe.

XIV.

Thus when shee had his eyes and fences fed
 With false delights and fild with pleasures vayn,
 Into a shady dale shee soft him led,
 And layd him downe upon a grassy playn ;
 And her sweete selfe without dread or difdayn
 Shee fett beside, laying his head difarmd
 In her loose lap, it softly to sustayn,
 Where foone he slumbred fearing not be harmd :
 The whiles with a love-lay shee thus him sweetly charmd ;

XV.

*Behold, o man, that toilesome paines doest take,
 The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes,
 How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
 Whiles nothing envious nature them forth throwes
 Out of her fruitfull lap : how, no man knowes,
 They spring, they bud, they blossom fresh and faire,
 And decke the world with their rich pompous showes :
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.*

XVI. *Ths*

XVI.

*The lilly, lady of the flowering field,
 The flowre-deluce, her lovely paramoure,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labors yield,
 And soone leave off this toylsome wea'y stoure :*
*Loe, loe, how brave she decks her bounteous boure,
 With silkin curtens and gold coverletts,
 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.*

XVII.

*Why then dost thou, o man, that of them all
 Art lord, and eke of nature soveraine,
 Wilfully make thyselfe a wretched thrall,
 And waste thy ioyous bowres in needelesse paine,
 Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine ?
 What bootes it al to have and nothing use ?
 Who shall him rew that swimming in the maine
 Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse ?
 Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse.*

XVIII.

By this she had him lulled fast asleepe,
 That of no worldly thing he care did take :
 Then she with liquors strong his eies did steepe,
 That nothing should him hastily awake.
 So she him lefte, and did herselfe betake
 Unto her boat again, with which she cleft
 The slouthfull wave of that great grieffly lake ;
 Soone shee that island far behind her lefte,
 And now is come to that same place where first she weste.

XIX.

By this time was the worthy Guyon brought
 Unto 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 : himselfe she tooke aboard,
 But the blacke palmer suffred still to stond,
 Ne would for price or prayers once affoord
 To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

XX. Guyon

XX.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
 Yet being entred might not backe retyre ;
 For the flitt barke obaying to her mind
 Forth launched quickly as she did desire,
 Ne gave him leave to bid that aged fire
 Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
 Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
 Whom nether wind out of their feat could forse,
 Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish soure.

XXI.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
 Her mery fitt shee freshly gan to reare,
 And did of ioy and iollity devize,
 Herselfe 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 geare,
 And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
 Her dalliaunce he despis'd and follies did forsake.

XXII.

Yet she still followed her former style,
 And said, and did all that mote him delight,
 Till they arrived in that pleasaunt ile,
 Where sleeping late she leste her other knight.
 But whenas Guyon of that land had fight,
 He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said,
*Ab dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,
 Thus to mislead mee, whiles I you obaid :*
Me litle needed from my right way to have straid.

XXIII.

*Faire sir, quoth she, be not displeasd 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 unstable and doth never stay.
 But here a while ye may in safety rest,
 Till season serve new passage to assay :
 Better safe port then be in seas distrest.*
 Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in lest.

XXIV. But

XXIV.

But he halfe discontent mote nathelesse
 Himselfe appease, and illewd forth on shõre :
 The ioyes whereof and happy fruitfulnessse,
 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.

XXV.

And she more sweete then any bird on bough
 Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
 And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
 Their native 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 revive desire of knightly exercize :

XXVI.

But he was wise and wary of her will,
 And ever held his hand upon 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 tempring, fond desire subdewd,
 And ever her desired to depart ;
 She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
 And ever bad him stay till time the tide renewd.

XXVII.

And now by this Cymochles howre was spent,
 That he awoke out of his ydle dreame ;
 And shaking off his drowsy dreriment,
 Gan him avize howe ill did him beseme
 In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
 And quench the brond of his conceived yre.
 Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
 Ne staid for his damsell to inquire,
 But marched to the strond, there passage to require.

XXVIII. And

XXVIII.

And in the way he with fir Guyon mett,
 Accompanyde with Phaedria the faire :
 Eftfoones he gan to rage and inly frett,
 Crying, *Let be that lady debonaire,*
Thou recreaunt knight, and soone thyselfe prepaire
To batteile, if thou meane her love 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.

XXIX.

And there-withall he fierfly at him flew,
 And with importune outrage him assayld ;
 Who soone preparad to field his sword forth drew,
 And him with equall valew countervayld :
 Their mightie strokes their haberieons 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 streame adown their giambeux falles.

XXX.

Cymochles, that had never mett before
 So puiffant foe, with envious despight
 His prowde prefumed force increased more,
 Disdeigning to bee held so long in fight.
 Sir Guyon grudging not so much his might,
 As those unknighly raylinges which he spoke,
 With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
 Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
 And doubling all his powres redoubled every stroke.

XXXI.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst,
 And both attonce their huge blowes down did sway :
 Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglaunst,
 And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away :
 But Guyons angry blade so fiers did play
 On th' others helmett which as Titan shone,
 That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
 And bared all his head unto the bone ;
 Where-with astonisht still he stood as sencelesse stone.

XXXII.

Still as he stood, fayre Phaedria (that beheld
 That deadly daunger) soone atweene them ran,
 And at their feet herselfe most humbly feld,
 Crying with pitteous voyce and count'nance wan,
*Ab, well away! most noble lords, how can
 Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight
 To shed your lives on ground? wo worth the man,
 That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
 In his owne flesh, and make way to the living spright.*

XXXIII.

*If ever love 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 she gan proceede;
 Most wretched woman and of wicked race,
 That am the authour of this hainous deed,
 And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights do breed.*

XXXIV.

*But if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
 Not this rude kynd of battaill, nor these armes
 Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,
 And doolefull sorrowe heape with deadly harmes:
 Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes.
 Another warre and other weapons I
 Doe love, where love does give his sweet alarmes.
 Without bloodshed, and where the enemy
 Does yield unto his foe a pleasaunt victory.*

XXXV.

*Debatefull strife and cruell enmity
 The famous name of knighthood fowly spend;
 But lovely peace and gentle amity,
 And in amours the passing bowres to spend,
 The mightie martiall handes doe most commend;
 Of love they ever greater glory bore,
 Then of their armes: Mars is Cupidoes friend,
 And is for Venus loves renoumed more
 Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.*

XXXVI. There-

XXXVI.

Therewith she sweetly smyld. they, though full bent
 To prove extremities of bloody fight,
 Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
 And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight:
 Such powre have 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.

XXXVII.

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 unquiet iarre,
 That she well pleased was thence to amove him farre.

XXXVIII.

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
 Forthwith directed to that further strand;
 The which on the dull waves did lightly flote,
 And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
 Where gladfome Guyon failed forth to land,
 And to that damfell thanks gave for reward.
 Upon that shore he spyed Atin stand,
 There by his maister left, when late he far'd
 In Phaedrias flitt barck over that perlous shard.

XXXIX.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
 He with Pyrochles sharp debatement made;
 Streight gan he him revyle, and bitter rate,
 As shepherdes curre, that in darke eveninges shade
 Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade:
Vile miscreant, said he, whether dost thou flye
The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to dye,
That art thus fowly fledd from famous enemy?

XL.

With that he stifly shooke his steel-head dart :
 But sober Guyon hearing him so rayle,
 Though somewhat moved 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 avowd revenge delayd.

XLI.

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 never stood,
 But bent his hastie course towards the Ydle flood.

XLII.

The varlet saw when to the flood he came
 How without stop or stay he fierly leapt,
 And deepe himselfe beducked in the fame,
 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 waves 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.

XLIII.

Atin drew nigh to weet what it mote bee ;
 For much he wondred at that uncouth sight :
 Whom should he but his own deare lord there see ?
 His owne deare lord Pyrochles in sad plight,
 Ready to drowne himselfe for fell despight :
Harrow now out, and well away ! he cryde,
What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
To see my lord so deadly damnifyde ?
Pyrochles, o Pyrochles, what is thee betyde ?

XLIV.

*I burne, I burne, I burne, then lowd he cryde,
 O how I burne with implacable fyre!
 Yet nought can quenck mine inly flaming syde,
 Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of myre,
 Nothing but death can doe me to respyre.
 Ah be it, said he, from Pyrochles farre
 After pursewing death once to requyre,
 Or think, that ought those puissant hands may marre.
 Death is for wretches borne under unhappy starre.*

XLV.

*Perdye, then is it fitt for me, said he,
 That am, I weene, most wretched man alive;
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And dying dayly, dayly yet revive.
 O Atin, helpe to me last death to give.
 The varlet at his plaint was grievd so fore,
 That his deepe-wounded hart in two did rive;
 And his owne health remembring now no more,
 Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.*

XLVI.

*Into the lake he lept his lord to ayd,
 (So love 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 avise:
 The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
 Engroft with mud which did them fowle agrise;
 That every weighty thing they did upheare,
 Ne ought mote ever sinck downe to the bottom there.*

XLVII.

*Whyles thus they strugled in that Ydle wave,
 And strove in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,
 The other both from drowning for to save;
 Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
 Whose hoary locks great gravitie did crowne,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
 By fortune came, ledd with the troublous fowne:
 Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
 The carefull servaunt stryving with his raging lord.*

XLVIII. Him

XLVIII.

Him Atin spying knew right well of yore,
 And lowdly cald, *Help, helpe, o Archimage,*
To save 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 wounded sore
 To see Pyrochles there so rudely rage :
 Yet sithens helpe he saw he needed more
 Then pittie, he in hast approached to the shore ;

XLIX.

And cald, *Pyrochles, what is this I see ?*
What bellish fury hath at earst thee bent ?
Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
Yet never in this straunge astonishment.
These flames, these flames, he cryde, doe me torment.
What flames, quoth he, when I thee present see
In daunger rather to be drent then brent ?
Harrow ! the flames which me consume, said he,
Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowelles bee.

L.

That cursed man, that cruel feend of hell,
Furor, oh Furor hath me thus bedight :
His deadly woundes within my livers swell,
And his whott fyre burnes in mine entralles bright,
Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
Sith late with him I batteill vaine would bofte ;
That now I weene Ioves dreaded thunder-light
Does scorck not halfe so sore, nor damned gbofte
In flaming Phlegeton does not so felly roste.

LI.

Which whenas Archimago heard, his grieffe
 He knew right well, and him attonce disarm'd :
 Then searcht his secreet woundes, and made a prieffe
 Of every place that was with bruizing harmd,
 Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
 Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
 And evermore with mightie spels them charmd ;
 That in short space he has them qualifyde,
 And him restord to helth, that would have algates dyde.

CANTO VII.

*Guyon findes Mammon in a delve,
Sunning his threasure bore ;
Is by him tempted, and led downe
To see his secrete store.*

I.

AS pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes or cloudy tempests have
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
Upon 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 :

II.

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
Late left beyond that Ydle lake, procedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanyde ;
And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
Of his own vertues and praise-worthie deedes.
So long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes :
For still he traveld through wide wastfull ground,
That nought but desert wilderneffe shewd all around.

III.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
Of griesly hew and fowle ill-favour'd sight ;
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were beard,
His head and beard with fout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben feard
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes appeard :

IV. His

IV.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
 Was underneath enveloped with gold ;
 Whose gliftring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
 Well yet appeared to have beene of old
 A worke of rich entayle and curious mould,
 Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery ;
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
 And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
 And covetous desire with his huge threafury :

V.

And round about him lay on every side
 Great heapes of gold that never could be spent ;
 Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
 Of Mulcibers devouring element :
 Some others were new driven and distent
 Into great ingowes and to wedges square ;
 Some in round plates withouten moniment ;
 But most were stamp, and in their metal bare
 The antique shapcs of kings and Kefars straung and rare.

VI.

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
 And haste he rose for to remove aside
 Those pretious hils from straungers envious 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 himselfe were at the fight dismayd,
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd ;

VII.

*What art thou man (if man at all thou art)
 That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
 And these rich heapes of welth dost hide apart
 From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce ?
 Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce
 In great disdaine he answerd, Hardy elfe,
 That darest view my direful countenaunce,
 I read thee rash and heedlesse of thyselfe
 To trouble my still seate and heapes of pretious pelfe.*

VIII. God

VIII.

*God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great Mammon greatest god below the skye,
That of my plenty poure out unto all,
And unto none my graces do enuoye :
Riches, renowne, 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.*

IX.

*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 view
All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be nombred francke and free.
Mammon, said he, thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee ;
To them that covet such eye-glutting gaine
Proffer thy giftes, and fitter seruaunts entertaine.*

X.

*Me ill besits, that in derdoing armes
And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
Unto 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 advent'rous knight.*

XI.

*Vaine glorious elfe, saide he, doest not thou weet,
That money can thy wantes at will supply ?
Sbeilds, steedes, and armes, and all things for thee meet
It can purvay in twinckling of an eye,
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
Do 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 renowne ?*

XII.

*All otherwise, saide he, I riches read,
 And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
 First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
 And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
 Leaving behind them grieffe and heavinesse:
 Infinite mischiefes of them doe arize,
 Strife and debate, bloodshed and bitternesse,
 Outrageous wrong and bellish covetize;
 That noble heart, as great dishonour, doth despize.*

XIII.

*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 cround,
 The sacred diademe in peeces rent,
 And purple robe gored with many a wound,
 Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent:
 So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrong full government.*

XIV.

*Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tosse
 The private state, and make the life unsweet:
 Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
 And in frayle wood on Adrian gulf doth fleet,
 Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet.
 Then Mammon waxing wroth, And why then, sayd,
 Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet
 So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,
 And having not complaine, and having it upbrayd?*

XV.

*Indeed, quoth he, through fowle intemperance,
 Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise:
 But would they thinke with how small allowaunce
 Untroubled nature doth herselfe suffise,
 Such superfluities they would despise;
 Which with sad cares empeach our native ioyes.
 At the well-head the purest streames arise;
 But mucky filth his braunching armes annoyes,
 And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave accloyes.*

XVI.

*The antique world in his first flowering youth
 Found no defect in his Creators grace,
 But with glad thankes and unreproved truth
 The gifts of soveraine bounty did embrace :
 Like Angels life was then mens happy cace :
 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.*

XVII.

*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 sacriledge to dig : therein he fownd
 Fountaines of gold and silver to abownd,
 Of which the matter of his huge desire
 And pompous pride estsoones he did compownd :
 Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.*

XVIII.

*Sonne, said he then, lett be thy bitter scorne,
 And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
 To them, that liv'd therin in state forlorne.
 Thou that doest live in later times must wage
 Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage :
 If then thee list my offred grace to use,
 Take what thou please of all this surplusage ;
 If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse :
 But thing refused doe not afterward accuse.*

XIX.

*Me list not, said the elfin knight, receave
 Thing offred, till I know it well be gott ;
 Ne wote I but thou didst these goods bereave
 From rightfull owner by unrighteous lott,
 Or that blood-guiltinesse or guile them blott.
 Perdy, quoth he, yet never eie did veaw,
 Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not ;
 But safe I have them kept in secret mew
 From hevens sight and powre of al which them poursew.*

XX.

*What secret place, quoth he, can safely hold
 So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eie?
 Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
 Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?
 Come thou, quoth he, and see. so by and by
 Through that thick covert he him led, and fownd
 A darksome way, which no man could descry,
 That deep descended through the hollow grownd,
 And was with dread and horror compassed arownd.*

XXI.

At length they came into a larger space,
 That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne;
 Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
 That streight did lead to Plutoes griesly rayne:
 By that wayes side there sate infernall 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, and both did threaten life:

XXII.

On th'other side in one confort there sate
 Cruell Revenge, 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 Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye:

XXIII.

And over them sad Horror with grim hew
 Did alwaies fore beating his yron wings;
 And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
 The hatefull messengers of heavy 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 asonder could have rifte;
 Which having ended after him she flyeth swifte.

XXIV.

All these before the gates of Pluto lay ;
 By whom they passing spake unto them nought.
 But th' elfin knight with wonder all the way
 Did feed his eyes, and 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 ought :
 Betwixt them both but was a litle stride,
 That did the house of richesse from hell-mouth divide.

XXV.

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
 Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard :
 Ne would he iuffer Sleepe once thether-ward
 Approach, albe his drowfy den were next ;
 For next to Death is Sleepe to be compard ;
 Therefore his house is unto his annex :
 Here Sleep, ther richesse, and hel-gate them both betwext.

XXVI.

So soon as Mammon there arrivd, the dore
 To him did open and affoorded way :
 Him followed eke Sir Guyon evermore,
 Ne darknesse him ne daunger might dismay.
 Soone as he entred was, the dore streightway
 Did shutt, and from behind it forth there lept
 An ugly feend more fowle then dismall day ;
 The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
 And ever as he went dew watch upon him kept.

XXVII.

Well hoped hee, ere long that hardy guest,
 If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on thing that likt him best,
 Or ever sleepe his eie-strings did untye,
 Should be his pray : and therefore still on hye
 He over him did hold his cruell clawes,
 Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him dye,
 And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
 If ever he transgrest the fatall Stygian lawes.

XXVIII. That

XXVIII.

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
 Lyke an huge cave 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 every rifte,
 That heavy ruine they did seeme to threatt :
 And over them Arachne high did lifte
 Her cunning web, and spred her subtile nett,
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more black then iett.

XXIX.

Both rooffe and floore and walls were all of gold,
 But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darknes, that none could behold
 The hew thereof : for vew of cherefull day
 Did never in that house itselfe display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertein 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.

XXX.

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene,
 But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
 All bard with double bends, that none could weene
 Them to enforce by violence or wrong ;
 On every side they placed were along.
 But all the grownd with sculs was scattered
 And dead mens bones, which round about were slong ;
 Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
 And their vile carcafes now left unburied.

XXXI.

They forward passe ; ne Guyon yet spoke word,
 Till that they came unto an yron dore,
 Which to them opened of his owne accord,
 And shewed of richesse such exceeding store,
 As eie of man did never see before,
 Ne ever could within one place be fownd,
 Though all the wealth, which is or was of yore,
 Could gatherd be through all the world arownd,
 And that above were added to that under grownd.

XXXII. The

XXXII.

The charge thereof unto a covetous spright
 Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
 And warily awaited day and night,
 From other covetous feends it to defend,
 Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
 Then Mammon, turning to that warrior, said,
Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end,
To which al men do ayme, rich to be made :
Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid.

XXXIII.

Certes, sayd he, I n'll thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy doe intend :
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happines, another end :
To them that list these base regardes I lend :
But I in armes and in atchievements brave
Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be lord of those that riches have,
Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile slave.

XXXIV.

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
 And griev'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 than culver in the faulcons fist :
 (Eternall God thee save from such decay !)
 But whenas Mammon saw his purpose mist,
 Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

XXXV.

Thence forward he him ledd, and shortly brought
 Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright
 To him did open as it had beene taught :
 Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
 And hundred founnaces all burning bright ;
 By every founnace many feends did byde,
 Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
 And every feend his busie paines applyde
 To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.

XXXVI.

One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
 And with forst wind the fewell did inflame ;
 Another did the dying bronds repayre
 With yron tongs, and sprinckled ofte the same
 With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,
 Who maystring them renewd his former heat :
 Some scumd the drosse that from the metall came ;
 Some stird the molten owre with ladles great :
 And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

XXXVII.

But when an earthly wight they present saw,
 Glistring in arnes and battailous aray,
 From their whot work they did themselves withdraw
 To wonder at the fight ; for till that day
 They never creature saw that cam that way :
 Their staring eyes, sparckling with fervent fyre,
 And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
 That were it not for shame, he would retyre,
 Till that him thus bespake their soveraine lord and fyre ;

XXXVIII.

*Behold, thou faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
 That living eye before did never see :
 The thing that thou didst crave so earnestly
 (To weet whence all the wealth late shewd by mee
 Proceeded) lo now is reveald to thee.
 Here is the fountaine of the worldes good.
 Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
 Advise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood ;
 Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.*

XXXIX.

*Suffise it then, thou money-god, quoth he,
 That all thine ydle offers I refuse.
 All that I need I have ; what needeth mee
 To covet more then I have cause to use ?
 With such vaine shewes thy worldlinges wyle abuse ;
 But give me leave 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.*

XL.

He brought him through a darksome narrow strait
 To a broad gate all built of beaten gold :
 The gate was open, but therein did wayt
 A sturdie villein, stryding stiffe and bold,
 As if that highest God defy he would :
 In his right hand an yron club he held,
 But he himfelfe was all of golden mould,
 Yet had both life and fence, and well could weld
 That curfed weapon when his cruell foes he queld.

XLI.

Disdayne he called was, and did disdayne
 To be so cald, and whofo did him call :
 Sterne was his looke and full of stomacke vayne,
 His portauunce 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 :
 More fitt emongst black fiendes then men to have his place.

XLII.

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
 That with their brightnesse made that darknes light,
 His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hie,
 And threaten batteill to the faery knight ;
 Who likewise gan himfelfe 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.

XLIII.

So having 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 upbeare
 The massy rooffe, and riches huge sustayne ;
 And every pillour decked was full deare
 With crownes and diademes and titles vaine,
 Which mortall princes wore whiles they on earth did rayne.

XLIV.

A route of people there assembled were,
 Of every sort and nation under skye,
 Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere
 To th' upper part, where was advanched hie
 A stately siege of soveraine maiestye ;
 And thereon satt a woman gorgeous gay,
 And richly cladd in robes of royaltie,
 That never earthly prince in such aray
 His glory did enhance, and pompous pryde display.

XLV.

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 fame her owne native hew,
 But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
 Thereby more lovers unto her to call ;
 Nath'lesse most hevenly faire in deed and vew
 She by creation was, till she did fall ;
 Thenceforth she sought for helps to cloke her crime withall.

XLVI.

There, as in gliftring glory she did sitt,
 She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
 Whose upper end to highest heven was knitt,
 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 every linck thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII.

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree
 By riches and unrighteous reward,
 Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree ;
 Others through friends, others for base regard ;
 And all by wrong waies for themselves prepar'd :
 Those that were up themselves kept others low,
 Those that were low themselves held others hard,
 Ne suffred them to ryse or greater grow ;
 But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.

XLVIII. Which

XLVIII.

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
Derived are, and all this worldes blis,
For which ye men doe strive: few gett, but many mis.

XLIX.

And sayre Philotime she rightly bight,
The fairest wight that wommeth under skie,
But that this darksom neather world her light
Doth dim with horror and deformity,
Worthie of heven and bye felicitie,
From whence the gods have her for envy thrust:
But sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust;
That she may thee advance for works and merits iust.

L.

Gramercy, Mammon, said the gentle knight,
 For so great grace and offred high estate;
 But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
 Unworthy match for such immortall mate
 Myselfe well wote, and mine unequal fate:
 And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
 And love avowd to other lady late,
 That to remove the same I have no might:
 To change love causelesse is reproch to warlike knight.

LI.

Mammon emmoved 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 and fruits, whose kinds mote not be redd:
 Not such as earth out of her fruitfull wombe
 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.

LII.

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' uniuert Atheniens made to dy.
 Wise Socrates, who thereof quaffing glad
 Poured out his life, and last philosophy
 To the fayre Critias his dearest belamy.

LIII.

The gardin of Proserpina this hight :
 And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
 With a thick arber goodly over-dight,
 In which she often usd from open heat
 Herselfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat :
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
 With braunches broad dispredd and body great,
 Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
 And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.

LIV.

Their fruit were golden apples gliftring bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold ;
 On earth like never grew, ne living wight
 Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold ;
 For those, which Hercules with conquest bold
 Got from great Atlas daughters, hence began,
 And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold ;
 And those, with which th' Euboean young man wan
 Swift Atalanta, when through craft he her out-ran.

LV.

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
 With which Acontius got his lover trew,
 Whom he had long time fought with fruitlesse suit :
 Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
 The which emongst the gods false Ate threw ;
 For which th' Idaean 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.

LVI.

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 themselves without the utmost bound
 Of this great gardin, compast with a mound ;
 Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe
 In a blacke flood, which flow'd about it round ;
 That is the river of Cocytus deepe,
 In which full many soules do endlesse wayle and weepe.

LVII.

Which to behold he clomb up to the bancke,
 And looking downe saw many damned wightes
 In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stancke
 Plonged continually of cruell sprightes,
 That with their piteous cryes and yelling shrighthes
 They made the further shore resounden wide :
 Emongst the rest of those fame ruefull fightes,
 One cursed creature he by chaunce espide,
 That drenched lay full deepe under the garden side.

LVIII.

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,
 Yet gaped still as coveting to drinke
 Of the cold liquour which he waded in ;
 And stretching forth his hand did often thinke
 To reach the fruit which grew upon the brincke ;
 But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth
 Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swincke ;
 The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with drouth
 He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

LIX.

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 under skye,
Lo Tantalus, I here tormented lye,
Of whom high Iove 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 give to eat and drinke to mee.

LX.

*Nay, nay, thou greedy Tantalus, quoth he,
 Abide the fortune of thy present fate,
 And unto all that live in high degree,
 Ensamble be of mind intemperate,
 To teach them how to use their present state.*
 Then gan the cursed wretch alowd to cry,
 Accusing highest Iove and gods ingrate;
 And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
 As author of uniujustice, there to let him dye.

LXI.

He lookt a litle further, and espyde
 Another wretch, whose carcas deepe was drent
 Within the river, which the same did hyde:
 But both his handes, most filthy feculent,
 Above the water were on high extent,
 And faynd to wash themselves incessantly,
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
 But rather fowler seemed to the eye:
 So lost his labour vaine and ydle industry.

LXII.

The knight him calling asked, who he was?
 Who lifting up his head him answerd thus;
*I Pilate am, the falsest iudge, alas!
 And most uniuist, that by unrighteous
 And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous,
 Delivered up the Lord of life to dye,
 And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
 The whiles my bandes I washt in purity,
 The whiles my soule was soyled with fowle iniquity.*

LXIII.

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 foules 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 silver stoole
 To rest thy weary person in the shadow coole?*

LXIV.

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 have rent in thousand peeces strayt :
 But he was wary wife in all his way,
 And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,
 Ne suffred lust his safety to betray :
 So goodly did beguile the guylor of his pray.

LXV.

And now he was so long remained theare,
 That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan
 For want of food and sleepe, which two upbeare,
 Like mightie pillours, this frayle life of man,
 That none without the same enduren can :
 For now three dayes of men were full out-wrought,
 Since he this hardy enterprize began :
 Forthy great Mammon fayrely he besought
 Into the world to guyde him backe, as he him brought.

LXVI.

The god, though loth, yet was constraynd t'obay ;
 For lenger time then that no living wight
 Below the earth might suffred be to stay :
 So backe againe him brought to living light.
 But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
 Gan sucke this vitall ayre into his brest,
 As overcome with too exceeding might,
 The life did flit away out of her nest,
 And all his fences were with deadly fit opprest.

C A N T O VIII.

*Sir Guyon, layd in sworwe, is by
Acrates sonnes despoild;
Whom Arthure soone hath reskewed,
And paynim brethren foild.*

I.

AND is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the cace
Of men then beasts: but o th' exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

II.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pineons cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying pursuivant,
Against fowle feendes to ayd us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

III.

During the while that Guyon did abide
In Mammons house, the palmer, whom whyleare
That wanton mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere;
And being on his way, approached neare
Where Guyon lay in traunce; when suddainly
He heard a voyce that called lowd and cleare,
Come betber, betber o come hastily.
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

IV. The

IV.

The palmer lent his ear unto 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 delve him brought at last,
 Where Mammon earst did funne his threasury :
 There the good Guyon he found slumbring fast
 In senceles dreame ; which sight at first him fore aghast.

V.

Beside his head there satt a faire young man,
 Of wondrous beauty and of freshest yeares,
 Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
 And flourish faire above his equall peares :
 His snowy front curled with golden heares,
 Like Phoebus face adornd with sunny rayes,
 Divinely shone ; and two sharpe winged sheares
 Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jayes,
 Were fixed at his backe to cut his ayery wayes.

VI.

Like as Cupido on Idaean hill,
 When having laid his cruell bow away
 And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
 The world with murdrous 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 herselfe through sleepe beguild to bee ;
 The whiles the other ladies mind theyr mery glee.

VII.

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 heavy sight, thou reverend fire,
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.

VIII.

*The charge, which God doth unto me arrett,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forgett
The care thereof myselfe unto the end,
But evermore him succour and defend
Against his foe and mine; watch thou, I pray;
For evill is at hand him to offend.*

So having said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

IX.

The palmer seeing his lefte empty place,
And his slow eies beguiled of their sight,
Woxe fore afraid, 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.

X.

At last he spide where towards him did pace
Two paynim knights al armd as bright as skie,
And them beside an aged fire 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 flie
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told
That he, which earst them combatted, was Guyon bold.

XI.

Which to avenge on him they dearly vowd,
Where-ever that on ground they mote him find;
Falso Archimage provokt their corage prowde,
And stryfe-ful Atin in their stubborne mind
Coles of contention and whot vengeance tind.
Now bene they come whereas the palmer fate,
Keeping that slombred corse to him affind;
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloody armes they rashly did debate.

XII.

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 caytive spoile
Of that same outcast carcass, that erewhile
Made itselſe famous through false trechery,
And crown'd his coward crest with knightly stile;
Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
 To proove he lived il, that did thus fowly dye.

XIII.

To whom the palmer fearelesse 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 living bandes immortalizd his name.
Vile is the vengeaunce on the ashes cold,
And envy base to barke at sleeping fame.
Was never wight that treason of him told,
 Yourselfe his prowesse prov'd, and found him fiers and bold.

XIV.

Then sayd Cymochles, *Palmer, thou doest dote,*
Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
Save as thou seest or hearst: but well I wote,
That of his puissaunce tryall made extreeme:
Yet gold all is not that doth golden seeme;
Ne al good knights that shake well speare and 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.

XV.

Good or bad, gan his brother fiers reply,
What do I recke, sith that he dide entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
The greedy hunger of revenging yre,
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
Yet since no way is leste to wreake my spight,
I will him reave 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?

XVI.

*Fayr sir, said then the palmer suppliant,
 For knightoods love doe not so fowle a deed,
 Ne blame your honor with so shamefull vaunt
 Of vile revenge : to spoile the dead of weed
 Is sacrilege, and doth all finnes exceed :
 But leave these relicks of his living might
 To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke steed.
 What herce or steed, said he, should he have dight,
 But be entombd in the raven or the kight ?*

XVII.

*With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
 And th' other brother gan his helme unlace ;
 Both fiercely bent to have 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 coverd shield : well kend him so far space
 Th' enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
 When under him he saw his Lybian steed to prounce ;*

XVIII.

*And to those brethren sayd, Rise, rise bylive,
 And unto batteil doe yourselves addresse ;
 For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,
 Prince Arthur, flowre of grace and nobilesse,
 That bath 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 estfoones upstartd furiously,
 And gan themselves prepare to batteill greedily.*

XIX.

*But fiers Pyrochles, lacking his owne sword,
 The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
 And Archimage besought him that afford
 Which he had brought for Braggadochio vaine.
 So would I, said th' enchaunter, glad and faine
 Betee me to you this sword, you to defend,
 Or ought that els your konour might maintaine ;
 But that this weapons powre I well have kend
 To be contrary to the worke which ye intend.*

XX.

*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 medacwart,
That no enchauntment from his dint might save;
Then it in flames of Aetna wrought apart,
And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
Of bellish Styx, which hidden vertue to it gave.*

XXI.

*The vertue is, that nether steel nor stone
The stroke thereof from entraunce may defend;
Ne ever may be used by his fone,
Ne first his rightful owner to offend,
Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend:
Wherefore Morddure it rightfully is hight.
In vaine therefore, Pyrochles, should I lend
The same to thee, against his lord to fight;
For sure yt would deceive thy labor and thy might.*

XXII.

*Foolish old man, said then the pagan wroth,
That weenest words or charms may force withstand:
Soone shalt thou see, and then beleve for troth,
That I can carve 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.*

XXIII.

*By this, that straunger knight in presence came,
And goodly salved them; who nought againe
Him answered, as courtesie became;
But with sterne lookes and stomachous disdain
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.*

XXIV.

Sayd he then to the palmer, *Reverend 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 ?
However, sure I reew his pitteous plight.
Not one, nor other, sayd the palmer grave,
Hath him befalne, but cloudes of deadly night
Awbile his heavy eylids covered have,
And all his sences drowned in deep sencelesse wave :

XXV.

Which those his cruell foes, that stand hereby,
Making advantage, to revenge their spight,
Would him disarm and treaten shamefully ;
(Unworthie usage 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 cace ?
First prayse of knighthood is fowle outrage to deface :

XXVI.

Palmer, said he, no knight so rude, I weene,
As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost :
Ne was there ever noble corage seene,
That in advauntage would his puissaunce host :
Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
May bee, that better reason will aswage
The rash revengers heat. words well disposd
Have secrete powre t appease inflamed rage :
If not, leave unto me thy knights last patronage.

XXVII.

Tho turning to those brethren thus bespoken,
Ye warlike payre, whose valcrous great might,
It seemes, iust wronges to vengeaunce doe provoke,
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 his carkas pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already laid in lowest seat.

XXVIII.

To whom Cymochles said, *For what art thou,*
That mak'st thyselfe 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 satisfye
The guilt, which, if he lived had thus long,
His life for dew revenge should deare aby?
The trespasss still doth live, albee the person dye.

XXIX.

Indeed, then said the prince, *the evill donne*
Dyes not, when breath the body first doth leave;
But from the grandsyre to the nephewes sonne,
And all his seede the curse doth often cleave,
Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:
So straightly God doth iudge. but gentle knight,
That doth against the dead his hand upreare,
His honour staines with rancour and despight,
And great disparagment makes to his former might.

XXX.

Pyrochles 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 than lomp of lead,
 Uplifting high, he weened with Morddure
 (His owne good sword Morddure) to cleave his head.
 The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
 But swarving from the marke his lordes life did assure.

XXXI.

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 fell;
 (For well of yore he learned had to ryde)
 But full of anger fierly to him cryde;
False traitour, miscreaunt, thou broken hast
The law of armes, to strike foe undefide:
But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste
Right sowre, and feele the law, the which thou hast defast.

XXXII. With

XXXII.

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent
 Against the pagans brest, and therewith thought
 His cursed life out of her lodg have rent :
 But ere the point arrived where it ought,
 That seven-fold shield, which he from Guyon brought,
 He cast between to ward the bitter stownd :
 Through all those foldes the steele-head passage wrought,
 And through his shoulder perst ; wherwith to ground
 He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

XXXIII.

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
 And wrath, he to him leaped furiously,
 And fowly saide, *By Maboune, cursed thiefe,*
That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby.
 Then hurling up his harmefull blade on hy,
 Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
 That from his saddle forced him to fly :
 Els mote it needes downe to his manly brest
 Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossiest.

XXXIV.

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 himfelfe againe to cruel fight,
 Three times more furious and more puiffaunt,
 Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

XXXV.

So both attonce him charge on either syde
 With hideous strokes and importable powre,
 That forced him his ground to traverse wyde,
 And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre :
 For on his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
 Their strokes did raine, yet did he never quaille,
 Ne backward shrinke ; but as a stedfast towre,
 Whom foe with double battray doth assaile,
 Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought availe.

XXXVI.

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay ;
 Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
 His poynant speare he thrust with puissant sway
 At proud Cymochles, whiles his shield was wyde,
 That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde :
 He, swarving with the force, within his flesh
 Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde :
 Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
 That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

XXXVII.

Horribly then he gan to rage and rayle,
 Curfing his gods, and himselfe damning deepe :
 Als when his brother saw the red blood rayle
 Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
 For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
 And said, *Caytive, cursse on thy cruell bond,*
That twise hath spedd ; yet shall it not thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall brond :
Lo where the dreadfull death behynd thy backe doth stond.

XXXVIII.

With that he strooke, and th' other strooke withall,
 That nothing seemd mote beare so monstrous might :
 The one upon his covered shield did fall,
 And glauncing downe would not his owner byte :
 But th' other did upon his troncheon smyte ;
 Which hewing quite afunder, further way
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
 The which dividing with importune sway,
 It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

XXXIX.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
 Red as the rose, thence gushed grievously ;
 That when the paynym spyde the streaming blood,
 Gave him great hart and hope of victory.
 On th' other side in huge perplexity
 The prince now stood, having his weapon broke ;
 Nought could he hurt, but still at warde did ly :
 Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke
 Cymochles twise, that twise him forst his foot revoke.

XL.

Whom when the palmer saw in such distresse,
 Sir Guyons sword he lightly to him raught,
 And said, *Fayre sonne, great God thy right hand blesse,*
To use that sword so well as he it ought.
 Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,
 Whenas againe he armed felt his hond :
 Then like a lyon, which had long time faught
 His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
 Amongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood and yond.

XLI.

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 Pyrochles many strokes he told ;
 Eft to Cymochles twife so many fold ;
 Then backe againe turning his busie hond,
 Them both attonce compeld with courage bold
 To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond ;
 And though they both stood stiffe, yet could not both withstond.

XLII.

As salvage bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt,
 When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
 Forgets with wary warde them to awayt,
 But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
 Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
 That all the forest quakes to hear him rore :
 So rag'd prince Arthur twixt his foemen twaine,
 That neither could his mightie puiffaunce sustaine.

XLIII.

But ever at Pyrochles when he smitt,
 (Who Guyons shield cast ever him before,
 Whereon the faery queenes pourtract was writt)
 His hand relented and the stroke forbore,
 And his deare hart the picture gan adore ;
 Which oft the paynim fav'd from deadly stowre :
 But him henceforth the same can save no more ;
 For now arrived is his fatall howre,
 That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

XLIV. For

XLIV.

For when Cymochles saw the fowle reproch,
 Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie shame
 And inward grieffe, he fiercely gan approach,
 Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
 Or dye with honour and desert of fame ;
 And on the haubergh stroke the prince so fore,
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,
 And pierced to the skin, but bit no more ;
 Yet made him twise to reele, that never moov'd afore.

XLV.

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharp regret,
 He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
 That it empierst the pagans burganet ;
 And cleaving the hard steele did deepe invade
 Into his head, and cruell passage made
 Quite through his brayne : he tombling downe on ground,
 Breath'd out his ghost, which to th' infernall shade
 Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
 For all the finnes wherewith his lewd life did abound,

XLVI.

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 have frayd,
 Long trembling still he stoode : at last thus sayd,
*Traytour, what hast thou doen ? how ever may
 Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd
 Against that knight ? harrow and well away !
 After so wicked deede why liv'st thou lenger day ?*

XLVII.

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
 And with revenge desyring soone to dye,
 Assembling all his force and utmost might,
 With his owne sward he fierce at him did flye,
 And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
 Withouten reason or regard. well knew
 The prince with pacience and sufferaunce fly
 So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew :
 Tho when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan renew.

XLVIII.

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
 The clowdes, as things afrayd, 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 prince Arthur beare himselfe in fight,
 And suffred rash Pyrochles waste his ydle might.

XLIX.

At last whenas the Sarazin perceiv'd
 How that straunge sword refusd to serve his neede,
 But when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiv'd,
 He slong it from him, and devoyd of dreed
 Upon him lightly leaping without heed
 Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
 Thinking to overthrowe and downe him tred;
 But him in strength and skill the prince surpast,
 And through his nimble sleight did under him down cast.

L.

Nought booted it the paynim then to strive:
 For as a bittur in the eagles clawe,
 That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
 Still waytes for death with dread and trembling aw:
 So he now subiect to the victours law
 Did not once move, nor upward 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 despysd to dye.

LI.

But full of princely bounty and great mind
 The conqueror nought cared him to slay;
 But casting wronges and all revenge behind,
 More glory thought to give life then decay,
 And sayd, *Paynim, this is thy dismall day;*
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,
And my trew liegeman yield thyselfe for ay,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,
And all thy wronges will wipe out of my sovenaunce.

LII.

*Foole, sayd the pagan, I thy gift defye ;
 But use thy fortune as it doth befall ;
 And say, that I not overcome doe dye,
 But in despight of life for death doe call.*
 Wroth was the prince, and fory yet withall,
 That he so wilfully refused grace ;
 Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
 His shining helmet he gan soone unlace,
 And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

LIII.

By this fir Guyon from his traunce awakt,
 (Life having maystered her sencelesse foe)
 And looking up, whenas 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 have lackt, I ioy thy face to view ;
 Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro me drew.*

LIV.

*But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
 Of my good sword and shield? the palmer, glad
 With so fresh hew uprysing 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 carcafes on ground were horribly prostrate.

LV.

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
 His hart with great affection was embayd,
 And to the prince bowing with reverence dew,
 As to the patrone of his life, thus sayd,
*My lord, my liege, by whose most gracious ayd
 I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,
 What may suffice to be for meede repayd
 Of so great graces as ye have me shewd,
 But to be ever bound?*

LVI.

To whom the infant thus, *Fayre sir, what need*
Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,
To bind their doers to receive their need?
Are not all knightes by oath bound to withstond
Oppressours powre by armes and puissant bond?
Suffise that I have 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.

C A N T O IX.

The house of temperaunce, in which
Doth sober Alma dwell,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straung-
er knightes to flight compell,

I.

OF all Gods workes, which doe this worlde adorne;
 There is no one more faire and excellent,
 Then is man's body both for powre and forme,
 Whiles it is kept in sober government;
 But none then it more fowle and indecent,
 Distempred through misrule and passions bace;
 It grows a monster, and incontinent
 Doth lose his dignity and native grace.
 Behold, who list, both one and other in this place:

II.

After the paynim brethren conquer'd were,
 The Briton prince recov'ring his stoln 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 lively is the semblaunt, though the substance dead.

III. *Fayre*

III.

*Fayre fir, sayd he, if in that picture dead
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
 What mote ye weene, if the trew livelyhead
 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 mortall hew)
 O how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,
 And infinite desire into your spirite poure!*

IV.

*She is the mighty queene of faery,
 Whose faire retraits I in my shield doe beare,
 Shee is the flowre of grace and chastity,
 Througbout the world renowned far and neare,
 My life, my liege, my souveraine, 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.*

V.

*Thrise happy man, said then the Briton knight,
 Whom gracious lott and thy great valiaunce
 Have made thee soldier of that princeesse bright,
 Which with her bounty and glad countenaunce
 Doth blesse her servaunts, and them high advaunce.
 How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,
 By faithfull service and meete amenaunce,
 Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
 For losse of thousand lives, to die at her desire.*

VI.

*Said Guyon, Noble lord, what meed so great,
 Or grace of earthly prince so souveraine,
 But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
 Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
 But were your will her sold to entertaine,
 And numbred be mongst knights of maydenbed,
 Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine;
 And in her favor high bee reckoned,
 As Arthegall and Sophy now beene honored.*

VII. Certes,

VII.

*Certes, then said the prince, I God avow,
That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
To serve that queene with al my powre and might.
Now hath the sunne with his lamp-burning light
Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
Sith of that goddesse I have sought the sight,
Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
Heaven doth to me envy and fortune favourlesse.*

VIII.

*Fortune, the foe of famous chevsaunce,
Seldom, said Guyon, yields to vertue aide,
But in her way throwes mischiefe 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 have in hand,
I labour would to guide you through al fary land.*

IX.

*Gramercy sir, said he, but mote I weete
What straunge adventure doe ye now pursew,
Perhaps my succour or advizement meete
Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew.
Then gan sir Guyon all the story shew
Of false Acrasia and her wicked wiles;
Which to avenge, the palmer him forth drew
From faery court. so talked they, the whiles
They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.*

X.

*And now faire Phoebus gan decline in haste
His weary wagon to the westerne vale,
Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plaste
Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale;
Which choosing for the evenings hospitale,
They thether marcht: but when they came in sight,
And from their sweaty courfers did avale,
They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.*

XI. Which

XI.

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
 Was to them doen, their entraunce to forfall;
 Till that the squire gan nigher to approach,
 And wind his horne under the castle wall,
 That with the noife it shooke, as it would fall.
 Eftsoones forth looked from the highest spire
 The watch, and lowd unto the knights did call
 To weete what they so rudely did require:
 Who gently answered, they entraunce did desire.

XII.

*Fly fly, good knights, said he, fly fast away,
 If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should:
 Fly fast, and save yourselves from neare decay,
 Here may ye not have entraunce, though we would:
 We would and would againe, if that we could:
 But thousand enemies about us rave,
 And with long siege us in this castle bould:
 Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,
 And many good knights slaine, that have us sought to save.*

XIII.

Thus as he spoke, loe with outragious cry
 A thousand villeins rownd about them swarmd
 Out of the rockes and caves adioyning nye;
 Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,
 All threatning death, all in straunge manner armd;
 Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,
 Some rusty knives, some staves in fier warmd:
 Sterne was their looke; like wild amazed steares,
 Staring with hollow eies, and stiffe upstanding heares.

XIV.

Fiersly at first those knights they did assayle,
 And drove them to recoile: but when againe
 They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to fayle,
 Unhable their encounter to sustaine;
 For with such puissaunce and impetuouse maine
 Those champions broke on them, that forst them fly,
 Like scattered sheepe, whenas the shepherds swaine
 A lyon and a tigre doth espye
 With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

XV.

Awhile they fled, but soone retourn'd againe
 With greater fury then before was found ;
 And evermore their cruell captaine
 Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them rownd,
 And overronne to tread them to the grownd :
 But soone the knights with their bright-burning blades
 Broke their rude troupes and orders did confownd,
 Hewing and flashing at their idle shades ;
 For though they bodies seem, yet substaunce from them fades.

XVI.

As when a swarme of gnats at eventide
 Out of the fennes of Allan doe arise,
 Their murmuring small trompetts sownden 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.

XVII.

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
 Unto the castle-gate they come againe,
 And entraunce crav'd, which-was denied erst.
 Now when report of that their perlous paine,
 And combrous conflict which they did sustaine,
 Came to the ladies eare which there did dwell,
 Shee forth issēwed with a goodly traine
 Of squires and ladies equipaged well,
 And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

XVIII.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright,
 That had not yet felt Cupides wanton rage ;
 Yet was shee woo'd of many a gentle knight,
 And many a lord of noble parentage,
 That fought with her to lincke in marriage :
 For shee was faire as faire mote ever bee,
 And in the flowre now of her freshest age ;
 Yet full of grace and goodly modesttee,
 That even heven reioyced her sweete face to see.

XIX.

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
 That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught;
 The traine whereof loofe far behind her strayd,
 Braunched with gold and perle, most richly wrought,
 And borne of two faire damfels, which were taught
 That service well: her yellow golden heare
 Was trimly woven and in tresses wrought,
 Ne other tire she on her head did weare,
 But crowned with a garland of sweete rosiere.

XX.

Goodly shee entertaind those noble knights,
 And brought them up into her castle-hall;
 Where gentle court and gracious delight
 Shee to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
 Shewing herselfe both wise and liberall.
 There when they rested had a season dew,
 They her besought of favour speciall
 Of that faire castle to affoord them vew:
 Shee graunted, and them leading forth the same did shew.

XXI.

First she them led up to the castle-wall,
 That was so high as foe might not it 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 pittie! that no lenger time
 So goodly workmanship should not endure:
 Soone it must turne to earth; no earthly thing is sure.

XXII.

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare,
 And part triangulare; o worke divine!
 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,
 Proportiond equally by seven and nine;
 Nine was the circle sett in heavens place:
 All which compacted made a goodly diapase.

XXIII.

Therein 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 opened to their friendes, and closed to their foes.

XXIV.

Of hewen stone the porch was fayrely wrought,
 (Stone more of valew and more smooth and fine
 Then iett or marble far from Ireland brought)
 Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
 Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine :
 And over it a fayre portcullis hong,
 Which to the gate directly did incline
 With comely compasse and compacture strong,
 Nether unseemly short, nor yet exceeding long.

XXV.

Within the barbican a porter fate,
 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 ;
 Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
 Bablers of folly, and blazers of cryme :
 His larum-bell might lowd and wyde be hard
 When cause requyrd, but never out of time ;
 Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

XXVI.

And rownd about the porch on every syde
 Twife sixteene warders satt, all armed bright
 In glistring steele, and strongly fortifyde :
 Tall yeomen seemed they and of great might,
 And were enraunged ready still for fight.
 By them as Alma passed with her gwestes,
 They did obeyfaunce, as beseemed right,
 And then againe retourned to their restes :
 The porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

XXVII. Thence

XXVII.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall,
 Wherein were many tables fayre dispred,
 And ready dight with drapets festivall,
 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.

XXVIII.

And through the hall there walked to and fro
 A iolly yeoman, marshall of the same,
 Whose name was Appetite ; he did bestow
 Both guesstes and meate, whenever 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.

XXIX.

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispenche,
 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
 Upon 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.

XXX.

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 bellowes, 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 boyld,
 They did about their businesse sweat and sorely toyld.

XXXI. The

XXXI.

The maister cooke was cald Concoction ;
 A carefull man and full of comely guyfe :
 The kitchin clerke, that hight Digestion,
 Did order all th'achates in seemely wise,
 And fet them forth, as well he could devise.
 The rest had severall offices assynd ;
 Some to remove the scum as it did rise ;
 Others to beare the same away did mynd,
 And others it to use according to his kynd.

XXXII.

But all the liquour, which was fowle and waste,
 Not good nor serviceable 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 convoid, and to the back-gate brought,
 That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
 It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

XXXIII.

Which goodly order and great workmans skill
 Whenas those knightes beheld, with rare delight
 And gazing wonder they their mindes did fill ;
 For never 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 :

XXXIV.

And in the midst thereof upon the floure
 A lovely bevy of faire ladies fate,
 Courted of many a iolly paramoure,
 The which them did in modest wise amate,
 And eachone fought his lady to aggrate :
 And eke emongst them litle Cupid playd
 His wanton sportes, being retourned late
 From his fierce warres, and having from him layd
 His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

XXXV. *Diverse*

XXXV.

Diverse delights they fownd themselves to please ;
 Some song in sweet confort, some laught for ioy,
 Some plaid with strawes, some ydly satt at ease ;
 But other some could not abide to toy,
 All pleasaunce was to them grieffe and annoy :
 This frownd, that faund, the third for shame did blush,
 Another seemed envious, or coy,
 Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush :
 But at these straungers presence every one did hush.

XXXVI.

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 somwhat sad and solemne eke in sight,
 As if some pensive thought constrained her gentle spright.

XXXVII.

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 ?
 Lives any that you bath thus ill apayd ?
 Or doen your love, or doen you lack your will ?
 Whatever bee the cause, it sure befeemes you ill.*

XXXVIII.

Fayre sir, said she, halfe in disdaineiful wise,
*How is it that this word in me ye blame,
 And in yourselfe doe not the same advise ?
 Him ill befeemes anothers fault to name,
 That may unwares be blotted with the same :
 Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
 Through great desire of glory and of fame ;
 Ne ought I weene are ye therein behynd,
 That have twelue months sought one, yet no where can her find.*

XXXIX. The

XXXIX.

The prince was inly moved at her speech,
 Well weeting trew what she had rashly told;
 Yet with faire semblaunt fought to hyde the breach,
 Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
 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 Prayf-desire,
 That by well doing fought to honour to aspyre.

XL.

The whiles the faery knight did entertaine
 Another damsell of that gentle crew,
 That was right fayre and modest of demayne,
 But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew:
 Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
 Close rownd about her tuckt with many a plight:
 Upon her fist the bird, which shoneth vew
 And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
 Did sitt, as yet ashamd how rude Pan did her dight.

XLI.

So long as Guyon with her communed,
 Unto the grownd she cast her modest eye,
 And ever and anone with rosy red
 The bashfull blood her snowy cheekes did dye,
 That her became, as polisht yvory,
 Which cunning craftesman hand hath overlayd
 With fayre vermilion or pure castory.
 Great wonder had the knight to see the mayd
 So straungely passioned, and to her gently said;

XLII.

*Fayre Damzell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,
 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; aryse:
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
 But if ought else that I mote not devyse,
 I will, if please you it discure, assay
 -To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.*

XLIII. She

XLIII.

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame
 Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
 The flashing blood with blushing did inflame,
 And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
 That Guyon mervayld at her uncouth 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.*

XLIV.

Thereat the elfe did blush in privitee,
 And turnd his face away ; but she the same
 Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee.
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game
 Themselves did solace each one with his dame,
 Till that great lady thence away them fought
 To vew her castles other wondrous frame :
 Up to a stately turret she them brought,
 Ascending by ten steps of alabaster wrought.

XLV.

That turrets frame most admirable was,
 Like highest heaven compassed around,
 And lifted high above this earthly masse,
 Which it furvewd, 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.

XLVI.

The rooffe hereof was arched over head,
 And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily ;
 Two goodly beacons, set in watches stead,
 Therein gave light and flamd continually :
 For they of living fire most subtly
 Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
 Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance fly,
 That readily they shut and open might.

O who can tell the prayfes of that makers might !

XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell

This parts great workmanship and wondrous powre,
That all this other worldes worke doth excell,
And likest is unto that heavenly towre
That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
Therein were divers rowmes, and divers stages,
But three the chiefest and of greatest powre,
In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

XLVIII.

Not he, whom Greece (the nurse of all good arts)

By Phoebus doome the wisest thought alive,
Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
Nor that sage Pylian fyre, which did survive:
Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
By whose advise old Priams cittie fell,
With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.
These three in these three rowmes did fondry dwell,
And counselled faire Alma how to governe well.

XLIX.

The first of them could things to come fore-see;
The next could of thinges present best advise;
The third things past could keep in memoree:
So that no time nor reason could arise,
But that the same could one of these comprize.
Forthy the first did in the fore-part sit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize;
He had a sharpe foresight and working wit
That never idle was, ne once would rest a whit.

L.

His chamber was dispaigned all within
With fondry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of thinges disperfed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yit,
Ne can devized be of mortall wit;
Some daily seene and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantasies do flit;
Infernall hags, Centaurs, feendes, Hippodames,
Apes, lyons, aegles, owles, fooles, lovers, children, dames.

LI.

And all the chamber filled was with flyes,
 Which buzzed all about, and made such found
 That they encombred all mens eares and eyes ;
 Like many swarmes of bees affembled round,
 After their hives with honny do abound.
 All those were idle thoughtes and fantasies,
 Devices, dreames, opinions unfound,
 Shewes, visions, sooth-fayes, and prophefies ;
 And all that fained is, as leafings, tales and lies.

LII.

Emongst them all fate he which wonned there,
 That hight Phantastes by his nature trew ;
 A man of yeares, yet fresh as mote appere,
 Of swarth 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 th' house of agonyes.

LIII.

Whom Alma having shewed to her gwestes,
 Thence brought them to the second rowme, whose wals
 Were painted faire with memorable gestes
 Of famous wisards, 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 :

LIV.

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 practife and usage
 He now was growne right wise and wondrous sage :
 Great plefure had those straunger knightes to see
 His goodly reason and grave personage,
 That his disciples both desyrd to bee :
 But Alma thence them led to th' hindmost rowme of three.

LV.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
 And therefore was removed far behind,
 Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
 Right firme and strong, though somewhat they declind ;
 And therein sat an old old man, halfe blind,
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
 Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
 And recompens't them with a better score :
 Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled force.

LVI.

This man of infinite remembrance 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 up in his immortall scrine,
 Where they for ever incorrupted dweld :
 The warres he well remembred of king Nine,
 Of old Assaracus and Inachus divine.

LVII.

The yeares of Nestor nothing were to his,
 Ne yet Mathusalem, though longest liv'd ;
 For he remembred both their infancis :
 Ne wonder then if that he were depriv'd
 Of native strength now that he them surviv'd :
 His chamber all was hangd about with rolls,
 And old records from auncient times derivd,
 Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolls,
 That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

LVIII.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was sett,
 Toffing and turning them withouten end :
 But for he was unhabable them to fett,
 A litle boy did on him still attend
 To reach, whenever he for ought did fend ;
 And oft when thinges were lost or laid amis,
 That boy them sought and unto him did lend :
 Therefore he Anamnestes cleped is ;
 And that old man Eumnestes, by their propriety.

LIX.

The knightes there entring did him reverence dew,
 And wondred at his endlesse exercife.
 Then as they gan his library to vew,
 And antique regefters for to avife,
 There chaunced to the princes hand to rize
 An auncient booke hight Briton monuments,
 That of this lands firft conquest did devize,
 And old divifion into regiments,
 Till it reduced was to one mans governements.

LX.

Sir Guyon chaunft eke on another booke,
 That hight Antiquitee of faery lond :
 In which whenas he greedily did looke,
 Th' ofspring of elves and faryes there he fond,
 As it delivered was from hond to hond.
 Whereat they burning both with fervent fire
 Their countreys auncestry to underftond,
 Crav'd leave of Alma and that aged fire
 To read thofe bookes ; who gladly graunted their defire.

C A N T O X.

*A chronicle of Briton kings
From Brute to Uthers rayne ;
And rolls of elfin emperours,
Till time of Gloriane.*

I.

WH O now shall give unto me words and sound
Equall unto this haughty enterprise ?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift itselſe unto the highest ſkyes ?
More ample ſpirit then hetherto was wount
Here needes me, whiles the famous aunceſtryes
Of my moſt dreaded ſoveraigne I recount,
By which all earthly princes ſhe doth far ſurmound.

II.

Ne under funne, that ſhines ſo wide and faire,
Whence all that lives does borrow life and light,
Lives ought that to her lineage may compaire ;
Which though from earth it be derived right,
Yet doth itselſe ſtretch forth to heavens hight,
And all the world with wonder overſpred :
A labor huge, exceeding far my might.
How ſhall fraile pen, with feare diſparaged,
Conceive ſuch ſoveraigne glory and great bountyhed ?

III.

Argument worthy of Maeonian quill,
Or rather worthy of great Phoebus rote,
Whereon the ruines of great Oſſa hill,
And triumphes of Phlegraean Iove he wrote,
That all the gods admird his lofty note.
But if ſome reliſh of that heavenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report,
To decke my ſong withall, I would aſſay
Thy name, o ſoveraigne queene, to blazon far away.

IV. Thy

IV.

Thy name, o soveraine queene, thy realme and race,
 From this renowned prince derived arre,
 Who mightily upheld that royall mace,
 Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended farre
 From mighty kings and conquerours in warre,
 Thy fathers and great-grandfathers of old,
 Whose noble deeds above the northern starre
 Immortall fame for ever hath enrold ;
 As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

V.

The land which warlike Britons now possesse,
 And therein have their mighty empire raysd,
 In antique times was salvage wildernesse,
 Unpeopled, unmannurd, unprov'd, unpraysd ;
 Ne was it island then, ne was it payd
 Amid the ocean waves, ne was it fought
 Of merchants farre for profits therein praysd ;
 But was all desolate, and of some thought
 By sea to have bene from the Celticke mayn-land brought.

VI.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
 Till that the venturous mariner that way
 Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
 Which all along the southerne sea-coast lay,
 Threatning unheedy wrecke and rash decay,
 For safety that fame his sea-marke made,
 And nam'd it Albion : but later day
 Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
 Gan more the same frequent and further to invade.

VII.

But far in land a salvage nation dwelt
 Of hideous giaunts and halfe-beastly men,
 That never tasted grace, nor goodnes felt ;
 But wild like 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 lived then,
 Of stature huge and eke of corage bold ;
 That sonnes of men amazd their sterneffe to behold.

VIII. But

VIII.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begott,
 Uneath is to assure ; uneath to wene
 That monstrous error which doth some affott,
 That Dioclesians fifty daughters shene
 Into this land by chaunce have driven bene ;
 Where companing with feends and filthy sprights
 Through vaine illusion of their lust unclene,
 They brought forth geaunts and such dreadful wights,
 As far exceeded men in their immeasurd mights.

IX.

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 unkindly crime,
 All were they borne of her owne native slime :
 Until that Brutus, anciently deriv'd
 From roiall stocke of old Assaracs line,
 Driven by fatall error here arriv'd,
 And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

X.

But ere he had established his throne,
 And spred his empire to the utmost shore,
 He fought great batteils with his salvage sone ;
 In which he them defeated evermore,
 And many giaunts left on groning flore :
 That well can witnes yet unto this day
 The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the gore
 Of mighty Goëmot, whome in stout fray
 Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

XI.

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 Godmer threw in fierce contention
 At bold Canutus ; but of him was slaine anon.

XII. In

XII.

In meed of these great conquests by them gott,
 Corineus had that province utmost 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 Devonshyre:
 But Canute had his portion from the rest,
 The which he cald Canutium for his hyre;
 Now Cantium, which Kent we comenly inquire.

XIII.

Thus Brute this realme unto his rule subdewd,
 And raigned long in great felicity,
 Lov'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 Locrine left chiefe lord of Britany.
 At last ripe age bad him surrender late
 His life, and long good fortune unto finall fate.

XIV.

Locrine was left the soveraine lord of all;
 But Albanact had all the northerne part,
 Which of himselfe Albania he did call;
 And Camber did possesse the westerne quart,
 Which Severne now from Logris doth depart:
 And each his portion peaceably enioyd,
 Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
 That once their quiet government annoyd;
 But each his paynes to others profit still employd.

XV.

Untill a nation straung, with visage swart,
 And corage fierce, that all men did affray,
 Which through the world then swarmd in every part,
 And overflowd all countries far away,
 Like Noyes great flood, with their importune fway,
 This land invaded with like violence,
 And did themselves through all the north display:
 Untill that Locrine for his realmes defence,
 Did head against them make and strong munificence.

XVI.

He them encountred, a confus'd rout,
 Foreby the river 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)
 Unto the mighty streame him to betake,
 Where he an end of batteill and of life did make.

XVII.

The king retourned proud of victory,
 And insolent wox through unwonted ease,
 That shortly he forgot the ieopardy,
 Which in his land he lately did appease,
 And fell to vaine voluptuous disease :
 He lov'd faire lady Estrild, leudly lov'd,
 Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
 That quite his hart from Guendolene remov'd,
 From Guendolene his wife, though alwaies faithful prov'd.

XVIII.

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 constraind :
 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 overhent, nought moved with her piteous looke.

XIX.

But both herselfe, 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 in that impatient stoure,
 But the sad virgin innocent of all,
 Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
 Which of her name now Severne men do call :
 Such was the end that to disloyall love did fall.

XX. Then

XX.

Then (for her sonne, which she to Locrin bore,
 Madan was young, unmeet to rule the sway)
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
 Till ryper years 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 furrendred, ne herselfe would lenger vex.

XXI.

Tho Madan raignd, unworthie of his race ;
 For with all shame that sacred throne he fild :
 Next Memprise, as unworthy of that place,
 In which being comforted with Manild,
 For thirst of single kingdom him he kild :
 But Ebranck salved both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and warreyd on Brunchild
 In Henault, where yet of his victories
 Brave monuments remaine, which yet that land envies.

XXII.

An happy man in his first dayes he was,
 And happy father of faire progeny :
 For all so many weekes, as the yeare has,
 So many children he did multiply ;
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply
 Their mindes to prayse and chevalrous desyre :
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,
 Of whom it hight ; but in the end their fyre
 With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to retyre.

XXIII.

Which blott his sonne succeeding in his feat,
 The second Brute, (the second both in name,
 And eke in semblaunce of his puiffaunce great)
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of everlasting fame :
 He with his victour sword first opened
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered ;
 Since which with sondrie spoiles she hath been ransacked.

XXIV.

Let Scaldis tell, and let tell Hania,
 And let the marsh of Esthambruges tell,
 What colour were their waters that same day,
 And all the moore twixt Elversham and Dell,
 With blood of Henalois which therein fell.
 How oft that day did sad Brunchildis see
 The greene-shield dyde in dolorous vermell?
 That not scuith guiridh it mote seeme to bee,
 But rather y scuith gogh, signe of sad crueltee.

XXV.

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 whence he brought them to these salvage parts,
 And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

XXVI.

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boiling bathes at Cairbadon,
 Which seeth with secreet fire eternally,
 And in their entrailles, full of quick brimston,
 Nourish the flames which they are warmd upon,
 That to their people wealth they forth do well,
 And health to every forreyne nation:
 Yet he at last, contending to excell
 The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.

XXVII.

Next him king Leyr in happie peace long raynd,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were well uptraind
 In all that seemed fitt for kingly feed:
 Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
 To have divided: tho when feeble age
 Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
 He cald his daughters, and with speeches sage
 Inquyrd, which of them most did love her parentage.

XXVIII. The

XXVIII.

The eldest Gonorill gan to protest,
 That she much more then her owne life him lov'd;
 And Regan greater love to him profest
 Then all the world, whenever it were prov'd;
 But Cordeill said she lov'd him as behoov'd:
 Whose simple answere, wanting colours fayre
 To paint it forth, him to displeasaunce moov'd,
 That in his crown he counted her no hayre,
 But twixt the other twain his kingdom whole did shayre.

XXIX.

So wedded th' one to Maglan king of Scottes,
 And th' other to the king of Cambria
 And twixt them shayrd his realm by equall lottes;
 But without dowre the wife Cordelia,
 Was sent to Aganip of Celtica:
 Their aged fyre, thus eased of his crowne,
 A private life ledd in Albania
 With Gonorill, long had in great renowne,
 That nought him griev'd to beene from rule deposed downe.

XXX.

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 used every way;
 But when of his departure she despayrd,
 Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd.

XXXI.

The wretched man gan then avise too late,
 That love is not where most it is profest;
 Too truely tryde in his extremest state:
 At last resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
 He to Cordelia himselfe address'd,
 Who with entyre affection him receav'd,
 As for her fyre and king her seemed best;
 And after all an army strong she leav'd,
 To war on those which him had of his realme bereav'd.

XXXII.

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 overcommen kept in prison long,
 Till weary of that wretched life herselfe she hong.

XXXIII.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to raine :
 But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envy
 His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdain
 To have a pere in part of soverainty ;
 And kindling coles of cruell enmity,
 Raisd warre, and him in batteill overthrew :
 Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,
 Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him flew :
 Then did he raigne alone, when he none equal knew.

XXXIV.

His sonne Rivall' his dead rowme did supply ;
 In whose sad time blood did from heaven rayne :
 Next great Gurgustus, then faire Caecily,
 In constant peace their kingdomes did contayne :
 After whom Lago, and Kinmarke did rayne,
 And Gorbogud, till far in years he grew ;
 When his ambitious sonnes unto them twayne
 Arraught the rule, and from their father drew ;
 Stout Ferrex and sterne Porrex him in prison threw.

XXXV.

But o! the greedy thirst of royall crowne,
 That knowes no kinred, nor regards no right,
 Stird Porrex up to put his brother downe ;
 Who unto him assembling forreigne might
 Made warre on him, and fell himselfe in fight :
 Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercilesse
 (Most mercilesse of women, Wyden hight)
 Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,
 And with most cruell hand him murdred pittilesse.

XXXVI. Here

XXXVI.

Here ended Brutus sacred progeny,
 Which had seven hundred years this scepter borne
 With high renowne 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.

XXXVII.

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,
 And wondrous wit to menage high affayres,
 Who stird with pittie of the stressed plight
 Of this sad realme, cut into sondry shayres
 By such, as claymd themselves 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.

XXXVIII.

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 overthrew through his owne valiaunce ;
 Whose countries he redus'd to quiet state,
 And shortly brought to civile governaunce,
 Now one, which earst were many made through variaunce.

XXXIX.

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
 Were unto him reveald in vision ;
 By which he freed the travelers 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.

XL.

Donwallo dyde (for what may live 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, when 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.

XLI.

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 gave to fugitives 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.

XLII.

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 have beene of the Fayes,
 As was Aegerie, that Numa tought :
 Those yet of her be Mertian lawes both nam'd and thought.

XLIII.

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 have the best ;
 As well in that same field victorious
 Against the forreine Morands he exprest ;
 Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

XLIV.

Five sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
 All which successefully by turnes did rayne ;
 First Gorboman, a man of vertuous life :
 Next Archigald, who for his proud disdayne
 Deposed was from pryncedome soverayne,
 And pitteous Elidure put in his sted ;
 Who shortly it to him restord agayne,
 Till by his death he it recovered ;
 But Peridure and Vigent him disthronized :

XLV.

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
 Till they out-raigned had their utmost date,
 And then therein reseized was agayne,
 And ruled long with honorable state,
 Till he surrendred realme and life to fate.
 Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd
 By dew successe, and all their nephewes late ;
 Even thirse eleven descents the crowne retaynd,
 Till aged Hely by dew heritage it gaynd.

XLVI.

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 reaedifye
 Of Troynovant, gainst force of enemy,
 And built that gate which of his name is hight,
 By which he lyes entombed solemnly :
 He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
 Androgeus and Tenantius, pictures of his might.

XLVII.

Whilst they were young, Cassibalane their eme
 Was by the people chosen in their sted,
 Who on him tooke the roiall diademe,
 And goodly well long time it governed ;
 Till the prowde Romanes him disquieted,
 And warlike Caesar, tempted with the name
 Of this sweet island never conquered,
 And envying the Britons blazed fame,
 (O hideous hunger of dominion !) hether came.

XLVIII.

Yet twife they were repulſed backe againe,
 And twife 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 native foyle,
 And envious of uncles ſoveraintie,
 Betrayd his country unto forreine ſpoyle.
 Nought els but treaſon from the firſt this land did foyle.

XLIX.

So by him Caefar got the victory,
 Through great bloodſhed and many a ſad affay,
 In which himſelfe was charged heavily
 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 obey,
 Till Arthur all that reckoning defrayd :
 Yet oft the Briton kings againſt them ſtrongly ſwayd.

L.

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 ſinful crime.
 O ioyous memorie of happy time,
 That heavenly 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.

LI.

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 drive the Romanes to the weaker fyde,
 That they to peace agreed. ſo all was pacifyde.

LII.

Was never king more highly magnifide,
 Nor dredd of Romanes, then was Arvirage;
 For which the emperour to him allide
 His daughter Genuifs' 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.

LIII.

He dide; and him succeded Marius,
 Who ioyd his dayes in great tranquillity.
 Then Coyll; and after him good Lucius,
 That first received Christianity,
 The sacred pledge of Christes evangely.
 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.

LIV.

This good king shortly without issew dide,
 Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
 That did herselfe in sondry parts divide,
 And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,
 Whilest Romanes daily did the weake subdew:
 Which seeing, stout Bunduca up arose,
 And taking armes the Britons to her drew;
 With whom she marched straight against her foes,
 And them unwares besides the Severne did enclose.

LV.

There she with them a cruell batteill tryde,
 Not with so good successe as shee deserv'd;
 By reason that the captaines on her syde,
 Corrupted by Paulinus, from her swerv'd:
 Yet such, as were through former flight preserv'd,
 Gathering againe, her host she did renew,
 And with fresh corage on the victor servd:
 But being all defeated, save a few,
 Rather than fly, or be captiv'd, herselfe she slew.

LVI.

O famous moniment of womens prayse!
 Matchable either to Semiramis,
 Whom antique history so high doth rayse,
 Or to Hypsipil', or to Thomiris:
 Her host two hundred thousand numbred is;
 Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,
 Triumphed oft against her enemies;
 And yet though overcome in haplesse fight,
 Shee triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

LVII.

Her reliques Fulgent having gathered,
 Fought with Severus, and him overthrew;
 Yet in the chace was slaine of them that fled;
 So made them victors whome he did subdew.
 Then gan Carausius tirannize anew,
 And against the Romanes bent their proper powre;
 But him Allectus treacherously slew,
 And tooke on him the robe of emperoure:
 Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but short happy howre:

LVIII.

For Asclepiodate him overcame,
 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 soveraine:
 Then gan this realme renew her passed prime;
 He of his name Coylchester built of stone and lime.

LIX.

Which when the Romanes heard, they hether sent
 Constantius, a man of mickle might,
 With whome king Coyll made an agreement,
 And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
 Fayre Helena, the fairest living wight,
 Who in all godly thewes and goodly praife
 Did far excell, but was most famous hight.
 For skil in musicke of all in her daies,
 As well in curious instruments as cunning laies:

LX.

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 usurped by unrighteous doome :
 But he his title iustifide by might,
 Slaying Traherne, and having overcome
 The Romane legion in dreadfull fight :
 So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right :

LXI.

But wanting yffew male, his daughter deare,
 He gave 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 Picts invade this land,
 During the raigne of Maximinian ;
 Who dying left none heire them to withstand ;
 But that they over-ran all parts with easie hand.

LXII.

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 :
 Whome Romane warres, which now fowr hundred yeares,
 And more, had wasted, could no whit dismay ;
 Til by consent of commons and of peares,
 They crownd the second Constantine with ioyous teares :

LXIII.

Who having 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 out-barre, with painefull pyonings
 From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound,
 Which from Alcluid to Panwelt did that border bownd.

LXIV. Three

LXIV.

Three sonnes he dying left, all under age ;
 By meanes whereof their uncle Vortigere
 Usurpt 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 arrived here three hoyes
 Of Saxons, whom he for his safety employes.

LXV.

Two brethren were their capitayns, which hight
 Hengift and Horfus, well approv'd in warre,
 And both of them men of renowned might ;
 Who making vantage of their civile 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 fought at first their helping hand,
 And Vortiger enforst the kingdome to aband :

LXVI.

But by the helpe of Vortimere his sonne,
 He is againe unto his rule restord ;
 And Hengift seeming sad, for that was donne,
 Received is to grace and new accord,
 Through his faire daughters face and flattring word :
 Soone after which three hundred lords he slew
 Of British blood, all sitting at his bord ;
 Whose dolefull moniments who list to rew,
 Th' eternall marks of treason may at Stonheng vew.

LXVII.

By this the sonnes of Constantine, which fled,
 Ambrose and Uther, did ripe yeares attayne,
 And here arriving strongly challenged
 The crowne, which Vortiger did long detain :
 Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slayne ;
 And Hengift eke soone brought to shamefull death.
 Thenceforth Aurelius peaceably did rayne,
 Till that through poyson stopped was his breath ;
 So now entombd lies at Stoneheng by the heath.

LXVIII. After

LXVII.

After him Uther, which Pendragon hight,
 Succeeding—there abruptly it did end,
 Without full point, or other cesure right ;
 As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
 Or th' author selfe could not at least attend
 To finish it : that so untimely breach
 The prince himselfe halfe seemed to offend ;
 Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
 And wonder of antiquity long stopt his speach.

LXIX.

At last, quite ravisht with delight to heare
 The royall offspring of his native land,
 Cryde out, *Deare countrey, o how dearely deare*
Ought thy remembraunce and perpetuall band
Be to thy foster childe, that from thy hand
Did commun breath and nouriture receave !
How brutish is it not to understand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave ;
That gave unto us all whatever good we have !

LXX.

But Gyon 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 leaves here to repeat :
 It told how first Prometheus did create
 A man of many parts from beasts deryv'd,
 And then stole fire from heven to animate
 His worke, for which he was by Iove depriv'd
 Of life himselfe, and hart-strings of an aegle ryv'd.

LXXI.

That man so made he called Elfe, to weet
 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, and fetch their lignage right.

LXXII.

Of these a mighty people shortly grew,
 And puissant kinges, which all the world warrayd,
 And to themselves all nations did subdew :
 The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
 Was Elfin ; him all India obeyd,
 And all that now America men call :
 Next him was noble Elfinan, who laid
 Cleopolis foundation first of all :
 But Elfine enclosed it with a golden wall.

LXXIII.

His sonne was Elfinell, who overcame
 The wicked Gobbelines in bloody field :
 But Elfant was of most renowned fame,
 Who all of christall did Panthea build :
 Then Elfar, who two brethren gyauntes kild,
 The one of which had two heades, th' other three :
 Then Elfinor, who was in magick skild ;
 He built by art upon the glassy see
 A bridge of bras, whose sound heavens thunder seem'd to be.

LXXIV.

He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
 And all their offspring in their dew descents ;
 Even seven hundred princes, which maintaynd
 With mightie deedes their sondry governments ;
 That were too long their infinite contents
 Here to record, ne much materiall :
 Yet should they be most famous monuments,
 And brave ensample, both of martiall,
 And civil rule to kinges and states imperiall.

LXXV.

After all these Elficleos did rayne,
 The wise Elficleos in great maiestie,
 Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
 And with rich spoyles and famous victorie
 Did high advaunce the crowne of Faery :
 He left two sonnes, of which faire Elferon,
 The eldest brother, did untimely dy ;
 Whose emptie place the mightie Oberon
 Doubly supplide in spousall and dominion.

LXXVI. Great

LXXVI.

Great was his power and glorie over 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 liveth none this howre,
 Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill ;
 Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre :
 Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and great powre.

LXXVII.

Begyld thus with delight of novelties,
 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 unwilling from their bookes them brought,
 And fayrely feasted, as so noble knightes she ought.

C A N T O XI.

*The enimies of Temperaunce
Besiege her dwelling place ;
Prince Artbure them repelles, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.*

I.

WHAT warre so cruel, or what siege so fore,
As that, which strong affections doe apply
Against the forte of reason evermore,
To bring the fowle into captivity ?
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage ;
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the partes, brought into their bondage :
No wretchedness is like to sinfull vellenage.

II.

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 flourish in all beautie excellent ;
And to her gwestes doth bounteous banquet dight,
Attempted goodly well for health and for delight.

III.

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray
The windowes of bright heaven opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
Uprose sir Guyon in bright armour clad,
And to his purposd iourney him prepar'd :
With him the palmer eke in habit sad
Himselfe addrest to that adventure hard :
So to the rivers syde they both together far'd :

IV. Where

IV.

Where them awaited ready at the ford
 The ferriman, as Alma had behight,
 With his well-rigged bote : they goe aboard,
 And he eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
 Ere long they rowed were quite out of fight,
 And fast the land behynd them fled away.
 But let them pas, whiles winde and wether right
 Doe serve their turnes : here I a while must stay,
 To see a cruell fight doen by the prince this day.

V.

For all so soone as Guyon thence was gon
 Upon his voyage with his trustie guyde,
 That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
 That castle to assaile on every side,
 And lay strong siege about it far and wyde.
 So huge and infinite their numbers were,
 That all the land they under them did hyde ;
 So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
 Their visages imprest, when they approached neare.

VI.

Them in twelve troupes their captein did dispart,
 And round about in fittest steades did place,
 Where each might best offend his proper part,
 And his contrary obiect most deface,
 As every one seem'd meetest in that cace.
 Seven 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.

VII.

The other five five sondry wayes he sett
 Against the five great bulwarkes of that pyle,
 And unto 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 fervently apply
 With greedie malice and importune toyle,
 And planted there their huge artillery,
 With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

VIII.

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
 Of fowle misshapen wightes, of which some were
 Headed like owles, with beekes uncomely bent ;
 Others like dogs, others like gryphons dreare ;
 And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare :
 And every one of them had lynces eyes,
 And every one did bow and arrowes beare :
 All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt envyes,
 And covetous aspects, all cruel enimyes :

IX.

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 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 that bulwarke forely rent.

X.

The second bulwarke was the Hearing fence,
 Gainst which the second troupe deffignment makes ;
 Deformed creatures, in straunge difference :
 Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes,
 Some like wild bores late rouzd out of the brakes :
 Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies,
 Leafinges, backbytinges, and vaine-glorious crakes,
 Bad counfels, prayfes, and false flatteries :
 All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

XI.

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 ugly formes weren pourtrayd,
 Fcolish delights and fond abusions,
 Which doe that fence besiege with light illusions.

XII. And

XII.

And that fourth band, which cruell battry bent
 Against the fourth bulwarke, that is the Taste,
 Was as the rest a gryllie rablement ;
 Some mouth'd like greedy oystriages, some faste
 Like loathly toades, some fashioned in the waste
 Like swine : for so deformd is luxury,
 Surfeat, misdiet, and unthriftie waste,
 Vaine feastes, and ydle superfluity :
 All those this fences fort assayle incessantly.

XIII.

But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,
 And ferce of force, is dreadfull to report ;
 For some like snayles, some did like spyders shew,
 And some like ugly urchins thick and short :
 Cruelly they assayled 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.

XIV.

Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull puiffaunce
 Against that castlle restlesse siege did lay,
 And evermore their hideous ordinaunce
 Upon the bulwarkes cruelly did play,
 That now it gan to threaten neare decay :
 And evermore their wicked capitayn
 Provoked them the breaches to assay,
 Somtimes with threats, somtimes with hope of gayn,
 Which by the ranfack of that peece they should attayn.

XV.

On th' other syde, th' assieged castles ward
 Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
 And many bold repulse, and many hard
 Atchievement wrought with perill and with payne,
 That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine :
 And those two brethren gyauntes did defend
 The walles so stoutly with their sturdie mayne,
 That never entraunce any durst pretend,
 But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

XVI. The

XVI.

The noble virgin, ladie of the place,
 Was much dismayed with that dreadful fight,
 (For never was she in so evill cace)
 Till that the prince, seeing her wofull plight,
 Gan her recomfort from so sad affright,
 Offring his service and his dearest life
 For her defence against that carle to fight,
 Which was their chiefe and th' authour of that strife :
 She him remerced as the patrone of her life.

XVII.

Eftsoones himfelfe in glitterand armes he dight,
 And his well-proved weapons to him hent ;
 So taking courteous conge, he behight
 Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
 Fayre mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,
 That ever brandished bright steele on hye :
 Whom soone as that unruly rablement
 With his gay squyre issewing did espye,
 They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry :

XVIII.

And therewithall attonce at him let fly
 Their fluttering arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,
 And round about him flocke impetuoufly,
 Like a great water flood, that tombling low
 From the high mountaines, threates to overflow
 With suddein fury all the fertile playne,
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw
 Adowne the streame, and all his vowes make vayne ;
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustayne.

XIX.

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
 And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,
 Which fled asonder, and him fell before ;
 As withered leaves drop from their dried stockes,
 When the wroth western wind does reave their locks :
 And underneath him his courageous steed,
 The fierce Spumador, trode them downe like docks ;
 The fierce Spumador borne of heavenly feed ;
 Such as Laomedon of Phoebus race did breed.

XX. Which

XX.

Which fuddeine horroure and confused cry
 Whenas their capteine heard, in hafte he yode
 The caufe to weet, and fault to remedy :
 Upon a tygre fwift and fierce he rode,
 That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
 Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground :
 Full large he was of limbe, and foulders bröde ;
 But of fuch fubtile fubftance and unfound,
 That like a ghofth he feem'd, whose grave-clothes were unbound :

XXI.

And in his hand a bended bow was feene,
 And many arrowes under his right fide,
 All deadly daungerous, all cruell keene,
 Headed with flint, and fethers bloody dide ;
 Such as the Indians in their quivers hide :
 Thofe could he well direct and freight as line,
 And bid them ftrike the marke which he had eyde ;
 Ne was there falve, ne was there medicine,
 That mote recure their wounds ; fo inly they did tine.

XXII.

As pale and wan as afhes was his looke,
 His body leane and meagre as a rake,
 And fkin all withered like a dried rooke ;
 Thereto as cold and dréry as a fnake,
 That feemd to tremble evermore and quake :
 All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
 And girded with a belt of twifted brake ;
 Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
 Made of a dead mans fkull, that feemd a ghafthly fight :

XXIII.

Maleger was his name ; and after him
 There follow'd faft at hand two wicked hags,
 With hoary lockes all loofe, and vifage grim ;
 Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
 And both as fwift on foot as chafed ftags ;
 And yet the one her other legge had lame,
 Which with a ftaffe all full of litle fnags
 She did fupport, and Impotence her name :
 But th' other was Impatience arrad with raging flame.

XXIV.

Soone as the carle from far the prince espyde,
 Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
 His beaft he felly prickt on either syde,
 And his mischievous bow full readie bent,
 With which at him a cruell shaft he sent :
 But he was warie, and it warded well
 Upon his shield, that it no further went,
 But to the ground the idle quarrell fell :
 Then he another and another did expell.

XXV.

Which to prevent, the prince his mortall speare
 Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
 To be avenged of that shot whyleare :
 But he was not so hardy to abide
 That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside.
 His light-foot beaft, fled fast away for feare :
 Whom to pourfue, the infant after hide,
 So fast as his good courser could him beare ;
 But labour lost it was to weene approach him neare.

XXVI.

For as the winged wind his tigre fled,
 That vew of eye could scarfe him overtake,
 Ne scarfe his feet on ground were seene to tred ;
 Through hils and dales he speedy way did make,
 Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
 And in his flight the villeine turn'd his face
 (As wonts the Tartar by the Caspian lake,
 Whenas the Ruffian him in fight does chace)
 Unto his tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

XXVII.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
 Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew ;
 And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
 That him his foe more fiercely should pourfew :
 But when his uncouth manner he did vew,
 He gan avize to follow him no more,
 But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
 Untill he quite had spent his perlous store,
 And then assaile him fresh, ere he could shift for more.

XXVIII. But

XXVIII.

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;

XXIX.

And catching hold of him as downe he lent,
 Him backward overthrew, and downe him stayd
 With their rude handes and gryesly graplement;
 Till that the villein, comming to their ayd,
 Upon him fell, and lode upon 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.

XXX.

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
 May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
 So feeble is mans state, and life unsound,
 That in assuraunce it may never stand,
 Till it dissolved be from earthly band.
 Proove be thou, prince, the prowest man alyve,
 And noblest borne of all in Britayne land;
 Yet thee fierce fortune did so nearely drive,
 That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not survive.

XXXI.

The squire arriving, fiercely in his armes
 Snatcht first the one, and then the other jade,
 (His chiefeest letts and authors of his harmes)
 And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
 Least that his lord they should behinde invade;
 The whiles the prince, prickt with reprochful shame,
 As one awakte out of long slombring shade,
 Revivying thought of glory and of fame,
 United all his powres to purge himselfe from blame.

XXXII.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
 Hath long bene under-kept and down supprest,
 With murmurous disdayne doth inly rave,
 And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
 At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
 And strives to mount unto his native seat ;
 All that did earst it hinder and molest,
 Yt now devoures with flames and scorching heat,
 And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

XXXIII.

So mightely the Briton prince him rouzd
 Out of his holde, and broke his caytive bands ;
 And as a beare, whom angry cures have touzd,
 Having off-shakt them and escapt their hands,
 Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
 Treads down and overthrowes. now had the carle
 Alighted from his tigre, and his hands
 Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
 To seize upon his foe flatt lying on the marle.

XXXIV.

Which now him turnd to difavantage deare ;
 For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
 But trust unto his strength and manhood meare,
 Sith now he is far from his monstrous swarme,
 And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
 The knight yet wrathfull for his late disgrace,
 Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,
 And him so fore smott with his yron mace,
 That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

XXXV.

Wel weened hee that field was then his owne,
 And all his labor brought to happy end ;
 When suddein up the villeine overthrowne
 Out of his swowne arose fresh to contend,
 And gan himselfe to second battaill bend,
 As hurt he had not beene : thereby there lay
 An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
 And had not bene removed many a day ;
 Some land-marke seemd to bee, or signe of fundry way :

XXXVI.

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
 Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
 To shonne the engin of his meant decay ;
 It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
 But grownd he gave, and lightly lept areare :
 Este fierce retourning, as a faulcon fayre,
 That once hath failed of her fouse full neare,
 Remounts againe into the open ayre,
 And unto better fortune doth herselfe prepayre.

XXXVII.

So brave retourning, with his brandisht blade
 He to the carle himselfe agayn addrest,
 And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
 An open passage through his riven brest,
 That halfe the steele behind his backe did rest ;
 Which drawing backe, he looked evermore
 When the hart blood should gush out of his chest,
 Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore ;
 But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathemore :

XXXVIII.

Ne drop of blood appeared shed to bee,
 All were the wownd 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.

XXXIX,

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 ghoft that wanted funerall,
 Or aery spirite under false pretence,
 Or hellish feend raysd up through divelish science.

XL.

His wonder far exceeded reasons reach,
 That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
 And oft of error did himselfe 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 never heare, like did he never see.

XLI.

Awhile he stood in this astonishment,
 Yet would he not for all his great dismay
 Give over to effect his first intent,
 And th' utmost meanes of victory assay,
 Or th' utmost yflew of his owne decay.
 His owne good sword Mordure, that never fayld
 At need till now, he lightly threw away,
 And his bright shield that nought him now avayld ;
 And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

XLII.

Twixt his two mighty armes him up he snatcht,
 And crusht his carcas so against his brest,
 That the disdainfull fowle he thence dispatcht,
 And th' ydle breath all utterly exprest :
 Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
 The lumpish corse unto the fencelesse grownd ;
 Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
 That backe againe it did alofte rebownd,
 And gave against his mother Earth a gronefull sownd.

XLIII.

As when Ioves harnessse-bearing bird from hye
 Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdayne,
 The stone-dead quarrey falls so forciblye,
 That yt rebownds against the lowly playne,
 A second fall redoubling backe agayne.
 Then thought the prince all peril fure was past,
 And that he victor onely did remayne ;
 No sooner thought, then that the carle as fast
 Can heap huge strokes on him, as ere he down was cast.

XLIV.

Nigh his wits end then woxe th' amazed knight,
 And thought his labor lost and travell vayne
 Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight :
 Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty mayne,
 That whiles he marveild still, did still him payne :
 Forthy he gan some other wayes advize,
 How to take life from that dead-living fwayne,
 Whom still he marked freshly to arize
 From th' earth, and from her womb new spirits to reprize.

XLV.

He then remembred well, that had bene sayd,
 How th' Earth his mother was, and first him bore ;
 She eke so often as his life decayd,
 Did life with usury to him restore,
 And reysd him up much stronger then before,
 So soone as he unto her wombe did fall :
 Therefore to grownd he would him cast no more,
 Ne him committ to grave terrestriall,
 But beare him farre from hope of succour usuall.

XLVI.

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
 And having scruzd out of his carrion corse
 The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
 Upon his shoulders carried him perorse
 Above three furlongs, taking his full course,
 Untill he came unto a standing lake ;
 Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
 Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake :
 So end of that carles dayes and his owne paynes did make.

XLVII.

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 having quencht her burning fier-brands,
 Hedlong herselfe did cast into that lake ;
 But Impotence with her owne wilfull hands
 One of Malegers curfed darts did take,
 So ryv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

XLVIII. Thus

XLVIII.

Thus now alone he conquerour remains ;
 Tho cumming to his squire that kept his steed,
 Thought to have mounted, but his feeble vaines
 Him faild thereto, and served not his need,
 Through losse of blood which from his wounds did bleed,
 That he began to faint, and life decay :
 But his good squire him helping up with speed,
 With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,
 And led him to the castle by the beaten way.

XLIX.

Where many groomes and squires 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 she causd him up to be convayd,
 And of his armes despoyled easily ;
 In sumptuous bed shee made him to be layd,
 And al the while his wounds were dressing by him stayd.

CANTO XII.

*Guyon by palmers governaunce,
 Passing through perilles great,
 Doth overthrow the bowre of blis,
 And Acrasy defeat.*

I.

NOW ginnes that goodly frame of temperaunce
 Fayrely to rise, and her adorned hed
 To pricke of highest prayse forth to advaunce,
 Formerly grounded, and fast setteled
 On firme foundation of true bountyhed :
 And this brave knight, that for this vertue fightes,
 Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
 Where pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
 Mongst thousand dangers and ten thousand magick mightes.

II.

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has,
 Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
 Ne ought save perill, still as he did pas :
 Tho when appeared the third morrow bright
 Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,
 An hideous roring far away they heard,
 That all their fences filled with affright ;
 And streight they saw the raging furies reard
 Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

III.

Said then the boteman, *Palmer, stere aright,
 And keepe an even course ; for yonder way
 We needes must pas (God doe us well acquight !)*
*That is the Gulfe of greedinesse, they say,
 That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray ;
 Which having swallowd up excessively,
 He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
 And belbeth forth his superfluity,
 That all the seas for feare doe seeme away to fly.*

IV. O₇

IV.

*On th' other syde an hideous rock is pight
 Of mightie magnes stone, whose craggie clift
 Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight,
 Over the waves his ruggad armes doth lift,
 And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
 On whoſo cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
 All paſſengers, that none from it can ſhift:
 For whiles they fly that gulfe's devouring iawes,
 They on the rock are rent, and ſunck in helpleſſe waves.*

V.

Forward they paſſe, and ſtrongly he them rowes,
 Untill they nigh unto that gulfe arryve,
 Where ſtreame more violent and greedy growes:
 Then he with all his puiſaunce doth ſtryve
 To ſtrike his oares, and mightily doth dryve
 The hollow veſſell through the threatfull wave;
 Which gaping wide to ſwallow them alyve
 In th' huge abyſſe of his engulſing grave
 Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terrour rave.

VI.

They paſſing by, that grifely mouth did ſee
 Sucking the ſeas into his entralles deepe,
 That ſeemd more horrible than hell to bee,
 Or that darke dreadfull hole of Tartare ſteepe,
 Through which the damned ghoſts doen often creep
 Backe to the world, bad livers 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.

VII.

On th' other ſide they ſaw that perilous rocke,
 Threatning itſelfe on them to ruinate,
 On whoſe ſharp cliftes the ribs of veſſels broke;
 And ſhivered ſhips, which had beene wrecked late,
 Yet ſtuck with carcaſes exanimate
 Of ſuch, as having all their ſubſtance ſpent
 In wanton ioyes and luſtes intemperate
 Did afterwarde make ſhipwrack violent
 Both of their life and fame for ever ſowly blent.

VIII.

Forthy 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 ravenous race,
 Which still sat wayting on that wastfull clift
 For spoile of wretches, whose unhappy cace,
 After lost credit and consumed thrift,
 At last them driven hath to this despairefull drift.

IX.

The palmer seeing them in safetie past,
 Thus saide, *Behold th' ensamples in our sightes*
Of lustfull luxurie and thristlesse 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 live hereby be counselled
To shunne Rock of reproch, and it as death to dread.

X.

So forth they rowed, and that ferryman
 With his stiffe oares did brush the sea so strong,
 That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
 And the light bubbles daunced all along,
 Whiles the salt brine out of the billowes sprong.
 At last far off they many islandes spy
 On every side floting the floodes emong:
 Then said the knight, *Lo I the land descry,*
Therefore, old syre, thy course doe thereunto apply.

XI.

That may not bee, said then the ferryman,
Least wee unweeting 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 have oft drawne many a wandring wight
Into most deadly daunger and distressed plight.

XII.

Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth view,
 Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispred
 With grassy greene of delectable bew;
 And the tall trees with leaves 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 never it recure,
 But wandreth evermore uncertein and unsure.

XIII.

As th' isle of Delos whylome men report
 Amid th' Aegaeon sea long time did stray,
 Ne made for shipping any certeine port,
 Till that Latona traveiling that way,
 Flying from Iunoes wrath and hard assay,
 Of her sayre twins was there delivered,
 Which afterwards did rule the night and day:
 Thenceforth it firmly was established,
 And for Apolloes temple highly herried.

XIV.

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete;
 And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
 That one of those fame 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:
 Upon the banck they sitting did espy
 A daintie damfell dressing of her heare,
 By whom a little skippet floting did appeare.

XV.

She them espying loud to them can call,
 Bidding them nigher draw unto 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 undight,
 And running to her boat withouten ore,
 From the departing land it launched light,
 And after them did drive with all her power and might.

XVI. Whom

XVI.

Whom overtaking, she in merry fort
 Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly,
 Now faining dalliaunce and wanton sport,
 Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly ;
 Till that the palmer gan full bitterly
 Her to rebuke for being loofe 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.

XVII.

That was the wanton Phaedria, which late
 Did ferry him over the Idle lake :
 Whom nought regarding they kept on their gate,
 And all her vaine allurements did forsake ;
 When them the wary boteman thus bespake ;
*Here now beboveth us well to avyse,
 And of our safety good heede to take ;
 For here before a perlous passage lyes,
 Where many mermayds haunt making false melodies :*

XVIII.

*But by the way there is a great quicksand,
 And a whirlepoole of hidden ieopardy ;
 Therefore, sir palmer, keepe an even hand ;
 For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.*
 Scarfe had he faide, when hard at hand they spy
 That quicksand nigh with water covered ;
 But by the checked wave they did descry
 It plaine, and by the sea discoloured :
 It called was the quickefand of Unthriftyhed.

XIX.

They passing by a goodly ship did see
 Laden from far with precious merchandize,
 And bravely furnished as ship might bee,
 Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,
 Herselfe had ronne into that hazardize ;
 Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle
 Labour'd in vaine to have recur'd their prize,
 And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle ;
 But neither toyle nor traveill might her backe recoyle.

XX.

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 restlesse wheele, still ronning round,
 Did covet, as they passed by that way,
 To draw their bote within the utmost bound
 Of his wide labyrinth, and then to have them dround.

XXI.

But th' heedful boteman strongly forth did stretch
 His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,
 That th' utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
 Whiles the dredd daunger does behind remaine.
 Sudden they see from midst of all the maine
 The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
 And the great sea, puft up with proud disdaine,
 To swell above the measure of his guise,
 As threatning to devoure all that his powre despise.

XXII.

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore
 Outragiously, as they enraged were,
 Or wrathfull Neptune did them drive before
 His whirling charet for exceeding feare ;
 For not one puffe of winde there did appeare ;
 That all the three thereat woxe much afraid,
 Unweeting what such horrour strange did reare.
 Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd
 Of huge sea-monsters, such as living fence dismayd :

XXIII.

Most ugly shapes and horrible aspects,
 Such as dame Nature selfe mote feare to see,
 Or shame, that ever 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 silver scales,
 Mighty monoceros with immeasured tayles ;

XXIV. The

XXIV.

The dreadful fish, that hath deserv'd the name
 Of death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew ;
 The griesly wafferman, that makes his game
 The flying ships with swiftnes to pursew ;
 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 travellers informe ;
 And greedy rosmarines with visages deforme :

XXV.

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 waves 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.

XXVI.

*Feare nought, then saide the palmer well aviz'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 us dread,
 And draw from on this iourney to proceed.*
 Tho lifting up 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.

XXVII.

Quit from that danger forth their course they kept ;
 And as they went they heard a ruefull cry
 Of one that wayld and pittifully wept,
 That through the sea resounding plaints did fly :
 At last they in an 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 evermore.

XXVIII. Which

XXVIII.

Which Guyon hearing streight his palmer bad
 To stere the bote towards that dolefull mayd,
 That he might know and ease her sorrow sad :
 Who him avizing 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 :

XXIX.

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 stay'd stedfastnesse,
 Ne ever shroncke, ne ever fought to bayt
 His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse ;
 But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernesse.

XXX.

And now they nigh approached to the sted
 Whereas 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 usd to bath themselves in that deceptfull shade.

XXXI.

They were faire ladies, till they fondly striv'd
 With th' Heliconian maides for maystery ;
 Of whom they over-comen were depriv'd
 Of their proud beautie, and th' one moyity
 Transform'd to fish, for their bold surquedry ;
 But th' upper halfe their hew retayned still,
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody ;
 Which ever after they abusd to ill,
 T'allure weake traveillers, whom gotten they did kill.

XXXII.

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
Above all knights that ever batteill tryde,
O turne thy rudder betherward awhile :
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde ;
This is the port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet in from paine and wearisome turmoyle.

XXXIII.

With that the rolling sea resounding soft
 In his big base them fitly answered ;
 And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft
 A solemne meane unto them measured ;
 The whiles sweet zephyrus lowd whisteled
 His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony ;
 Which Guyons senses softly tickeled,
 That he the boteman bad row easly,
 And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

XXXIV.

But him the palmer from that vanity
 With temperate advice discourfelled,
 That they it past, and shortly gan descry
 The land to which their course they levelled :
 When suddainly a grosse fog over-spred
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,
 And heavens chearefull face enveloped,
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,
 And this great universe seemd one confused mas.

XXXV.

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 mischief unespide.
 Worse is the daunger hidden then descride.
 Suddainly 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 griesly night.

XXXVI. Even

XXXVI.

Even all the nation of unfortunate
 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-raven, trump of dolefull dreere ;
 The lether-winged batt, dayes enemy ;
 The ruefull strich, still waiting on the bere ;
 The whistler shrill, that whofo heares doth dy ;
 The hellish harpyes, prophets of sad destiny :

XXXVII.

All those, and all that els does horror breed,
 About them flew, and fild their fayles with feare :
 Yet stayd they not, but 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 itselke did playnly show.
 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.

XXXVIII.

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 fallied
 And his sage palmer that him governed ;
 But th' other by his bote behind did stay.
 They marched fayrly forth, of nought ydred,
 Both firmly armd for every hard assay,
 With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

XXXIX.

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 furquedry ;
 Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
 Untill they came in vew of those wilde beasts,
 Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
 And rearing fercely their upstaring crests,
 Ran towards to devoure those unexpected guests.

XL.

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
 The palmer over them his staffe upheld,
 His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat :
 Estefoones their stubborne corages were queld,
 And high-advanched crefts downe meekely feld ;
 Instead of fraying they themselves 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.

XLI.

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 invade
 Through ghastly horror and eternall shade ;
 Th' infernall 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.

XLII.

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arryve
 Whereas the Bowre of blisse was situate ;
 A place pickt out by choyce of best alyve,
 That natures worke by art can imitate :
 In which whatever in this worldly state
 Is sweete and pleasing unto living sense,
 Or that may dayntest fantasy aggrate,
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

XLIII.

Goodly it was enclosed rownd about,
 As well their entred guesstes to keep within,
 As those unruly beasts to hold without ;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin ;
 Nought feard they force that fortilage to win,
 But wisdomes powre, and temperaunces might,
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin :
 And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
 Rather for pleasure then for battery or fight.

XLIV.

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
 That seemd a worke of admirable witt ;
 And therein all the famous history
 Of Iafon and Medaea was ywritt ;
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fitt,
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
 His falsed fayth, and love too lightly flitt,
 The wondred Argo, which in venturous peece
 First through the Euxine seas bore all the flour of Greece.

XLV.

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
 Under the ship as thorough them she went,
 That seemd the waves were into yvory,
 Or yvory into the waves were sent ;
 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 th' enchanted flame, which did Creusa wed.

XLVI.

All this and more might in that goodly gate
 Be red, that ever open stood to all
 Which thether came : but in the porch there sate
 A comely personage of stature tall,
 And semblaunce pleasing, more than naturall,
 That travelers to him seemd to entize ;
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
 Not fitt for speedy pace or manly exercize.

XLVII.

They in that place him Genius did call :
 Not that celestially powre, to whom the care
 Of life, and generation of all
 That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And straunge phantomes doth lett us ofte foresee,
 And ofte of secret ills bids us beware :
 That is ourselfe, whom though we do not see,
 Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceive to bee :

XLVIII. Therefore

XLVIII.

Therefore a god him sage antiquity
 Did wisely make, and good Agdistes call :
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
 That secretly doth us procure to fall
 Through guilefull semblants, which he makes us see :
 He of this garden had the governall,
 And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

XLIX.

With diverse 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 sacrifice ;
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratyfyde :
 So did he eke sir Guyon passing by ;
 But he his ydle curtesie deside,
 And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,
 And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants sly.

L.

Thus being entred, they behold arownd
 A large and spacious plaine, on every 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 lavishly adorne,
 When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th' early morne.

LI.

Therewith the heavens always joviall
 Lookte on them lovely still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall
 Their tender buds or leaves 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 and holefom smell :

LII.

More sweet and holefome then the pleasaunt hill
 Of Rhodope, on which the nimphe, that bore
 A gyaunt babe, herselfe for griefe did kill ;
 Or the Theffalian Tempe, where of yore
 Fayre Daphne Phoebus hart with love did gore ;
 Or Ida, where the gods lov'd to repayre,
 Whenever they their heavenly bowres forlore ;
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunt of Muses fayre ;
 Or Eden selfe, if ought with Eden mote compayre.

LIII.

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 mayftering his might :
 Till that he came unto 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 :

LIV.

So fashioned a porch with rare device,
 Archt over head with an embracing vine,
 Whose bounches hanging downe seemd to entice
 All passers by to taste their lushious wine,
 And did themselves 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 :

LV.

And them amongst some were of burnisht gold,
 So made by art to beautify the rest,
 Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
 As lurking from the vew of covetous guest,
 That the weake boughes with so rich load opprest
 Did bow adowne as overburdened.
 Under that porch a comely dame did rest
 Clad in fayre weedes, but fowle disordered,
 And garments loose, that seemd unmeet for womanhed :

LVI.

In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose fappy liquor, that with fulnesse fweld,
 Into her cup she scruzd with daintie breach
 Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach
 That so faire wine-presse made the wine more sweet :
 Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
 Whom passing by she happened to meet :
 It was her guise all straungers goodly so to greet.

LVII.

So she to Guyon offred it to taft ;
 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 were she loth ;
 Who nought regarding her displeasure forward goth.

LVIII.

There the most daintie paradise on ground
 Itselfe doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
 And none does others happinesse envye ;
 The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
 The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
 The trembling groves, the christall running by ;
 And that, which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
 The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.

LIX.

One would have thought, (so cunningly the rude
 And scorned partes were mingled with the fine)
 That nature had for wantonessē enfude
 Art, and that art at nature did repine ;
 So striving each th' other to undermine,
 Each did the others worke more beautify ;
 So diff'ring both in willes agreed in fine :
 So all agreed, through sweete diversity,
 This gardin to adorne with all variety.

LX. And

LX.

And in the midst of all a fountaine stood
 Of richest substance that on earth might bee,
 So pure and shiny that the silver flood
 Through every channell running one might see ;
 Most goodly it with curious ymageree
 Was over-wrought, and shapés of naked boyes,
 Of which some seemd with lively iollitee
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
 Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

LXI.

And over all of purest gold was spred
 A trayle of yvie in his native hew :
 For the rich metall was so coloured,
 That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
 Would surely deeme it to bee yvie trew :
 Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew
 Their fleecy flowres they fearefully did steepe,
 Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep.

LXII.

Infinít streames continually did well
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
 The which into an ample laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
 That like a litle lake it seemd to bee ;
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,
 All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright ;
 That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

LXIII.

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 seemd to contend,
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
 Their dainty partes from vew of any which them eyd.

LXIV. Sometimes

LXIV.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
 Above the waters, and then downe againe
 Her plong, as over-maystered by might,
 Where both awhile would covered remaine,
 And each the other from to rise restraine ;
 The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
 So through the chriftall waves appeared plaine :
 Then suddainly both would themselves unhele,
 And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

LXV.

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 secreet pleasaunce to embrace.

LXVI.

The wanton maidens him espying stood
 Gazing awhile at his unwonted guise ;
 Then th' one herselfe low ducked in the flood,
 Abasht that her a straunger did avise :
 But th' other rather higher did arise,
 And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
 And all, that might his melting hart entyse
 To her delights, she unto him bewrayd ;
 The rest hidd underneath him more desirous made.

LXVII.

With that the other likewise up arose,
 And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
 Up in one knott, she low adowne did lose,
 Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd arownd,
 And th' yvorie 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 waves from lookers theft,
 Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

LXVIII. Withall

LXVIII.

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
 That blushing to her laughter gave 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 approch more neare,
 And shewd him many fights that corage cold reare :

LXIX.

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 advise ;*
For here the end of all our traveill is :
Here womnes Acrasia, whom we must surprife,
Els she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

LXX.

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that mote delight a daintie eare,
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elfewhere :
 Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
 To read what manner musicke that mote bee ;
 For ali that pleasing is to living eare
 Was there conformed in one harmonie ;
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree :

LXXI.

The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet ;
 Th' angelicall soft trembling voyces made
 To th' instruments divine responce meet ;
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the waters fall ;
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

LXXII. There

LXXII.

There, whence that musick seemed heard to bee,
 Was the faire witch herselfe now solacing
 With a new lover, whom through forceree
 And witchcraft, she from farre did thether bring:
 There she had him now laid a slombering
 In secret shade after long wanton ioyes;
 Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
 Many faire ladies and lascivious boyes,
 That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

LXXIII.

And all that while right over 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 sighd soft, as if his case she rewde.

LXXIV.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
*Ab see, whose fayre thing doest faine to see,
 In springing flowre the image of thy day;
 Ab 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!*

LXXV.

*So passeth, in the passing of a day,
 Of mortall life the lease, the bud, the flowre;
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay
 That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
 Of many a lady' and many a paramowre:
 Gather therefore the rose whilest yet is prime,
 For soone comes age that will her pride deflowre:
 Gather the rose of love whilest yet is time,
 Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.*

LXXVI.

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birdes
 Their diuerse notes t'attune unto his lay,
 As in approvaunce of his pleasing wordes.
 The constant payre heard all that he did say,
 Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way,
 Through many covert groves, and thickets close ;
 In which they creeping did at last display
 That wanton lady with her lover lose,
 Whose sleepeie head she in her lap did soft dispose.

LXXVII.

Upon 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 vele of filke and silver thin,
 That hid no whit her alablafter skin,
 But rather shewd more white, if more might bee :
 More subtile web Arachne cannot spin ;
 Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
 Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more lightly flee.

LXXVIII.

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 thrild
 Fraile harts, yet quenched not ; like starry light,
 Which sparckling on the silent waves does seeme more bright.

LXXIX.

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.

LXXX.

His warlike armes (the ydle instruments
 Of sleeping praise) were hong upon a tree ;
 And his brave shield, full of old monuments,
 Was fowly ra'ft, that none the signes might see ;
 Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
 Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend ;
 But in lewd loves and waftfull luxuree,
 His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend :
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend !

LXXXI.

The noble elfe and carefull palmer drew
 So nigh them (minding nought but lustfull game)
 That suddein forth they on them rusht, and threw
 A subtile net, which only for that fame
 The skilfull palmer formally did frame :
 So held them under fast ; the whiles the rest
 Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
 The faire enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,
 Tryde all her arts and all her sleights thence out to wrest ;

LXXXII.

And eke her lover strove : but all in vaine ;
 For that fame net so cunningly was wound,
 That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
 They tooke them both, and both them strongly bound
 In captive bandes, which there they readie found :
 But her in chaines of adamant he tyde ;
 For nothing else might keepe her safe and found :
 But Verdant (so he hight) he soone untyde,
 And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

LXXXIII.

But all those pleasaunt bowres, and pallace brave,
 Guyon broke downe with rigour pittiless ;
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
 But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse ;
 Their groves he feld, their gardins did deface,
 Their arbers spoyle, their cabinets suppressse,
 Their banquet-houses burne, their buildings race ;
 And of the fayrest late now made the fowlest place.

LXXXIV.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and fad :
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they right ;
 Till they arrived where they lately 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.

Then Guyon askt, what meant those beastes which there did ly.

LXXXV.

Sayd he, *These seeming beasts are men in deed,*
Whom this enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
Whylome her lovers, which her lustes did feed,
Now turned into figures bideous,
According to their mindes like monstuous.
Sad end, quoth he, of life intemperate,
And mourneful meed of ioyes delicious :
But palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be unto their former state.

LXXXVI.

Streightway he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
 And streight of beastes they comely men became ;
 Yet being men they did unmanly looke,
 And stared ghastly ; some for inward shame,
 And some for wrath to see their captive dame :
 But one above 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.

LXXXVII.

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 have his hoggish minde ;
But let us hence depart whilst wether serves and winde.



The thirde BOOKE of the

FAERY QUEENE

CONTAYNING

The Legend of Britomartis, or of Chastity.

I.



T falls me here to write of chastity,
That fayrest vertue, far above the rest :
For which what needes me fetch from Faery
Forreine ensamples it to have exprest ?
Sith it is shrined in my soveraines brest,
And formd so lively in each perfect part,

That to all ladies, which have it profest,
Neede but behold the pourtraict of her hart ;
If pourtrayd it might bee by any living art :

II.

But living art may not least part expresse,
Nor life-resembling pencill it can paynt,
All were it Zeuxis or Praxiteles ;
His daedale 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 workemanship adventure darre,
For fear through want of words her excellence to marre.

III. How

III.

How then shall I, apprentice of the skill
 That whilome in divineſt wits did rayne,
 Preſume ſo high to ſtretch mine humble quill ?
 Yet now my luckeſſe .lott doth me conſtrayne
 Hereto perforce : but, o dredd ſoverayne,
 Thus far forth pardon, ſith that choiceſt witt
 Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure playne,
 That I in colourd ſhowes may ſhadow itt,
 And antique praifes unto preſent perſons fitt.

IV.

But if in living colours, and right hew,
 Thyſelfe thou covet to ſee pictured,
 Who can it doe more lively or more trew,
 Then that ſweete verſe, with nectar ſprinckeled,
 In which a gracious ſervaunt pictured
 His Cynthia, his heavens fayreſt light ?
 That with his melting ſweetnes raviſhed,
 And with the wonder of her beames bright,
 My ſences lulled are in ſlomber of delight.

V.

But let that ſame delicious poet lend
 A little leave unto a ruſticke Muſe
 To ſing his miſtreſſe prayſe ; and let him mend,
 If ought amis her liking may abuſe :
 Ne let his fayreſt Cynthia reſuſe
 In mirrours more then one herſelfe to ſee ;
 But either Gloriana let her chuſe,
 Or in Belpheobe fashioned to bee :
 In th' one her rule, in th' other her rare chaſtitee.

CANTO I.

*Guyon encountreth Britomart :
 Fayre Florimell is chaced :
 Duesfaes traines, and Malecastaes
 Champions are defaced.*

I.

THE famous Briton prince and faery knight,
 After long wayes and perillous paines endur'd,
 Having 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 sojourne and abode ;
 But when thereto they might not be allur'd
 From seeking praise and deeds of armes abroad,
 They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

II.

But the captiv'd Acrafia he sent,
 Because of travaill long, a nigher way,
 With a strong gard, all reskew to prevent,
 And her to faery court safe to convey ;
 That her for witnes of his hard assay
 Unto his faery queene he might present :
 But he himselfe betooke another way,
 To make more triall of his hardiment,
 And seek adventures, as he with prince Arthure went.

III.

Long so they traveled through wastefull wayes,
 Where daungers dwelt, and perils most did wonne,
 To hunt for glory and renowmed prayse ;
 Full many countreyes they did overronne,
 From the uprising to the setting sunne,
 And many hard adventures did atchieve ;
 Of all the which they honour ever wonne,
 Seeking the weake oppressed to relieve,
 And to recover right for such as wrong did grieve.

IV. At

IV.

At last as through an open plaine they yode,
 They spide a knight that towards pricked fayre ;
 And him beside an aged squire there rode,
 That seemd to couch under his shield three-square ;
 As if that age badd him that burden spare,
 And yield it those that stouter could it wield :
 He them espying, gan himselfe prepare,
 And on his arme addressse his goodly shield,
 That bore a lion passant in a golden field.

V.

Which seeing good fir Guyon deare besought
 The prince of grace to let him ronne that turne.
 He graunted : then the faery quickly raught
 His poynant speare, and sharply gan to spurne
 His fomy steed, whose fiery feete did burne
 The verdant gras as he thereon did tread ;
 Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
 But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
 And bent his dreadful speare against the others head.

VI.

They beene ymett, and both theyr points arriv'd ;
 But Guyon drove so furious and fell,
 That seemd both shield and plate it would have riv'd ;
 Nathelesse it bore his foe not from his fell,
 But made him stagger, as he were not well :
 But Guyon felse, ere well he was aware,
 Nigh a speares length behind his crouper fell ;
 Yet in his fall so well himselfe he bare,
 That mischievous mischaunce his life and limbs did spare.

VII.

Great shame and sorrow of that fall he tooke ;
 For never yet, sith warlike armes he bore,
 And shivering speare in bloody field first shooke,
 He fownd himselfe dishonored so fore.
 Ah ! gentlest knight, that ever armor bore,
 Let not thee grieve dismounted to have beene,
 And brought to grownd, that never wast before ;
 For not thy fault, but secret powre unseene ;
 That speare enchanted was which layd thee on the greene.

VIII. But

VIII.

But weenedst thou what wight thee overthrew,
 Much greater grieve and shamefuller regret
 For thy hard fortune then thou wouldst renew,
 That of a single damzell thou wert mett
 On equall plaine, and there so hard besett :
 Even the famous Britomart it was,
 Whom straunge adventure did from Britayne fett
 To seeke her lover (love far sought alas !)
 Whose image thee had seene in Venus looking-glas.

IX.

Full of disdainfull wrath he fierce uprose,
 For to revenge 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 fame.
 Which when his palmer saw, he gan to feare
 His toward perill and untoward blame,
 Which by that new rencounter he should reare ;
 For death fate on the point of that enchaunted speare :

X.

And hasting towards him gan fayre perswade
 Not to provoke 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 puissance mote not withstand ;
 Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene :
 Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
 To loose long-gotten honour with one evill hond.

XI.

By such good meanes he him discourfelled
 From prosecuting his revenging 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 swar'd asyde,
 And to the ill purveyaunce of his page,
 That had his furnitures not firmly tyde :
 So is his angry corage fayrly pacifyde.

XII.

Thus reconcilment 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
 Of friend or foe, whoever it embaste,
 Ne armes to bear 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 yfere did ryde.

XIII.

O goodly ufage of those antique tymes!
 In which the sword was servaunt unto 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 use envy,
 Vyle rancor to avoid and cruel furquedry.

XIV.

Long they thus traveled in friendly wise,
 Through countreyes waste, and eke well edifyde,
 Seeking adventures 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 living creature none they fownd,
 Save beares, lyons, and buls, which romed them arownd.

XV.

All suddenly out of the thickest brush
 Upon a milk-white palfrey all alone
 A goodly lady did foreby them rush,
 Whose face did 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 scarce them leasure gave her passing to behold.

XVI.

Still as she fledd her eye she backward threw,
 As fearing evill that pourfewd her fast;
 And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
 Loofely disperst with puff of every 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 wifard telles (as he has redd)
 That it importunes death and dolefull dreryhedd.

XVII.

So as they gazed after her awhyle,
 Lo! where a grieisly foster forth did rush,
 Breathing out beastly lust her to defyle;
 His tyreling jade he fierisly forth did push
 Through thicke and thin, both over banck and bush,
 In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
 That from his gory sydes the blood did gush:
 Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
 And in his clownish hand a sharp bore-speare he shooke.

XVIII.

Which outrage when those gentle knights did see,
 Full of great envy and fell gealofy,
 They stayd not to avise who first should bee;
 But all spurd after fast as they mote fly,
 To reskew her from shamefull villany.
 The prince and Guyon equally bylive
 Herselfe purfewd, in hope to win thereby
 Most goodly meede, the fairest dame alive:
 But after the foule foster Timias did strive.

XIX.

The whiles faire Britomart, whose constant mind
 Would not so lightly follow beauties chace,
 Ne reckt of ladies love, did stay behynd,
 And them awayted there a certaine space,
 To weet if they would turne backe to that place:
 But when she saw them gone, she forward went,
 As lay her iourney, through that perlous pace,
 With stedfast corage and stout hardiment;
 Ne evil thing she feard, ne evill thing she ment.

XX.

At last as nigh out of the wood she came,
 A stately castle far away she spyde,
 To which her steps directly she did frame.
 That castle was most goodly edifyde,
 And plaste for pleasure nigh that Forrest fyde :
 But faire before the gate a spacious playne,
 Mantled with greene, it selfe did spredden wyde,
 On which she saw six knights, that did darrayne
 Fiers battaill against one with cruel might and mayne.

XXI.

Mainely they all attonce upon him laid,
 And fore beset on every side arownd,
 That nigh he breathlesse grew ; yet nought dismaid,
 Ne ever to them yielded foot of grownd,
 All had he lost much blood through many a wownd ;
 But stoutly dealt his blowes, and every 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.

XXII.

Like dastard cures, that having at a bay
 The salvage beast embost in wearie chace,
 Dare not adventure on the stubborne pray,
 Ne byte before, but rome from place to place
 To get a snatch when turned is his face.
 In such distresse and doubtfull ieopardy
 When Britomart him saw, she ran apace
 Unto his reskew, and with earnest cry
 Badd those same fixe forbear that single enimy :

XXIII.

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 unto peace :
 Tho gan she myldly of them to inquire
 The cause of their dissention and outrageous yre.

XXIV. Whereto

XXIV.

Whereto that single knight did answere frame ;
These six would me enforce, by oddes of might,
To chaunge my liefse, and love another dame ;
That death me liefer were then such despight,
So unto wrong to yield my wrested right :
For I love one, the truest one on grownd,
Ne list me chaunge ; she th' Errant damzell hight :
For whose deare sake full many a bitter stownd
I have endurd, and tasted many a bloody wownd.

XXV.

Certes, said she, then beene ye fixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to iustify :
For knight to leave his lady were great shame,
That faithfull is ; and better were to dy.
All losse is lesse, and lesse the infamy,
Then losse of love to him that loves but one :
Ne may love be compeld by maistry ;
For soone as maistry comes, sweet love anone
Taketh his nimble winges, and soone away is gone.

XXVI.

Then spake one of those six ; *There dwelleth here*
Witbin this castle-wall a lady fayre,
Whose soveraine beautie hath no living pere ;
Thereto so bounteous and so debonayre,
That never any mote with her compayre :
She hath ordaind this law, which we approve,
That every knight which doth this way repayre,
In case he have no lady nor no love,
Shall doe unto her service, never to remove :

XXVII.

But if he have a lady or a love,
Then must he her forgoe with fowle defame ;
Or els with us by dint of sword approve,
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 overcame ?
He should advaunced bee to high regard,
Said they, and have our ladies love for his reward.

XXVIII. *Therefore*

XXVIII.

Therefore aread, sir, if thou have a love.
Love have I sure, quoth she, but lady none;
Yet will I not fro mine owne love remove,
Ne to your lady will I service done,
But wreake your wronges wrought to this knight alone,
And prove his cause. with that her mortall speare
She mightily aventred towards one,
And downe him finot, ere well aware he weare;
 Then to the next she rode, and downe the next did beare.

XXIX.

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.
Ab, sayd she then, now may ye all see plaine,
That truth is strong, and trew love most of might,
That for his trusty servaunts doth so strongly fight.

XXX.

Too well we see, saide they, and prove too well
Our faulty weakenes, and your matchlesse might:
Forthy, faire sir, yours be the damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
And we your liegemen faith unto you plight.
 So underneath her feet their swords they mard,
 And after her besought, well as they might,
 To enter in, and reape the dew reward:
 She graunted; and then in they all together far'd.

XXXI.

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,
 Eftsoones them brought unto their ladies sight,
 That of them cleped was the Lady of delight.

XXXII. But

XXXII.

But for to tell the sumptuous aray
 Of that great chamber should be labour lost :
 For living wit, I weene, cannot display
 The roiall riches and exceeding cost
 Of every pillour and of every 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.

XXXIII.

These stranger knights, through passing, forth were led
 Into an inner rowme, whose royaltee
 And rich purveyance might uneach be red ;
 Mote princes place befeeme so deckt to bee.
 Which stately manner whenas 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 diversely devize.

XXXIV.

The wals were round about apparelled
 With costly clothes of Arras and of Toure ;
 In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
 The love of Venus and her paramoure,
 The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre,
 A worke of rare device and wondrous wit.
 First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
 Which her affayd with many a fervent fit,
 When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit :

XXXV.

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 secreet shade
 From his beauperes, and from bright heavens vew,
 Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
 Or bathe him in a fountaine by some covert glade :

XXXVI. And

XXXVI.

And whilst he slept, she over him would spread
 Her mantle colour'd like the starry skyes,
 And her soft arme lay underneath 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 rosemaries,
 And fragrant violets, and paunces trim ;
 And ever with sweet nectar she did sprinkle him.

XXXVII.

So did she steale his heedelesse hart away,
 And ioyd his love in secret unespide :
 But for she saw him bent to cruell play,
 To hunt the salvage beast in forrest wyde,
 Dreadfull of daunger that mote him betyde,
 She oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
 From chase of greater beastes, whose brutish pryde
 Mote breede him scath unwares : but all in vaine ;
 For who can shun the chance that dest'ny doth ordaine ?

XXXVIII.

Lo ! where beyond he lyeth languishing,
 Deadly engored of a great wilde bore ;
 And by his side the goddesse groveling
 Makes for him endlesse mone, and evermore
 With her soft garments 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 transfew,
 Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

XXXIX.

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 untimely ease, some for delight,
 As pleased them to use that use it might :
 And all was full of damzels and of squyres,
 Dauncing and reveling both day and night,
 And swimming deepe in sensuall desyres ;
 And Cupid still emongest them kindled lustfull fyres.

XL.

And all the while sweet musicke did divide
 Her looser notes with Lydian harmony ;
 And all the while sweet birdes thereto applide
 Their daintie layes and dulcet melody,
 Ay caroling of love and iollity,
 That wonder was to heare their trim confort.
 Which when those knights beheld with scornefull eye,
 They sdeigned such lascivious disport,
 And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

XLI.

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, saving that askaunce
 Her wanton eyes (ill signes of womanhed)
 Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
 Without regard of grace or comely amenaunce.

XLII.

Long worke it were, and needlesse to devize
 Their goodly entertainment and great glee :
 She caused them be led in courteous wize
 Into a bowre, disarmed for to be,
 And cheared well with wine and spiceree :
 The red-crosse knight was soon disarmed there ;
 But the brave mayd would not disarmed bee,
 But onely vented up her umbriere,
 And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

XLIII.

As when fayre Cynthia in darkefome night
 Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
 Where she may finde the substance thin and light,
 Breakes forth her silver beames, and her bright hed
 Discovers to the world discomfited ;
 Of the poore traweiler that went astray
 With thousand blessings she is heried :
 Such was the beautie and the shining ray,
 With which fayre Britomart gave light unto the day.

XLIV.

And eke those six, which lately with her fought,¹
 Now were disarmd, and did themselves present
 Unto her vew, and company unfought;
 For they all seemed courteous and gent,
 And all fixe brethren borne of one parent,
 Which had them traynd in all civillitee,
 And goodly taught, to tilt and turnament;
 Now were they liegmen to this ladie free,
 And her knights-service ought, to hold of her in fee.

XLV.

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 himfelfe most courteous shew;
 But fierce Bacchante seemd too fell and keene;
 And yett in armes Noctante greater grew:
 All were faire knights, and goodly well besene;
 But to faire Britomart they all but shadowes beene.

XLVI.

For shee was full of amiable grace,
 And manly terror mixed therewithall;
 That as the one stird up affections base,
 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 forfall,
 Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose,
 But wishing it far off his ydle wish doth lose.

XLVII.

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 wex,
 And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
 Her fickle hart conceived hasty fyre,
 Like sparkes of fire that fall in slender flex,
 That shortly brent into extreme desyre,
 And ranfact all her veines with passion entyre.

XLVIII.

Eftfoones 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 given 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.

XLIX.

Faire ladies, that to love captived 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 love, but luſt inclind ;
 For love does alwaies bring forth bounteous deeds,
 And in each gentle hart deſire of honor breeds.

L.

Nought ſo of love this looſer dame did ſkill,
 But as a cole to kindle fleſhly flame,
 Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
 And treading under foote her honeſt name :
 Such love is hate, and ſuch deſire is ſhame.
 Still did ſhe rove 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.

LI.

Supper was ſhortly dight, and downe they ſatt ;
 Where they were ſerved with all ſumptuous fare,
 Whiles fruitfull Ceres and Lyaeus ſatt
 Pourd out their plenty, without ſpight or ſpare ;
 Nought wanted there that dainty was and rare :
 And aye the cups their bancks did overflow ;
 And aye betweene the cups ſhe did prepare
 Way to her love, and ſecret darts did throw ;
 But Britomart would not ſuch guilfull meſſage know :

LII.

So when they flaked had the fervent heat
 Of appetite with meates of every fort,
 The lady did faire Britomart entreat
 Her to difarme, and with delightfull sport
 To loofe her warlike limbs and strong effort :
 But when ſhee mote not thereunto be wonne,
 (For ſhee her ſexe under that ſtraunge purport
 Did uſe to hide, and plaine apparauce ſhonne :)
 In playner wife to tell her grievance ſhe begonne ;

LIII.

And all attonce diſcovered her deſire
 With fighes, and fobs, and plaints, and piteous grieſe ;
 (The outward ſparkes of her in-burning fire :)
 Which ſpent in vaine, at laſt ſhe told her briefe
 That but if ſhe did lend her ſhort reliefe,
 And doe her comfort, ſhe mote algates dye.
 But the chaſte damzell, that had never priefe
 Of ſuch malengine and fine forgerye,
 Did eaſely beleewe her ſtrong extremitye.

LIV.

Full eaſy was for her to have believe,
 Who by ſelf-feeling of her feeble ſexe,
 And by long triall of the inward grieſe
 Wherewith imperious love her hart did vexe,
 Could iudge what paines doe loving harts perplexe.
 Who means 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.

LV.

Forthy ſhe would not in diſcourteife wiſe
 Scorne the faire offer of good will profeſt ;
 For great rebuke it is love to deſpiſe,
 Or rudely ſdeigne a gentle harts requeſt ;
 But with faire countenauncē, as beſeemed beſt,
 Her entertaynd ; nath'leſſe ſhee inly deemd
 Her love too light, to wooe a wandring gueſt ;
 Which ſhe miſconſtruing thereby eſteemd
 That from like inward fire that outward ſmoke had ſteemd.

LVI. Therewith

LVI.

Therewith awhile 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 spread it selfe, and venime close inspire.
 Tho were the tables taken all away,
 And every knight, and every gentle squire,
 Can choose his dame with basciomani gay,
 With whom he ment to make his sport and courtly play.

LVII.

Some fell to daunce, some fell to hazardry,
 Some to make love, some to make meryment ;
 As diverse witts to diverse things apply :
 And all the while faire Malecasta bent
 Her crafty engins to her close intent.
 By this th' eternall lampes, wherewith high Iove
 Doth light the lower world, were halfe yspent,
 And the moist daughters of huge Atlas strove
 Into the ocean deepe to drive their weary drove.

LVIII.

High time it seemed then for everie wight
 Them to betake unto their kindly rest ;
 Estefoones long waxen torches weren light
 Unto their bowres to guyden every guest :
 Tho when the Britonesse saw all the rest
 Avoided quite, she gan herselfe despoile,
 And safe committ to her soft feathered nest ;
 Wher through long watch, and late daies weary toile,
 She soundly slept, and carefull thoughts did quite affoile.

LIX.

Now whenas all the world in silence deepe
 Ythrowded was, and every mortall wight
 Was drowned in the depth of deadly sleepe,
 Faire Malecasta, whose engrieved spright
 Could find no rest in such perplexed plight,
 Lightly arose out of her wearie bed,
 And under the blacke vele of guilty night
 Her with a scarlott mantle covered,
 That was with gold and ermines faire enveloped.

LX. Then

LX.

Then panting softe, and trembling every ioynt,
 Her fearfull feete towards the bowre she mov'd,
 Where she for secret purpose did appoynt
 To lodge the warlike maide, unwisely loov'd ;
 And to her bed approaching first she proof'd
 Whether she slept or wakte ; with her softe hand
 She softly felt if any member moov'd,
 And lent her weary eare to understand
 If any puffle of breath, or signe of sence shee fond.

LXI.

Which whenas none she fond, with easy shifte,
 For feare least her unwares she should abrayd,
 Th' embroder'd quilt she lightly up did lifte,
 And by her side herselfe she softly layd,
 Of every finest fingers touch affrayd ;
 Ne any noise she made, ne word she spake,
 But inly sighd : at last the royall mayd
 Out of her quiet slomber did awake,
 And chaungd her weary side, the better ease to take.

LXII.

Where feeling one close couched by her side,
 She lightly lept out of her filed bedd,
 And to her weapon ran, in minde to gride
 The loathed leachour : but the dame halfe dedd
 Through suddeine feare and ghastly drierihedd
 Did shrieke aloud, 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.

LXIII.

And those fixe knightes, that ladies champions,
 And eke the red-crosse knight ran to the stownd,
 Halfe armd and halfe unarmd, with them attons :
 Where when confusedly they came, they fownd
 Their lady lying on the sencelesse grownd ;
 On th' other side they saw the warlike mayd
 Al in her snow-white smocke, with locks unbownd,
 Threatning the point of her avenging blade ;
 That with so troublous terror they were all dismayd.

LXIV. About

LXIV.

About their ladye first they flockt arownd :
 Whom having laid in comfortable couch
 Shortly they reard out of her frosen swownd ;
 And afterwarde they gan with fowle reproch
 To stirre up 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 themselves embosse :
 Her succourd eke the champion of the bloody crosse.

LXV.

But one of those fixe knights, Gardante hight,
 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 deepe,
 But lightly rased her soft filken skin,
 That drops of purple blood thereout did weepe,
 Which did her lilly smock with staines of vermeil steep.

LXVI.

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, there, and every where about her swayd
 Her wrathfull steele, that none mote it abyde ;
 And eke the red-crosse knight gave her good ayd,
 Ay ioyning foot to foot, and fyde to fyde,
 That in short space their foes they have quite terrifyde.

LXVII.

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 ungentle trade
 Was usd of knightes and ladies seeming gent :
 So earely ere the grosse earthes gryesy shade
 Was all disperst out of the firmament,
 They tooke their steeds, and forth upon their iourney went.

C A N T O II.

*The Red-crosse knight to Britomart**Describeth Artegall :**The wondrous myrrhour, by which she**In love with him did fall.*

I.

HERE have 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 chevalree
 They doe impart, ne maken memoree
 Of their brave gestes and prowesse martiall :
 Scarfe doe they spare to one, or two, or three,
 Rowme in their writtes ; yet the same writing small
 Does all their deedes deface, and dims their glories all.

II.

But by record of antique times I finde
 That wemen wont in warres to beare most sway,
 And to all great exploits themselves inclin'd ;
 Of which they still the girlond bore away,
 Till envious men (fearing their rules decay)
 Gan coyne streight lawes to curb their liberty :
 Yet sith they warlike armes have laide away,
 They have exceld in artes and pollicy,
 That now we foolish men that prayse gin eke t'envy.

III.

Of warlike puiffaunce in ages spent
 Be thou, faire Britomart, whose prayse I wryte,
 But of all wisedom bee thou precedent,
 O soveraine queene, whose prayse I would endyte :
 Endite I would as dewtie doth excyte :
 But ah my rymes too rude and rugged arre,
 When in so high an obiect they doe lyte,
 And striving fit to make, I feare doe marre ;
 Thyfelfe thy prayses tell, and make them knowen farre.

IV. She

IV.

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 uncouth 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 alive when armed was her brest.

V.

Thereat she fighting softly had no powre
 To speake awhile, ne ready answere make ;
 But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter stowre,
 As if she had a fever fitt, did quake,
 And every daintie limbe with horrour shake ;
 And ever and anone the rosy red
 Flasht through her face, as it had beene a flake
 Of lightning through bright heven fulmined :
 At last the passion past she thus him answered ;

VI.

*Faire sir, I let you weete, that from the howre
 I taken was from nourses tender pap,
 I haue been trained up 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 foe-mans speare be dead.*

VII.

*All my delight on deedes of armes is sett,
 To hunt out perilles and adventures hard,
 By sea, by land, whereso 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 native soyle, that is by name
 The greater Brytaine, here to seeke for praise and fame.*

VIII.

*Fame blazed hath, that here in faery lond
 Doe many famous knightes and ladies wonne,
 And many straunge adventures to bee fond,
 Of which great worth and worship may be wonne ;
 Which to prove, I this voyage have begonne.
 But mote I weet of you, right courteous knight,
 Tydings of one that hath unto me donne
 Late foule dishonour and reprochfull spight,
 The which I seek to wreake, and Arthegall he hight.*

IX.

*The worde gone out, she backe againe would call,
 As her repenting so to have missayd ;
 But that he it uptaking ere the fall,
 Her shortly answered ; Faire martiall mayd,
 Certes ye misadvised beene t'upbrayd
 A gentle knight with so unknighly blame :
 For, weet ye well, of all that ever playd
 At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
 The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.*

X.

*Forthy great wonder were it, if such shame
 Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
 Or ever doe that mote deseruen blame :
 The noble corage never weeneth ought
 That may unworthy of itselſe be thought :
 Therefore, faire damzell, be ye well aware,
 Least that too farre ye have your sorrow sought :
 You and your countrey both I wish welfare,
 And honour both ; for each of other worthy are.*

XI.

*The royall maid woxe inly wondrous glad,
 To heare her love so highly magnifyde ;
 And ioyd that ever she affixed had
 Her hart on knight so goodly glorifyde,
 However finely she it faind to hyde.
 The loving 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 there.*

XII. But

XII.

But to occasion him to further talke,
 To feed her humor with his pleasing style,
 Her list in stryfe-full termes with him to balke,
 And thus replyde, *However, sir, ye fyle*
Your courteous tongue his prayles to compyle,
It ill befeemes a knight of gentle sort,
Such as ye have him boasted, to beguyle
A simple maide, and worke so hainous tort,
In shame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

XIII.

Let bee therefore my vengeaunce 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 ever hope to match in equall fight,
Whose prowesse paragone saw never living wight.

XIV.

Ne soothlich is it easie for to read,
Where now on earth, or how he may be fownd;
For he ne wometh 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,
Whereso he beares that any doth confownd
Them comfortlesse through tyranny or might;
So is his soveraine honour raise to hevens hight.

XV.

His feeling wordes her feeble fence 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 faind gaine say:
 (So dischord ofte in musick makes the sweeter lay:)

XVI.

And sayd, *Sir knight, these ydle termes forbear:*
And sith it is uneth to find his haunt,
Tell me some markes by which he may appeare,
If chaunce I him encounter paravaunt;
For perdy one shall other slay, or daunt:
What shape, what shield, what armes, what steed, what stedd,
And whatso else his person most may vaunt?
 All which the red-crosse knight to point ared,
 And him in everie part before her fashioned.

XVII.

Yet him in everie part before she knew,
 However list her now her knowledge fayne,
 Sith him whylome in Britayne she did vew,
 To her revealed 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 wafte,
 And yield the pray of love to lothsome death at last.

XVIII.

By straunge occasion she did him behold,
 And much more straungely gan to love 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 magitian Merlin had deviz'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.

XIX.

It vertue had to shew in perfect fight
 Whatever thing was in the world contaynd,
 Betwixt the lowest earth and heavens hight,
 So that it to the looker appertaynd;
 Whatever foe had wrought, or frend had faynd,
 Therein discovered was, ne ought mote pas,
 Ne ought in secret from the fame remaynd;
 Forthy it round and hollow shaped was,
 Like to the world itselke, and seemd a world of glas.

XX. Who

XX.

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 Ptolomæ it for his lemans sake
 Ybuidled all of glasse, by magicke powre,
 And also it impregnable did make;
 Yet when his love was false he with a peaze it brake.

XXI.

Such was the glassy globe that Merlin made,
 And gave unto king Ryence for his gard,
 That never foes his kingdome might invade,
 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 convince:
 Happy this realme, had it remayned ever since.

XXII.

One day it fortun'd fayre Britomart
 Into her fathers clofet to repayre;
 (For nothing he from her reserv'd apart,
 Being his onely daughter and his hayre)
 Where when she had espyde that mirrhour fayre,
 Herfelse awhile therein she vewd in vaine;
 Tho her avizing of the vertues rare
 Which thereof spoken were, she gan againe
 Her to bethinke of that mote to herfelse pertaine.

XXIII.

But as it falleth, in the gentlest harts
 Imperious Love 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 use 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.

XXIV. Eftfoones

XXIV.

Eftfoones there was presented to her eye
 A comely knight, all arm'd in complete wize,
 Through whose bright ventayle lifted up on hye
 His manly face, that did his foes agrize
 And frends to termes of gentle truce entize,
 Lookt foorth, as Phoebus face out of the east
 Betwixt two shady mountaynes doth arize :
 Portly his perfon was, and much increast
 Through his heroicke grace and honorable gest.

XXV.

His crest was covered with a couchant hownd,
 And all his armour seemd of antique mould,
 But wondrous massy and assured fownd,
 And round about yfretted all with gold,
 In which there written was with cyphers old,
 ACHILLES ARMES WHICH ARTHEGALL DID WIN.
 And on his shield enveloped sevenfold
 He bore a crowned little erminlin,
 That deckt the azure field with her fayre pouldred skin.

XXVI.

The damzell well did vew his personage,
 And liked well, ne further fastned not,
 But went her way ; ne her unguilty age
 Did weene unwares, that her unlucky lot
 Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot :
 Of hurt unwist most daunger doth redound :
 But the false archer, which that arrow shot
 So silyly that she did not feele the wound,
 Did smyle full smoothly at her weetlesse wofull ffound.

XXVII.

Thenceforth the fether in her lofty crest,
 Ruffed of love, gan lowly to availe ;
 And her proud portance and her princely gest,
 With which she earst triumphed, now did quaille :
 Sad, solemne, fowre, 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 love, but some melancholy.

XXVIII.

So soone as night had with her pallid hew
 Defaste the beautie of the shyning skye,
 And reſte from men the worldes deſired vew,
 She with her nourſe adowne to ſleepe did lye ;
 But ſleepe full far away from her did fly :
 Inſtead thereof ſad ſighes and ſorrowes deepe
 Kept watch and ward about her warily ;
 That nought ſhe did but wayle, and often ſteepe
 Her dainty couch with teares, which cloſely ſhe did weepe.

XXIX.

And if that any drop of ſlombring reſt
 Did chaunce to ſtill into her weary ſpright,
 When feeble nature felt herſelfe oppreſt,
 Streightway 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 ſeends affright :
 Tho gan ſhe to renew her former ſmart,
 And thinke of that fayre viſage written in her hart.

XXX.

One night when ſhe was toſt with ſuch unreſt,
 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 in her warme bed her dight :
Ab my deare daughter, ab my deareſt dread,
What uncouth fit, ſayd ſhe, what evill plight
Hath thee oppreſt, and with ſad drearybead
Chaunged thy lively cheare, and living made thee dead ?

XXXI.

For not of nought theſe ſuddein ghastly feares
All night afflict thy naturall reſpoſe ;
And all the day, whenas thine equall peares
Their fit diſports with faire delight doe choſe,
Thou in dull corners doeſt thyſelfe incloſe ;
Ne taſteſt princes pleaſures, ne doeſt ſpred
Abroad thy freſh youths fayreſt flowre, but loſe
Both leafe and fruite, both too untimely ſhed,
As one in wilfull bale for ever buried.

XXXII. *The*

XXXII.

*The time that mortall men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wilde beastes do rest,
And every river eke his course forbearcs,
Then doth this wicked evill thee infest,
And rise with thousand throbs thy thrilled brest:
Like an huge Actn' of deepe engulfed gryefe,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow chest,
Whence forth it breakes in sigbes and anguish ryfe,
As smoke and sulphure mingled with confused stryfe.*

XXXIII.

*Ay me, how much I feare least love it bee!
But if that love it be, as sure I read
By knownen signes and passions which I see,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall seed,
Then I avow by this most sacred head
Of my dear foster childe to ease thy griefe,
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.*

XXXIV.

*So having sayd, her twixt her armes twaine
Shee streightly straynd, and colled tenderly,
And every trembling ioynt and every 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 ever her importund not to feare
To let the secret of her hart to her appeare.*

XXXV.

*The damzell pauzd; and then thus fearfully;
Ab nurse, what needeth thee to eke my payne?
Is it 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 never sore but might a salve obtaine:
That blinded god, which hath ye blindly smit,
Another arrow hath your lovers hart to hit.*

XXXVI. *But*

XXXVI.

*But mine is not, quoth she, like others wound;
 For which no reason can finde remedy.
 Was never such, but mote the like be fownd,
 Said she, and though no reason may apply
 Salve to your sore, yet love can higher stye
 Then reasons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.
 But neither god of love, nor god of skye
 Can doe, said she, that which cannot be donne.
 Things oft impossible, quoth she, seeme ere begonne.*

XXXVII.

*These idle wordes, said she, doe nought aswage
 My stubborne smart, but more annoiaunce breed:
 For no, no usuall fire, no usuall rage
 Yt is, o nourse, which on my life doth feed,
 And sucks the blood which from my hart doth bleed.
 But since thy faithfull zeale lets me not hyde
 My crime (if crime it be) I will it reed.
 Nor prince nor pere it is, whose love hath gryde
 My feeble brest of late, and launched this wound wyde:*

XXXVIII.

*Nor man it is, nor other living wight;
 For then some hope I might unto me draw;
 But th' only shade and semblant of a knight,
 Whose shape or person yet I never saw,
 Hath me subiected to loves cruell law:
 The same one day, as me misfortune led,
 I in my fathers wondrous mirrhour saw,
 And pleased with that seeming goodlyhed,
 Unwares the hidden booke with baite I swallowed:*

XXXIX.

*Sithens it hath infixd faster hold
 Within my bleeding bowells, and so sore
 Now ranckleth in this same fraile fleshy mould,
 That all mine entrailes flow with poisonous gore,
 And th' ulcer 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 miseree.*

XL.

Daughter, said she, what need ye be dismayd?
 Or why make ye such monster of your minde?
 Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd,
 Of filthy lust, contrary unto kinde:
 But this affection nothing straunge I finde;
 For who with reason can you aye reprove
 To love the semblaunt pleasing most your minde,
 And yield your heart whence ye cannot remove?
 No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of love.

XLI.

Not so th' Arabian Myrrhe did sett her mynd;
 Nor so did Biblis spend her pining hart;
 But lov'd their native flesh against al kynd,
 And to their purpose used wicked art:
 Yet playd Pasphaë a more monstrous part,
 That lov'd a bull, and learnd a beast to bee:
 Such shamefull lusts who loaths not, which depart
 From course of nature and of modestee?
 Swete love such lewdnes bands from his faire companee.

XLII.

But thine, my deare, (welfare thy heart, my deare)
 Though straunge beginning had, yet fixed is
 On one that worthy may perhaps appeare;
 And certes seemes bestowed not amis:
 Ioy thereof have thou and eternall blis.
 With that upleaning on her elbow weake,
 Her alabaster 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;

XLIII.

Beldame, your words doe worke me litle ease;
 For though my love be not so lewdly bent
 As these ye blame, yet may it nought appease
 My raging smart, ne ought my flame relent,
 But rather doth my helpelesse griefe augment.
 For they, however shamefull and unkinde,
 Yet did possesse their horrible intent:
 Short end of sorrowes they therby did finde;
 So was their fortune good, though wicked were their minde.

XLIV.

*But wicked fortune mine, though minde be good,
 Can have no end nor hope of my desire,
 But feed on shadowes whiles I die for food,
 And like a shadow wexe, whiles with entire
 Affection I doe languish and expire.
 I fonder then Cephisus foolish chylde,
 Who having viewed in a fountaine shere
 His face, was with the love thereof beguyld;
 I fonder love a shade, the body far exyld.*

XLV.

*Nought like, quoth shee, for that same wretched boy
 Was of himselfe the ydle paramoure,
 Both love and lover, without hope of ioy;
 For which he faded to a watry flowre.
 But better fortune thine, and better howre,
 Which lov'st the shadow of a warlike knight;
 No shadow, but a body bath in powere:
 That body, wheresoever that it light,
 May learned be by cyphers or by magicke might.*

XLVI.

*But if thou may with reason yet repressse
 The growing evill, ere it strength have gott,
 And thee abandond wholly do possesse;
 Against it strongly strive, and yield thee nott,
 Til thou in open felde adowne be smott:
 But if the passion mayster thy fraile might,
 So that needs love or death must be thy lott;
 Then I avow to thee, by wrong or right
 To compas thy desire and find that loved knight.*

XLVII.

*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 fence: shee, therewith well apayd,
 The dronken lamp down in the oyl did steepe,
 And sett her by to watch, and sett her by to weepe.*

XLVIII.

Earely the morrow next, before that day
 His ioyous face did to the world revele,
 They both uprofe and tooke their ready way
 Unto the church, their praiers to appele,
 With great devotion, and with litle zele:
 For the faire damzell from the holy herfe
 Her love-sicke hart to other thoughts did steale;
 And that old dame said many an idle verse,
 Out of her daughters hart fond fancies to reverse.

XLIX.

Retourned home, the royall infant fell
 Into her former fitt: for why? no powre,
 Nor guidaunce of herselfe in her did dwell.
 But th' aged nurse, her calling to her bowre,
 Had gathered rew, and savine, and the flowre
 Of camphora, and calamint, and dill;
 All which she in a earthen pot did poure,
 And to the brim with coltwood did it fill,
 And many drops of milk and blood through it did spill.

L.

Then taking thrise three heares from off her head,
 Them trebly breaded in a threefold lace,
 And round about the pots mouth bound the thread;
 And after having 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 upon my face,
Spitt thrise upon me, thrise upon me spitt;
Tb' uneven number for this busines is most fitt.

LI.

That sayd, her rownd about she from her turnd,
 She turned her contrary to the funne;
 Thrise she her turnd contrary, and returnd;
 All contrary; for she the right did shunne,
 And ever what she did was streight undonne.
 So thought she to undoe her daughter's love:
 But love, that is in gentle brest begonne,
 No ydle charmes so lightly may remove;
 That well can witnesse who by tryall it does prove.

LII.

Ne ought it mote the noble mayd avayle,
 Ne flake the fury of her cruell flame,
 But that shee still did waste, and still did wayle,
 That through long languour and hart-burning brame
 She shortly like a pyned ghoſt became,
 Which long hath waited by the Stygian ſtrond :
 That when old Glauce ſaw, for feare leaſt blame
 Of her miſcarriage ſhould in her be fond,
 She wiſt not how t'amend, nor how it to withſtond.

CANTO III.

*Merlin bewrayes to Britomart
 The ſtate of Artbegall :
 And ſhewes the famous progeny,
 Which from them ſpringen ſhall.*

I.

MOST ſacred fyre, that burneſt mightily
 In living breſts, ykindled firſt above
 Emongſt th' eternall ſpheres and lamping ſky,
 And thence pourd into men, which men call love ;
 Not that fame, which doth baſe affectionſ move
 In brutiſh mindes, and filthy luſt inflame ;
 But that ſweete fit that doth true beautie love,
 And choſeth vertue for his deareſt dame ;
 Whence ſpring all noble deedes and never-dying fame :

II.

Well did antiquity a god thee deeme,
 That over mortall mindes haſt ſo great might,
 To order them as beſt to thee doth ſeeme,
 And all their actions to direct aright :
 The fatall purpoſe of divine foreſight
 Thou doeſt effect in deſtined deſcents,
 Through deepe impreſſion of thy ſecret might,
 And ſtirreſt up th' heroes high intents,
 Which the late world admyres for wondrous monuments:

III. But

III.

But thy dredd dartes in none doe triumph more,
 Ne braver prooffe in any of thy powre
 Shewd'ft thou, then in this royall maid of yore,
 Making her feeke an unknowne paramoure
 From the worlds end, through many a bitter ftowre;
 From whose two loynes thou afterwarde did rayfe
 Moft famous fruites of matrimoniall bowre,
 Which through the earth have fpredd their living prayfe,
 That fame in tromp of gold eternally difplayes.

IV.

Begin then, o my deareft facred dame,
 Daughter of Phoebus and of Memorye,
 That doeft ennoble with immortal name
 The warlike worthies from antiquitye
 In thy great volume of eternitye;
 Begin, o Clio, and recount from hence
 My glorious foveraines goodly auncestrye,
 Till that by dew degrees and long protenfe,
 Thou have it laftly brought unto her Excellence.

V.

Full many wayes within her troubled mind
 Old Glauce caft to cure this ladies grieve;
 Full many wayes ſhe fought, but none could find,
 Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counfel, that is chiefe
 And choicest med'cine for fick harts reliefe:
 Forthy great care ſhe tooke, and greater feare,
 Leaſt that it ſhould her turne to fowle repriefe
 And fore reproch, whenſo her father deare
 Should of his deareft daughters hard misfortune heare.

VI.

At laſt ſhe her aviſde, that he which made
 That mirrhour wherein the ficke damofell
 So ſtraungely vewed her ſtraunge lovers ſhade,
 To weet the learned Merlin, well could tell
 Under what coaſt of heaven the man did dwell,
 And by what means his love might beſt be wrought:
 For though beyond the Africk Iſmael,
 Or th' Indian Peru he were, ſhe thought
 Him forth through infinite endeavour to have fought.

VII. Forthwith

VII.

Forthwith themselves disguising both in straunge
 And base attyre, that none might them bewray,
 To Maridunum, that is now by chaunge
 Of name Cayr-Merdin cald, they tooke their way :
 There the wife Merlin whylome wont (they fay)
 To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
 In a deepe delve, farre from the vew of day,
 That of no living wight he mote be found,
 Whenso he counfeld with his sprights encompass round.

VIII.

And if thou ever happen that same way
 To travell, go to see that dreadful place :
 It is an hideous hollow cave (they fay)
 Under 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,
 For feare the cruell feendes should thee unwares devowre :

IX.

But standing high aloft low lay thine eare,
 And there such ghastly noyse of yron chaines
 And brafen caudrons thou shalt rombling heare,
 Which thousand sprights with long enduring paines
 Doe tosse, that it will stonn thy feeble braines ;
 And oftentimes great grones and grievous stownds,
 When too huge toile and labour them constraines,
 And oftentimes loud strokes and ringing sowlndes
 From under that deepe rock most horribly rebowndes.

X.

The cause some fay is this : a litle whyle
 Before that Merlin dyde, he did intend
 A brafen wall in compas to compyle
 About Cairmardin, and did it commend
 Unto these sprights to bring to perfect end :
 During which worke the lady of the Lake,
 Whom long he lov'd, for him in hast did send,
 Who thereby forst his workemen to forsake,
 Them bownd till his retourne their labour not to flake.

XI.

In the meane time through that false ladies traine
 He was surpris'd, and buried under beare,
 Ne ever 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 traveile day and night,
 Untill that brazen wall they up doe reare :
 For Merlin had in magick more insight
 Then ever him before or after living wight :

XII.

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 things could frame,
 Whensoe him list his enimies to fray :
 That to this day for terror of his fame
 The feendes do quake, when any him to them does name.

XIII.

And sooth men say that he was not the sonne
 Of mortall fyre or other living 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 Mathtraval by right,
 And coosen unto king Ambrosius ;
 Whence he indued was with skill so merveilous.

XIV.

They here ariving, staid awhile without,
 Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
 But of their first intent gan make new dout
 For dread of daunger, which it might portend :
 Untill the hardy mayd (with love to frend)
 First entering, the dreadful 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 service bownd.

XV. He

XV.

He nought was moved at their entraunce bold ;
 (For of their comming well he wist afore)
 Yet list them bid their businesse to unfold,
 As if ought in this world in secrete store
 Were from him hidden, or unknowne of yore.
 Then Glauce thus, *Let not it thee offend,*
That we thus rashly through thy darksom dore
Unwares have prest; for either fatall end,
Or other mightie cause us two did kether send.

XVI.

He bad tell on ; and then she thus began ;
Now have three moones with borrowd brothers light
Thrise shined faire, and thrise seemd dim and wan,
Sith a sore evill, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth and doth plunge in dolefull plight,
First rooting tooke; but what thing it mote bee,
Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright :
But this I read, that but if remedee
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

XVII.

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 ye tell*
More neede of leach-crafte hath your damozell,
Then of my skill: who helpe may have elswhere,
In vaine seekes wonders out of magic spell.
 Th' old woman wox half blanck those words to heare,
 And yet was loth to let her purpose plaine appeare ;

XVIII.

And to him said, *Yf any leaches skill,*
Or other learned meanes, could have redrest
This my deare daughters deepe-engrafted ill,
Certes I should be loth thee to molest :
But this sad evill, 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 evill spright, that in her doth such torment breed.

XIX.

The wifard could no lenger beare her bord,
 But brufting forth in laughter to her fayd ;
*Glauce, what needes this colourable word
 To cloke the caufe that hath itfelfe bewrayd ?
 Ne ye, fayre Britomartis, thus arayd,
 More hidden are then funne in cloudy vele ;
 Whom thy good fortune, having fate obayd,
 Hath bether brought for succour to appele ;
 The which the powres to thee are pleas'd to revele.*

XX.

The doubtfull mayd, feeing herfelfe descryde,
 Was all abafht, and her pure yvory
 Into a cleare carnation fuddeine dyde ;
 As fayre Aurora ryfing haftily
 Doth by her blufhing tell that ſhe did lye
 All night in old Tithonus frofen bed,
 Whereof ſhe ſeemes afhamed inwardly :
 But her olde nourfe was nought difhartened,
 But vauntage made of that which Merlin had ared ;

XXI.

And fayd, *Sith then thou knoweft all our grieffe,
 (For what doeſt not thou knowe ?) of grace I pray,
 Pitty our playnt, and yield us 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 love, let no whit thee diſmay
 The hard beginne that meetes thee in the dore,
 And with ſharpe fits thy tender hart oppreſſeth ſore :*

XXII.

*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 hevens hight forth ſtretched bee.
 For from thy wombe a famous progenee
 Shall ſpring out of the auncient Trojan blood,
 Which ſhall revive the ſleeping memoree
 Of thoſe ſame antique peres, the hevens brood,
 Which Greeke and Aſian rivers ſtained with their blood.*

XXIII.

*Renowmed kings and sacred emperours,
 Thy fruitfull ofspring, shall from thee descend;
 Brave 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 upreare, and mightily defend
 Against their forren foe that commes from farre,
 Till uniuersall peace compound all ciuill iarre.*

XXIV.

*It was not, Britomart, thy wandring eye
 Glauncing unwares in charmed looking-glas,
 But the streight course of heavenly destiny,
 Led with eternall providence, that has
 Guyded thy glaunce, to bring his will to pas:
 Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
 To love the prowest knight that ever was:
 Therefore submit thy wayes unto his will,
 And doe by all dew meanes thy destiny fulfill.*

XXV.

*But read, faide 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 themselves 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 heavenly causes to their constant terme.*

XXVI.

*The man, whom heavens have ordaynd to bee
 The spouse of Britomart, is Artbegall:
 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:*

XXVII.

But sooth he is the sonne of Gorlois,
 And brother unto Cador, Cornish king ;
 And for his warlike feates renowned is,
 From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
 Untill the closure of the evening :
 From thence, him firmly bound with faithfull band,
 To this his native soyle thou backe shalt bring,
 Strongly to ayde his countrey, to withstand
 The powre of forreine paynims which invade thy land.

XXVIII.

Great ayd thereto his mighty puissaunce
 And dreaded name shall give in that sad day ;
 Where also prooffe of thy prow valiaunce
 Thou then shalt make, t' increase thy lovers 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 practise criminall
 Of secrete foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

XXIX.

With thee yet shall he leave for memory
 Of his late puissaunce his ymage dead,
 That living him in all activity
 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 issew forth with dreadfull might
 Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

XXX.

Like as a lyon that in drowfie cave
 Hath long time slept, himselfe so shall he shake ;
 And comming forth, shall spred his banner brave
 Over the troubled south, that it shall make
 The warlike Mertians for feare to quake :
 Thrise shall he fight with them, and twice 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.

XXXI.

His sonne, bight 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
 Avenge his fathers losse with speare and shield,
 And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

XXXII.

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 heröes seemes to bee!
 He the six islands, comprovinciall
 In auncient times unto great Britainee,
 Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
 Their sondry kings to do their homage severall.

XXXIII.

All which his sonne Careticus awhile
 Shall well defend, and Saxons powre suppress;
 Untill a straunger king from unknowne soyle
 Arriving him with multitude oppresse;
 Great Gormond, having with huge mightinesse
 Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
 Like a swift otter (fell through emptinesse)
 Shall over-swim the sea with many one
 Of his Norveyses, to assist the Britons fone.

XXXIV.

He in his furie all shall over-ronne,
 And holy church with faithlesse handes deface,
 That thy sad people, utterly fordonne,
 Shall to the utmost mountaines fly apace:
 Was never so great waste in any place,
 Nor so fowle outrage doen by living men;
 For all thy citties they shall sacke and race,
 And the greene grasse that groweth they shall bren,
 That even the wilde beast shall dy in starved den.

XXXV. Whiles

XXXV.

Whiles thus thy Britons doe in languour pine,
 Proud Etbeldred shall from the north arise,
 Serving th' ambitious will of Augustine,
 And passing Dee with hardy enterprise
 Shall backe repulse the valiaunt Brockwele twise,
 And Bangor with massacred martyrs fill;
 But the third time shall rew his fool-hardise:
 For Cadwan pittying his peoples ill
 Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand Saxons kill.

XXXVI.

But after him, Cadwallin mightily
 On his sonne Edwin all those wrongs shall wreake;
 Ne shall availe the wicked sorcery
 Of false Pellite his purposes to breake,
 But him shall slay, and on a gallowes bleak
 Shall give th' enchaunter his unbappy hire:
 Then shall the Britons, late dismayd and weake,
 From their long vassallage gin to respire,
 And on their paynim foes avenge their ranckled ire.

XXXVII.

Ne shall he yet his wrath so mitigate,
 Till both the sonnes of Edwin he have slayne,
 Offricke and Ofricke, twinnes unfortunate,
 Both slaine in battaile upon Layburne playne,
 Together with the king of Louthiane,
 Hight Adin, and the king of Orkeny,
 Both ioynt partakers of the fatall payne:
 But Penda, fearefull of like desteney,
 Shall yield himselfe his liegeman, and sweare fealty:

XXXVIII.

Him shall he make his fatall instrument
 T'afflict the other Saxons unsubderd:
 He marching forth with fury insolent
 Against the good king Oswald, who indewd
 With heavenly powre, and by angels reskerwd,
 All holding crosses in their hands on hye,
 Shall him defeate withouten blood imbrawd:
 Of which that field for endlesse memory
 Shall Hevenfield be cald to all posterity.

XXXIX. Whereat

XXXIX.

*Whereat Cadwallin wroth shall forth issew,
 And an huge hoste into Northumber lead,
 With which he godly Oswald shall subdew,
 And crowne with martyrdom his sacred head :
 Whose brother Oswin, daunted with like dread,
 With price of silver shall his kingdome buy ;
 And Penda seeking him adowne to tread,
 Shall tread adowne and doe him fowly dye,
 But shall with gifts his lord Cadwallin pacify.*

XL.

*Then shall Cadwallin die, and then the raine
 Of Britons eke with him atonce shall dye ;
 Ne shall the good Cadwallader with paine,
 Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
 When the full time prefixt by destiny,
 Shall be expird of Britons regiment :
 For heven itselſe shall their successe envy,
 And them with plagues and murrins pestilent
 Consume, till all their warlike puiſſaunce be spent.*

XLI.

*Yet after all these sorrowes, and huge bills
 Of dying people, during eight yeares space,
 Cadwallader not yielding to his ill,
 From Armoricke, where long in wretched cace
 He liv'd, retourning to his native place,
 Shal be by vision staide from his intent :
 For th' heavens have decreed to displace
 The Britons for their sinnes dew punishment,
 And to the Saxons over-give their government.*

XLII.

*Then woe, and woe, and everlasting woe,
 Be to the Briton babe that shal be borne,
 To live in thraldome of his fathers foe :
 Late king, now captive ; late lord, now forlorne ;
 The worlds reproch, the cruell victors scorne,
 Banisht from princely bowre to wasteful wood :
 O who shall helpe me to lament, and mourne
 The royall seed, the antique Trojan blood,
 Whose empire lenger here then ever any stood ?*

XLIII.

The damzell was full deepe empassioned
 Both for his grieffe and for her peoples sake,
 Whose future woes so plaine he fashioned,
 And sighing fore at length him thus bespake ;
Ab! but will heavens fury never flake,
Nor vengeance huge relent itselſe at laſt ?
Will not long miſery late mercy make ?
But ſhall their name for ever be deſaſte,
And quite from off the earth their memory be raſte ?

XLIV.

Nay but the terme, ſayd he, is limited,
That in this thraldome Britons ſhall abide,
And the juſt revolution meaſured,
That they as ſtraungers ſhal be notifide :
For twiſe fowre hundred yeares ſhal be ſupplide,
Ere they to former rule reſtor'd ſhal bee,
And their importune fates all ſatisfide :
Yet during this their moſt obſcuritee,
Their beames ſhall ofte breake forth, that men them faire may ſee.

XLV.

For Rhodoricke, whoſe ſurname ſhal be Great,
Shall of himſelſe a brave enſample ſkerw,
That Saxon kings his frendſhip ſhall intreat ;
And Howell Dha ſhall goodly well indew
The ſavage minds with ſkill of juſt and trew :
Then Griffyth Conan alſo ſhall up-reare
His dreaded head, and the old ſparkes renew
Of native corage, that his foes ſhall feare
Leaſt back againe the kingdom be from them ſhould beare.

XLVI.

Ne ſhall the Saxons ſelves all peaceably
Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
Fiſt ill, and after ruled wickedly :
For ere two hundred yeares be full outronne,
There ſhall a raven, far from riſing ſunne,
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithleſſe chickens overronne
The fruitfull plaines, and with fell cruelty
In their avenge tread downe the victors ſurquedry.

XLVII.

*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' usurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
 And the spoile of the countrey conquered
 Emongst his young ones shall divide with bountybed.*

XLVIII.

*Tho when the terme is full accomplishid,
 There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while
 Bene in his ashes raked up and hid,
 Bee freshly kindled in the fruitfull isle
 Of Mona, where it lurked in exile;
 Which shall breake forth into bright-burning flame,
 And reach into the house that beares the stile
 Of royall maiesty and soveraine name:
 So shall the Briton blood their crowne againe reclame.*

XLIX.

*Thenceforth eternall union shall be made
 Betweene the nations different afore,
 And sacred peace shall lovingly persuade
 The warlike minds to learne her goodly lore,
 And civile 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 withall,
 That it shall make him shake, and shortly learn to fall:*

L.

*But yet the end is not—There Merlin staid,
 As overcomen of the spirites powre,
 Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
 That secretly he saw, yet note discoure:
 Which suddein fitt, and halfe extaticke stoure
 When the two fearefull wemen saw, they grew
 Greatly confused in behaveoure:
 At last the fury past, to former hew
 Hee turnd againe, and chearfull looks as earst did shew.*

LI.

Then, when themselves they well instructed had
 Of all that needed them to be inquir'd,
 They both conceiving hope of comfort glad,
 With lighter hearts unto their home retir'd :
 Where they in secret counsell close conspir'd,
 How to effect so hard an enterprize,
 And to possess the purpose they desir'd :
 Now this, now that twixt them they did devise,
 And diverse plots did frame to maske in strange disguise.

LII.

At last the nurse in her fool-hardy wit
 Conceiv'd a bold devise, and thus bespake ;
*Daughter, I deeme that counsel aye most fit,
 That of the time doth dew advantage take :
 Ye see that good king Uther now doth make
 Strong warre upon the paynim brethren, bight
 Oeta and Oza, whome hee lately brake
 Beside Cayr Verolame in victorious fight,*
 That now all Britany doth burne in armes bright.

LIII.

*That therefore nought our passage may impeach,
 Let us in feigned armes ourselves disguise,
 And our weake hands (need makes good schollers) teach
 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 t'atchieve an hard emprize ;
 Ne ought ye want but skil, which practize small
 Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd martiall.*

LIV.

*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 women valorous,
 Which have full many feats adventurous
 Performd, in paragone of proudest men :
 The bold Bunduca, whose victorious
 Exploits made Rome to quake, stout Guendolen,
 Renowmed Martia, and redoubted Emmilen.*

LV.

*And that, which more then all the rest may sway,
 Late dayes ensample, which these eies beheld;
 In the last field before Menevia,
 Which Uther with those forrein pagans held,
 I saw a Saxon virgin, the which feld
 Great Ulfen thrise upon the bloody playne;
 And had not Carados her hand withheld
 From rash revenge, she had him surely slayne;
 Yet Carados himselve from her escapt with payne.*

LVI.

*Ab 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 love themselves of her name Angles call.
 Therefore, faire infant, her ensample make
 Unto thyselfe, and equall corage to thee take.*

LVII.

*Her hartie wordes so deepe into the mynd
 Of the yong damzell funke, that great desire
 Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tynd,
 And generous stout courage did inspyre,
 That she resolv'd, unweeting to her fyre,
 Advent'rous knighthood on herselfe to don;
 And counfeld with her nourse her maides attyre
 To turne into a massy habergeon;
 And bad her all things put in readines anon.*

LVIII.

*Th' old woman nought that needed did omit;
 But all thinges did conveniently purway.
 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 becene.*

LIX.

The same with all the other ornaments
 King Ryence caused to be hanged by
 In his chiefe church, for endlesse monuments
 Of his successe and gladfull victory :
 Of which herselfe avising readily
 In th' evening late old Glauce thether led
 Faire Britomart, and that same armory
 Downe taking, her therein appareled,
 Well as she might, and with brave bauldrick garnished.

LX.

Beside those armes there stood a mightie speare,
 Which Bladud made by magick art of yore,
 And usd the same in batteill aye to beare ;
 Sith which it had beene here preserv'd in store,
 For his great vertues proved long afore :
 For never wight so fast in fell could fit,
 But him perforce unto the ground it bore :
 Both speare she tooke and shield which hong by it ;
 Both speare and shield of great powre for her purpose fit.

LXI.

Thus when she had the virgin all arayd,
 Another harnesse which did hang thereby
 About herselfe she dight, that the yong mayd
 She might in equall armes accompany,
 And as her squire attend her carefully :
 Tho to their ready steedes they clombe full light,
 And through back waies, that none might them espy,
 Covered with secreet cloud of silent night,
 Themselves they forth convoid, and passed forward right.

LXII.

Ne rested they, till that to faery lond
 They came, as Merlin them directed late :
 Where meeting with this red-crosse knight, she fond
 Of diverse thinges 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 unfained hart,
 The red-crosse knight diversit, but forth rode Britomart.

CANTO III.

*Bold Marinell of Britomart
Is throwne on the rich strand:
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond.*

I.

WHERE is the antique glory now become,
That whylome wont in wemen to appeare?
Where be the brave atchievements doen by some?
Where be the batteilles, where the shield and 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 reverse?

II.

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 envy sore
To heare the warlike feates which Homere spake
Of bold Penthesilee, which made a lake
Of Greekish blood so ofte in Trojan plaine;
But when I reade, how stout Debora strake
Proud Sifera, and how Camill' hath slaine
The huge Orfilochus, I swell with great disdain.

III.

Yet these, and all that els had puissaunce,
Cannot with noble Britomart compare,
As well for glorie of great valiaunce,
As for pure chastitee and vertue rare;
That all her goodly deedes doe well declare.
Well worthie stock, from which the branches sprong
That in late yeares so faire a blossome bare,
As thee, o queene, the matter of my song,
Whose lignage from this lady I derive along.

IV. Whò

IV.

Who when through speaches with the red-crosse knight
 She learned had th' estate of Arthegall,
 And in each point herselfe informd aright,
 A frendly league of love perpetuall
 She with him bound, and congé tooke withall.
 Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,
 To seeke adventures which mote him befall,
 And win him worship through his warlike deed,
 Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefeft meed.

V.

But Britomart kept on her former course,
 Ne ever dofte her armes, but all the way
 Grew pensive through that amorous discourse,
 By which the red-crosse knight did earst display
 Her lovers shape and chevalrous aray :
 A thousand thoughts she fashiond in her mind,
 And in her feigning fancie did pourtray
 Him such, as fittest she for love could find,
 Wife, warlike, personable, courteous, and kind.

VI.

With such selfe-pleasing thoughts her wound she fedd,
 And thought so to beguile her grievous smart ;
 But so her smart was much more grievous 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 guydance of her blinded guesst,
 Till that to the sea-coast at length she her addrest.

VII.

There she alighted from her light-foot beast,
 And sitting downe upon the rocky shore
 Badd her old squyre unlace her lofty creast :
 Tho having vewd awhile 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 devouring covetize restraynd,
 Thereat she sighd deepe, and after thus complaynd ;

VIII.

*Huge sea of sorrow, and tempestuous grieve,
Wherein my feeble barke is tossed long,
Far from the hoped haven of reliefe,
Why doe thy cruel billowes beat so strong,
And thy moyst mountaines each on others throng,
Threatning to swallow up 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 and rageth ryfe:*

IX.

*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 Love it steres, and Fortune rowes;
Love (my lewd pilott) hath a reslesse minde,
And Fortune (boteswaine) no assuraunce knowes,
But saile withouten starres gainst tyde and winde:
How can they other doe, sith both are bold and blinde?*

X.

*Thou god of windes, that raignest in the seas,
That raignest also in the continent,
At last blow up some gentle gale of ease,
The which may bring my ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladsome port of her intent:
Then when I shall myselfe in safety see,
A table for eternall moniment
Of thy great grace and my great ieopardie,
Great Neptune, I avow to hallow unto thee.*

XI.

*Then fighting softly fore, and inly deepe,
She shut up all her plaint in privy grieve;
(For her great courage would not let her weepe)
Till that old Glauce gan with sharpe reprove
Her to restraine, and give 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 heven enrold.*

XII. Thus:

XII.

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 sudden wrath
 (Both coosen passions of distroubled spright)
 Converting, forth she beates the dusty path ;
 Love and despight atonce her corage kindled hath.

XIII.

As when a foggy mist hath overcast
 The face of heven, and the cleare ayre engroste,
 The world in darknes dwels, till that at last
 The watry south-winde from the sea-bord coste
 Upblowing doth disperse the vapour loste,
 And poures itselke forth in a stormy showre ;
 So the fayre Britomart, having discloste
 Her cloudy care into a wrathfull stowre,
 The mist of griefe dissolv'd did into vengeance powre.

XIV.

Estfoones her goodly shield addressing fayre,
 That mortall speare she in her hand did take,
 And unto battaill did herselfe 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.*

XV.

Ythridl 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.*
 Nelenger stayd for th' other to reply,
 But with sharpe speare 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, and touch her crouper with her crown.

XVI. But

XVI.

But she againe him in the shield did smite
 With so fierce furie and great puiffaunce,
 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.

XVII.

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 groveling 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 upon the pretious shore.

XVIII.

The martiall mayd stayd not him to lament,
 But forward rode, and kept her ready way
 Along the strond ; which, as she over-went,
 She saw bestrowed all with rich aray
 Of pearles and pretious stones of great assay,
 And all the gravell mixt with golden owre :
 Whereat she wondred much, but would not stay
 For gold, or perles, or pretious stones an howre,
 But them despised all ; for all was in her powre.

XIX.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly stonishment,
 Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare ;
 His mother was the blacke-browd Cymöent,
 The daughter of great Nereus, which did beare
 This warlike sonne unto an earthly peare,
 The famous Dumarin ; who on a day
 Finding the nymph asleepe in secret wheare,
 (As he by chaunce did wander that fame way)
 Was taken with her love, and by her closely lay.

XX.

There he this knight of her begot, whom borne
 She of his father Marinell did name ;
 And in a rocky cave (as wight forlorne)
 Long time she fostred up, till he became
 A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
 Did get through great adventures by him donne :
 For never man he suffred by that fame
 Rich strond to travell whereas he did wonne,
 But that he must do battail with the sea-nymphes sonne.

XXI.

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 invade,
 'That none durst passen through that perilous glade :
 And to advaunce his name and glory more,
 Her sea-god fyre she dearely did perswade
 T'endow her sonne with threasure and rich store
 Bove all the sonnes that were of earthly wombes ybore.

XXII.

The god did graunt his daughters deare demaund,
 To doen his nephew in all riches flow ;
 Eftsoones his heaped waves he did commaund
 Out of their hollow bosome forth to throw
 All the huge threasure, which the sea below
 Had in his greedy gulfe devoured deepe,
 And him enriched through the overthrow
 And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe
 And often wayle their wealth, which he from them did keepe.

XXIII.

Shortly upon 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, yvorie, perles, owches, rings,
 And all that els was pretious and deare,
 The sea unto him voluntary brings,
 That shortly he a great lord did appeare,
 As was in all the lond of Faery, or elsewheare.

XXIV. Thereto

XXIV.

Thereto 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 :
 Forthy she oft him counfeld to forbear
 The bloody batteill, and to stirre up strife,
 But after all his warre to rest his wearie knife :

XXV.

And for his more affurance, 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 woman-kind to keepe him well ;
 For of a woman he should have much ill ;
 A virgin straunge and stout him should dismay or kill.

XXVI.

Forthy she gave him warning every day
 The love of women not to entertaine ;
 (A lesson too too hard for living clay,
 From love in course of nature to refraine)
 Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
 And ever from fayre ladies love did fly ;
 Yet many ladies fayre did oft complaine,
 That they for love of him would algates dy :
 Dy, who so list for him, he was loves enemy.

XXVII.

But ah ! who can deceive his destiny,
 Or weene by warning to avoyd 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 wemens love to hate,
 For she of womans force did feare no harme ;
 So weening to have arm'd him, she did quite disarme.

XXVIII.

This was that woman, this that deadly wovnd,
 That Proteus prophecide should him difmay ;
 The which his mother vainely did expownd
 To be hart-wounding love, which should affay
 To bring her sonne unto his last decay.
 So tickle be the termes of mortall state,
 And full of subtile sopherimes, which doe play
 With double fences and with false debate,
 T'approve the unknowen purpose of eternall fate.

XXIX.

Too trew the famous Marinell it fownd,
 Who through late triall on that wealthy strond
 Inglorious now lies in sencelesse swownd,
 Through heavy stroke of Britomartis hond :
 Which when his mother deare did understond,
 And heavy tidings heard, whereas she playd
 Amongst her watry sisters by a pond
 Gathering sweete daffadillyes, to have made
 Gay girlonds from the sun their forheads fayr to shade ;

XXX.

Eftefoones both flowres and girlonds far away
 She flong, and her faire deawy lockes yrent ;
 To sorrow huge she turnd her former play,
 And gamesome merth to grievous dreriment :
 Shee threw herselfe downe on the continent,
 Ne word did speake, but lay as in a swowne,
 Whiles all her sisters did for her lament
 With yelling outcries and with shrieking sowne ;
 And every one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

XXXI.

Soone as she up out of her deadly fitt
 Arose, she bad her charett to be brought ;
 And all her sisters, that with her did fitt,
 Bad eke attonce their charettis to be fought :
 Tho full of bitter grieve and pensive thought
 She to her wagon clombe ; clombe all the rest,
 And forth together went, with sorow fraught :
 The waves obedient to their beheaft
 Them yielded ready passage, and their rage surceast.

XXXII. Great

XXXII.

Great Neptune stoode amazed at their fight,
 Whiles on his broad rownd backe they softly slid,
 And eke himselfe mournd at their mournfull plight,
 Yet wist not what their wailing ment, yet did,
 For great compassion of their forow, bid
 His mighty waters to them buxome bee :
 Estefoones the roaring billowes still abid,
 And all the griesly monsters of the see
 Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to see.

XXXIII.

A teme of dolphins raunged in aray
 Drew the smooth charett of sad Cymöent ;
 They were all taught by Triton to obay
 To the long raynes at her commaundement :
 As swifte as swallowes on the waves they went,
 That their brode flaggy finnes no fome did reare,
 Ne bubling rowndell they behinde them sent ;
 The rest of other fishes drawn weare,
 Which with their finny oars the swelling sea did sheare.

XXXIV.

Soone as they bene arriv'd upon the brim
 Of the Rich strond, their charets they forlore,
 And let their temed fishes softly swim
 Along the margent of the fomy shore,
 Least they their finnes should bruze, and surbate fore
 Their tender feete upon the stony grownd :
 And coming to the place, where all in gore
 And cruddy blood enwallowed they fownd
 The lucklesse Marinell lying in deadly swownd,

XXXV.

His mother swowned thrife, and the third time
 Could scarce recovered bee out of her paine ;
 Had she not beene devoide of mortall slime,
 She should not then have bene relyv'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 sifter nymphes with one consent
 Supplide her sobbing breaches with sad complement.

XXXVI. *Deare*

XXXVI.

Deare image of my selfe, she sayd, that is
 The wretched sonne of wretched mother borne,
 Is this thine high advauncement? o is this
 Th' immortall name, with which thee yet unborne
 Thy grandsire Nereus promist to adorne?
 Now hyst thou of life and honor reste;
 Now hyst thou a lumpe of earth forlorne;
 Ne of thy late life memory is lefte;
 Ne can thy irrevocable desteny bee weste.

XXXVII.

Fond Proteus, father of false prophecis,
 And they more fond that credit to thee give,
 Not this the worke of womans hand ywis,
 That so deepe wound through these deare members drive.
 I feared love; but they that love doe live;
 But they that dye, doe nether love nor hate:
 Nath'lesse to thee thy folly I forgive;
 And to my selfe and to accursed fate
 The guilt I doe ascribe: deare wisdom bought too late.

XXXVIII.

O what availes it of immortall seed
 To beene ybredd and never borne to dye?
 Farre better I it deeme to die with speed,
 Then waste in woe and wayfull misery:
 Who dyes the utmost dolor doth aby,
 But who that lives is lefte to waile his losse:
 So life is losse, and death felicity:
 Sad life worse then glad death; and greater crosse
 To see frends grave, then dead the grave selfe to engrosse.

XXXIX.

But if the heavens did his dayes envie,
 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 have 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, sith we no more shall meet.

XL.

Thus when they all had forowed their fill,
 They softly gan to searh his grievly wovnd :
 And that they might him handle more at will,
 They him disarnd, and spredding on the grownd
 Their watchet mantles frindgd with silver rownd,
 They softly wipt away the gelly blood
 From th' orifice ; which having well upbownd,
 They poured in soveraine balme and nectar good,
 Good both for erthly med'cine and for hevenly food.

XLI.

Tho when the lilly-handed Liagore
 (This Liagore whilome had learned skill
 In leaches crafe by great Apolloes lore,
 Sith her whilome upon high Pindus hill
 He loved, and at last her wombe did fill
 With hevenly seed, whereof wise Paeon sprong)
 Did feele his pulse, shee knew there staid still
 Some litle life his feeble sprites emong ;
 Which to his mother told, despeyre she from her song.

XLII.

Tho up him taking in their tender hands,
 They easely unto her charett beare :
 Her teme 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 waves their passage sheare ;
 Upon great Neptunes necke they softly swim,
 And to her watry chamber swiftly carry him.

XLIII.

Deepe in the bottome of the sea her bowre
 Is built of hollow billowes heaped hye,
 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
 Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might :
 For Tryphon of sea-gods the soveraine leach is hight.

XLIV. The

XLIV.

The whiles the nymphes fitt all about him rownd,
 Lamenting his mishap and heavy plight ;
 And ofte his mother vewing his wide wownd
 Curfed the hand that did fo deadly fmight
 Her dearest fonne, her dearest harts delight :
 But none of all those curses overtooke
 The warlike maide th' ensample of that might,
 But fayrely well shee thryvd, and well did brooke
 Her noble deedes, ne her right course for ought forsooke.

XLV.

Yet did false Archimage her still pursfew,
 To bring to passe his mischievous intent,
 Now that he had her singled from the crew
 Of courteous knights, the prince, and fary gent,
 Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
 Shee lefte, pursewing that same foster strong ;
 Of whose fowle outrage they impatient,
 And full of firy zeale, him followed long,
 To reskew her from shame, and to revenge her wrong.

XLVI.

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through playns,
 Those two great champions did attonce pursfew
 The fearefull damzell with incessant payns :
 Who from them fled, as light-foot hare from vew
 Of hunters swifte, and sent of howndes trew.
 At last they came unto a double way,
 Where doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
 Themselves they did dispart, each to assay
 Whether more happy were to win so goodly pray.

XLVII.

But Timias, the princes gentle squyre,
 That ladies love unto his lord forlent,
 And with proud envy and indignant yre
 After that wicked foster fiercely went ;
 So beene they three three fondry wayes ybent :
 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.

XLVIII. At

XLVIII.

At last of her far off he gained vew :

Then gan he freshly pricke his fomy steed,
 And ever as he nigher to her drew,
 So evermore 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 dreed :
 Full myld to her he spake, and oft let fall
 Many meeke wordes to stay and comfort her withall.

XLIX.

But nothing might relent her hasty flight ;
 So deepe the deadly feare of that foule fwaine
 Was earst impressed in her gentle spright :
 Like as a fearefull dove, which through the raine
 Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
 Having farre off espyde a taffell gent,
 Which after her his nimble winges doth straine,
 Doubleth her hast for feare to bee for-hent,
 And with her pineons cleaves the liquid firmament.

L.

With no lesse hast, and eke with no lesse dreed,
 That fearefull ladie fledd from him, that ment
 To her no evill thought nor evill deed ;
 Yet former feare of being fowly shent
 Carried her forward with her first intent :
 And though, oft looking backward, well she vewde
 Herselfe 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.

LI.

His uncouth 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 heaven sheene,
 And warnd his other brethren ioyeous
 To light their blessed lamps in Ioves eternall hous.

LII.

All suddainly dim wox the dampish ayre,
 And griesly shadowes covered heaven bright,
 That now with thousand starres was decked fayre :
 Which when the prince beheld, (a lothfull fight)
 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.

LIII.

Tho when her wayes he could no more descry,
 But to and fro at disaventure strayd ;
 Like as a ship, whose lodestar suddainly
 Covered with clouds 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
 Upon the grassy ground to sleepe a throw ;
 The cold earth was his couch, the hard steele his pillow.

LIV.

But gentle sleepe envyde him any rest ;
 Instead thereof sad sorow and disdaine
 Of his hard hap did vexe his noble brest ;
 And thousand fancies bett his ydle brayne
 With their light wings, the fights 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 ever hasty night he blamed bitterlie :

LV.

*Night, thou foule mother of annoyaunce sad,
 Sister of beavie death and nurse of woe,
 Which wast begot in heaven, but for thy bad
 And brutish shape thrust downe to bell 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 ungratious
 Halfe of thy dayes doest lead in horrour hideous.*

LVI.

*What had th' eternall Maker need of thee
 The world in his continuall course to keepe,
 That doest all thinges deface, ne lettest see
 The beautie of his worke? indeed in sleepe
 The slouthfull body that doth love to steep
 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 cbeearing every kind.*

LVII.

*But well I wote that to an heavy hart
 Thou art the roote and nourse of bitter cares,
 Breeder of new, renewer of old smarts:
 Instead of rest thou lendest rayling teares,
 Instead of sleepe thou sendest troublous feares
 And dreadfull visions, in the which alive
 The dreary image of sad death appeares:
 So from the wearie spirit thou doest drive
 Desired rest, and men of happinesse deprive.*

LVIII.

*Under 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 bellish 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 love doe hate the light to see.*

LIX.

*For Day discovers all dishonest wayes,
 And sheweth each thing as it is in deed:
 The prayses of high God he faire displayes,
 And his large bountie rightly doth areed:
 Dayes dearest children be the blessed seed
 Which darknesse shall subdue, and heaven 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.*

LX.

*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 spred 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 governe well.*

LXI.

Thus did the prince that wearie night out-weare
 In restlesse anguish and unquiet paine :
 And earely, ere the morrow did upreare
 His deawy head out of the ocean maine,
 He up arose, as halfe in great disdaine,
 And clombe unto his steed : so forth he went
 With heavy looke and lumpish pace, that plaine
 In him bewraid great grudge and maltalent :
 His steed eke seemd t'apply his steps to his intent.

CANTO V.

*Prince Arthur bears of Florimell:
 Three fosters Timias wound;
 Belpheobe findes him almost dead,
 And reareth out of fownd.*

I.

WONDER it is to see in diuerſe mindes
 How diuerſly Love doth his pageaunts play,
 And ſhewes his powre in variable kindes:
 The baſer wit, whoſe ydle thoughts alway
 Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
 It ſtirreth up to ſenſuall deſire,
 And in lewd ſlouth to waſt his careleſſe day:
 But in brave ſprite it kindles goodly fire,
 That to all high deſert and honour doth aſpire.

II.

Ne ſuffereth it uncomely idleneſſe
 In his free thought to build her ſluggiſh neſt:
 Ne ſuffereth it thought of ungentleneſſe
 Ever to creepe into his noble breſt;
 But to the higheſt and the wortheiſt
 Liſteth it up, that els would lowly fall:
 It lettes not fall, it lettes it not to reſt:
 It lettes not ſcarſe this prince to breath at all,
 But to his firſt pourſuit him forward ſtill doth call.

III.

Who long time wandred through the foreſt wyde
 To finde ſome iſſue thence, till that at laſt
 He met a dwarfe, 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 traveled ſo faſt:
 For ſore he ſwat, and ronning through that ſame
 Thicke foreſt was beſcracht, and both his feet nigh lame.

IV. Panting

IV.

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 have many a day
Served a gentle lady of great sway
And high accompt throughout all elfin land,
Who lately left the same, and tooke this way :
Her now I seeke, and if ye understand
Which way she fared hath, good sir, tell out of hand.

V.

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 never sunne behold ;
And on a palfrey rydes more white then snow,
Yet she herselfe is whiter manifold ;
The surest signe, whereby ye may her know,
Is, that she is the fairest wight alive, I trow.

VI.

Now certes swaine, saide he, such one I weene,
Fast flying through this forest from her fo,
A foule ill-favoured foster, I have seene ;
Herselfe (well as I might) I reskerwd tho,
But could not stay ; so fast she did foregoe,
Carried away with wings of speedy feare.
Ab dearest God, quoth he, that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth to all that shall it beare :
But can ye read, sir, how I may her finde, or where ?

VII.

Perdy me lever were to weeten that,
Saide he, then ransome of the richest knight,
Or all the good that ever yet I gat :
But froward frotune, and too forward night,
Such happinesse 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 straunge I have great ruth and mone.

VIII. *That*

VIII.

*That ladie is, quoth he, wherefo she bee,
 The bountieft virgin and moft debonaire
 That ever living eye, I weene, did see:
 Lives none this day that may with her compare
 In stedfast chafititie and vertue rare,
 (The goodly ornaments of beauty bright)
 And is ycleped Florimell the fayre,
 Faire Florimell belov'd of many a knight,
 Yet she loves none but one, that Marinell is hight:*

IX.

*A sea-nymphes sonne, that Marinell is hight,
 Of my deare dame is loved dearely well;
 In other none but him she sets delight;
 All her d-light is set on Marinell;
 But he sets nought at all by Florimell:
 For ladies love his mother long ygoe
 Did him (they say) forwarne through sacred spell:
 But fame now flies, that of a forreine foe
 He is yslaine, which is the ground of all our woe.*

X.

*Five daies there be since he (they say) was slaine;
 And fowre since Florimell the court forwent,
 And vowed never to returne againe,
 Till him alive or dead she did invent.
 Therefore, faire fir, for love of knightbood 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:*

XI.

*So may ye gaine to you full great renowne
 Of all good ladies through the worlde so wide,
 And haply in her hart finde higheft 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 avow thee never to forsake:
 Ill weares he armes, that will them use for ladies sake.*

XII.

So with the dwarfe he back 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 pensive grew in minde,
 For doubt of daunger which mote him betide;
 For him he loved above all mankinde,
 Having him trew and faithfull ever tride,
 And bold, as ever squire that waited by knights side :

XIII.

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 avenged of the shame he did
 To that faire damzell: him he chaced long
 Through the thicke woods wherein he would have hid
 His shamefull head from his avengement strong;
 And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

XIV.

Nathlesse the villein sped himselfe 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 heavie plague that for such leachours is prepard.

XV.

For soone as he was vanisht out of sight,
 His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
 And cast t'avenge him of that fowle despight
 Which he had borne of his bold enimee:
 Tho to his brethren came, (for they were three
 Ungratious children of one gracelesse fyre)
 And unto them complayned, how that he
 Had used bene of that foole-hardie squire:
 So them with bitter words he stird to bloodie yre.

XVI. Forthwith

XVI.

Forthwith themselves with their sad instruments
 Of spoyle and murder they gan arme bylive,
 And with him fourth into the forrest went,
 To wreake the wrath, which he did earst revive
 In their sterne breasts, on him which late did drive
 Their brother to reproch and shamefull flight :
 For they had vow'd that never he alive
 Out of that forest should escape their might :
 Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with such despight.

XVII.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
 Foreby a narrow foord, to them well knowne,
 Through which it was uneach for wight to wade,
 And now by fortune it was overflowne :
 By that same way they knew that squyre unknowne
 Mote algates passe ; forthy themselves they set
 There in await, with thicke woods over-growne,
 And all the while their malice they did whet
 With cruell threats his passage through the ford to let.

XVIII.

It fortun'd, as they devized had,
 The gentle squyre came ryding that same way,
 Unweeting of their wile and treason bad,
 And through the ford to passen did assay :
 But that fierce foster, which late fled away,
 Stoutly fourth 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.

XIX.

With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,
 With so fell force and villeinous despite
 That through his haberieon the forkehead flew,
 And through the linked mayles empierced quite,
 But had no powre in his soft flesh to bite :
 That stroke the hardy squire did fore displease,
 But more that him he could not come to smite ;
 For by no meanes the high banke he could seafe,
 But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine diseafe.

XX.

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 grieve that wound in him empight ;
 But more that with his foes he could not come to fight.

XXI.

At last, through wrath and vengeance making way,
 He on the bancke arryv'd with mickle payne,
 Where the third brother him did fore assay,
 And drove at him with all his might and mayne
 A forest-bill, which both his hands did strayne ;
 But warily he did avoide the blow,
 And with his speare requited him agayne,
 That both his sides were thrilled with the throw,
 And a large streame of bloud out of the wound did flow.

XXII.

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 upon him layd, his life for to have had.

XXIII.

Tho when that villayn he aviz'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 the pannikell,
 That to the chin he clefte his head in twaine :
 Downe on the ground his carkas groveling fell ;
 His sinfull fowle with desperate disdaine
 Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine.

XXIV. That

XXIV.

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 avengement sad,
 Through which he follow should his brethren bad,
 His bootelesse bow in feeble hand upcaught,
 And therewith shott an arrow at the lad ;
 Which fayntly fluttering scarce his helmet raught,
 And glauncing fel to ground, but him annoyed naught.

XXV.

With that he would have fled into the wood ;
 But Timias him lightly overhent,
 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 upon the meaners crowne :
 They three be dead with shame, the squire lives with renowne :

XXVI.

He lives, but takes small ioy of his renowne ;
 For of that cruell wound he bled so fore,
 That from his steed he fell in deadly swowne ;
 Yet still the blood forth gusht in so great store
 That he lay wallowd all in his owne gore.
 Now God thee keepe, thou gentlest squire alive !
 Els shall thy loving lord thee see no more ;
 But both of comfort him thou shalt deprive,
 And eke thyselfe of honor which thou didst atchive.

XXVII.

Providence heavenly passeth living thought,
 And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way :
 For lo ! 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 Braggadochio did affray,
 And made him fast out of the forest ronne ;
 Belphoebe was her name, as faire as Phoebus funne.

XXVIII.

She on a day, as shee purfewd 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 have besprinkled all the grassy greene ;
 By the great persue which she there perceav'd,
 Well hoped shee the beast engor'd had beene,
 And made more haste the life to have bereav'd :
 But ah ! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

XXIX.

Shortly she came whereas that woefull squire
 With blood deformed lay in deadly frownd :
 In whose faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
 The christall humor stood congealed rownd ;
 His locks, like faded leaves 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.

XXX.

Saw never living eie more heavy sight,
 That could have made a rocke of stone to rew,
 Or rive in twaine : which when that lady bright
 Besides all hope with melting eies did vew,
 All suddainly abasht shee chaunged hew,
 And with sterne horror backward gan to start :
 But when shee better him beheld, shee grew
 Full of soft passion and unwonted smart :
 The point of pittie perced through her tender hart.

XXXI.

Meekely shee bowed downe, to weete if life
 Yett in his frosen members did remaine ;
 And feeling by his pulses beating rife
 That the weake fowle her feat did yett retaine,
 Shee cast to comfort him with busy paine :
 His double-folded necke she reard upright,
 And rubd his temples and each trembling vaine ;
 His mayled haberieon she did undight,
 And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

XXXII. Into

XXXII.

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 nymphe which from her infancy
 Her nourced had in trew nobility :
 There, whether yt divine tobacco were,
 Or panachaea, or polygony,
 She fownd, and brought it to her patient deare,
 Who al this while lay bleeding out his hart-blood neare.

XXXIII.

The foveraine weede betwixt two marbles plaine
 Shee powned small, and did in peeces bruze,
 And then atweene her lilly handes twaine
 Into his wound the juice thereof did scruze ;
 And round about (as she could well it uze)
 The flesh therewith she suppled and did steepe,
 T'abate all spafme and soke the swelling bruze ;
 And after having searcht the intuse deepe,
 She with her scarf did bind the wound from cold to keepe.

XXXIV.

By this he had sweet life recur'd agayne,
 And groning inly deepe, at last his eies,
 His watry eies drizzling like deawy rayne,
 He up gan lifte toward the azure skies,
 From whence descend all hopelesse remedies :
 Therewith he sigh'd ; and turning him aside,
 The goodly maide, full of divinities
 And gifts of heavenly grace, he by him spide,
 Her bow and gilden quiver lying him beside.

XXXV.

*Mercy, deare Lord, said he, what grace is this
 That thou hast skewed 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 service may I doe unto thee meete,
 That hast from darkenes me returnd to light,
 And with thy bevenly salves and med'cines sweete
 Hast drest my sinfull wounds ? I kisse thy blessed feete.*

XXXVI. Thereat

XXXVI.

Thereat she blushing said, *Ab! gentle squire,*
Nor goddesse I, nor angell, but the mayd
And daughter of a woody nymphe, desire
No service, but thy safety and ayd,
Which if thou gaine, I shal be well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whose lives and fortunes bee
To commun accidents stil open layd,
Are bound with commun bond of frailtee,
To succor wretched wights whom we captived see.

XXXVII.

By this her damzells, which the former chace
 Had undertaken after her, arrayv'd,
 As did Belphoebe, in the bloody place,
 And thereby deemd the beast had bene depriv'd
 Of life, whom late their ladies arow ryv'd:
 Forthy the bloody tract they followd fast,
 And every one to ronne the swiftest stryv'd;
 But two of them the rest far overpast,
 And where their lady was arrived at the last.

XXXVIII.

Where when they saw that goodly boy with blood
 Defowled, and their lady dresse his wownd,
 They wondred much, and shortly understood
 How him in deadly cace their lady fownd,
 And reskewed out of the heavy stownd.
 Eftsoones his warlike courser, which was strayd
 Farre in the woodes, whiles that he lay in fwownd,
 She made those damzels search; which being stayd,
 They did him set theron, and forth with them convayd.

XXXIX.

Into that forest farre they thence him led,
 Where was their dwelling, in a pleasant glade
 With mountaines rownd about environed,
 And mightie woodes which did the valley shade,
 And like a stately theatre it made,
 Spreading itselke into a spacious plaine;
 And in the midst a little river plaide
 Emongst the pumy stones, which seemd to plaine
 With gentle murmure that his course they did restraine.

XL.

Beside the same a dainty place there lay,
 Planted with mirtle trees and laurells greene,
 In which the birds song many a lovely lay
 Of Gods high praise, and of their sweet loves teene,
 As it an earthly paradize had beene :
 In whose enclosed shadow there was pight
 A faire pavilion, scarcely to be seene,
 The which was al within most richly dight,
 That greatest princes living it mote well delight.

XLI.

Thether they brought that wounded squire, and layd
 In easie couch his feeble limbes to rest :
 He rested him awhile, and then the mayd
 His readie wound with better salves new drest ;
 Daily she dressed him, and did the best
 His grievous hurt to guarish that she might ;
 That shortly she his dolour had redrest,
 And his foule sore reduced to faire plight :
 It she reduced, but himselfe destroyed quight.

XLII.

O foolish physick, and unfruitfull paine,
 That heales up one, and makes another wound :
 She his hurt thigh to him recurd againe,
 But hurt his hart, the which before was found,
 Through an unwary dart, which did rebownd
 From her faire eyes and gracious countenance :
 What bootes it him from death to be unbownd,
 To be captived in endlesse duraunce
 Of sorrow and despeyre without aleggeaunce ?

XLIII.

Still as his wound did gather, and grow hole,
 So still his hart woxe sore, and health decayd :
 Madnesse to save a part, and lose the whole.
 Still whenas he beheld the heavenly mayd,
 Whiles daily 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 do at least,
 But love so fayre a lady that his life releast ?

XLIV.

Long while he strove in his corageous brest
 With reason dew the passion to subdew,
 And love for to dislodge out of his nest :
 Still when her excellencies he did vew,
 Her soveraine bountie and celestiall hew,
 The same to love he strongly was constrynd :
 But when his meane estate he did revew,
 He from such hardy boldnesse was restraynd,
 And of his lucklesse lott and cruell love thus playnd :

XLV.

*Untbankfull wretch, said he, is this the meed,
 With which her soverain mercy thou dost quight ?
 Thy life she saved by her gracious deed,
 But thou dost weene with villeinous 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 ever love disloyally.*

XLVI.

*But if to love disloyalty it bee,
 Shall I then hate her that from deathes dore
 Me brought ? ab farre be such reproch fro mee !
 What can I lesse doe then her love therefore,
 Sith I her dew reward cannot restore ?
 Dye rather, dye, and dying doe her serve,
 Dying her serve, and living her adore ;
 Thy life she gave, thy life she doth deserve :
 Dye rather, dye, then ever from her service swerve.*

XLVII.

*But, foolish boy, what bootes thy service bace
 To her, to whom the heavens doe serve and sew ?
 Thou a meane squyre, of meeke and lowly place ;
 She heavenly borne, and of celestiall hew.
 How then ? of all love taketh equall vew :
 And doth not highest God vouchsafe to take
 The love and service of the basest crew ?
 If she will not, dye meekly for her sake :
 Dye rather, dye, then ever so faire love forsake.*

XLVIII. Thus

XLVIII.

Thus warreid he long time againſt his will,
 Till that through weakneſſe he was forſt at laſt
 To yield himſelfe unto the mightie ill :
 Which as a victour proud gan ranſack 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 up and blaſt ;
 As percing levin, which the inner part
 Of every thing conſumes and calcineth by art.

XLIX.

Which ſeeing fayre Belphoebe gan to feare,
 Leaſt that his wound were inly well not heald,
 Or that the wicked ſteele empoſned were :
 Little ſhee weend that love he cloſe conceald ;
 Yet ſtill he waſted, as the ſnow congeald,
 When the bright ſunne his beams theron doth beat :
 Yet never he his hart to her reveald,
 But rather choſe to dye for ſorow great,
 Then with diſhonorable termes her to entreat.

L.

She (gracious lady) yet no paines did ſpare
 To doe him eaſe, or doe him remedy :
 Many reſtoratives of vertues rare,
 And coſtly cordialles ſhe did apply,
 To mitigate his ſtubborne malady ;
 But that ſweet cordiall which can reſtore
 A love-ſick hart ſhe did to him envy ;
 To him and all th' unworthy world forlore
 She did envy that ſoveraine ſalve in ſecret ſtore.

LI.

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 up her ſilken leaves moſt chayre,
 Whenſo the froward ſkye began to lowre ;
 But ſoone as calmed was the chriſtall ayre,
 She did it fayre diſpred and let to flouriſh fayre.

LII.

Eternall God in his almightie powre,
 To make ensample of his heavenly grace,
 In paradize whylome did plant this flowre;
 Whence he it fetcht out of her native 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.

LIII.

Fayre ympes of beautie, whose bright shining beames
 Adorne the world with like to heavenly light,
 And to your willes both royalties and reames
 Subdew through conquest 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 heavenly coronall,
 Such as the angels wear before God's tribunall.

LIV.

To youre faire selves a faire ensample frame
 Of this faire virgin, this Belphoebe fayre,
 To whom in perfect love and spotlesse fame
 Of chastitie none living may compayre:
 Ne poyfnous envy iustly can empayre
 The prayse of her fresh-flowring maydenhead;
 Forthy she standeth on the highest stayre
 Of th' honorable stage of womanhead,
 That ladies all may follow her ensample dead.

LV.

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 strove to fynd
 The higher place in her heroick mynd:
 So striving 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.

CANTO VI.

*The birth of fayre Belphoebe, and
Of Amorett is told :*

*The gardins of Adonis fraught
With pleasures manifold.*

I.

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 salvage forests she did dwell,
So farre from court and royall citadell,
The great school-maistresse of all courtesy :
Seemeth that such wilde woodes should far expell
All civile usage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

II.

But to this faire Belphoebe in her berth
The heavens so favorable were and free,
Looking with myld aspect upon the earth
In th' horoscope of her nativitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chaftitee
On her they poured forth of plenteous horne :
Love laught on Venus from his soverayne see,
And Phoebus with faire beames did her adorne,
And all the Graces rockt her cradle being borne.

III.

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 unspotted from all loathly crime
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime :
So was this virgin borne, so was she bred,
So was she trayned up from time to time
In all chaste vertue and true bountihed,
Till to her dew perfection she were ripened.

H h h 2

IV. Her

IV.

Her mother was the faire Chryfogonee,
 The daughter of Amphifa, who by race
 A Faerie was, yborne of high degree ;
 She bore Belphoebe, she bore in like cace
 Fayre Amoretta in the second place :
 These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share
 The heritage of all celestiall grace ;
 That all the rest it seemd they robbed bare
 Of bounty and of beautie and all vertues rare.

V.

It were a goodly storie to declare
 By what straunge accident faire Chryfogone
 Conceiv'd these infants, and how them she bare
 In this wilde Forrest wandering all alone,
 After she had nine moneths fulfilled and gone :
 For not as other wemens commune brood
 They were enwombed in the sacred throne
 Of her chaste bodie ; nor with commune food,
 As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood :

VI.

But wondrously they were begot and bred
 Through influence of th' hevens fruitfull ray,
 As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
 It was upon 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 :

VII.

Till faint through yrkesome wearines adowne
 Upon the grassy ground herselfe she layd
 To sleepe, the whiles a gentle slombring swowne
 Upon her fell all naked bare displayd ;
 The sun-beames bright upon her body playd,
 Being through former bathing mollifide,
 And pierst into her wombe, where they embayd
 With so sweet sence and secret powre unspide,
 That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

VIII. Miraculous

VIII.

Miraculous may seeme to him that reades
 So straunge ensample of conception :
 But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
 Of all things living, through impressiō
 Of the sun-beames in moyst complexion,
 Doe life conceive and quickned are by kynd :
 So after Nilus inundation
 Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd
 Informed in the mud on which the sunne hath shynd.

IX.

Great father he of generation
 Is rightly cald, th' authour of life and light ;
 And his faire syster for creation
 Ministreth matter fit, which tempred right
 With heate and humour breeds the living wight.
 So sprong these twinnes in womb of Chryfogone,
 Yet wist she nought thereof, but fore affright
 Wondred to see her belly so upblone,
 Which still increast, till she her terme had full outgone.

X.

Whereof conceiving shame and foule disgrace,
 (Albe her guiltlesse conscience her cleard)
 She fled into the wilder nesse a space,
 Till that unweeldy burden she had reard,
 And shund dishonor, which as death she feard :
 Where wearie of long traveill downe to rest
 Herselfe she set, and comfortably cheard ;
 There a sad cloud of sleepe her over-kest,
 And seized every sence with sorrow sore opprest.

XI.

It fortun'd, faire Venus having lost
 Her little sonne, the winged god of love,
 Who for some light displeasure, which him crost,
 Was from her fled, as flit as ayery dove,
 And left her blisfull bowre of ioy above ;
 (So from her often he had fled away,
 When she for ought him sharpely did reprove,
 And wandred in the world in straunge aray,
 Disguiz'd in thousand shapes, that none might him bewray)

XII. Him

XII.

Him for to seeke, she left her heavenly hous,
 (The house of goodly formes and faire aspect,
 Whence all the world derives the glorious
 Features of beautie, and all shapés select,
 With which high God his workmanship hath deckt)
 And searched everie way, through which his wings
 Had borne him, or his tract she mote detect :
 She promist kisses sweet, and sweeter things,
 Unto the man that of him tydings to her brings.

XIII.

First she him sought in court, where most he us'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 every 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.

XIV.

She then the cities sought from gate to gate,
 And everie one did aske, did he him see ;
 And everie one her answerd, that too late
 He had him seene, and felt the crueltee
 Of his sharpe dartes and whot artilleree ;
 And every one threw forth reproches rife
 Of his mischievous deedes, and sayd, that hee
 Was the disturber of all civill life,
 The enemy of peace and authour of all strife.

XV.

Then in the cuntry 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 love 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.

XVI. But

XVI.

But when in none of all these she him got,
 She gan avize where els he mote him hyde :
 At last she her bethought that she had not
 Yet fought the salvage woods and forests wyde,
 In which full many lovely nymphes abyde ;
 Mongst whom might be that he did closely lye,
 Or that the love of some of them him tyde :
 Forthy she thether cast her course t'apply,
 To search the secreet haunts of Dianes company.

XVII.

Shortly unto the wastefull woods she came,
 Whereas she found the goddesse with her crew,
 After late chace of their embrewed game,
 Sitting beside a fountaine in a rew ;
 Some of them washing with the liquid dew
 From off their dainty limbs the dusty sweat
 And soyle, which did deforme their lively hew ;
 Others lay shaded from the scorching heat ;
 The rest upon her person gave attendance great.

XVIII.

She having hong upon a bough on high
 Her bow and painted quiver, had unlaste
 Her silver buskins from her nimble thigh,
 And her lanck loynes ungirt, and breasts unbrafte,
 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 undight,
 And were with sweet Ambrosia all besprinckled light.

XIX.

Soone as she 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 aviz'd,
 But suffred her so carelesly disguiz'd
 Be overtaken : soone her garments loose
 Upgath'ring, in her bosome she compriz'd,
 Well as she might, and to the goddesse rose,
 Whiles all her nymphes did like a girlond her enclose.

XX. Goodly

XX.

Goodly she gan faire Cytherea greet,
 And shortly asked her what cause her brought
 Into that wilderneffe for her unmeet,
 From her sweete bowres and beds with pleasures fraught :
 That suddein chaung she straung adventure 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 fore to have him angered.

XXI.

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 gives you so good ayd
 To your disports : ill mote ye bene apayd.*
 But she was more engrieved, and replide ;
*Faire sister, ill beseemes it to upbrayd
 A dolefull heart with so disdainfull pride ;
 The like that mine may be your paine another tide.*

XXII.

*As you in woods and wanton wilderneffe
 Your glory sett to chace the salvage beasts ;
 So my delight is all in ioyfulnesse,
 In beds, in bowres, in banckets, and in feasts :
 And ill becomes you, with your lofty creasts,
 To scorne the ioye that Iove is glad to seeke ;
 We both are bownd to follow heavens bebests,
 And tend our charges with obeisaunce meeke :
 Spare, gentle sister, with reproch my paine to ecke ;*

XXIII.

*And tell me, if that ye my sonne have heard
 To lurke emongst your nimphes in secret wize,
 Or keepe their cabins : much I am affeard
 Least he like one of them himselfe disguise,
 And turne his arrowes to their exercize :
 So may he long himselfe full easie hide ;
 For he is faire and fresh in face and guize,
 As any nimphe ; let not it be envide.*

So saying every nimphe full narrowly shee eide.

XXIV. But

XXIV.

But Phoebe therewith fore 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 dearly shall aby :
Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more shall flye.

XXV.

Whom whenas Venus saw so fore 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,
 Which as a fountaine from her sweete lips went,
 And welled goodly forth, that in short space
 She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzells sent
 Through all the woods, to search from place to place
 If any tract of him or tidings they mote trace.

XXVI.

To search the god of love her nimphes she sent,
 Throughout the wandring forest every where :
 And after them herselfe eke with her went
 To seeke the fugitive both farre and nere.
 So long they fought, till they arrived were
 In that same shady covert, whereas lay
 Faire Cryfogene in slombry traunce whilere :
 Who in her sleepe (a wondrous thing to fay)
 Unwares had borne two babes as faire as springing day.

XXVII.

Unwares she them conceivd, unwares she bore :
 She bore withouten paine, that she conceiv'd
 Withouten pleasure ; ne her need implore
 Lucinaes aide : which when they both perceiv'd,
 They were through wonder nigh of sence berev'd,
 And gazing each on other nought bespake :
 At last they both agreed her seeming griev'd
 Out of her heavie swowne not to awake,
 But from her loving side the tender babes to take.

XXVIII.

Up they them tooke, each one a babe uptooke,
 And with them carried to be fostered :
 Dame Phoebe to a nymphe her babe betooke
 To be upbrought in perfect maydenhed,
 And of herselfe her name Belphoebe red :
 But Venus hers thence far away convayd,
 To be upbrought in goodly womanhed ;
 And in her litle loves stead, which was strayd,
 Her Amoretta cald, to comfort her dismayd.

XXIX.

She brought her to her ioyous paradize,
 Wher most she wonnes when she on earth does dwell,
 So faire a place as nature can devize ;
 Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
 Or it in Gnidus bee, I wote not well ;
 But well I wote by triall, that this fame
 All other pleasaunt places doth excell,
 And called is by her lost lovers name,
 The gardin of Adonis, far renowmd by fame.

XXX.

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 feminary
 Of all things that are borne to live 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.

XXXI.

It sited was in fruitful foyle 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 over-stride :
 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,

XXXII. He

XXXII.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend
 All that to come into the world desire ;
 A thousand thousand naked babes attend
 About him day and night, which 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 live in mortall state ;
 Till they agayn returne backe by the hinder gate.

XXXIII.

After that they againe retourned beene,
 They in that gardin planted bee agayne,
 And grow afresh, as they had never 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.

XXXIV.

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 themselves eternall moisture they imply.

XXXV.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
 And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew,
 And every fort is in a sondry bed
 Sett by itselfe, and ranckt in comely rew ;
 Some fitt for reasonable fowles 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.

XXXVI.

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 everlasting 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 eternall Chaos, which supplies
 The substaunces of natures fruitfull progenyes.

XXXVII.

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 invade
 The state of life out of the grievely shade.
 That substaunce 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.

XXXVIII.

The substaunce is not chaungd nor altered,
 But th' only forme and outward fashion ;
 For every substaunce 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.

XXXIX.

Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
 That in the gardin of Adonis springs,
 Is wicked Time, 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 wings
 Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
 Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard.

XL.

Yet pittie often did the gods relent,
 To see so faire thinges 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 pittie at the sight,
 When walking through the gardin them she spyde,
 Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight :
 For all that lives is subiect to that law :
 All things decay in time, and to their end doe draw.

XLI.

But were it not that Time their troubler is,
 All that in this delightfull gardin growes
 Should happy bee, and have immortall blis :
 For here all plenty and all pleasure flowes,
 And sweete Love gentle fitts emongst them throwes,
 Without fell rancor or fond gealofy ;
 Franckly each paramour his leman knowes,
 Each bird his mate ; ne any does envy
 Their goodly meriment and gay felicity.

XLII.

There is continuall spring, and harvest 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 heavy trees they clyme,
 Which seeme to labour under their fruites lode :
 The whiles the ioyous birdes make their pastyme
 Emongst the shady leaves (their sweet abode)
 And their trew loves without suspition tell abrode.

XLIII.

Right in the middest of that paradise
 There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
 A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
 Whose shady boughes sharp steele did never 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 deaw bedight,
 Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet deli^ght.

XLIV. And

XLIV.

And in the thickest covert 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 yvie-twine entrayld athwart,
 And eglantine and caprifole emong,
 Fashiond above within their inmost part,
 That nether Phoebus beams could through them throng,
 Nor Aeolus sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

XLV.

And all about grew every sort of flowre,
 To which sad lovers were transformde of yore;
 Fresh Hyacinthus, Phoebus paramoure
 And dearest love;
 Foolish Narcisse, that likes the watry 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 verfe hath given endlesse date.

XLVI.

There wont fayre Venus often to enioy
 Her deare Adonis ioyous company,
 And reap 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 love envy;
 But she herselfe, whenever that she will,
 Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill:

XLVII.

And sooth it seemes they say; for he may not
 For ever dye, and ever buried bee
 In balefull night, where all thinges are forgot;
 All be he subiect to mortalitie,
 Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
 And by succeffion made perpetuall,
 Transformed oft, and chaunged diverslie:
 For him the father of all formes they call;
 Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

XLVIII. There

XLVIII.

There now he liveth in eternal 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 love his malice mote avoyd)
 In a strong rocky cave, which is (they say)
 Hewen underneath that mount, that none him losen may.

XLIX.

There now he lives in everlasting ioy
 With many of the gods in company,
 Which thether haunt, and with the winged boy,
 Sporting himfelfe in safe felicity :
 Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
 Ranfackt the world, and in the wofull harts
 Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
 Thether resortes, and laying his sad dartes
 Afyde with faire Adonis playes his wanton partes.

L.

And his trew love faire Pfyche with him playes,
 Fayre Pfyche to him lately reconcyld,
 After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes,
 With which his mother Venus her revyld,
 And eke himfelfe her cruelly exyld :
 But now in stedfast love and happy state
 She with him lives, and hath him borne a chyld,
 Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
 Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Pfyche late.

LI.

Hether great Venus brought this infant fayre,
 The yonger daughter of Chryfogonee,
 And unto Pfyche with great trust and care
 Committed her, yfostered to bee
 And trained up 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 love and goodly womanhead.

LII.

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' enfample of true love alone,
 And lodestarre of all chaste affectione
 To all fayre ladies that doe live on grownd :
 To faery court she came, where many one
 Admyrd her goodly haveour, and fownd
 His feeble hart wide launched with loves cruel wownd.

LIII.

But she to none of them her love did cast,
 Save to the noble knight sir Scudamore,
 To whom her loving hart she linked fast
 In faithfull love, t' abide for evermore ;
 And for his dearest sake endured sore
 Sore trouble of an hainous enemy,
 Who her would forced have to have forlore
 Her former love and stedfast loialty ;
 As ye may elsewhere reade that ruefull history.

LIV.

But well I weene ye first desire to learne
 What end unto 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 lover deare,
 Her lover deare, her dearest Marinell,
 Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
 And from prince Arthure fled with wings of idle feare.

CANTO VII.

The witches sonne loves Florimell :

She flies, he faines to dy.

Satyraue saves the squyre of dames

From gyaunts tyranny.

I.

LIKE as an hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a ravenous beast,
Yet flies away of her owne feete afeard,
And every lease, 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 she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same which she escapt whileare.

II.

All that same evening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continewd:
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent
Nor wearinesse to slack her hast, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dread
Were hard behind her ready to arrest:
And her white palfrey, having conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried whereever he thought best.

III.

So long as breath and hable puiffaunce
Did native corage unto him supply,
His pace he freshly forward did advaunce,
And carried her beyond all icopardy;
But nought that wanteth rest can long aby:
He having through incessant traveill spent
His force, at last perforce adowne did ly,
Ne foot could further move: the lady gent
Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment;

IV.

And forst t'alight on foot mote algates fare ;
 (A traveler unwonted 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 traveild, till at length she came
 To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
 A litle valley subiect to the same,
 All coverd with thick woodes that quite it over-came.

V.

Through th' tops of the high trees she did descry
 A litle smoke, whose vapour thin and light
 Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky :
 Which chearefull signe did send unto her sight
 That in the same did wonne some living wight.
 Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applyd,
 And came at last in weary wretched plight
 Unto the place, to which her hope did guyde
 To finde some refuge there, and rest her wearie syde.

VI.

There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
 A little cottage built of stickes and reedes
 In homely wize, and wald with fods 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 divelish deedes
 And hellish arts from people she might hide,
 And hurt far off unknowne whomever she envide.

VII.

The damzell there arriving 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 suddein stound
 Lightly upstarted 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 ;
 But shewd by outward signes that dread her fence did daze.

VIII.

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
 She askt what devill had her thether brought,
 And who she was, and what unwonted path
 Had guided her, unwelcomed, unfought?
 To which the damzell full of doubtfull thought
 Her mildly answer'd; *Beldame, be not wroth*
With silly virgin by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That crave but rowme to rest while tempest overblo'th.

IX.

With that adowne out of her christall eyne
 Few trickling teares she softly forth let fall,
 That like two orient perles did purely shyne
 Upon her snowy cheeke; and therewithall
 She sighd soft, that none so bestiall
 Nor salvage hart, but ruth of her sad plight
 Would make to melt, or pitteously appall;
 And that vile hag, all were her whole delight
 In mischief, was much moved at so pitteous sight;

X.

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 wearie limbs awhile: she nothing quaint
 Nor s'deignfull of so homely fashion,
 Sith brought she was now to so hard constraint,
 Sate downe upon the dusty ground anon;
 As glad of that small rest, as bird of tempest gon.

XI.

Tho gan she gather up 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 heavenly hew,
 And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
 But or some goddesse, or of Dianes crew,
 And thought her to adore with humble spright:
 T'adore thing so divine as beauty were but right.

XII.

This wicked woman had a wicked sonne,
 The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
 A laesy loord, for nothing good to donne,
 But stretched forth in ydlenesse alwayes,
 Ne ever cast his mind to covet prayse,
 Or ply himselfe to any honest trade ;
 But all the day before the sunny rayes
 He us'd to slug, or sleepe in slothfull shade :
 Such laefinesse both lewd and poore attonce him made.

XIII.

He comming home at undertime, there found
 The fayrest creature that he ever 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 unwares, doth soone withdraw
 His feeble eyne with too much brightnes daz'd ;
 So stared he on her, and stood long while amaz'd.

XIV.

Softly at last he gan his mother aske,
 What mister wight that was, and whence deriv'd,
 That in so straunge disguizement there did maske,
 And by what accident she there arriv'd ?
 But she, as one nigh of her wits depriv'd,
 With nought but ghastly lookes him answered,
 Like to a ghost, that lately is reviv'd
 From Stygian shores where late it wandered ;
 So both at her, and each at other wondered.

XV.

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 speach applyde, that in short space
 She grew familiare in that desert place.
 During which time the chorle, through her so kind
 And courteise use, conceiv'd affection bace,
 And cast to love her in his brutish mind ;
 No love, but brutish lust, that was so beastly tind.

XVI. Closely

XVI.

Clofely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
 And fhortly grew into outrageous fire ;
 Yet had he not the hart, nor hardiment,
 As unto her to utter his defire ;
 His caytive thought durft not fo high aspire :
 But with foft fighes and lovely femblaunces
 He ween'd that his affection entire
 She fhould aread ; many refemblaunces
 To her he made, and many kinde remembraunces.

XVII.

Oft from the forreft wildings he did bring,
 Whofe fides empurpled were with fmyling red,
 And oft young birds, which he had taught to fing
 His maiftrefse praifes sweetly caroled ;
 Girlands of flowres fometimes for her faire hed
 He fine would dight ; fometimes the squirrel wild
 He brought to her in bands, as conquered
 To be her thrall, his fellow fervant vild :
 All which ſhe of him tooke with countenance meeke and mild.

XVIII.

But paſt a while, when ſhe fit feaſon ſaw
 To leave that deſert manſion, ſhe caſt
 In ſecret wize herſelfe thence to withdraw,
 For feare of miſchiefe, which ſhe did forecaſt
 Might by the witch or by her ſonne compaſt :
 Her wearie palfrey clofely, as ſhe might,
 Now well recovered after long repaſt,
 In his proud furnitures ſhe freſhly dight,
 His late miſwandred wayes now to remeaſure right.

XIX.

And earely ere the dawning day appear'd,
 She forth iſſewed, and on her iourney went ;
 She went in perill, of each noyſe affeard
 And of each ſhade that did itſelfe preſent ;
 For ſtill ſhe feared to be overhent
 Of that vile hag, or her uncivile 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 undonne.

XX. But

XX.

But that lewd lover did the most lament
 For her depart, that ever 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 fore plight
 Was greatly woe begon, and gan to feare
 Least his fraile senses were emperisht quight,
 And love to frenzy turnd, sith love is franticke hight.

XXI.

All wayes shee sought him to restore to plight,
 With herbs, with charms, with counsel, and 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 herselfe backe to her wicked leares ;
 And by her divelish arts thought to prevaile
 To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

XXII.

Estefoones out of her hidden cave she cald
 An hideous beast of horrible aspect,
 That could the stoutest corage have 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 never yet did living eie detect ;
 But likest it to an hyena was,
 That feeds on wemens flesh, as others feede on gras.

XXIII.

It forth she cald, and gave it streight in charge
 Through thicke and thin her to poursew apace,
 Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
 Till her hee had attaind, and brought in place,
 Or quite devourd 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 overhent.

XXIV. Whom

XXIV.

Whom when the fearefull damzell nigh espide,
 No need to bid her fast away to flie ;
 That ugly shape so fore her terrifide,
 That it she shund no lesse then dread to die ;
 And her flitt palfrey did so well apply
 His nimble feet to her conceived 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.

XXV.

Which whenas she perceiv'd, she was disinayd
 At that same last extremity ful fore,
 And of her safety greatly grew afraid :
 And now she gan approach to the sea shore,
 As it befell that she could flie no more,
 But yield herselfe 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.

XXVI.

Not halfe so fast the wicked Myrrha fled
 From dread of her revenging fathers hond ;
 Nor halfe so fast to save her maydenhed
 Fled fearfull Daphne on th' Aegaeon strond ;
 As Florimell fled from that monster yond,
 To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught :
 For in the sea to drowne herselfe she fond,
 Rather then of the tyrant to be caught :
 Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her corage taught.

XXVII.

It fortun'd (high God did so ordaine)
 As shee arrived 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 floting strand :
 So safety fownd at sea, which she fownd not at land.

XXVIII. The

XXVIII.

The monster, ready on the pray to seafe,
 Was of his forward hope deceived 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 avenge his divelish despight,
 He set upon her palfrey tired lame,
 And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came :

XXIX.

And after having him embowelled
 To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunst a knight
 To passe that way, as forth he travailed ;
 Yt was a goodly fwaine and of great might,
 As ever man that bloody field did fight ;
 But in vain sheows, that wont yong knights bewitch,
 And courtly services, tooke no delight ;
 But rather ioyd to bee than seemen sich :
 For both to be and seeme to him was labor lich.

XXX.

It was to weete the good fir Satyrane,
 That raungd abrode to seeke adventures wilde,
 As was his wont in forest and in plaine :
 He was all armd in rugged steele unilde,
 As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
 And in his scutchin bore a fatyres hedd :
 He comming present, where the monster vilde
 Upon that milke-white palfreyes carcas fedd,
 Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him spedd.

XXXI.

There well perceivd 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 loved, 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.

XXXII.

Full of sad feare and doubtfull agony
 Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend ;
 And with huge strokes and cruell battery
 Him forst to leave his pray, for to attend
 Himselfe from deadly daunger to defend :
 Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
 He did engrave, 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.

XXXIII.

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 himselfe weaker through infirmity :
 Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
 Hurling his sword away he lightly lept
 Upon the beast, that with great cruelty
 Rored and raged to be under-kept ;
 Yet he perforce him held, and strokes upon him hept.

XXXIV.

As he that strives to stop a suddain flood,
 And in strong bancks his violence enclose,
 Forceth it swell above his wonted mood,
 And largely overflow 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.

XXXV.

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 unto the victor strong :
 Who, to avenge the implacable wrong
 Which he supposed donne to Florimell,
 Sought by all meanes his dolour to prolong,
 Sith dint of steele his carcass could not quell ;
 His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

XXXVI.

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 unwonted 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 obay;
 Yet never learned he such service till that day.

XXXVII.

Thus as he led the beast along the way,
 He spide far off a mighty giaunteffe
 Fast flying on a courser dapled gray
 From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse
 Her hard pursewd, and fought 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.

XXXVIII.

Which whenas Satyrane beheld, in haste
 He leste his captive 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 forthy,
 But forward gallopt fast; which when he spyde,
 His mighty speare he couched warily,
 And at her ran: she having him descryde
 Herselfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

XXXIX.

Like as a goshauke, that in foote doth beare
 A trembling culver, having spide on hight
 An eagle, that with plumy wings doth sheare
 The subtile ayre, stouping with all his might,
 The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,
 And to the batteill doth herselfe prepare:
 So ran the geaunteffe unto the fight;
 Her fyrie eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
 And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

XL.

She caught in hand an huge great yron mace,
 Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd ;
 But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
 His speare amidst her sun-brode shield arriv'd ;
 Yet nathemore the steele asonder riv'd,
 All were the beame in bignes like a mast,
 Ne her out of the stedfast sadle driv'd ;
 But glauncing on the tempred metall braft
 In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

XLI.

Her steed did stagger with that puiffaunt strooke ;
 But she no more was moved with that might
 Then it had lighted on an aged oke,
 Or on the marble pillour, that is pight
 Upon the top of mount Olympus hight,
 For the brave 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.

XLII.

Yet therewith fore enrag'd with sterne regard
 Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
 Which on his helmet martelled so hard,
 That made him low incline his lofty crest,
 And bowd his battred visour to his brest :
 Wherewith he was so stund, that he n'ote ryde,
 But reeled to and fro from east to west :
 Which when his cruell enemy espyde,
 She lightly unto him adioyned fyde to fyde ;

XLIII.

And on his collar laying puiffaunt hand,
 Out of his wavering feat him pluckt perforse,
 Perforse him pluckt, unable 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 pursfewed saw, with great remorse
 He nere was touched in his noble spright,
 And gan encrease his speed as she encreast her flight.

XLIV.

Whom whenas nigh approaching she espyde,
 She threw away her burden angrily ;
 For she list not the batteill to abide,
 But made herselfe 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.

XLV.

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 rest from him so faire a chevisaunce :
 At length he spyde whereas that wofull squyre,
 Whom he had reskewed from captivaunce
 Of his strong foe, lay tumbled in the myre,
 Unable to arise, or foot or hand to styre.

XLVI.

To whom approaching well he mote perceive
 In that fowle plight a comely personage
 And lovely face, made fit for to deceive
 Fraile ladies hart with loves consuming rage,
 Now in the blossome of his freshest age :
 He reard him up 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.

XLVII.

Then trembling yet through feare the squire bespake ;
That geaunteesse Argante is behight,
A daughter of the Titans, which did make
Warre against heven, and heaped hills on hight
To scale the skyes and put Iove 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 :

XLVIII.

For at that berth another babe she bore,
 To weet the mightie Ollyphant, that wrought
 Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
 And many bath to foule confusion brought.
 These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
 Whiles in their mothers wombe enclosed they were,
 Ere they into the lightfom world were brought,
 In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
 And in that monstrous wise did to the world appere.

XLIX.

So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
 Gainst natures law and good behaveoure :
 But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
 Who not content so fowly to devoure
 Her native 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 :

L.

But over all the countrie she did raunge,
 To seeke young men to quench her flaming thurst,
 And feed her fancy with delightfull chaunge :
 Whomso she fittest findes to serve her lust,
 Through her maine strength in which she most doth trust,
 She with her brings into a secret ile,
 Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
 Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
 And in all shamefull sort himselfe with her defile.

LI.

Me seely wretch she so at vauntage caught,
 After she long in waite for me did lye,
 And meant unto her prison to have brought,
 Her lothsom pleasure there to satisfye ;
 That thousand deathes me lever were to dye
 Then breake the vow that to faire Columbell
 I plighted have, and yet keepe stedfastly :
 As for my name, it misreth not to tell ;
 Call me the Squire of dames ; that me besemeth well.

LII. But

LII.

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 above all dames is deemd,
 And above 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.

LIII.

Her well befeemes that quest, quoth Satyrane:
 But read, thou Squire of dames, what vow is this,
 Which thou upon thyselfe 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 love and serve,
 After long suit and wearie servicis,
 Did aske me, how I could her love deserve,
 And how she might be sure that I would never swerve.

LIV.

I glad by any meanes her grace to gaine
 Badd her commaund my life to save or spill:
 Eftsoones she badd me with incessaunt paine
 To wander through the world abroad at will,
 And every where, where with my power or skill
 I might doe service unto gentle dames,
 That I the same should faithfully fulfill,
 And at the twelve monethes end should bring their names
 And pledges, as the spoiles of my victorious games.

LV.

So well I to faire ladies service did,
 And found such favour in their loving hartes,
 That ere the yeare his course had compassid,
 Three 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 trustly true intent,
 She gan for me devise a grievous punishment;

LVI.

To weet, that I my traveill should resume,
 And with like labour walke the world arownd,
 Ne ever 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 ever chaste and fownd.
 Ah ! gentle squyre, quoth he, tell at one word,
 How many fownd'st thou such to put in thy record ?

LVII.

Indeed, sir knight, said he, one word may tell
 All that I ever fownd so wisely stayd ;
 For onely three they were disposd so well,
 And yet three yeares I now abroad have strayd,
 To fynd them out. mote I, then laughing sayd
 The knight, inquire of thee, what were those three,
 The which thy proffred curtesie denyd ?
 Or ill they seemed sure avizd to bee,
 Or brutishly brought up, that nev'r did fashions see.

LVIII.

The first which then refused me, said hee,
 Certes was but a common courtisane ;
 Yet flat refusd to have adoe with mee,
 Because I could not give her many a jane.
 (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.

LIX.

The third a damzell was of low degree,
 Whom I in countrey cottage fownd by chaunce :
 Full litle weened I that chastitee
 Had lodging in so meane a maintenaunce ;
 Yet was she fayre, and in her countenaunce
 Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashon :
 Long thus I woo'd her with due observaunce,
 In hope unto my pleasure to have won ;
 But was as far at last as when I first begon.

LX.

*Safe her, I never any woman found
 That chastity did for itselſe 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 ever to attaine
 My ladies love in ſuch a deſperate cace;
 But all my dayes am like to waſte in vaine,
 Seeking to match the chaſte with th' unchaſte ladies traine.*

LXI.

*Perdy, ſayd Satyrane, thou Squyre of dames,
 Great labour fondly haſt thou bent in hand,
 To get ſmall thankes, and therewith many blames;
 That may emongſt Alcides labours ſtand.
 Thence backe returning to the former land
 Where late he left the beaſt he overcame,
 He found him not; for he had broke his band;
 And was returnd againe unto his dame,
 To tell what tydings of fayre Florimell became.*

CANTO VIII.

*The witch creates a snowy lady,
Like to Florimell,
Who wrong'd by carle, by Proteus sav'd,
Is sought by Paridell.*

I.

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 upon)
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 aggravate her grieve:
For misery craves rather mercy then repleife.

II.

But that accursed hag, her hostesse late,
Had so enranckled her malicious 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 fourth 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, and wondrous gladnes to her hart applyde:

III.

And with it ronning hast'ly to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to have reliv'd;
Who thereby deeming sure the thing as donne,
His former grieve with furie fresh reviv'd,
Much more than earst, and would have algates riv'd
The hart out of his brest: for sith her dedd
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriv'd
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fedd
His foolish malady, and long time had misledd.

IV.

With thought whereof exceeding mad he grew,
 And in his rage his mother would have slaine,
 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 conjure upon eternall paine
 To counsell her so carefully dismayd,
 How she might heale her sonne, whose senses were decayd.

V.

By their advise and her owne wicked wit,
 She there deviz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
 Whose like on earth was never framed yit,
 That even nature selfe envide the same,
 And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame
 The thing it selfe : in hand she boldly tooke
 To make another like the former dame,
 Another Florimell, in shape and looke
 So lively and so like, that many it mistooke.

VI.

The substance, whereof she the body made,
 Was purest snow in massy mould congeald,
 Which she had gathered in a shady glade
 Of the Riphæan hills, to her reveald
 By errant sprights, but from all men conceald :
 The same she tempred with fine mercury
 And virgin wax that never yet was seald,
 And mingled them with perfect vermily ;
 That like a lively fanguine it seemd to the eye.

VII.

Instead of eyes two burning lampes she set
 In silver sockets, shyning like the skyes,
 And a quicke moving spirit did arret
 To stirre and roll them like to womens eyes :
 Instead of yellow lockes she did devyse
 With golden wyre to weave her curled head ;
 Yet golden wyre was not so yellow thryse
 As Florimells fayre heare : and in the stead
 Of life, she put a spright to rule the carcass dead ;

VIII.

A wicked spright yfraught with fawning guyle,
 And fayre resemblance above all the rest,
 Which with the prince of darkenes fell somewhyle
 From heavens blis and everlasting rest :
 Him needed not instruct which way were best
 Himselfe to fashon likest Florimell,
 Ne how to speake, ne how to use his gest ;
 For he in counterfesaunce did excell,
 And all the wyles of wemens wits knew passing well.

IX.

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,
 Which Florimell had left behind her late ;
 That whofo then her saw would surely say
 It was herselfe, whom it did imitate,
 Or fayrer then herselfe, if ought algate
 Might fayrer be : and then she forth her brought
 Unto her sonne that lay in feeble state ;
 Who seeing her gan streight upstart, and thought
 She was the lady selfe whom he so long had sought.

X.

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 rebutted his embracement light ;
 Yet still with gentle countenaunce 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 :

XI.

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 chaunced to repaire ;
 Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull swaine,
 That deedes of armes had ever in despaire,
 Proud Braggadocchio, that in vaunting vaine
 His glory did repose and credit did maintaine.

XII.

He seeing with that chorle so faire a wight
 Decked with many a costly ornament,
 Much merveiled thereat, as well he might,
 And thought that match a fowle disparagement :
 His bloody speare estefoones 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 gainesay : I will away her beare.

XIII.

The fearefull chorle durst not gainesay 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 Braggadochio 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,

XIV.

But when he saw himselfe free from poursute,
 He gan make gentle purpose to his dame
 With termes of love and lewdnesse dissolute ;
 For he could well his glozing speeches frame
 To such vaine uses that him best became :
 But she thereto would lend but light regard,
 As seeming sory that she ever came
 Into his powre, that used her so hard
 To reave her honor, which she more then life prefard.

XV.

Thus as they two of kindnes treated long,
 There them by chaunce encountred on the way
 An armed knight upon a courser strong,
 Whose trampling feete upon the hollow lay
 Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
 That capons corage ; yet he looked grim,
 And faynd to cheare his lady in dismay,
 Who seemd for feare to quake in every lim,
 And her to save from outrage meekely prayed him.

XVI. Fiercely

XVI.

Fiercely that fraunger forward came, and nigh
 Approching with bold words and bitter threat
 Bad that same boaster, as he mote, on high
 To leave to him that lady for excheat,
 Or bide him batteill without further treat.
 That challenge did too peremptory seeme,
 And fild his senses with abashment great ;
 Yet seeing nigh him ieopardy extreme,
 He it dissembled well, and light seemd to esteeme ;

XVII.

Saying, *Thou foolish knight, that weenst with words
 To steale away that I with blowes have wonne,
 And brought through points of many perilous swords :
 But if thee list to see thy courser ronne,
 Or prove thyselfe, this sad encounter shonne,
 And seeke els without hazard of thy bedd.*
 At those prowde words that other knight begonne
 To wex exceeding wroth, and him aredd
 To turne his steede about, or sure he should be dedd.

XVIII.

*Sith then, said Braggadochio, needes thou wilt
 Thy daies abridge through prooffe of puissance,
 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 even race :
 But Braggadochio with his bloody launce
 Once having turnd, no more returnd his face,
 But lefte his love to losse, and fled himselfe apace.

XIX.

The knight him seeing flie, had no regard
 Him to poursew, but to the lady rode,
 And having her from Trompart lightly reard,
 Upon his courser sett the lovely lode,
 And with her fled away without abode :
 Well weened he, that fairest Fiorimell
 It was with whom in company he yode,
 And so herselfe did alwaies to him tell ;
 So made him thinke himselfe in heven that was in hell.

XX. But

XX.

But Florimell herselfe was far away,
 Driven to great distresse by fortune straunge,
 And taught the carefull mariner to play,
 Sith late mischaunce had her compeld to chaunge
 The land for sea, at randon there to raunge:
 Yett there that cruell queene avengereffe,
 Not satisfyde so far her to estraunge
 From courtly blis and wonted happineffe,
 Did heape on her new waves of weary wretchednesse.

XXI.

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 drove forward carelesly;
 For th' ayre was milde and cleared was the skie,
 And all his windes dan Aeolus did keepe
 From stirring up their stormy enmity;
 As pittying to see her waile and weepe:
 But all the while the fisher did securely sleepe.

XXII.

At last when droncke with drowfinesse he woke,
 And saw his drover drive along the streame,
 He was dismayd, and thrise his brest he stroke;
 For marveill of that accident extreame;
 But when he saw that blazing beauties beame,
 Which with rare light his bote did beautifye,
 He marveild more, and thought he yet did dreame
 Not well awakte, or that some extasye
 Afflotted had his sence, or dazed was his eye.

XXIII.

But when her well avizing hee perceiv'd
 To be no vision nor fantasticke sight,
 Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,
 And felt in his old corage new delight
 To gin awake, and stir his frosen spright:
 Tho rudely askte her, how she ^hether came?
Ab! 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.

XXIV. *But*

XXIV.

*But thou, good man, sitb far in sea we bee,
 And the great waters gin apace to swell,
 That now no more we can the mayn-land see,
 Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-bote well,
 Least worse on sea then us 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 never lin
 To looke on her faire face and marke her snowy skin.

XXV.

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 hond,
 Where ill became him, rashly would have thrust ;
 But she with angry scorne him did withstond,
 And shamefully reprov'd for his rudenes fond.

XXVI.

But he, that never 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 unto his will,
 Forcynge 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.

XXVII.

The silly virgin strove him to withstand
 All that she might, and him in vaine revild ;
 Shee strugled strongly both with foote and hand
 To save her honor from that villaine vilde,
 And cride to heven, from humane help exild.
 O ye, brave knights, that boast this ladies love,
 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 behove.

XXVIII. But

XXVIII.

But if that thou, fir Satyran, didst weete,
 Or thou, fir Peridure, her sory state,
 How soone would yee assemble many a flecte,
 To fetch from sea that ye at land lost late?
 Towres, citties, kingdomes ye would ruinate
 In your avengement and dispiteous rage,
 Ne ought your burning fury mote abate ;
 But if fir Calidore could it presage,
 No living creature could his cruelty asswage.

XXIX.

But sith that none of all her knights is nye,
 See how the heavens of voluntary grace,
 And soveraine favor towards chastity,
 Doe succor send to her distressed cace!
 So much high God doth innocence embrace.
 It fortun'd, whilest thus she stifly strove,
 And the wide sea importuned long space
 With shrilling shriekes, Proteus abroad did rove;
 Along the fomy waves driving his finny drove.

XXX.

Proteus is shepheard of the seas of yore,
 And hath the charge of Neptune's mighty heard ;
 An aged sire with head all frowy hore,
 And sprinckled frost upon 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 upon the waves, that fomed him arownd ;

XXXI.

And comming to that fishers wandring bote,
 That went at will withouten card or fayle,
 He therein saw that yrkesome sight, which smote
 Deepe indignation and compassion frayle
 Into his hart attonce : streight did he hayle
 The greedy villein from his hoped pray,
 Of which he now did very litle fayle ;
 And with his staffe, that drives his heard astray,
 Him bett so fore, that life and sence did much dismay.

XXXII. The

XXXII.

The whiles the pitteous lady up 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 save herselfe from that outrageous spoyle:
 But when she looked up, 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 shrighit.

XXXIII.

Herselfe not saved yet from daunger dredd
 She thought, but chaung'd from one to other feare:
 Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
 From the sharpe hauke which her attached neare,
 And fals to ground to seeke for succor theare,
 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 thereby.

XXXIV.

But he endeavored 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 prevayld;
 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.

XXXV.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
 And with his frory lips full softly kist,
 Whiles the cold yfickles from his rough beard
 Dropped adowne upon her yvory brest:
 Yet he himselfe so busily adrest,
 That her out of astonishment he wrought,
 And out of that same fishers filthy nest
 Removing her, into his charet brought,
 And there with many gentle termes her faire besought.

XXXVI.

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 fith of late,
 And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
 The virgin, whom he had abusde so fore :
 So drag'd him through the waves in scornfull state,
 And after cast him up upon the shore :
 But Florimell with him unto his bowre he bore.

XXXVII.

His bowre is in the bottom of the maine
 Under a mightie rocke, gainst which doe rave
 The roring billowes in their proud disdaine ;
 That with the angry working of the wave,
 Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
 That seemes rough mafons hand with engines keene
 Had long while laboured it to engrave :
 There was his wonne ; ne living wight was seene,
 Save one old nymph hight Panope to keepe it cleane.

XXXVIII.

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 unto his delight :
 With flattering wordes he sweetly wooed her,
 And offered faire guiftes t'allure her sight ;
 But she both offers and the offerer
 Despyfde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

XXXIX.

Dayly he tempted her with this or that,
 And never suffred her to be at rest :
 But evermore she him refused flat,
 And all his fained kindnes did detest ;
 So firmly she had sealed up her brest.
 Sometimes he boasted that a god he hight ;
 But she a mortall creature loved best :
 Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight ;
 But then she said she lov'd none but a faery knight.

XL.

Then like a faerie knight himfelfe he drest ;
 For every shape on him he could endew :
 Then like a king he was to her exprest,
 And offred kingdoms unto her in vew
 To be his leman and his lady trew :
 But when all this he nothing saw prevaile,
 With harder meanes he cast her to subdew,
 And with sharpe threates her often did affayle ;
 So thinking for to make her stubborne corage quayle.

XLI.

To dreadfull shapes he did himfelfe transforme ;
 Now like a gyaunt, now like to a feend,
 Then like a centaure, then like to a storme
 Raging within the waves : thereby he weend
 Her will to win unto his wished eend :
 But when with feare, nor favour, nor with all
 He els could doe, he saw himfelfe esteemd,
 Downe in a dongeon deepe he let her fall,
 And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

XLII.

Eternall thraldome was to her more liefse
 Then losse of chafitite, or change of love :
 Dye had she rather in tormenting griefe,
 Then any should of falseness her reprove,
 Or loosenes, that she lightly did remove.
 Most vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
 And crowne of heavenly prayse with faintes above,
 Where most sweet hymmes of this thy famous deed
 Are still emongst them song, that far my rymes exceed:

XLIII.

Fit song of angels caroled to bee ;
 But yet what so my feeble muse can frame,
 Shal be t'advance thy goodly chafitee,
 And to enroll thy memorable name
 In th' heart of every honourable dame,
 That they thy vertuous deedes may imitate,
 And be partakers of thy endlesse fame.
 Yt yrkes me leave thee in this wofull state,
 To tell of Satyrane where I him left of late :

XLIV.

Who having ended with that Squyre of dames
 A long discourse of his adventures vayne,
 The which himselfe then ladies more defames,
 And finding not th' hyena to be slayne,
 With that same squyre retourned backe 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 adventure bent,
 And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

XLV.

Sir Satyrane him towards did addresse,
 To weet what wight he was, and what his quest:
 And comming nigh, eftsoones 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 befeemed best,
 Gan first inquire of tydinges farre abrode;
 And afterwardes on what adventure now he rode.

XLVI.

Who thereto answering said, *The tydinges 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 brave knightes that doen in armes excell
To savegard her ywandred all alone;
Emongst the rest my lott (unworthy) is to be one.

XLVII.

Ab gentle knight, said then sir Satyrane,
Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That hast a thanklesse service on thee ta'ne,
And offrest sacrifice unto the dead:
For dead, I surely doubt, thou maist aread
Henceforth for ever Florimell to bee,
That all the noble knights of maydenhead,
Which her ador'd, may sore repent with mee;
And all faire ladies may for ever sory bee.

XLVIII. Which

XLVIII.

Which wordes when Paridell had heard, his hew
 Gan greatly chaung, and seemd difmaid to bee ;
 Then sayd, *Fayre fir, how may I weene it trew,*
That ye doe tell in such uncerteintee ?
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 ever bee,
That ever hand should dare for to engore
Her noble blood ? the hevens such crueltie abhore.

XLIX.

These eyes did see that they will ever rewe
T'have seene, quoth he, whenas a monstrous beast
The palfrey whereton she did travell slew,
And of his bowels made his bloody feast :
Which speaking token sheweth at the least
Her certein 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.

L.

Ab me ! said Paridell, the signes be sadd,
And but God turne the same to good soothsay,
That ladies safetie is sore to be dradd :
Yet will I not forsake my forward way,
Till triall doe more certeine truth bewray.
Faire fir, quoth he, well may it you succeed,
Ne long shall Satyrane behind you stay ;
But to the rest, which in this quest proceed,
My labour adde, and be partaker of their speed.

LI.

Ye noble knights, said then the Squyre of dames,
Well may yee speede in so praise-worthy payne :
But sith the sunne now ginnes to slake his beames
In dewy 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 heven and strength of men relate :
Which if ye please, to yonder castle turne your gate.

LII. That

LII.

That counsell pleased well : so all yfere
 Forth marched to a castle them before,
 Where soone arriving, they restrained were
 Of ready entraunce, which ought evermore
 To errant knights be commune : wondrous fore
 Thereat displeas'd they were, till that young squyre
 Gan them informe the cause why that fame dore
 Was shut to all which lodging did defyre :
 The which to let you weet will further time requyre.

C A N T O IX.

*Malbecco will no straunge knights host,
 For peevish gealofy :
 Paridell giusts with Britomart :
 Both shew their auncestry.*

I.

REDOUBTED knights and honorable dames,
 To whom I levell all my labours end,
 Right fore I feare, least with unworthy 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 soveraine light ;
 And knighthood fowle defaced by a faithlesse knight.

II.

But never let th' ensample of the bad
 Offend the good : for good by paragone
 Of evill may more notably be rad,
 As white seemes fayrer macht with blacke attone ;
 Ne all are shamed by the fault of one :
 For lo in heven, 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 ?

III. Then

III.

Then listen, lordings, if ye list to weete
 The cause, why Satyrane 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 privitie,
 Yet has full large to live, and spend at libertie.

IV.

But all his mind is set on mucky pelfe,
 To hoord up heapes of evill-gotten masse,
 For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himselfe :
 Yet is he lincked to a lovely lassè,
 Whose beauty doth his bounty far surpasse ;
 The which to him both far unequall yeares,
 And also far unlike conditions has ;
 For she does ioy to play emongst her peares,
 And to be free from hard restraynt and gealous feares :

V.

But he is old and withered like hay,
 Unfit faire ladies service to supply ;
 The privie guilt whereof makes him alway
 Suspect her truth, and keepe continuall spy
 Upon her with his other blinked eye ;
 Ne suffreth he resort of living wight
 Approch to her, ne keepe her company ;
 But in close bowre her mewes from all mens sight
 Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

VI.

Malbecco he, and Hellenore she hight,
 Unfitly yokt together in one teeme :
 That is the cause why never any knight
 Is suffred here to enter, but he seeme
 Such as no doubt of him he need 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.

VII.

In vaine he feares that which he cannot shonne :
For who wotes not, that womans subtiltyes
Can guyen Argus, when she list misdonne ?
It is not yron bandes, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brasen walls, nor many wakefull spyes,
That can withhold her wilfull-wandering feet ;
But fast goodwill with gentle courtesyes
And timely service to her pleasures meet
May her perhaps containe, that else would algates fleet.

VIII.

Then is he not more mad, sayd Paridell,
That hath himselfe unto such service sold,
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell ?
For sure a foole I doe him firmly hold,
That loves his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why doe wee devise of others ill,
Whyles thus we suffer this same dotard old
To keepe us out in scorne of his owne will,
And rather do not ransack all, and himselfe kill.

IX.

Nay let us first, sayd Satyrane, entreat
The man by gentle meanes to let us 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 be worthy of his haynous sin.
 That counsell pleasd : then Paridell did rise,
 And to the castle-gate approcht in quiet wise :

X.

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desyrd.
 The good man selfe (which then the porter playd)
 Him answered, that all were now retyrd
 Unto their rest, and all the keyes convayd
 Unto 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 and punishment extreme.

XI. But

XI.

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 overcast,
 Gan blowen up 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 swyne was ordered.

XII.

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 avenge himselfe so sore abusd,
 And evermore the carle of courtesie accusd.

XIII.

But to avoyde 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 liefse or loth ;
 And so defyde them each, and so defyde them both.

Samuel Jones

XIV.

Both were full loth to leave that needfull tent,
 And both full loth in darkenessse to debate ;
 Yet both full liefse him lodging to have lent,
 And both full liefse 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.

XV.

Tho hastily remounting to his steed,
 He forth issew'd ; like as a boystrous winde,
 Which in th' earthes hollow caves hath long ben hid,
 And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
 Makes the huge element against her kinde
 To move, and tremble as it were aghast,
 Untill that it an issew forth may finde ;
 Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blast
 Confounds both land and seas, and skyes doth overcast.

XVI.

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 drove to ground both man and horse,
 That each awhile lay like a fencelesse corse.
 But Paridell fore brused with the blow
 Could not arise the counterchange to scorse ;
 Till that young squyre him reared from below ;
 Then drew he his bright sword, and gan about him throw.

XVII.

But Satyrane 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 unquenchable fire,
 And that uncurteous carle, their commune foe,
 To doe fowle death to die, or wrap in grievous woe.

XVIII.

Malbecco seeing them resolvd 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 withall,
 As ignorant of servants bad abuse,
 And slacke attendaunce unto straungers call.
 The knights were willing all things to excuse,
 Though nought belev'd, and entraunce late did not refuse.

XIX. They

XIX.

They beene ybrought into a comely bowre,
 And ferd of all things that mote needfull bee ;
 Yet secretly their hoste did on them lowre,
 And welcomde more for feare then charitee ;
 But they diffembled what they did not see,
 And welcomed themselves : each gan undight
 Their garments wett, and weary armour free,
 To dry themselves by Vulcanes flaming light,
 And eke their lately bruized parts to bring in plight.

XX.

And eke that straunger knight emongst the rest
 Was for like need enforst to difaray :
 Tho whenas veiled was her lofty crest,
 Her golden locks, that were in tramells gay
 Upbounden, did themselves adowne display,
 And raught unto her heeles ; like funny 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.

XXI.

Shee also dofte her heavy haberieon,
 Which the faire feature of her limbs did hyde,
 And her well-plighted frock, which she di won
 To tucke about her short when she did ryde,
 Shee low let fall, that flowd from her lanck fyde
 Downe to her foot with carelesse modestee.
 Then of them all she plainly was espyde
 To be a woman-wight, (unwift to bee)
 The fairest woman-wight that ever eie did see.

XXII.

Like as Minerva, 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 untye
 From her lefte arme, to rest in glorious victorye.

XXIII.

Which whenas they beheld, they smitten were
 With great amazement of so wondrous sight;
 And each on other, and they all on her
 Stood gazing, as if suddein great affright
 Had them surprizd: at last avizing 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 fed their hongry vew:

XXIV.

Yet note their hongry vew be fatisfide,
 But seeing still the more desir'd to see,
 And ever firmly fixed did abide
 In contemplation of divinitee:
 But most they mervaild at her chevalree
 And noble prowesse which they had approv'd,
 That much they faynd to know who she mote bee;
 Yet none of all them her thereof amou'd,
 Yet every one her likte, and every one her lov'd.

XXV.

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 have the fight
 And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

XXVI.

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 evening ill for sicke folkes cace:
 But none of those excuses could take place;
 Ne would they eate, till she in prefence came:
 Shee came in prefence with right comely grace,
 And fairely them saluted, as became,
 And shewd herselfe in all a gentle courteous dame.

XXVII. They

XXVII.

They fate to meat, and Satyrane his chaunce
 Was her before, and Paridell beside ;
 But he himfelfe fate looking ftill afkaunce
 Gainft Britomart, and ever clofely eide
 Sir Satyrane, that glaunces might not glide :
 But his blinde eie, that fided Paridell,
 All his demeafnure from his fight did hide :
 On her faire face fo did he feede his fill,
 And fent clofe meffages of love to her at will :

XXVIII.

And ever and anone, when none was ware,
 With fpeaking lookes, that clofe embaffage bore,
 He rov'd at her, and told his fecret care ;
 For all that art he learned had of yore :
 Ne was ſhe ignoraunt of that leud lore,
 But in his eye his meaning wifely redd,
 And with the like him aunfwerd evermore :
 Shee fent at him one fyrie dart, whofe hedd
 Empoifned was with privy luft and gealous dredd.

XXIX.

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 fecretly did glyde
 Into his heart, which it did forely gryde.
 But nothing new to him was that fame paine,
 Ne paine at all ; for he fo ofte had tryde
 The powre thereof, and lov'd fo oft in vaine,
 That thing of courſe he counted love to entertaine.

XXX.

Thenceforth to her he fought to intimate
 His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne :
 Now Bacchus fruit out of the ſilver plate
 He on the table daſht, as overthrowne,
 Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,
 And by the dauncing bubbles did divine,
 Or therein write to lett his love be ſhowne,
 Which well ſhe redd out of the learned line ;
 (A ſacrament prophane in miſtery of wine.)

XXXI. And

XXXI.

And whenso 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
 Unto their wils, and one eies watch escape :
 Two eies him needeth, for to watch and wake,
 Who lovers will deceive. thus was the ape
 By their faire handling put into Malbeccoes cape.

XXXII.

Now when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
 Purpose was moved by that gentle dame
 Unto those knights adventurous, to tell
 Of deeds of armes which unto them became,
 And every one his kindred and his name.
 Then Paridell, in whom a kindly pride
 Of gracious speach and skill his words to frame
 Abounded, being glad of so fitte tide .
 Him to commend to her, thus spake, of al well eide ;

XXXIII.

*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
 Upon thee heapt a direful destinie,
 What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
 And fetch from heaven thy great genealogie,
 Sith all thy worthie prayses being blent
 Their offspring hath embaste, and later glory spent ?*

XXXIV.

*Most famous worthy of the world, by whome
 That warre was kindled which did Troy inflame,
 And stately towres of Ilion whilome
 Brought unto balefull ruine, was by name
 Sir Paris far renownd through noble fame ;
 Who through great prowesse and bold bardinesse
 From Lacedaemon fetcht the fayrest dame
 That ever Greece did boast or knight possesse,
 Whom Venus to him gave for meed of worthinesse ;*

XXXV. *Fayre*

XXXV.

*Fayre Helene, flowre of beautie excellent,
 And girlond of the mighty conquerours,
 That madest many ladies deare lament
 The heavie losse of their brave paramours,
 Which they far off beheld from Trojan toures,
 And saw the fieldes of faire Scamander strowne
 With carcasses of noble warrioures,
 Whose fruitlesse lives were under furrow sowne,
 And Xanthus sandy bankes with blood all overflowne :*

XXXVI.

*From him my linage I derive aright,
 Who long before the ten yeares siege of Troy,
 Whiles yet on Ida he a shepebeard hight,
 On faire Oenone got a lovely boy,
 Whom for remembrance of her passed ioy
 She of his father Parius did name;
 Who, after Greekes did Priams realme destroy,
 Gathred the Trojan reliques sav'd from flame,
 And with them sayling thence to th' isle of Paros came,*

XXXVII.

*That was by him cald Paros, which before
 Hight Nausa; there he many yeares did raine,
 And built Nauficle by the Pontick shore,
 The which he dying lefte next in remaine
 To Paridas his sonne.
 From whom I Paridell by kin descend;
 But for faire ladies love and glories gaine,
 My native soile have lefte, my dayes to spend
 In seewing deeds of armes, my lives and labors end.*

XXXVIII.

*Whenas the noble Britomart heard tell
 Of Trojan warres and Priams citie factt,
 (The ruefull story of sir Paridell)
 She was empassiond at that piteous actt,
 With zelous envy of Greekes cruell factt,
 Against that nation, from whose race of old
 She heard, that she was lineally extract :
 For noble Britons sprong from Trojans bold,
 And Troynovant was built of old Troyes ashes cold.*

XXXIX. Then

XXXIX.

Then fighting soft awhile, at last she thus ;
 O lamentable fall of famous towne,
 Which raignd so many yeares victorious,
 And of all Asie bore the soveraine crowne,
 In one sad night consumd and throwen downe !
 What stony hart, that beares thy haplesse fate,
 Is not empierst with deepe compassionne,
 And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
 That floures so fresh at morne, and fades at evening late ?

XL.

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 grieve you backe agayne
 To turne your course, I would to beare desyre
 What to Aeneas fell ; sith that men sayne
 He was not in the cities wofull fyre
 Consum'd, but did himselfe to safety retyre.

XLI.

Anchyses 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 fatall error long was led
 Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered
 From shore to shore emongst the Lybick sandes,
 Ere rest he fownd : much there he suffered,
 And many perilles past in forreine landes,
 To save his people sad from victours vengefull bandes :

XLII.

At last in Latium he did arryve,
 Where he with cruell warre was entertaind
 Of th' inland folke, which sought him backe to drive,
 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 rivall slaine, the victour (through the flood
 Escaped hardly) hardly praisd his wedlock good.

XLIII.

*Yet after all he victour did survive,
 And with Latinus did the kingdom part :
 But after, when both nations gan to strive
 Into their names the title to conuert,
 His sonne Iulus did from thence depart
 With all the warlike youth of Troians bloud,
 And in long Alba plast his throne apart,
 Where faire it florished and long time stoud,
 Till Romulus renewing it to Rome remou'd.*

XLIV.

*There, there, said Britomart, afresh appeared
 The glory of the later world to spring,
 And Troy againe out of her dust was reard
 To sitt in second seat of soveraine king
 Of all the world under her governing.
 But a third kingdom yet is to arise
 Out of the Troians scattered ofspring,
 That in all glory and great enterprife,
 Both first and second Troy shall dare to equalise.*

XLV.

*It Troynouant is hight, that with the waves
 Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,
 Upon whose stubborne neck (whereat he raves
 With roring rage, and sore himselfe does throng,
 That all men feare to tempt his billowes strong)
 She fastned hath her foot ; which stands so hy,
 That it a wonder of the world is song
 In forreine landes ; and all, which passen by,
 Beholding it from farre doe think it threates the skye.*

XLVI.

*The Troian Brute did first that citie fownd,
 And Hygate made the meare thereof by west,
 And Overt-gate by north : that is the bownd
 Toward the land ; two rivers 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.*

XLVII.

*Al! fairest lady-knight, said Paridell,
 Pardon I pray my heedlesse over-sight,
 Who had forgot that whylome I heard tell
 From aged Mnemon; for my wits beene light.
 Indeed he said, if I remember right,
 That of the antique Trojan stocke there grew
 Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
 And far abroad his mighty braunches threw,
 Into the utmost angle of the world he knew.*

XLVIII.

*For that same Brute (whom much he did aduance
 In all his speach) was Sylvius his sonne,
 Whom having 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 prov'd in th' ocean mayne,
 And great adventures found, that now were long to sayne.*

XLIX.

*At last by fatall course they driven were
 Into an island spacious and brode,
 The furthest north that did to them appeare:
 Which after rest they seeking farre abode
 Found it the fittest soyle for their abode,
 Fruitfull of all thinges fitt for living foode,
 But wholly waste, and void of peoples trode,
 Save an huge nation of the geaunts broode,
 That fed on living flesh, and dronck mens vitall blood.*

L.

*Whom he through wearie wars and labours long
 Subdewd with losse of many Britons bold:
 In which the great Gœmagot of strong
 Corineus, and Coulin of Debon old
 Were overthrowne, and laide on th' earth full cold,
 Which quaked under their so hideous masse;
 A famous history to bee enrold
 In everlasting monuments of brasse,
 That all the antique worthies merits far did passe.*

LI.

*His worke great Troynovant, his worke is eke
 Faire Lincolne, both renowned 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 us both unknowne. so ended Paridell.*

LII.

But all the while that he these speeches spent,
 Upon his lips hong faire dame Hellenore
 With vigilant regard and dew attent,
 Fashioning worldes of fancies evermore
 In her fraile witt, that now her quite forlore:
 The whiles unwares away her wondring eye
 And greedy eares her weake hart from her bore:
 Which he perceiving, ever privily
 In speaking, many false belgardes at her let fly.

LIII.

So long these knightes discourfed diversly
 Of straunge affaires and noble hardiment,
 Which they had past with mickle ieopardy,
 That now the humid night was farforth spent,
 And hevenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:
 Which th' old man seeing wel (who too long thought
 Every discourse and every argument,
 Which by the houres he measured) befought
 Them go to rest. so all unto their bowres were brought.

C A N T O X.

*Paridell rapeth Hellenore ;
Malbecco her poursewes ;
Fynds emongst satyres, whence with him
To turne she doth refuse.*

I.

THE morrow next, so soone as Phoebus lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And fresh Aurora had the shady damp
Out of the goodly heven amoved quight,
Faire Britomart and that same faery knight
Uprose, forth on their iourney for to wend :
But Paridell complaynd that his late fight
With Britomart so fore did him offend,
That ryde he could not till his hurts he did amend.

II.

So forth they far'd ; but he behind them stayd,
Maulgre his host, who grudged grivously
To house a guest that would be needes obayd,
And of his owne him leste not liberty :
(Might wanting measure moveth surquedry)
Two things he feared, but the third was death,
That fiers young-mans unruly maystery ;
His money, which he lov'd as living breath ;
And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept uneth.

III.

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 every way,
By which he feareth evill happen may :
So th' evill thinkes by watching to prevent ;
Ne doth he suffer her, nor night nor day,
Out of his fight herselfe once to absent :
So doth he punish her, and eke himselfe torment.

IV. But

IV.

But Paridell kept better watch then hee,
 A fit occasion for his turne to finde :
 False Love, 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 every secret of the minde ;
 Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee :
 All that is by the working of thy deitee.

V.

So perfect in that art was Paridell,
 That he Malbeccoes halfen eye did wyle ;
 His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
 And Hellenors both eyes did eke beguyle,
 Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle
 That he there soiourned his woundes to heale ;
 That Cupid selfe it seeing close did smyle,
 To weet how he her love away did steale,
 And bad that none their ioyous treason should reveale.

VI.

The learned lover lost no time nor tyde
 That least avantage mote to him afford,
 Yet bore so faire a fayle, that none espyde
 His secret drift, till he her layd aboard.
 Whenso in open place and commune bord
 He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach
 He courted her, yet bayted every word,
 That his ungentle hosste n'ote him appeach
 Of vile ungentlenesse or hospitages breach.

VII.

But when apart (if ever her apart
 He found) then his false engins fast he plyde,
 And all the sleights unbosomd 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 live,
 He wept, and wayld, and false laments belyde,
 Saying, but if she mercy would him give,
 That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

VIII. And

VIII.

And otherwhyles with amorous delights
 And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine;
 Now finging sweetly to surprize her sprights,
 Now making layes of love and lovers paine,
 Branles, ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;
 Oft purposes, oft riddles he devysd,
 And thousands like which flow'd in his braine,
 With which he fed her fancy, and entysd
 To take to his new love, and leave her old despysd.

IX.

And every where he might and everie while
 He did her service dewtifull, and sewd
 At hand with humble pride and pleasing guile;
 So closely yet, that none but she it vewd,
 Who well perceived 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?

X.

No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,
 But that continuall battery will rive,
 Or daily siege through dispurvayaunce long
 And lacke of reskewes will to parley drive;
 And peece, that unto parley care will give,
 Will shortly yield itselke, and will be made
 The vassall of the victors will bylive:
 That stratageme had oftentimes assayd
 This crafty paramoure, and now it plaine displayd:

XI.

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,
 That she her love 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 and place, which shortly shee
 Devized hath, and to her lover told:
 It pleased well. so well they both agree:
 So readie rype to ill ill wemens counfels bee.

XII.

Darke was the evening, fit for lovers stealth,
 When chaunft Malbecco busie be elfewhere,
 She to his closet went, where all his wealth
 Lay hid: thereof she countlesse fummes did reare,
 The which she meant away with her to beare;
 The rest she fyr'd for sport or for despight:
 As Hellene, when she saw aloft appeare
 The Troiane flames, and reach to hevens hight,
 Did clap her hands and ioyed at that doleful fight.

XIII.

The second Hellene, 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 lovers armes right fast;
 Where streight embraced she to him did cry,
 And call alowd for helpe, ere helpe were past;
 For lo that guesst did beare her forcibly,
 And meant to ravish her, that rather had to dy.

XIV.

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 furiously
 Consume his hart, and scorch his idoles face,
 He was therewith distressed diversely,
 Ne wist he how to turne nor to what place:
 Was never wretched man in such a wofull cace.

XV.

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,
 And left the fire; love money overcame:
 But when he marked how his money burnd,
 He left his wife; money did love disclame:
 Both was he loth to loofe his loved dame,
 And loth to leave his liefest pelfe behinde;
 Yet sith he no'te save both, he sav'd that same
 Which was the dearest to his dounghill minde,
 The god of his desire, the ioy of misers blinde.

XVI. Thus

XVI.

Thus whilest all things in troublous uprore were,
 And all men busie to suppressè the flame,
 The loving 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 love-stealth fayre,
 Gave them safe conduct, till to end they came :
 So beene they gone yfere (a wanton payre
 Of lovers loofely knit) where list them to repayre.

XVII.

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,
 Malbecco seeing how his losse did lye,
 Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere,
 Into huge waves of grieve and gealosye
 Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye
 Twixt inward doole and felonous despight :
 He rav'd, he wept, he stamp't, he lowd did cry,
 And all the passions, that in man may light,
 Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytive spright.

XVIII.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieve,
 And did consume his gall with anguish fore,
 Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,
 Then still the smart thereof increased more,
 And seemd more grievous then it was before :
 At last when sorrow he saw bootèd nought,
 Ne grieve might not his love to him restore,
 He gan devise how her he reskew mought ;
 Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.

XIX.

At last resolving like a pilgrim pore
 To search her forth whereso she might be fond,
 And bearing with him treasure in close store,
 The rest he leaves in ground ; so takes in hond
 To seeke her endlong both by sea and lond :
 Long he her sought, he sought her far and nere,
 And every where that he mote understond
 Of knights and ladies any meetings were ;
 And of eachone he mett he tidings did inquerè.

XX. But

XX.

But all in vaine, his woman was too wise
 Ever to come into his clouch againe,
 And hee too simple ever to surprize
 The iolly Paridell for all his paine.
 One day, as he fore-passed by the plaine
 With weary pace, he far away espide
 A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,
 Which hoved close under a forest side,
 As if they lay in wait, or els themselves did hide.

XXI.

Well weened hee that those the same mote bee ;
 And as he better did their shape avize,
 Him seemed more their maner did agree ;
 For th' one was armed all in warlike wize,
 Whom to be Paridell he did devize ;
 And th' other, al yclad in garments light
 Discoloured like to womanish disguise,
 He did resemble to his lady bright ;
 And ever his faint hart much earned at the fight :

XXII.

And ever faine he towards them would goe,
 But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,
 But stood aloofe, unweeting what to doe ;
 Till that prickt forth with loves extremity,
 That is the father of fowle gealofy,
 He closely nearer crept the truth to weet :
 But as he nigher drew, he easily
 Might scerne that it was not his sweetest sweet,
 Ne yet her belamour, the partner of his sheet :

XXIII.

But it was scornfull Braggadochio,
 That with his servant Trompart hoverd there,
 Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe :
 Whom such whenas Malbecco spyed clere,
 He turned backe, and would have fled arere ;
 Till Trompart ronning hastely him did stay,
 And bad before his soveraine lord appere :
 That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,
 And comming him before low louted on the lay.

XXIV.

The boaster at him sternely bent his browe,
 As if he could have kild him with his looke,
 That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,
 And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,
 That every member of his body quooke.
 Said he, *Thou man of nought, what doest thou here,*
Unfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with shield and spere,
To prove some deeds of armes upon an equall pere?

XXV.

The wretched man at his imperious speach
 Was all abasht, and low prostrating said ;
 Good sir, let not my rudenes be no breach
 Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid ;
 For I unwares this way by fortune straid,
 A silly pilgrim driven to distresse,
 That seeke a lady—there he suddein staid,
 And did the rest with grievous sighes suppressse,
 While teares stood in his eies, few drops of bitternesse.

XXVI.

What lady, man? said Trompart, take good bart,
And tell thy grieffe, if any hidden lye :
Was never 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 cace to heare.

XXVII.

Then fighting fore, *It is not long, saide hee,*
Sith I enioyd the gentlest dame alive ;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But shame of all that doe for honor strive,
By treacherous deceit did me deprive ;
Through open outrage he ber bore away,
And with fowle force unto his will did drive ;
Which al good knights, that armes do bear this day,
Are bound for to revenge, and punish if they may.

XXVIII. *And*

XXVIII.

*And you, most noble lord, that can and dare
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,
Cannot employ your most victorious speare
In better quarrell then defence of right,
And for a lady gainst a faithlesse knight :
So shall your glory be advaunced much,
And all faire ladies magnify your might,
And eke myselfe (albee I simple such)
Your worthy paine shall wel reward with guerdon rich.*

XXIX.

With that out of his bouget forth he drew
Great store of treasure, 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 uncourteous and unkempt :
I tread in dust thee and thy money both,
That were it not for shame*——so turned from him wroth.

XXX.

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 eare him rownded close behinde :
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the winde,
Waiting advauntage on the pray to sease ;
Till Trompart, lowly to the grownd inclinde,
Besought him his great corage to appease,
And pardon simple man that rash did him displease.

XXXI.

Big looking like a doughty douceperere,
At last he thus, *Thou clod of vilest clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenes beare :
But weete henceforth that all that golden pray,
And all that els the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as dounge, ne deeme my dew reward ;
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay :
But minds of mortall men are muchbell mard,
And mov'd amisse with massy mucks unmeet regard.*

XXXII.

*And more, I graunt to thy great misery
 Gracious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent ;
 And that vile knight, whoever that he bee,
 Which bath thy lady rest, and knighthood spent,
 By Sanglamort my sword, whose deadly dent
 The blood bath of so many thousands shedd,
 I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent ;
 Ne he twixt heven and earth shall hide his bedd ;
 But soone he shal be fownd, and shortly doen be dedd.*

XXXIII.

The foolish man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
 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 brave begonne
 His stolen steed to thunder furiously,
 As if he heaven and hell would over-ronne,
 And all the world confound with cruelty ;
 That much Malbecco ioyed in his iollity.

XXXIV.

Thus long they three together traueiled,
 Through many a wood and many an uncouth 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
 The same behold, therwith their keene desires were whett.

XXXV.

It fortun'd, as they together far'd,
 They spide where Paridell came pricking fast
 Upon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd
 To giust with that brave straunger knight a cast,
 As on adventure by the way he past :
 Alone he rode without his paragone ;
 For having filcht her bells, her up he cast
 To the wide world, and lett her fly alone,
 Heould be clogd: so had he serued many one.

XXXVI. The

XXXVI.

The gentle lady, loofe at randon lefte,
 The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
 At wilde adventure, like a forlorne wefte ;
 Till on a day the Satyres her efpide
 Straying alone withouten groome or guide ;
 Her up they tooke, and with them home her ledd,
 With them as houfewife ever to abide,
 To milk their gotes, and make them cheefe and bredd ;
 And every one as commune good her handeled :

XXXVII.

That shortly ſhe Malbecco has forgott,
 And eke fir Paridell, all were he deare ;
 Who from her went to ſeeke another lott,
 And now by fortune was arrived here,
 Where thoſe two guilers with Malbecco were :
 Soone as the old man ſaw fir Paridell,
 He fainted, and was almoſt dead with feare,
 Ne word he had to ſpeake his grieſe to tell,
 But to him louted low, and greeted goodly well ;

XXXVIII.

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 adventure fell ;
 The whiles the boafter from his loftie fell
 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 up remounted light, and after faind to wend.

XXXIX.

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 us goe to ſeeke my deareſt dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder foreſt wyld :
For of her ſafety in great doubt I ame,
Leaſt ſavage beaſtes her perſon have deſpoyld :
 Then all the world is loſt, and we in vaine have toyl.

XL.

They all agree, and forward them addrest :

Ab! but, said crafty Trompart, weete ye well,

That yonder in that wastefull wilderneffe

Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell ;

Dragons, and minotaures, and feendes of bell,

And many wilde woodmen which robbe and rend

All traueilers : therefore aduise ye well,

Before ye enterprise that way to wend :

One may his iourney bring too soone to euill end.

XLI.

Malbecco stopt in great astonishment,

And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest

Their counsell crav'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 bebynd :

My lord and I will search the wide forest.

That counsell pleased not Malbeccoes mynd ;

For he was much afraid himselfe alone to fynd.

XLII.

Then is it best, said he, that ye doe leave

Your treasure here in some security,

Either fast closed in some hollow greave,

Or buried in the ground from icopardy,

Till we returne againe in safety :

As for us two, least doubt of us ye have,

Hence farre away we will blyndfolded ly,

Ne priuy bee unto your treasures grave.

It pleased ; so he did : then they march forward brave.

XLIII.

Now when amid the thickest woodes they were,

They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,

And shrieking hububs them approching nere,

Which all the forest did with horrour fill :

That dreadfull sound the bosters hart did thrill

With such amazment, that in hast he fledd,

Ne ever looked back for good or ill ;

And after him eke fearefull Trompart spedd :

The old man could not fly, but fell to ground half dedd :

XLIV. Yet

XLIV.

Yet afterwarde 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 nimbly 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 lovely fellowship full glade,
 Daunst lively, and her face did with a lawrell shade.

XLV.

The filly man that in the thickett lay
 Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved fore,
 Yet durst he not against it doe or fay,
 But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
 To see th' unkindnes of his Hellenore.
 All day they daunced with great lustyhedd,
 And with their horned feet the greene gras wore ;
 The whiles their gotes upon the brouzes fedd,
 Till drouping Phoebus gan to hyde his golden hedd.

XLVI.

Tho up they gan their mery pypes to trusse,
 And all their goodly hearde did gather rownd ;
 But every Satyre first did give a buffe
 To Hellenore : so buffes 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 every bird and beast awarned made
 To throwd themselves, while sleepe their fences did invade.

XLVII.

Which when Malbecco saw, out of the bush
 Upon his handes and feete he crept full light,
 And like a gote emongst the gotes did rush,
 That through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,
 And misty dampe of misconceyving 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.

XLVIII. At

XLVIII.

At night, when all they went to sleepe, he vewd,
 Whereas his lovely 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 lovd so well,
 When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

XLIX.

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.

L.

At last with irkesom trouble she abrayd ;
 And then perceiving, that it was indeed
 Her old Malbecco, which did her upbrayd
 With looseness of her love and loathly deed,
 She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
 And would have wakt the Satyre by her fyde ;
 But he her prayd for mercy or for meed
 To save his life, ne let him be descryde,
 But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

LI.

Tho gan he her perswade to leave 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 receivd againe to bed and bord,
 As if no trespas ever 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.

LII.

He wooed her till day-spring he espyde ;
 But all in vaine : and then turnd to the heard,
 Who butted him with hornes on every syde,
 And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard
 Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.
 Early before the heavens fairest light
 Out of the ruddy east was fully reard,
 The heardees out of their foldes were loosed quight,
 And he amongst the rest crept forth in fory plight.

LIII.

So soone as he the prison dore did pas,
 He ran as fast as both his feet could beare,
 And never looked who behind him was,
 Ne scarsely who before : like as a beare,
 That creeping close amongst the hives to reare
 An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs espy,
 And him affayling fore his carkas teare,
 That hardly he with life away does fly,
 Ne staves, till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy.

LIV.

Ne stayd he, till he came unto the place
 Where late his treasure he entombed had ;
 Where when he found it not (for Trompart bace
 Had it purloyned for his maister bad)
 With extreme fury he became quite mad,
 And ran away, ran with himselfe away :
 That who so straungely had him seene bestadd,
 With upstart haire, and staring eyes dismay,
 From Limbo lake him late escaped sure would say.

LV.

High over hilles and over 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 sorne
 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.

LVI.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
 Ne stayd his flight nor fearefull agony,
 Till that he came unto a rocky hill
 Over the sea suspended dreadfully,
 That living creature it would terrify
 To looke adowne or upward to the hight :
 From thence he threw himselfe dispiteously,
 All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
 That seemd no help for him was left in living fight :

LVII.

But through long anguish and selfe-murd'ring 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 on the rockes he fell so flit and light,
 That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,
 But chanced on a craggy cliff to light ;
 Whence he with crooked clawes so long did crall,
 That at the last he found a cave with entrance small.

LVIII.

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there
 Resolv'd to build his balefull mansion
 In drery darkenes, and continuall feare
 Of that rocks fall ; which ever and anon
 Threates with huge ruine him to fall upon,
 That he dare never sleepe, but that one eye
 Still ope he keepes for that occasion ;
 Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
 The roing billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

LIX.

Ne ever 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,
 Crosse-cuts the liver with internall smart,
 And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

LX.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
 And doth himfelfe with sorrow new fustaine,
 That death and life attonce unto him gives,
 And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.
 There dwels he ever (miferable fwaine)
 Hatefull both to himfelfe and every wight;
 Where he through privy grieve and horroure vaine
 Is woxen fo deform'd, that he has quight
 Forgot he was a man, and Gelofy is hight.

CANTO XI.

*Britomart chaceth Ollyphant ;
 Findes Scudamour diftrest :
 Affayes the houle of Busyrane,
 Where Loves fpoyles are exprest.*

I.

O Hatefull hellifh fnake, what Furie furst
 Brought thee from balefull houle of Proferpine,
 Where in her bofome ſhe thee long had nurft,
 And foftred up with bitter milke of tyme,
 Fowle Gealofy, that turneft love divine
 To ioyleffe dread, and mak'ft the loving hart
 With hatefull thoughts to languifh and to pine,
 And feed itfelfe with ſelfe-conſuming ſmart ?
 Of all the paſſions in the mind thou vileft art.

II.

O let him far be banifhed away,
 And in his ſtead let Love for ever dwell !
 Sweete Love, that doth his golden wings embay
 In bleſſed nectar and pure pleaſures well,
 Untroubled of vile feare or bitter fell.
 And ye, faire ladies, that your kingdomes make
 In th' harts of men, them governe wiſely well,
 And of faire Britomart enſample take,
 That was as trew in love, as turtle to her make.

III.

Who with fir 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 hatefull outrage long him chaced 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.

IV.

For as the sifter did in feminine
 And filthy lust exceede all womankinde ;
 So he surpassed his sex masculine
 In beastly use all that I ever finde :
 Whom when as Britomart beheld behinde
 The fearefull boy so greedily poursew,
 She was emmoued in her noble minde
 T'employ her puiffaunce to his reskew,
 And pricked fiercely forward where she did him vew.

V.

Ne was fir Satyrane her far behinde,
 But with like fiercenesse did enfew the chace :
 Whom when the gyaunt saw, he soone refinde
 His former suit, and from them fled apace ;
 They after both, and boldly bad him bace,
 And each did strive the other to outgoe ;
 But he them both out-ran a wondrous space,
 For he was long, and swift as any roe,
 And now made better speed t' escape his feared foe.

VI.

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 everie where ;
 They searched diversely ; so both divided were.

VII.

Fayre Britomart so long him followed,
 That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
 By which there lay a knight all wallowed
 Upon the grassy ground, and by him neare
 His haberieon, his helmet, and his speare ;
 A little off his shield was rudely throwne,
 On which the winged boy in colours cleare
 Depeincted was, full easie to be knowne,
 And he thereby, wherever it in field was showne.

VIII.

His face upon the grownd did groveling ly,
 As if he had beene slombring in the shade ;
 That the brave mayd would not for courtesy
 Out of his quiet slomber him abrade,
 Nor seeme too suddainly him to invade :
 Still as she stood, she heard with grievous 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.

IX.

At last forth breaking into bitter plaintes
 He sayd, *O soverayne Lord, that sit'st on hye,*
And raignst in blis emongst thy blessed saintes,
How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty
So long unwreaked 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 righteousnesse no meed ?

X.

If good find grace, and righteousnes reward,
Why then is Amoret in caytive band,
Sith that more bounteous creature never far'd
On foot upon the face of living land ?
Or if that hevenly iustice may withstand
The wrongfull outrage of unrighteous men,
Why then is Busirane with wicked hand
Suffred these seven monethes day in secret den
My lady and my love so cruelly to pen ?

XI.

*My lady and my love is cruelly pend
 In dolefull darkenes from the view of day,
 Whilst deadly torments doe her chaste brest rend,
 And the sharpe Steele doth rive her hart in tway,
 All for she Scudamore will not deny :*
*Yet thou, vile man, vile Scudamore, art found,
 Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay ;
 Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
 For whom so faire a lady fees so sore a wound.*

XII.

There an huge heape of singulfes did oppresse
 His strugling soule, and swelling throbs empéach
 His foltring tounge with pangs of drcinesse,
 Choking the remnant of his plaintife speech;
 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.

XIII.

Tho stouping downe she him amoved light ;
 Who therewith somewhat starting up gan looke,
 And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
 Whereas no living creature he mistooke,
 With great indignaunce he that fight 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 courtlesly ;

XIV.

*Ab ! gentle knight, whose deepe-conceived griefe
 Well seemes t' excede the powre of patience,
 Yet if that hevenly grace some good reliefe
 You send, submit you to high Providence ;
 And ever in your noble hart prepense,
 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 live ; for life is wretchednesse.*

XV. Therefore,

XV.

*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 help to ease your woe,
 And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe ;
 At least it faire endevour will apply.
 Those feeling words so neare the quicke did goe,
 That up his head he reared easily,
 And leaning on his elbowe, these few words lett fly ;*

XVI.

*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 bath in ward
 By strong enchauntments and blacke magicke leare,
 Hath in a dungeon deepe her close embard,
 And many dreadfull feends bath pointed to her gard.*

XVII.

*There he tormenteth her most terribly,
 And day and night afflictts with mortall paine,
 Because to yield him love she doth deny,
 Once to me yold, not to be yold againe :
 But yet by torture he would her constraine
 Love to conceive in her disdainfull brest ;
 Till so she doe, she must in doole remaine,
 Ne may by living meanes be thence relest :
 What boots it then to plaine that cannot be redrest ?*

XVIII.

*With this sad herfall of his heavy stresse
 The warlike damzell was empassiond fore,
 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 helpleffe misery :
 But yet, if please ye listen to my lore,
 I will with prooffe of last extremity
 Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dy.*

XIX. *Ab!*

XIX.

*Ab! gentlest knight alive, sayd Scudamore,
 What huge heroicke magnanimity
 Dwells in thy bounteous brest? what couldst thou more,
 If shee 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.*

XX.

Thus she at length persuaded him to rise
 And with her wend, to see what new successe
 Mote him befall upon new enterprise:
 His armes, which he had vowed to disprofesse,
 She gathered up and did about him dresse,
 And his forwardred steed unto him gott:
 So forth they both yfere make their progresse,
 And march not past the mountenaunce of a shott,
 Till they arriv'd whereas their purpose they did plott.

XXI.

There they dismounting drew their weapons bold,
 And stoutly came unto the castle gate,
 Whereas no gate they found them to withhold,
 Nor ward to waite at morne and evening late;
 But in the porch, that did them sore amate,
 A flaming fire ymixt with smouldry smoke
 And stinking sulphure, that with griesly hate
 And dreadfull horror did all entraunce choke,
 Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

XXII.

Greatly thereat was Britomart dismayd,
 Ne in that stownd wist how herselfe to beare;
 For daunger vaine it were to have assayd
 That cruell element, which all things feare,
 Ne none can suffer to approchen neare:
 And turning back to Scudamour, thus sayd;
*What monstrous enmity provoke we heare,
 Foolhardy as th' Earthes children, the which made
 Batteill against the gods? so we a god invade.*

XXIII. Daunger

XXIII.

*Daunger without discretion to attempt
 Inglorious, beast-like is : therefore, sir knight,
 Aread what course of you is safest dempt,
 And how we with our foe may come to fight ?
 This is, quoth he, the dolorous despight,
 Which earst to you I playnd : for neither may
 This fire be quencht by any witt or might,
 Ne yet by any meanes remov'd away ;
 So mighty be th' enchauntments which the same do stay.*

XXIV.

*What is there ells but cease these fruitlesse paines,
 And leave me to my former languishing ?
 Faire Amorett must dwell in wicked chaines,
 And Scudamore here die with sorrowing.
 Perdy not so, saide shee, for shameful thing
 Yt were t' abandon noble chevisaunce
 For shewe of perill without venturing :
 Rather let try extremities of chaunce
 Then enterprised praise for dread to disavaunce.*

XXV.

*Therewith resolv'd to prove her utmost might,
 Her ample shield she threw before her face,
 And her swords point directing forward right
 Assayld the flame, the which esteoones gave place
 And did itselke divide with equall space,
 That through she passed ; as a thonder-bolt
 Perceth the yielding ayre, and doth displace
 The foring clouds into sad showres ymolt ;
 So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.*

XXVI.

*Whom whenas Scudamour saw past the fire
 Safe and untoucht, he likewise gan assay
 With greedy will and envious desire,
 And bad the stubborrie 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.*

XXVII.

With huge impatience he inly fwelt,
 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 brest ful fore:
 The whiles the championesse now entred has
 The utmost rowme, and past the foremost dore;
 The utmost rowme abounding with all precious store:

XXVIII.

For round about the walls yclothed were
 With goodly arras of great maiefty,
 Woven with gold and silke so close and nere
 That the rich metall lurked privily,
 As faining to be hidd from envious eye;
 Yet here, and there, and every where unwares
 It shewd itselfe, and shone unwillingly;
 Like a discoloured snake, whose hidden snares
 Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht back declares.

XXIX.

And in those tapets weren fashioned
 Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate,
 And all of love, 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 kesar into thraldome brought.

XXX.

Therein was writt how often thondring Iove
 Had feit the point of his hart-percing dart,
 And leaving heavens kingdome here did rove
 In straunge disguize, to slake his scalding smart;
 Now like a ram faire Helle to pervart,
 Now like a bull Europa to withdraw:
 Ah, how the fearefull ladies tender hart
 Did lively seeme to tremble, when she saw
 The huge seas under her t'obay her servaunts law!

XXXI.

Soone after that into a golden showre
 Himselfe he chaung'd faire Danaë to vew,
 And through the roofe of her strong brafen towre
 Did raine into her lap an hony dew ;
 The whiles her foolish garde, that litle knew
 Of such decept, kept th' yron 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 himselfe transfard.

XXXII.

Then was he turnd into a snowy swan,
 To win faire Leda to his lovely 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 invade,
 She slept, yet twixt her eie-lids closely spyde
 How towards her he rusht, and smiled at his pryde.

XXXIII.

Then shewd it how the Thebane Semelee
 Deceivd of gealous Iuno did require
 To see him in his soverayne 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 love in likenes more entire ;
 Three nights in one, they say, that for her sake
 He then did put, her pleasures lenger to partake.

XXXIV.

Twise was he seene in soaring eagles shape,
 And with wide winges to beat the buxome ayre,
 Once, when he with Asterie did scape,
 Againe, whenas the Trojane 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 least down he fallen should,
 And often to him calling to take surer hould.

XXXV.

In fatyres shape Antiopa he snatcht ;
 And like a fire, when he Aegin' assayd :
 A shepeheard, when Mnemofyne he catcht ;
 And like a serpent to the Thracian mayd.
 Whyles thus on earth great Love these pageaunts playd,
 The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
 And scoffing, thus unto his mother sayd,
Lo! now the hevens obey to me alone,
And take me for their Love, whiles Love to earth is gone.

XXXVI.

And thou, faire Phoebus, in thy colours bright
 Wast there enwoven, and the sad distresse
 In which that boy thee plunged, for despight
 That thou bewray'dst his mothers wantonneffe
 When she with Mars was meynt in ioyfulnesse :
 Forthy he thrild thee with a leaden dart
 To love fair Daphne, which thee loved lesse ;
 Lesse she thee lov'd then was thy iust defart,
 Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy smart.

XXXVII.

So lovedst thou the lusty Hyacinct ;
 So lovedst thou the faire Coronis deare :
 Yet both are of thy haplesse hand extinct ;
 Yet both in flowres doe live, and love thee beare,
 The one a paunce, the other a sweet-breare :
 For grieve whereof, ye mote have lively feene
 The god himselve rending his golden heare,
 And breaking quite his garlond ever-greene,
 With other signes of sorrow and impatient teene.

XXXVIII.

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 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 eftsfoones to follow other game,
 And love a shepheards daughter for his dearest dame.

XXXIX. He

XXXIX.

He loved Iffe for his dearest dame,
 And for her sake her cattell fedd awhile,
 And for her sake a cowheard vile became,
 The servant of Admetus, cowheard vile,
 Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.
 Long were to tell his other lovely 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 lively writ.

XL.

Next unto him was Neptune pictured,
 In his divine resemblance wondrous lyke :
 His face was rugged, and his hoarie hed
 Dropped with brackish deaw ; his three-forkt pyke
 He stearnly shooke, and therewith fierce did stryke
 The raging billowes, that on every syde
 They trembling stood and made a long broad dyke,
 That his swift charet might have passage wyde,
 Which foure great hippodames did draw in teme-wife tyde.

XLI.

His sea-horses did seeme to snort amayne,
 And from their nosethrilles blow the brynie streame,
 That made the sparckling waves to smoke agayne,
 And flame with gold ; but the white fomy creame
 Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beame :
 The god himselfe did pensive seeme and sad,
 And hong adowne his head as he did dreame ;
 For privy love his brest empierced had,
 Ne ought but deare Bisaltis ay could make him glad.

XLII.

He loved eke Iphimedia deare,
 And Aeolus faire daughter, Arne hight,
 For whom he turnd himselfe into a steare,
 And fedd on fodder, to beguile her sight ;
 Also to win Deucalions daughter bright,
 He turnd himselfe 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.

XLIII. Next

XLIII.

Next Saturne was ; but who would ever weene
 That fullein Saturne ever weend to love ?
 Yet love is fullein, and Saturnlike feene,
 As he did for Erigone it prove,
 That to a centaure did himselfe transmove,
 So proof'd it eke that gracious god of wine,
 When for to compasse Philliras hard love,
 He turnd himselfe into a fruitfull vine,
 And into her faire bosome made his grapes decline.

XLIV.

Long were to tell the amorous affayes
 And gentle pangues, with which he maked meeke
 The mightie Mars, to learne his wanton playes ;
 How oft for Venus, and how often eek
 For many other nymphes he fore did shreek
 With womanish teares, and with unwarlike smarts,
 Privily moystening his horrid cheeke :
 There was he painted full of burning dartes,
 And many wide woundes launched through his inner partes.

XLV.

Ne did he spare (so cruell was the elfe)
 His owne deare mother, (ah ! why should he so ?)
 Ne he did spare sometime to pricke himselfe,
 That he might taste the sweet-consuming woe,
 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 heven beholdes sad lovers nightly theeveryes.

XLVI.

Kings, queenes, lords, ladies, knights, and damfels gent,
 Were heap'd together with the vulgar fort,
 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 shivered short,
 And a long bloody river through them rayld,
 So lively and so like that living fence it fayld.

XLVII. And

XLVII.

And at the upper 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 pavone
 Beares in his boasted fan, or Iris bright,
 When her discoloured bow she spreds through heven bright.

XLVIII.

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 under him did ly,
 Whose hideous taylor his lefte foot did enfold,
 And with a shaft was shot through either eye,
 That no man forth might draw, ne no man remedye.

XLIX.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
 UNTO 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 fight faire Britomart amazd,
 Ne seeing could her wonder satisfie,
 But ever more and more upon it gazd ;
 The whiles the passing brightnes her fraile fences dazd.

L.

Tho as she backward cast her busie eye,
 To search each secrete of that goodly sted,
 Over the dore thus written she did spye,
 BEE BOLD: she oft and oft it over-red,
 Yet could not find what fence it figured :
 But whatso 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.

LI.

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 overlayd,
 Wrought with wilde antickes which their follies playd
 In the rich metall as they living were ;
 A thousand monstros formes therein were made,
 Such as false love doth oft upon him weare,
 For love in thousand monstros formes doth oft appeare.

LII.

And all about the gliftring walles were hong
 With warlike spoiles and with victorious prayes
 Of mightie conquerours and captaines strong,
 Which were whilome captived in their dayes
 To cruell love, and wrought their owne decayes :
 Their swerds and speres were broke, and hauberques rent,
 And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes
 Troden in dust with fury insolent,
 To shew the victors might and merciles intent.

LIII.

The warlike mayd beholding earnestly
 The goodly ordinaunce of this rich place
 Did greatly wonder, ne could fatisfy
 Her greedy eyes with gazing a long space ;
 But more she mervaild that no footings trace
 Nor wight appeard, but wastefull emptines,
 And solemne silence over all that place :
 Straunge thing it seem'd, that none was to possesse
 So rich purveyaunce; ne them keepe with carefulnesse.

LIV.

And as she lookt about she did behold
 How over that same dore was likewise writ,
 BE BOLDE, BE BOLDE, and every 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 rowraes upper 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.

LV. Thus

LV.

Thus she there wayted untill eventyde,
 Yet living creature none she saw appeare :
 And now sad shadowes gan the world to hyde
 From mortall vew, and wrap in darkenes dreare ;
 Yet nould she d'off her weary armes for feare
 Of secreet daunger, ne let sleepe oppresse
 Her heavy eyes with natures burdein deare,
 But drew herselfe aside in sickernesse,
 And her wel-pointed wepons did about her dresse.

C A N T O XII.

*The maske of Cupid, and th' enchanted
 Chamber are displayd,
 Whence Britomart redeemes faire
 Amoret through charmes decayd.*

I.

TH O whenas chearelesse night ycovered had
 Fayre heaven with an univerrall clowd,
 That every wight dismayd with darkenes sad
 In silence and in sleepe themselves did shrowd,
 She heard a shrilling trompet sound alowd,
 Signe of nigh battail, or got victory :
 Nought therewith daunted was her courage prowde,
 But rather stird to cruell enmity,
 Expecting ever when some foe she might descry.

II.

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
 Ensued, whose noyaunce fild the fearefull sted,
 From the fourth howre of night untill the sixt ;
 Yet the bold Britonesse was nought ydred,
 Though much emmov'd, but stedfast still persevered.

III.

All suddainly a stormy whirlwind blew
 Throughout the house, that clapped every dore,
 With which that yron wicket open flew,
 As it with mighty levers had been tore ;
 And forth yssewd, as on the readie flore
 Of some theatre, a grave personage,
 That in his hand a branch of laurell bore,
 With comely haveour and count'nance sage,
 Yclad in costly garments, fit for tragicke stage.

IV.

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 lively 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.

V.

The noble mayd still standing all this vewd,
 And merveild 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 loves delight with sweet concert :
 After whom marcht a iolly company,
 In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

VI.

The whiles a most delitious harmony
 In full straunge notes was sweetly heard to found,
 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, shrill trumpets 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.

VII.

The first was Fanfy, like a lovely boy
 Of rare aspect and beautie without peare,
 Matchable either to that ympe of Troy
 Whom Iove did love and chose his cup to beare ;
 Or that fame daintie lad, which was so deare
 To great Alcides, that whenas he dyde,
 He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
 And every wood and every valley wyde
 He fild with Hylas name ; the nymphes eke Hylas cryde.

VIII.

His garment neither was of filke nor say,
 But paynted plumes in goodly order dight,
 Like as the sun-burnt Indians do aray
 Their tawney bodies in their proudest plight :
 As those fame 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 beare,
 That in the ydle ayre he mov'd still here and there.

IX.

And him beside marcht amorous Desyre,
 Who seemd of ryper yeares then th' other swayne,
 Yet was that other swayne this elders fyre,
 And gave 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 conceiv'd, and forth in flames did fly.

X.

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 sleeves dependaunt Albanese-wyse :
 He lookt askew with his mistrustfull eyes,
 And nycely trode as thornes lay in his way,
 Or that the flore to shrinke he did avyse,
 And on a broken reed he still did stay
 His feeble steps, which shrunk when hard thereon he lay.

XI.

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 grieſly ſhade :
 A net in th' one hand, and a ruſty blade
 In th' other was, this miſchiefe, that miſhap ;
 With th' one his foes he threatned to invade,
 With th' other he his friends ment to enwrap :
 For whom he could not kill he practizd to entrap.

XII.

Next him was Feare, all arm'd from top to toe,
 Yet thought himſelfe not ſafe enough thereby,
 But feard each ſhadow moving to 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 evermore on Daunger fixt his eye,
 Gainſt whom he alwayes bent a braſen ſhield,
 Which his right hand unarmed fearefully did wield:

XIII.

With him went Hope in rancke, a handſome mayd,
 Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold ;
 In ſilken ſamite ſhe was light arayd,
 And her fayre lockes were woven up in gold :
 She alway ſmyld, and in her hand did hold
 An holy-water-ſprinckle, dipt in deowe,
 With which ſhe ſprinckled favours manifold
 On whom ſhe liſt, and did great liking ſheowe,
 Great liking unto many, but true love to fewe.

XIV.

And after them Diſſemblance and Suſpect
 Marcht in one rancke, yet an unequal 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,
 And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed haire ;
 Her deeds were forged, and her words falſe coynd,
 And alwaies in her hand two clewes of ſilke ſhe twynd :

XV. But

XV.

But he was fowle, ill favoured, and grim,
 Under his eibrowes looking still askaunce;
 And ever as Diffemblaunce laught on him,
 He lowrd on her with daungerous eye-glaunce,
 Shewing his nature in his countenaunce;
 His rolling eies did never 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.

XVI.

Next him went Griefe and Fury matcht yfere;
 Griefe all in sable sorrowfully clad,
 Downe hanging his dull head with heavy 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.

XVII.

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 teare,
 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.

XVIII.

After them went Displeasure and Pleasaunce,
 He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
 And hanging downe his heavy countenaunce;
 She chearfull, fresh, and full of ioyauce glad,
 As if no sorrow she ne felt ne drad;
 That evill 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.

XIX. After

XIX.

After all these there marcht a most faire dame,
 Led of two gryllie villeins, th' one Despight,
 The other cleped 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 living sight ;
 Yet in that horror shewd a seemely grace,
 And with her feeble feete did move a comely pace.

XX.

Her brest all naked, as nett yvory
 Without adorne of gold or silver 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 seene,
 That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleene :

XXI.

At that wide orifice her trembling hart
 Was drawne forth, and in silver basin layd,
 Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
 And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd :
 And those two villeins (which her steps upstayd,
 When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
 And fading vitall powres gan to fade)
 Her forward still with torture did constraine,
 And evermore encreased her confuming paine.

XXII.

Next after her, the winged god himselfe
 Came riding on a lion ravenous,
 Taught to obey the menage of that elfe,
 That man and beast with powre imperious
 Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous :
 His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,
 That his proud spoile of that fame dolorous
 Faire dame he might behold in perfect kinde,
 Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell minde :

XXIII.

Of which ful prowde, himfelfe uprearing hye
 He looked round about with fterne difdayne,
 And did furvay his goodly company ;
 And marfhalling the evill-ordered trayne,
 With that the darts, which his right hand did ftraine,
 Full dreadfully he fhooke that all did quake,
 And clapt on hye his coulourd winges twaine ;
 That all his many it affraide did make :
 Tho blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

XXIV.

Behinde him was Reproch, Repentaunce, Shame ;
 Reproch the firft, Shame next, Repent behinde :
 Repentaunce feeble,orrowfull, and lame ;
 Reproch defpightful, careleffe, and unkinde ;
 Shame moft ill-favourd, beftiall, and blinde :
 Shame lowrd, Repentaunce fighd, Reproch did fould :
 Reproch sharpe ftings, Repentaunce whips entwinde,
 Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold :
 All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

XXV.

And after them a rude confused rout
 Of perfons flockt, whose names is hard to read :
 Emongft them was fterne Strife, and Anger ftout,
 Unquiet Care, and fond Unthriftyhead,
 Lewd Loffe of time, and Sorrow feeming dead,
 Inconfant Change, and falfe Difloyalty,
 Confuming Riotife, and guilty Dread
 Of heavenly vengeance, faint Infirmity,
 Vile Poverty, and laftly Death with infamy.

XXVI.

There were full many moe like maladies,
 Whofe names and natures I note readen well ;
 So many moe as there be phantafies
 In wavering wemens witt, that none can tell,
 Or paines in love, or punishments in hell :
 All which difguized marcht in masking wife
 About the camber by the damozell,
 And then returned, having marched thrife,
 Into the inner rowme from whence they firft did rife.

XXVII.

So soone as they were in, the dore streightway
 Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast
 Which first it opened, and bore all away.
 Then the brave maid, which al this while was plapt
 In secret shade and saw both first and last,
 Issewed forth, and went unto the dore
 To enter in, but fownd it locked fast :
 It vaine she thought with rigorous uprore
 For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

XXVIII.

Where force might not availe, there sleights and art
 She cast to use, both fitt for hard emprize :
 Forthy from that same rowme not to depart
 Till morrow next shee did herselfe avize,
 When that same maske againe should forth arize.
 The morrowe next appeared with ioyous cheare,
 Calling men to their daily exercize,
 Then she, as morrow fresh, herselfe did reare
 Out of her secret stand, that day for to out-weare.

XXIX.

All that day she out-wore in wandering,
 And gazing on that chambers ornament,
 Till that againe the second evening
 Her covered 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 shoves nor of false charmes aghast.

XXX.

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 living wight she saw in all that roome,
 Save that same woefull lady, both whose hands
 Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
 And her small waste girt rownd with yron bands
 Unto a brasen pillour, by the which she stands.

XXXI. And

XXXI.

And her before the vile enchaunter fate,
 Figuring straunge characters of his art ;
 With living blood he those characters wrate,
 Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
 Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart,
 And all perforce to make her him to love :
 Ah ! who can love the worker of her smart ?
 A thousand charmes he formerly did prove ;
 Yet thousand charmes could not her stedfast hart remove.

XXXII.

Soone as that virgin knight he saw in place,
 His wicked bookes in hast he overthrew,
 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 curfed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

XXXIII.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
 The wicked weapon rashly he did wrest,
 And turning to herselfe his fell intent,
 Unwares it strooke into her snowie chest,
 That litle drops empurpled her faire brest.
 Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
 Albe the wound were nothing deepe imprest,
 And fiercely forth her mortall blade she drew,
 To give him the reward for such vile outrage dew.

XXXIV.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
 He fell halfe dead ; next stroke him should have slaine,
 Had not the lady, which by him stood bound,
 Dernly unto him called to abstaine
 From doing him to dy ; for else her paine
 Should be remedileffe, 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 envyde, and long'd revenge to see ;

XXXV.

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 save thee from to dy,
But if that thou this dame doe presently
Restore unto her health and former state ;
This doe and live, els dye undoubtedly.

He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
 Did yield himselfe right willing to prolong his date :

XXXVI.

And rising up gan streight to over-looke
 Those cursed leaves, his charmes back to reverse :
 Full dreadfull thinges out of that balefull booke
 He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
 That horrour gan the virgins hart to perse,
 And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,
 Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse ;
 And all the while he red, she did extend
 Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

XXXVII.

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
 And all the 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 waffe was wound, adowne gan fall,
 And that great brasen pillour broke in peeces small.

XXXVIII.

The cruell steele, which thild her dying hart,
 Fell softly forth, as of his owne accord ;
 And the wyde wound, which lately did dispart
 Her bleeding brest and riven bowels gor'd,
 Was closed up, as it had not beene bor'd ;
 And every part to safety full sownd,
 As she were never hurt, was soone restord :
 Tho when she felt herselfe to be unbownd,
 And perfect hole, prostrate she fell unto the grownd ;

XXXIX. Before

XXXIX.

Before faire Britomart she fell prostrate,
 Saying, *Ab! 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,
Even immortal prayse and glory wyde,
Which I your vassall by your prowesse freed
Shall through the world make to be notifyde,
And goodly well advaunce that goodly well was tryde.

XL.

But Britomart uprearing her from grownd
 Said, *Gentle dame, reward enough I weene,*
For many labours more then I have found,
This, that in safetie now I have you seene,
And meane of your deliverance have beene:
Henceforth, faire lady, comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene;
Insted thereof know that your loving make
Hath no lesse griefe endured for your gentle sake.

XLI.

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
 Whom of all living wightes she loved best.
 Then laid the noble championesse strong hond
 Upon th' enchaunter which had her distrest
 So sore, and with foule outrages opprest:
 With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygoe
 He bound that pitteous [lady] prisoner now releft,
 Himselfe she bound, more worthy to be so,
 And captive with her led to wretchednesse and wo.

XLII.

Returning back those goodly rowmes, which erst
 She saw so rich and royally arayd,
 Now vanisht utterly and cleane subverst
 She found, and all their glory quite decayd;
 That sight of such a chaunge her 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 entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

XLIII.

More easie issew now then entrance late

She found ; for now the fained-dreadful flame,
Which chokt the porch of that enchanted gate
And passage bard to all that thither came,
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to passe.
Th' enchaunter selfe, which all that fraud did frame
To have effort the love of that faire lasse,
Seeing his worke now wasted, deepe engrieved was.

XLIV.

But when the victoreffe arrived there,

Where late she left the pensive Scudamore
With her own trusty squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them she found where she them lore :
Thereat her noble hart was stonisht fore ;
But more fair Amoret, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feede on hope, which she before
Conceived had, to see her own deare knight,
Being thereof beguyld, was fild with new affright.

XLV.

But he (sad man) when he had long in drede

Awayted there for Britomarts returne,
Yet saw her not, nor signe of her good speede,
His expectation to despaire did turne,
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burne ;
And therefore gan advize with her old squire
(Who her deare nourslings losse no lesse did mourne)
Thence to depart for further aide t'inquire :
Where let them wend at will, whilest here I doe respire.



The fourth B O O K E of the

F A E R Y Q U E E N E

C O N T A I N I N G

The Legend of C A M B E L and T E L A M O N D,
or of F R I E N D S H I P.

I.



HE rugged forehead, that with grave foresight
Welds kingdomes causes and affairs of state,
My looser rimes, I wote, doth sharply wite
For praising love as I have done of late,
And magnifying lovers deare debate,
By which fraile youth is oft to follie led

Through false allurement of that pleasing baite ;

That better were in vertues discipled,

Then with vaine poemes weeds to have their fancies fed.

II.

Such ones ill iudge of love, that cannot love

Ne in their frofen hearts feele kindly flame :

Forthy they ought not thing unknowne reprove,

Ne naturall affection faultlesse blame

For fault of few that have abusd the same :

For it of honor and all vertue is

The roote, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,

That crowne true lovers with immortall blis,

The meed of them that love, and do not live amisse.

III. Which

III.

Which whoſo liſt looke backe to former ages,
 And call to count the things that then were donne;
 Shall find that all the workes of thoſe wiſe fages,
 And brave exploits which great heroës wonne,
 In love were either ended or begunne :
 Witneſſe the father of philoſophie,
 Which to his Critias, ſhaded oft from funne;
 Of love full manie leſſons did apply,
 The which theſe Stoicke cenſours cannot well deny.

IV.

To ſuch therefore I do not ſing at all,
 But to that ſacred ſaint my ſoveraigne queene;
 In whoſe chaſt breſt all bountie naturall
 And treaſures of true love enlocked beene,
 Bove all her ſexe that ever yet was ſeene ;
 To her I ſing of love, that loveth beſt,
 And beſt is lov'd of all alive I weene ;
 To her this ſong moſt fitly is addreſt;
 The queene of love, and prince of peace from heaven bleſt.

V.

Which that ſhe may the better deigne to heare,
 Do thou, dred infant, Venus dearling dove,
 From her high ſpirit chaſe imperious feare,
 And uſe of awfull maieſtie remove :
 Inſted thereof with drops of melting love
 Deawd with ambroſiall kiſſes, by thee gotten
 From thy ſweete-smyling mother from above,
 Sprinckle her heart, and haughtie courage ſoften,
 That ſhe may hearke to love, and reade this leſſon often.

CANTO I.

*Fayre Britomart saves Amoret :
 Dueffa discord breedes
 Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour ;
 Their fight and warlike deedes.*

I.

OF lovers sad calamities of old
 Full many piteous stories doe remaine,
 But none more piteous ever was ytold,
 Then that of Amorets hart-binding chaine,
 And this of Florimels unworthie paine :
 The deare compassion of whose bitter fit
 My softned heart so forely doth constraine,
 That I with teares full oft doe pittie it,
 And oftentimes doe wish it never had bene writ.

II.

For from the time that Scudamour her bought
 In perilous fight, she never ioyed day ;
 A perilous fight, when he with force her brought
 From twentie knights that did him all assay ;
 Yet fairely well he did them all difmay,
 And with great glorie both the shield of love
 And eke the ladie selfe he brought away ;
 Whom having wedded as did him behove,
 A new unknowen mischiefe did from him remove.

III.

For that same vile enchauntour Busyran,
 The very selfe same day that she was wedded,
 Amidst the bridale feast, whilest every man
 Surcharg'd with wine were heedlesse and ill-hedded,
 All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
 Brought in that mask of love which late was showen ;
 And there the ladie ill of friends bestedded,
 By way of sport, as oft in maskes is knowen,
 Conveyed quite away to living wight unknowen.

IV. Seven

IV.

Seven moneths he fo her kept in bitter smart,
 Because his sinfull lust she would not serve,
 Untill such time as noble Britomart
 Released her, that else was like to sterve
 Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerve :
 And now she is with her upon the way,
 Marching in lovely wise, that could deserve
 No spot of blame, though spite did oft assay
 To blot her with dishonor of so faire a pray.

V.

Yet should it be a pleasant tale to tell
 The diverse usage and demeanure daint,
 That each to other made, as oft befell :
 For Amoret right fearefull was and faint,
 Lest she with blame her honor should attain,
 That everie word did tremble as she spake,
 And everie looke was coy and wondrous quaint,
 And everie limbe that touched her did quake ;
 Yet could she not but curteous countenance to her make.

VI.

For well she wist, as true it was indeed,
 That her lives lord and patrone of her health
 Right well deserved, as his duefull meed,
 Her love, her service, and her utmost wealth :
 All is his iustly that all freely dealth :
 Nathlesse her honor dearer then her life
 She fought to save, as thing reserv'd from stealth ;
 Die had she lever with enchanters knife
 Then to be false in love, profest a virgin wife.

VII.

Thereto her feare was made so much the greater
 Through sine abuson of that Briton mayd ;
 Who for to hide her fained sex the better,
 And maske her wounded mind, both did and fayd
 Full many things so doubtfull to be wayd,
 That well she wist not what by them to gesse :
 For otherwhiles to her she purpos made
 Of love, and otherwhiles of lustfulnesse,
 That much she feard his mind would grow to some excesse.

VIII.

His will she feard, for him she surely thought
 To be a man, such as indeed he seemed ;
 And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
 When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
 For which no service she too much esteemed ;
 Yet dread of shame and doubt of fowle dishonor
 Made her not yeeld so much as due she deemed :
 Yet Britomart attended duly on her,
 As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

IX.

It so befell one evening that they came
 Unto a castell, lodged there to bee,
 Where many a knight and many a lovely dame
 Was then assembled deeds of armes to see :
 Amongst all which was none more faire then shee,
 That many of them mov'd to eye her fore :
 The custome of that place was such, that hee
 Which had no love nor lemman there in store,
 Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

X.

Amongst the rest there was a iolly knight,
 Who being asked for his love, avow'd
 That fairest Amoret was his by right,
 And offred that to iustifie alowd.
 The warlike virgine, seeing his so prowde
 And boastfull challenge, wexed inlie wroth,
 But for the present did her anger shrowd ;
 And sayd her love to lose she was full loth,
 But either he should neither of them have or both.

XI.

So forth they went, and both together giusted ;
 But that same younker soone was over-throwne,
 And made repent, that he had rashly lusted
 For thing unlawfull, that was not his owne :
 Yet since he seemed valiant, though unknowne,
 She, that no lesse was courteous then stout,
 Cast how to salve, that both the custome showne
 Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out ;
 That seem'd full hard t'accord two things so far in dout.

XII.

The seneschall was cal'd to deeme the right ;
 Whom she requir'd, that first fayre Amoret
 Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight
 That did her win and free from challenge set :
 Which straight to her was yeilded without let.
 Then since that strange knights love from him was quitted,
 She claim'd that to herselfe, as ladies det,
 He as a knight might iustly be admitted ;
 So none should be out-shut, sith all of loves were fitted.

XIII.

With that her gliftring helmet she unlaced ;
 Which doft, her golden lockes that were up-bound
 Still in a knot unto her heeles downe traced,
 And like a silken veile in compasse round
 About her backe and all her bodie wound :
 Like as the shining skie in summers night,
 What time the dayes with scorching heat abound,
 Is crested all with lines of fire light,
 That it prodigious seemes in common peoples sight.

XIV.

Such when those knights and ladies all about
 Beheld her, all were with amazement smit,
 And every one gan grow in secret dout
 Of this and that, according to each wit :
 Some thought that some enchantment faygned it ;
 Some, that Bellona in that warlike wife
 To them appear'd, with shield and armour fit ;
 Some, that it was a maske of strange disguise :
 So diversely each one did fundrie doubts devise.

XV.

But that young knight, which through her gentle deed
 Was to that goodly fellowship restor'd,
 Ten thousand thanks did yeeld her for her meed,
 And doubly over-commen her ador'd :
 So did they all their former strife accord ;
 And eke fayre Amoret now freed from feare
 More franke affection did to her afford ;
 And to her bed, which she was wont forbear,
 Now freely drew, and found right safe assurance there:

XVI. Where

XVI.

Where all that night they of their loves did treat,
 And hard adventures, twixt themselves alone,
 That each the other gan with passion great
 And grieffe-full pittie privately bemone.
 The morow next so soone as Titan shone,
 They both uprose, and to their waies them dight :
 Long wandred they, yet never met with none
 That to their willes could them direct aright,
 Or to them tydings tell that mote their harts delight.

XVII.

Lo thus they rode, till at the last they spide
 Two armed knights that toward them did pace,
 And ech of them had ryding by his side
 A ladie, seeming in so farre a space ;
 But ladies none they were, albee in face
 And outward shew faire semblance they did beare ;
 For under maske of beautie and good grace
 Vile treason and fowle falshood hidden were,
 That mote to none but to the warie wife appeare.

XVIII.

The one of them the false Dueffa hight,
 That now had chang'd her former wonted hew :
 For she could d'on so manie shapes in fight,
 As ever could cameleon colours new ;
 So could she forge all colours, save the trew :
 The other no whit better was then shee,
 But that such as she was she plaine did shew ;
 Yet otherwise much worse, if worse might bee,
 And dayly more offensive unto each degree.

XIX.

Her name was Ate, mother of debate
 And all dissention, which doth dayly grow
 Amongst fraile men, that many a publike state
 And many a private oft doth over-throw.
 Her false Dueffa, who full well did know
 To be most fit to trouble noble knights
 Which hunt for honor, raised from below
 Out of the dwellings of the damned sprights,
 Where she in darknes wastes her cursed daies and nights.

XX.

Hard by the gates of hell her dwelling is ;
 There, whereas all the plagues and harmes abound
 Which punish wicked men that walke amisse :
 It is a darksome delve farre under ground,
 With thornes and barren brakes enviroind round,
 That none the fame may easily out-win ;
 Yet many waies to enter may be found,
 But none to issue forth when one is in :
 For discord harder is to end then to begin.

XXI.

And all within the riven walls were hung
 With ragged monuments of times fore-past,
 All which the sad effects of discord sung :
 There were rent robes and broken scepters plast,
 Altars defyld, and holy things defast,
 Disshivered speares, and shields ytorne in twaine,
 Great cities ranfackt, and strong castles rast,
 Nations captived, and huge armies slaine :
 Of all which ruines there some relicks did remaine.

XXII.

There was the signe of antique Babylon,
 Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
 Of sacred Salem, and sad Ilion,
 For memorie of which on high there hong
 The golden apple (cause of all their wrong)
 For which the three faire goddes did strive :
 There also was the name of Nimrod strong,
 Of Alexander, and his princes five,
 Which shar'd to them the spoiles that he had got alive :

XXIII.

And there the relicks of the drunken fray,
 The which amongst the Lapithee befell ;
 And of the bloodie feast, which sent away
 So many centaures drunken soules to hell,
 That under great Alcides furie fell ;
 And of the dreadfull discord, which did drive
 The noble Argonauts to outrage fell,
 That each of life sought others to deprive,
 All mindlesse of the golden fleece, which made them strive.

XXIV. And

XXIV.

And eke of private persons many moe,
 That were too long a worke to count them all ;
 Some of sworne friends, that did their faith forgoe ;
 Some of borne brethren, prov'd unnaturall ;
 Some of deare lovers, foes perpetuall :
 Witnesse their broken bandes there to be seene,
 Their girlonds rent, their bowres despoyled all ;
 The moniments whereof there byding beene,
 As plaine as at the first when they were fresh and Greene:

XXV.

Such was her house within ; but all without
 The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
 Which she herselfe had sowen all about,
 Now growen great, at first of little seedes,
 The seedes of evill wordes and factious deedes ;
 Which when to ripenesse due they growen arre
 Bring forth an infinite increase, that breedes
 Tumultuous trouble and contentious iarre
 The which most often end in bloudshed and in warre.

XXVI.

And those same cursed seedes doe also serve
 To her for bread, and yeeld her living food :
 For life it is to her, when others sterve
 Through mischievous debate and deadly feood,
 That she may sucke their life and drinke their blood,
 With which she from her childhood had bene fed :
 For she at first was borne of hellish brood,
 And by infernall Furies nourished ;
 That by her monstrous shape might easily be red.

XXVII.

Her face most fowle and filthy was to see,
 With squinted eyes contrarie wayes intended,
 And loathly mouth, unmeete a mouth to bee,
 That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
 And wicked wordes that God and man offended :
 Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
 And both the parts did speake, and both contended ;
 And as her tongue, so was her hart discided,
 That never thought one thing, but doubly stil was guided.

XXVIII. Als

XXVIII.

Als as she double spake, so heard she double,
 With matchlesse eares deformed and distort,
 Fild with false rumors and feditious trouble,
 Bred in assemblies of the vulgar sort,
 That still are led with every light report :
 And as her eares, so eke her feet were odde,
 And much unlike ; th' one long, the other short,
 And both misplast ; that when th' one forward yode,
 The other backe retired and contrarie trode.

XXIX.

Likewise unequall were her handes twaine ;
 That one did reach, the other pusht away ;
 That one did make, the other mard againe,
 And fought to bring all things unto decay ;
 Whereby great riches, gathered manie a day,
 She in short space did often bring to nought,
 And their possessours often did dismay :
 For all her studie was and all her thought
 How she might overthrow the things that Concord wrought.

XXX.

So much her malice did her might surpas,
 That even th' Almighty selfe she did maligne,
 Because to man so mercifull he was,
 And unto all his creatures so benigne,
 Sith she herselfe was of his grace indigne :
 For all this worlds faire workmanship she tride
 Unto his last confusion to bring,
 And that great golden chaine quite to divide,
 With which it blessed Concord hath together tide.

XXXI.

Such was that hag, which with Dueffa roade ;
 And serving her in her malicious use
 To hurt good knights, was, as it were, her baude
 To sell her borrowed beautie to abuse :
 For though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,
 She old and crooked were, yet now of late
 As fresh and fragrant as the floure-deluce
 She was become, by chaunge of her estate,
 And made full goodly ioyance to her new-found mate :

XXXII. Her

XXXII.

Her mate, he was a iollie youthfull knight
 That bore great sway in armes and chivalrie,
 And was indeed a man of mickle might ;
 His name was Blandamour, that did descrie
 His fickle mind full of inconstancie :
 And now himselfe he fitted had right well
 With two companions of like qualitie,
 Faithlesse Dueffa, and false Paridell,
 That whether were more false, full hard it is to tell.

XXXIII.

Now when this gallant with his goodly crew
 From farre espide the famous Britomart,
 Like knight adventurous in outward vew,
 With his faire paragon (his conquests part)
 Approching nigh, estfoones his wanton hart
 Was tickled with delight, and iesting sayd ;
Lo there, sir Paridel, for your desert,
Good lucke presents you with yond lovely mayd,
For pitie that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

XXXIV.

By that the lovely paire drew nigh to hond :
 Whom whenas Paridel more plaine beheld,
 Albee in heart he like affection fond,
 Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld
 That did those armes and that same scutchion weld,
 He had small lust to buy his love so deare,
 But answerd, *Sir, him wise I never held,*
That having once escaped perill neare,
Would afterwards afresh the sleeping evill reare.

XXXV.

This knight too late his manhood and his might
I did assay, that me right dearely cost ;
Ne list I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light ladies love, that soone is lost.
 The hot-spurre youth so scorning to be crost,
 Take then to you this dame of mine, quoth hee,
 And I without your perill or your cost
 Will challenge yond same other for my fee.
 So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him scarce could see.

XXXVI. The

XXXVI.

The warlike Britoness her soone adrest,
 And with such uncouth welcome did receive
 Her fayned paramour, her forced guest,
 That being forst his saddle soone to leave,
 Himselfe he did of his new love deceave ;
 And made himselfe th' ensample of his follie :
 Which done, she passed forth not taking leave,
 And left him now as sad as whilome iollie,
 Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dallie.

XXXVII.

Which when his other companie beheld,
 They to his succour ran with readie ayd ;
 And finding him unable once to weld,
 They reared him on horse-backe, and upstayed,
 Till on his way they had him forth convayd :
 And all the way with wondrous griefe of mynd
 And shame, he shewd himselfe to be dismayd
 More for the love which he had left behynd,
 Then that which he had to sir Paridel refynd.

XXXVIII.

Nathlesse he forth did march well as he might,
 And made good semblance to his companie,
 Dissembling his disease and evill plight :
 Till that ere long they chanced to espie
 Two other knights, that towards them did ply
 With speedie course, as bent to charge them new :
 Whom whenas Blandamour approaching nie
 Perceiv'd to be such as they seemd in vew,
 He was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

XXXIX.

For th' one of them he perfectly descride
 To be sir Scudamour, by that he bore
 The god of love, with wings displayed wide ;
 Whom mortally he hated evermore,
 Both for his worth, that all men did adore,
 And eke because his love he wonne by right :
 Which when he thought, it grieved him full fore,
 That through the bruses of his former fight,
 He now unable was to wreake his old despight.

XL.

Forthy he thus to Paridel bespake,

*Faire sir, of friendship let me now you pray,
That as I late adventured for your sake
The hurts whereof me now from battell stay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And iustifie my cause on yonder knight.
Ah! sir, said Paridel, do not dismay
Yourselfe for this; myselfe will for you fight,
As ye have done for me: the left hand rubs the right.*

XLI.

With that he put his spurres unto his steed,
With speare in rest, and toward him did fare,
Like shaft out of a bow preventing speed.
But Scudamour was shortly well aware
Of his approach, and gan himselfe prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meete.
So furiously they met, that either bare
The other downe under their horses feete,
That what of them became themselves did scarcely weete.

XLII.

As when two billowes in the Irish sowndes,
Forcibly driven with contrarie tydes,
Do meete together, each abacke rebowndes
With roaring rage; and dashing on all sides,
That filleth all the sea with fome, divydes
The doubtfull current into divers wayes:
So fell those two in spight of both their prydes;
But Scudamour himselfe did soone uprayse,
And mounting light his foe for lying long upbrayes:

XLIII.

Who rolled on an heape lay still in ffound,
All carelesse of his taunt and bitter rayle;
Till that the rest him seeing lie on ground
Ran hastily, to weete what did him ayle:
Where finding that the breath gan him to fayle,
With busie care they strove him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and undid his mayle:
So much they did, that at the last they brake
His slomber, yet so mazed that he nothing spake.

XLIV.

Which whenas Blandamour beheld, he sayd,
*Falſe faitour Scudamour, that haſt by ſlight
 And ſoule advantage this good knight diſmayd,
 A knight much better then thyſelfe behight,
 Well falles it thee that I am not in plight
 This day, to wreake the dammage by thee donne :*
*Such is thy wont, that ſtill when any knight
 Is weakned, then thou doeſt him over-ronne :*
So haſt thou to thyſelfe falſe honour often wonne.

XLV.

He little answer'd, but in manly heart
 His mightie indignation did forbear;
 Which was not yet ſo ſecret, but ſome part
 Thereof did in his frowning face appear:
 Like as a gloomie cloud, the which doth beare
 An hideous ſtorme, is by the northerne blaſt
 Quite over-blowne, yet doth not paſſe ſo cleare,
 But that it all the ſkie doth over-caſt
 With darknes dred, and threatens all the world to waſt.

XLVI.

*Ab! gentle knight, then falſe Dueſſa ſayd,
 Why do ye ſtrive for ladies love ſo ſore,
 Whoſe chiefe deſire is love and friendly aid
 Mongſt gentle knights to nourish evermore ?
 Ne be ye wroth, ſir Scudamour, therefore,
 That ſhe your love liſt love another knight,
 Ne do yourſelfe diſlike a whit the more ;
 For love is free, and led with ſelfe-delight,
 Ne will enforced be with maiſterdome or might.*

XLVII.

So falſe Dueſſa : but vile Ate thus ;
*Both fooliſh knights, I can but laugh at both,
 That ſtrive and ſtorme with ſtirre outrageous
 For her, that each of you alike doth loth,
 And loves another, with whom now ſhe goth
 In lovely wiſe, and ſleepes, and ſports, and playes ;
 Whileſt both you here with many a curſed oth
 Sweare ſhe is yours, and ſtirre up bloudie frayes,
 To win a willow bough, whileſt other weares the bayes.*

XLVIII.

*Vile hag, sayd Scudamour, why dost thou lye,
 And falsly seekst a vertuous wight to shame?
 Fond knight, sayd she, the thing that with this eye
 I saw, why should I doubt to tell the same?
 Then tell, quoth Blandamour, and feare no blame,
 Tell what thou saw'st maulgre whofo it beares.
 I saw, quoth she, a stranger knight, whose name
 I wote not well, but in his shield he beares
 (That well I wote) the heads of many broken speares;*

XLIX.

*I saw him haue your Amoret at will,
 I saw him kisse, I saw him her embrace,
 I saw him sleepe with her all night his fill,
 All manie nights, and manie by in place
 That present were to testifie the case.
 Which whenas Scudamour did heare, his heart
 Was thrild with inward grieffe, as when in chace
 The Parthian strikes a stag with shivering dart,
 The beast astonisht stands in midst of his smart.*

L.

*So stood fir Scudamour when this he heard;
 Ne word he had to speake for great dismay,
 But lookt on Glauce grim, who woxe afeard
 Of outrage for the words which she heard say,
 Albee untrue she wist them by assay.
 But Blandamour, whenas he did espie
 His change of cheere that anguish did bewray,
 He woxe full blithe, as he had got thereby,
 And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.*

LI.

*Lo, recreant, sayd he, the fruitlesse end
 Of thy vaine boast, and spoile of love misgotten,
 Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dost spend,
 And all true lovers with dishonor blotten:
 All things not rooted well, will soone be rotten.
 Fy, fy, false knight, then false Dueffa cryde,
 Unworthy life, that love with guile hast gotten;
 Be thou, whereever thou do go or ryde,
 Loathed of ladies all, and of all knights desyde.*

LII.

But Scudamour, for passing great despight,
 Staid not to answer ; scarcely did refraine,
 But that in all those knights and ladies fight
 He for revenge had guilelesse Glauce slaine :
 But being past, he thus began amaine ;
False traitour squire, false squire of falsest knight,
Why doth mine hand from thine avenge abstaine,
Whose lord hath done my love this foule despight ?
Why do I not it wreake on thee now in my might ?

LIII.

Discourteous, disloyall Britomart,
Untrue to God, and unto man uniuist,
What vengeance due can equall thy desert,
That hast with shamefull spot of sinfull lust
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy trust ?
Let ugly shame and endlesse infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches rust.
Yet thou, false squire, his fault shalt deare aby,
And with thy punishment his penance shalt supply.

LIV.

The aged dame him seeing so enraged
 Was dead with feare ; nathlesse as neede required
 His flaming furie sought to have assuaged
 With sober words, that sufferance desired,
 Till time the tryall of her truth expyred ;
 And evermore sought Britomart to cleare :
 But he the more with furious rage was fyred,
 And thrise his hand to kill her did upreare,
 And thrise he drew it backe : so did at last forbear.

CANTO II.

*Blandamour winnes false Florimell ;
Paridell for her strives ;
They are accorded : Agape
Doth lengthen her Iohnes lives.*

I.

FIREBRAND of hell first tynd in Phlegeton
By thousand Furies, and from thence out-thrown
Into this world to worke confusion,
And set it all on fire by force unknowen,
Is wicked Discord ; whose small sparkes once blowen
None but a god or godlike man can flake :
Such as was Orpheus, that when strife was growen
Amongst those famous ympes of Greece, did take
His silver harpe in hand, and shortly friends them make :

II.

Or such as that celestiaall psalmist was,
That when the wicked feend his lord tormented,
With heavenly notes, that did all other pas,
The outrage of his furious fit relented.
Such musicke is wise words with time concented,
'To moderate stiffe mindes disposd to strive :
Such as that prudent Romane well invented ;
What time his people into partes did rive,
Them reconcyld againe, and to their homes did drive.

III.

Such us'd wise Glauce to that wrathful knight,
To calme the tempest of his troubled thought :
Yet Blandamour, with termes of foule despight,
And Paridell her scornd, and set at nought,
As old and crooked and not good for ought :
Both they unwise and warelesse of the evill
That by themselves unto themselves is wrought,
Through that false witch, and that foule aged drevill ;
The one a feend, the other an incarnate devill.

IV. With

IV.

With whom as they thus rode accompanide,
 They were encountred of a lustie knight,
 That had a goodly ladie by his side,
 To whom he made great dalliance and delight :
 It was to weet the bold fir Ferraugh hight,
 He that from Braggadocchio whilome rest
 The snowy Florimell, whose beautie bright
 Made him seeme happie for so glorious theft ;
 Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

V.

Which whenas Blandamour (whose fancie light
 Was alwaies flitting, as the wavering wind,
 After each beautie that appeared in fight)
 Beheld, eftsoones it prickt his wanton mind
 With sting of lust, that reasons eye did blind,
 That to fir Paridell these words he sent ;
*Sir knight, why ride ye dumpish thus behind,
 Since so good fortune doth to you present
 So fayre a spoyle, to make you ioyous meriment ?*

VI.

But Paridell, that had too late a tryall
 Of the bad issue of his counsell vaine,
 List not to hearke, but made this faire denyall ;
*Last turne was mine, well proved to my paine ;
 This now be yours, God send you better gaine.*
 Whose scoffed words he taking halfe in scorne,
 Fiercely forth prickt his steed as in disdaine
 Against that knight, ere he him well could torne ;
 By meanes wherèof he hath him lightly over-borne.

VII.

Who with the sudden stroke astonisht fore
 Upon the ground a while in slomber lay ;
 The whiles his love away the other bore,
 And shewing her, did Paridell upbray ;
*Lo, sluggish knight, the victors happie pray :
 So fortune friends the bold. whom Paridell
 Seeing so faire indeede, as he did say,
 His hart with secreet envie gan to swell,
 And inly grudge at him, that he had sped so well.*

VIII.

Nathleffe proud man himfelfe the other deemed,
 Having fo peereleffe paragon ygot :
 For fure the fayreft Florimell him feemed
 To him was fallen for his happie lot,
 Whofe like alive on earth he weened not :
 Therefore he her did court, did ferve, did wooe,
 With humbleft fuit that he imagine mot,
 And all things did devife, and all things dooe,
 That might her love prepare, and liking win theretoo.

IX.

She in regard thereof him recompent
 With golden words, and goodly countenance,
 And fuch fond favours fparingly difpenft ;
 Sometimes him bleffing with a light eye-glance,
 And coy lookes tempring with loofe dalliance ;
 Sometimes efranging him in fterner wife,
 That having caft him in a foolifh trance,
 He feemed brought to bed in paradife,
 And prov'd himfelfe moft foole in what he feem'd moft wife.

X.

So great a miftrefse of her art fhe was,
 And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
 That though therein himfelfe he thought to pas,
 And by his falfe allurements wylie draft
 Had thoufand women of their love beraft,
 Yet now he was surpriz'd : for that falfe fpright,
 Which that fame witch had in this forme engraft,
 Was fo expert in every fubtile flight,
 That it could over-reach the wifefst earthly wight.

XI.

Yet he to her did dayly fervice more,
 And dayly more deceived was thereby ;
 Yet Paridell him envied therefore,
 As feeming plaft in fole felicity :
 So blind is luft falfe colours to defcry.
 But Ate foone difcovering his defire,
 And finding now fit opportunity
 To firre up ftrife twixt love and fpight and ire,
 Did privily put coles unto his fecret fire.

XII.

By fundry meanes thereto she prickt him forth,
 Now with remembrance of those spightfull speaches,
 Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
 Now with recounting of like former breaches
 Made in their friendship, as that hag him teaches :
 And ever when his passion is allayd,
 She it revives, and new occasion reaches :
 That on a time as they together way'd,
 He made him open challenge, and thus boldly sayd,

XIII.

*Too boastfull Blandamour, too long I beare
 The open wrongs thou doest me day by day ;
 Well know'st thou when we friendship first did sweare,
 The covenant was, that every spoyle or pray
 Should equally be shard betwixt us tway :
 Where is my part then of this ladie bright,
 Whom to thyselfe thou takest quite away ?
 Render therefore therein to me my right,
 Or answere for thy wrong as shall fall out in fight.*

XIV.

Exceeding wroth thereat was Blandamour,
 And gan this bitter answere to him make ;
*Too foolish Paridell, that fayrest floure
 Wouldst gather faine, and yet no paines wouldst take :
 But not so easie will I her forsake ;
 This hand her wonne, this hand shall her defend.*
 With that they gan their shivering speares to shake,
 And deadly points at eithers breast to bend,
 Forgetfull each to have been ever others friend.

XV.

Their fire steedes with so untamed forse
 Did beare them both to fell avenges end,
 That both their speares with pitiless remorse
 Through shield and mayle and haberieon did wend,
 And in their flesh a grieusly passage rend,
 That with the furie of their owne affret
 Each other horse and man to ground did send ;
 Where lying still awhile both did forget
 The perillous present stownd in which their lives were set.

XVI.

As when two warlike brigandines at sea,
 With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
 Do meete together on the watry lea,
 They stemme ech other with so fell despight,
 That with the shocke of their owne heedlesse might
 Their wooden ribs are shaken nigh afonder :
 They which from shore behold the dreadfull fight
 Of flashing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
 Do greatly stand amaz'd at such unwonted wonder.

XVII.

At length they both upstarted in amaze,
 As men awaked rashly out of dreme,
 And round about themselves awhile did gaze,
 Till seeing her, that Florimell did seme,
 In doubt to whom she victorie should deeme,
 Therewith their dulled sprights they edgd anew,
 And drawing both their swords with rage extreme,
 Like two mad mastiffes, each on other flew,
 And shields did share, and mailes did rash, and helmes dic

XVIII.

So furiously each other did assayle,
 As if their soules they would attonce have rent
 Out of their brests, that streames of bloud did rayle
 Adowne, as if their springs of life were spent ;
 That all the ground with purple bloud was sprent,
 And all their armours staynd with bloudie gore ;
 Yet scarcely once to breath would they relent,
 So mortall was their malice and so fore
 Become of fayned friendship which they vow'd afore.

XIX.

And that which is for ladies most besitting,
 To stint all strife, and foster friendly peace,
 Was from those dames so farre and so unfitting,
 As that instead of praying them surcease
 They did much more their cruelty encrease,
 Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
 And rather die then ladies cause release :
 With which vaine termes so much they did them move,
 That both resolv'd the last extremities to prove.

XX.

There they (I weene) would fight untill this day,
 Had not a squire, even he the Squire of dames,
 By great adventure travelled that way ;
 Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,
 And both of old well knowing by their names,
 Drew nigh, to weete the cause of their debate :
 And first laide on those ladies thousand blames,
 That did not seeke t'appease their deadly hate,
 But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their estate :

XXI.

And then those knights he humbly did beseech
 To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken :
 Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
 Yet would not let their battell so be broken,
 Both greedie fiers on other to be wroken.
 Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
 And them coniu'r'd by some well knownen token,
 That they at last their wrothfull hands let fall,
 Content to heare him speake, and glad to rest withall.

XXII.

First he desir'd their cause of strife to see :
 They said, it was for love of Florimell.
Ab ! gentle knights, quoth he, how may that bee,
And she so farre astray, as none can tell ?
 Fond squire, full angry then sayd Paridell,
See'st not the ladie there before thy face ?
 He looked backe, and her advizing well,
 Weend, as he said, by that her outward grace
 That fayrest Florimell was present there in place.

XXIII.

Glad man was he to see that ioyous fight,
 For none alive but ioy'd in Florimell,
 And lowly to her lowting thus behight ;
Fayrest of faire, that fairenesse doest excell,
This happie day I have to greete you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischiefe that befell ;
Long may you live in health and happie state.
 She litle answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

XXIV. Then

XXIV.

Then turning to those knights, he gan anew ;
And you, fir Blandamour and Paridell,
That for this ladie present in your view
Have rays'd this cruell warre and outrage fell,
Certes me seemes bene not advised well,
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell
That seeke perforce her from you both to take,
And of your gotten spoyle their owne triumph to make.

XXV.

Thereat fir Blandamour with countenance sterne,
 All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake ;
Aread, thou squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro me thinke Florimell to take.
Not one, quoth he, but many doe partake
Herein, as thus : it lately so befell,
That Satyran a girdle did uptake
Well knowne to appertaine to Florimell,
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed well.

XXVI.

But whenas she herselfe was lost and gone,
 Full many knights, that loved her like deare,
 Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
 That lost faire ladies ornament should weare,
 And gan therefore close spight to him to beare ;
 Which he to shun, and stop vile envies sting,
 Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
 A solemne feast with publike turneing,
 To which all knights with them their ladies are to bring :

XXVII.

And of them all she that is fayrest found
 Shall have that golden girdle for reward ;
 And of those knights who is most stout on ground
 Shall to that fairest ladie be prefard.
 Since therefore she herselfe is now your ward,
 To you that ornament of hers pertaines
 Against all those that chalenge it to gard,
 And save her honour with your ventrous paines ;
 That shall you win more glory then ye here find gaines.

XXVIII.

When they the reason of his words had hard,
 They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
 And with their honours and their loves regard
 The furious flames of malice to asswage.
 Tho each to other did his faith engage,
 Like faithfull friends thenceforth to ioyne in one
 With all their force, and battell strong to wage
 Gainst all those knights, as their professed sone,
 That challeng'd ought in Florimell, save they alone.

XXIX.

So well accorded forth they rode together
 In friendly sort, that lasted but awhile ;
 And of all old dislikes they made faire weather ;
 Yet all was forg'd and spred with golden foyle,
 That under it hidde hate and hollow guyle.
 Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
 However gay and goodly be the style,
 That doth ill cause or evill end enure ;
 For vertue is the band that bindeth harts most sure.

XXX.

Thus as they marched all in close disguise
 Of fayned love, they chaunst to overtake
 Two knights, that lincked rode in lovely wise,
 As if they secret counsels did partake ;
 And each not farre behinde him had his make,
 To weete, two ladies of most goodly hew,
 That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
 Unmindfull both of that discordfull crew,
 The which with speedie pace did after them pursue.

XXXI.

Who as they now approched nigh at hand,
 Deeming them doughtie as they did appear,
 They sent that squire afore, to understand
 What mote they be : who viewing them more neare
 Returned readie newes, that those same weare
 Two of the prowest knights in faery lond ;
 And those two ladies their two lovers deare,
 Couragious Cambell, and stout Triamond,
 With Canacee and Cambine linckt in lovely bond.

XXXII. Whylome,

XXXII.

Whylome, as antique stories tellen us,
 Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
 And battell made the dreddest daungerous
 That ever shrilling trumpet did resound ;
 Though now their acts be no where to be found,
 As that renowmed poet them compyled
 With warlike numbers and heroicke found,
 Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
 On Fames eternall bead-roll worthie to be fyled.

XXXIII.

But wicked Time that all good thoughts doth waste,
 And workes of noblest wits to nought out-weare,
 That famous moniment hath quite defaste,
 And robd the world of threasure endlesse deare;
 The which mote have enriched all us heare.
 O cursed eld, the canker-worme of writs,
 How may these rimes, so rude as doth appeare,
 Hope to endure, sith workes of heavenly wits
 Are quite devourd, and brought to nought by little bits ?

XXXIV.

Then pardon, o most sacred happie spirit,
 That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
 And steale from thee the meede of thy due merit,
 That none durst ever whilest thou wast alive,
 And being dead, in vaine yet many strive :
 Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweete
 Of thine owne spirit, which doth in me survive,
 I follow here the footing of thy feete,
 That with thy meaning so I may the rather meete.

XXXV.

Cambelloes sifter was fayre Canacee,
 That was the learnedst ladie in her dayes,
 Well feene in everie science that mote bee,
 And every secret worke of nature's wayes,
 In wittie riddles, and in wise soothsayeres,
 In power of herbes, and tunes of beasts and burds ;
 And, that augmented all her other prayse,
 She modest was in all her deedes and words,
 And wondrous chaste of life, yet lov'd of knights and lords.

XXXVI. Full

XXXVI.

Full many lords and many knights her loved,
 Yet she to none of them her liking lent,
 Ne ever was with fond affection moved,
 But rul'd her thoughts with goodly governement,
 For dread of blame and honours blemishment ;
 And eke unto her lookes a law she made,
 That none of them once out of order went ;
 But like to warie centonels well stayd,
 Still watcht on every side, of secret foes afraid.

XXXVII.

So much the more as she refusd to love,
 So much the more she loved was and fought,
 That oftentimes unquiet strife did move
 Amongst her lovers, and great quarrels wrought ;
 That oft for her in bloudie armes they fought.
 Which whenas Cambell, that was stout and wise,
 Perceiv'd would breede great mischief, he bethought
 How to prevent the perill that mote rise,
 And turne both him and her to honour in this wise.

XXXVIII.

One day when all that troupe of warlike wooers
 Assembled were, to weet whose she should bee,
 All mightie men and dreadfull derring doers,
 (The harder it to make them well agree)
 Amongst them all this end he did decree ;
 That of them all which love to her did make,
 They by consent should chose the stoutest three,
 That with himselfe should combat for her sake,
 And of them all the victour should his sister take.

XXXIX.

Bold was the challenge, as himselfe was bold,
 And courage full of haughtie hardiment,
 Approved oft in perils manifold,
 Which he achiev'd to his great ornament :
 But yet his sisters skill unto him lent
 Most confidence and hope of happie speed,
 Conceived by a ring, which she him sent,
 That mongst the manie vertues, which we reed,
 Had power to staunch al wounds that mortally did bleed.

XL.

Well was that rings great vertue knowen to all,
 That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
 Did all that youthly rout so much appall,
 That none of them durst undertake the fight:
 More wise they weend to make of love delight,
 Then life to hazard for faire ladies looke;
 And yet uncertaine by such outward fight
 (Though for her sake they all that perill tooke)
 Whether she would them love, or in her liking brooke.

XLI.

Amongst those knights there were three brethren bold,
 Three bolder brethren never were yborne,
 Borne of one mother in one happie mold,
 Borne at one burden in one happie morne,
 Thrise happie mother, and thrise happie morne,
 That bore three such, three such not to be fond;
 Her name was Agape whose children werne
 All three as one; the first hight Priamond,
 The second Dyamond, the youngest Triamond.

XLII.

Stout Priamond, but not so strong to strike;
 Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight;
 But Triamond was stout and strong alike:
 On horse-backe used Triamond to fight,
 And Priamond on foote had more delight;
 But horse and foote knew Diamond to wield:
 With curtaxe used Diamond to smite,
 And Triamond to handle speare and shield,
 But speare and curtaxe both used Priamond in field.

XLIII.

These three did love each other dearely well,
 And with so firme affection were allyde,
 As if but one soule in them all did dwell,
 Which did her powre into three parts divyde;
 Like three faire branches budding farre and wide,
 That from one roote deriv'd their vitall sap:
 And like that roote that doth her life divide,
 Their mother was, and had full blessed hap
 These three so noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

XLIV. Their

XLIV.

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
 Of secret things, and all the powres of nature,
 Which she by art could use unto her will,
 And to her service bind each living creature,
 Through secret understanding of their feature.
 Thereto she was right faire, whenso her face
 She list discover, and of goodly stature ;
 But she, as Fayes are wont, in privie place
 Did spend her dayes, and lov'd in forests wyld to space.

XLV.

There on a day a noble youthly knight
 Seeking adventures in the salvage wood,
 Did by great fortune get of her the sight,
 As she fate carelesse by a cristall flood
 Combing her golden lockes, as seemd her good ;
 And unawares upon her laying hold,
 That strove in vaine him long to have withstood,
 Oppressed her, and there (as it is told).
 Got these three lovely babes, that prov'd three champions bold :

XLVI.

Which she with her long fostred in that wood,
 Till that to ripeness of mans state they grew :
 Then shewing forth signes of their fathers blood
 They loved armes, and knighthood did ensue,
 Seeking adventures where they anie knew.
 Which when their mother saw, she gan to dout
 Their safetie ; least by searching daungers new,
 And rash provoking perils all about,
 Their days mote be abridged through their corage stout.

XLVII.

Therefore desirous th' end of all their dayes
 To know, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
 By wondrous skill and many hidden wayes
 To the three fatall sisters house she went :
 Farre under ground from tract of living went,
 Downe in the bottome of the deepe Abyssè,
 Where Demogorgon in dull darknesse pent,
 Farre from the view of gods and heavens blifs,
 The hideous Chaos keeps, their dreadfull dwelling is.

XLVIII. There

XLVIII.

There she them found all sitting round about
 The direfull distaffe standing in the mid,
 And with unwearied fingers drawing out
 The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
 Sad Clotho held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
 By griesly Lachesis was spun with paine,
 That cruell Atropos estfoones undid,
 With curfed knife cutting the twist in twaine :
 Most wretched men, whose dayes depend on thrids so vaine !

XLIX.

She them saluting there by them sate still,
 Beholding how the thrids of life they span :
 And when at last she had beheld her fill,
 Trembling in heart, and looking pale and wan,
 Her cause of comming she to tell began.
 To whom fierce Atropos ; *Bold Fay, that durst*
Come see the secret of the life of man,
Well worthie thou to be of Iove accurst,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be asunder burst.

L.

Whereat she fore affrayd yet her besought
 To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
 That she might see her childrens thrids forth brought,
 And know the measure of their utmost date
 To them ordained by eternall Fate :
 Which Clotho granting shewed her the same :
 That when she saw, it did her much amate
 To see their thrids so thin as spiders frame,
 And eke so short, that seemd their ends out shortly came.

LI.

She then began them humbly to intreate,
 To draw them longer out, and better twine,
 That so their lives might be prolonged late :
 But Lachesis thereat gan to repine,
 And sayd, *Fond dame, that deem'st of things divine*
As of humane, that they may alfred bee,
And chaung'd at pleasure for those impes of thine :
Not so ; for what the Fates do once decree,
Not all the gods can chaunge, nor Iove himself can free.

LII.

*Then since, quoth she, the terme of each mans life
 For nought may lessened nor enlarged bee,
 Graunt this, that when ye shred with fatall knife
 His line, which is the eldest of the three,
 Which is of them the shortest, as I see,
 Eftsoones his life may passe into the next;
 And when the next shall likewise ended bee,
 That both their lives may likewise be annex
 Unto the third, that his may be so trebly wext.*

LIII.

They graunted it; and then that carefull Fay
 Departed thence with full contented mynd;
 And comming home in warlike fresh aray
 Them found all three according to their kynd:
 But unto them what destinie was affynd,
 Or how their lives were eekt, she did not tell;
 But evermore, when she fit time could fynd,
 She warned them to tend their safeties well,
 And love each other deare, whatever them befell:

LIV.

So did they surely during all their dayes,
 And never discord did amongst them fall;
 Which much augmented all their other praise:
 And now t'increase affection naturall,
 In love of Canacee they ioyned all:
 Upon which ground this fame great battell grew,
 (Great matter growing of beginning small)
 The which for length I will not here pursew,
 But rather will reserve it for a canto new.

CANTO III.

*The battell twixt three brethren with
Cambell for Canacee :
Cambina with true friendships bond
Doth their long strife agree.*

I.

O Why doe wretched men so much desire
To draw their dayes unto the utmost date,
And doe not rather wish them soone expire,
Knowing the miserie of their estate,
And thousand perills which them still awate,
Tossing them like a boate amid the mayne,
That every houre they knocke at deathes gate ?
And he that happie seemes and least in payne,
Yet is as nigh his end as he that most doth playne.

II.

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which in seeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine :
Yet whilest they lived none did ever see
More happie creatures then they seem'd to bee,
Nor more ennobled for their courtesie ;
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree :
Ne more renowned for their chevalrie ;
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

III.

These three that hardie challenge tooke in hand,
For Canacee with Cambell for to fight :
The day was set, that all might understand,
And pledges pawnd the same to keepe aright :
That day (the dreddest day that living wight
Did ever see upon this world to shine)
So soone as heavens window shewed light,
These warlike champions all in armour shine
Assembled were in field, the challenge to define.

IV.

The field with listes was all about enclos'd,
 To barre the prease of people farre away ;
 And at th' one side fixe iudges were dispos'd,
 To view and deeme the deedes of armes that day ;
 And on the other side in fresh aray
 Fayre Canacee upon a stately stage
 Was set, to see the fortune of that fray,
 And to be seene, as his most worthie wage
 That could her purchase with his lives adventur'd gage.

V.

Then entred Cambell first into the list,
 With stately steps and fearelesse countenance,
 As if the conquest his he surely wist.
 Soone after did the brethren three advance
 In brave aray and goodly amenance,
 With scutchins gilt and banners broad displayd ;
 And marching thrise in warlike ordinance,
 Thrise lowted lowly to the noble mayd :
 The whiles shril trumpets and loud clarions sweetly playd.

VI.

Which doen, the doughty challenger came forth,
 All arm'd to point, his challenge to abet :
 Gainst whom Sir Priamond with equall worth
 And equall armes himfelse did forward set.
 A trompet blew ; they both together met,
 With dreadfull force and furious intent,
 Carelesse of perill in their fiers affret,
 As if that life to losse they had forelent,
 And cared not to spare that should be shortly spent.

VII.

Right practicke was sir Priamond in fight,
 And throughly skild in use of shield and speare ;
 Ne lesse approved was Cambelloes might,
 Ne lesse his skill in weapons did appeare,
 That hard it was to weene which harder were.
 Full many mightie strokes on either side
 Were sent, that seemed death in them to beare ;
 But they were both so watchfull and well eyde,
 That they avoyded were, and vainely by did flyde.

VIII.

Yet one of many was so strongly bent
 By Priamond, that with unluckie glaunce
 Through Cambels shoulder it unwarely went,
 That forced him his shield to disadvaunce :
 Much was he grieved with that gracelesse chaunce,
 Yet from the wound no drop of bloud there fell,
 But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
 His haughtie courage to avengement fell :
 Smart daunts not mighty harts, but makes them more to swell.

IX.

With that, his poynant speare he fierce aventred
 With doubled force close underneath his shield,
 That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
 And there arresting, readie way did yield
 For bloud to gush forth on the grassie field ;
 That he for paine himselve n'ote right upreare,
 But too and fro in great amazement reel'd ;
 Like an old oke, whose pith and sap is seare,
 At puffe of every storme doth stagger here and there.

X.

Whom so dismayd when Cambell had espide,
 Againe he drove at him with double might,
 That nought mote stay the steele, till in his side
 The mortall point most cruelly empight ;
 Where fast infixed, whilest he fought by flight
 It forth to wrest, the staffe afunder brake,
 And left the head behinde : with which despight
 He all enrag'd his shivering speare did shake,
 And charging him afresh thus felly him bespake ;

XI.

*Lo! faitour, there thy meede unto thee take;
 The meede of thy mischalenge and abet :
 Not for thine owne, but for thy sisters sake,
 Have I thus long thy life unto thee let :
 But to forbear doth not forgive the det.
 The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow ;
 And passing forth with furious affret
 Pierst through his bever quite into his brow,
 That with the force it backward forced him to bow.*

XII. Therewith.

XII.

Therewith afunder in the midft it braft,
 And in his hand nought but the troncheon left ;
 The other halfe behind yet fticking faft,
 Out of his head-peece Cambell fiercely reft,
 And with fuch furie backe at him it heft,
 That making way unto his deareft life,
 His weafand-pipe it through his gorget cleft :
 Thence ftreames of purple bloud iffuing rife
 Let forth his wearie ghofth, and made an end of strife.

XIII.

His wearie ghofth affoyld from flefhly band
 Did not, as others wont, directly fly
 Unto her reft in Plutoes griesly land,
 Ne into ayre did vanifh prefently,
 Ne chaunged was into a ftarre in fky :
 But through traduction was eftfoones derived,
 Like as his mother prayd the Deftinie,
 Into his other brethren that furvived ;
 In whom he liv'd anew, of former life deprived.

XIV.

Whom when on ground his brother next beheld,
 Though fad and forrie for fo heavy fight,
 Yet leave unto his forrow did not yeeld ;
 But rather ftir'd to vengeance and defpight,
 Through fecret feeling of his generous fpright,
 Rufht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
 As in reverfion of his brothers right ;
 And chalenging the virgin as his dew.
 His foe was foone adreff : the trompets fhrely blew.

XV.

With that they both together fiercely met,
 As if that each ment other to devoure ;
 And with their axes both fo forely bet,
 That nether plate nor mayle, whereas their powre
 They felt, could once fuftaine the hideous fhowre,
 But rived were like rotten wood afunder,
 Whileft through their rifts the ruddie bloud did fhower,
 And fire did fafh, like lightning after thunder,
 That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

XVI.

As when two tygers prickt with hungers rage
 Have by good fortune found some beasts fresh spoyle,
 On which they weene their famine to asswage,
 And gaine a feastfull guerdon of their toyle,
 Both falling out doe stirre up strife-full broyle,
 And cruell battell twixt themselves doe make ;
 Whiles neither lets the other touch the foyle,
 But either sdeigns with other to partake :
 So cruelly those knights strove for that ladies sake.

XVII.

Full many strokes, that mortally were ment,
 The whiles were enterchaunged twixt them two ;
 Yet they were all with so good wariment
 Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,
 That still the life stood fearelesse of her foe :
 Till Diamond, disdeigning long delay
 Of doubtfull fortune wavering to and fro,
 Resolv'd to end it one or other way ;
 And heav'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty sway.

XVIII.

The dreadfull stroke in case it had arrived
 Where it was ment, so deadly it was ment,
 The soule had sure out of his bodie rived,
 And stinted all the strife incontinent ;
 But Cambels fate that fortune did prevent :
 For seeing it at hand, he swarv'd asyde,
 And so gave way unto his fell intent ;
 Who missing of the marke which he had eyde
 Was with the force nigh feld, whilst his right foot did flyde.

XIX.

As when a vulture greedie of his pray
 Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
 Strikes at an heron with all his bodies sway,
 That from his force seemes nought may it defend ;
 The warie fowle, that spies him toward bend,
 His dreadfull soufe avoydes, it shunning light,
 And maketh him his wing in vaine to spend ;
 That with the weight of his owne weeldlesse might
 He falleth nigh to ground, and scarce recovereth flight.

XX. Which

XX.

Which faire adventure when Cambello spide,
 Full lightly, ere himfelfe he could recower
 From daungers dread to ward his naked fide,
 He can let drive at him with all his power,
 And with his axe him fmote in evill hower,
 That from his fhoulders quite his head he reft :
 The headleffe tronke, as heedleffe of that ftower,
 Stood ftill awhile, and his faft footing kept ;
 Till feeling life to fayle, it fell, and deadly fleep.

XXI.

They which that piteous fpectacle beheld
 Were much amaz'd the headleffe tronke to fee
 Stand up fo long, and weapon vaine to weld,
 Unweeting of the Fates divine decree
 For lifes fucceffion in thofe brethren three.
 For notwithstanding that one foule was reft,
 Yet had the bodie not difmembred bee,
 It would have lived, and revived eft ;
 But finding no fit feat the lifeleffe corfe it left.

XXII.

It left ; but that fame foule which therein dwelt
 Straight entring into Triamond him fild
 With double life and grieve ; which when he felt,
 As one whose inner parts had bene ythrild
 With point of fteele that clofe his hart-bloud fpild,
 He lightly lept out of his place of reft,
 And rufhing forth into the emptie field,
 Againft Cambello fiercely him addrest ;
 Who him affronting foone to fight was readie preft.

XXIII.

Well mote ye wonder how that noble knight,
 After he had fo often wounded beene,
 Could ftand on foot now to renew the fight.
 But had ye then him forth advauncing feene,
 Some new-borne wight ye would him furely weene :
 So fresh he feemed and fo fierce in fight ;
 Like as a fnake, whom wearie winters teene
 Hath worne to nought, now feeling fommers might
 Cafte off his ragged fkin and freshly doth him dight.

XXIV.

All was through vertue of the ring he wore,
 The which not onely did not from him let
 One drop of bloud to fall, but did restore
 His weakned powers, and dulled spirits whet,
 Through working of the stone therein yset.
 Else how could one of equall might with most,
 Against so many no lesse mightie met,
 Once thinke to match three such on equall cost?
 Three such as able were to match a puissant host.

XXV.

Yet nought thereof was Triamond adredde,
 Ne desperate of glorious victorie,
 But sharply him assayld, and fore bestedde
 With heapes of strokes, which he at him let flie,
 As thicke as hayle forth poured from the skie:
 He stroke, he soust, he foynd, he hewd, he lasht,
 And did his yron brond so fast applie,
 That from the same the fierie sparkles flasht,
 As fast as water-sprinkles gainst a rocke are dasht.

XXVI.

Much was Cambello daunted with his blowes;
 So thicke they fell, and forcibly were sent,
 That he was forst from daunger of the throwes
 Backe to retire, and somewhat to relent,
 Till th' heat of his fierce furie he had spent:
 Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
 He then afresh with new encouragement
 Did him assayle, and mightily amate,
 As fast as forward erst, now backward to retrate.

XXVII.

Like as the tide that comes fro th' ocean mayne,
 Flowes up the Shenan with contrarie forse,
 And over-ruling him in his owne rayne,
 Drives backe the current of his kindly course,
 And makes it seeme to have some other source;
 But when the floud is spent, then backe againe
 His borrowed waters forst to re-disbourse,
 He sends the sea his owne with double gaine,
 And tribute eke withall, as to his soveraine.

XXVIII.

Thus did the battell varie to and fro,
 With diverse fortune doubtfull to be deemed :
 Now this the better had, now had his fo ;
 Then he halfe vanquisht, then the other seemed ;
 Yet victors both themselves alwayes esteemed :
 And all the while the disentrayled blood
 Adowne their sides like litle rivers stremed,
 That with the wasting of his vitall flood
 Sir Triamond at last full faint and feeble stood.

XXIX.

But Cambell still more strong and greater grew,
 Ne felt his blood to wast, ne powres emperisht,
 Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new
 Still whenas he enfeebled was him cherisht,
 And all his wounds and all his bruses guarisht ;
 Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
 Is often scene full freshly to have florisht,
 And fruitfull apples to have borne awhile,
 As fresh as when it first was planted in the soyle.

XXX.

Through which advantage, in his strength he rose
 And smote the other with so wondrous might,
 That through the seame which did his hauberk close,
 Into his throate and life it pierced quight,
 That downe he fell as dead in all mens fight :
 Yet dead he was not, yet he sure did die,
 As all men do that lose the living spright :
 So did one soule out of his bodie flie
 Unto her native home from mortall miserie.

XXXI.

But nathelasse whilst all the lookers on
 Him dead behight, as he to all appeared,
 All unawares he started up anon,
 As one that had out of a dreame bene reard,
 And fresh assayld his foe ; who halfe affeard
 Of th' uncouth fight, as he some ghost had scene,
 Stood still amaz'd, holding his idle sward ;
 Till having often by him stricken beene,
 He forced was to strike, and save himselfe from teene.

XXXII. Yet

XXXII.

Yet from thenceforth more warily he fought,
 As one in feare the Stygian gods t'offend,
 Ne followd on so fast, but rather fought
 Himselfe to save, and daunger to defend,
 Then life and labour both in vaine to spend.
 Which Triamond perceiving, weened sure
 He gan to faint toward the battels end,
 And that he should not long on foote endure ;
 A signe which did to him the victorie assure.

XXXIII.

Whereof full blith eftsoones his mightie hand
 He heav'd on high, in mind with that same blow
 To make an end of all that did withstand :
 Which Cambell seeing come was nothing slow
 Himselfe to save from that so deadly throw ;
 And at that instant reaching forth his sward
 Close underneath his shield, that scarce did show,
 Stroke him, as he his hand to strike up-reard,
 In th' arm-pit full, that through both sides the wound appeard.

XXXIV.

Yet still that direfull stroke kept on his way,
 And falling hevie on Cambelloes crest,
 Strooke him so hugely that in swowne he lay,
 And in his head an hideous wound imprest :
 And sure had it not happily found rest
 Upon the brim of his brode-plated shield,
 It would have cleft his braine downe to his brest :
 So both at once fell dead upon the field,
 And each to other seemd the victorie to yield.

XXXV.

Which whenas all the lookers on beheld,
 They weened sure the warre was at an end ;
 And iudges rose, and marshals of the field
 Broke up the listes, their armes away to rend ;
 And Canacee gan wayle her dearest friend.
 All suddenly they both upstart light,
 The one out of the swownd which him did blend,
 The other breathing now another spright ;
 And fiercely each assaying gan afresh to fight.

XXXVI.

Long while they then continued in that wize,
 As if but then the battell had begonne :
 Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did despise,
 Ne either car'd to ward, or perill shonne,
 Desirous both to have the battell donne ;
 Ne either cared life to save or spill,
 Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne :
 So wearie both of fighting had their fill,
 That life itselſe ſeemd loathſome, and long ſafetie ill.

XXXVII.

Whilſt thus the caſe in doubtfull ballance hong,
 Unſure to whether ſide it would incline,
 And all mens eyes and hearts, which there among
 Stood gazing, filled were with rufull tine
 And ſecret feare, to ſee their fatall fine ;
 All ſuddenly they heard a troublous noyes,
 That ſeemd ſome perilous tumult to define,
 Confus'd with womens cries and ſhouts of boyes,
 Such as the troubled theaters oft-times annoyes.

XXXVIII.

Thereat the champions both ſtood ſtill a ſpace,
 To weeten what that ſudden clamour ment :
 Lo ! where they ſpyde with ſpeedie whirling pace
 One in a charet of ſtraunge furniment
 Towards them driving like a ſtorme out ſent.
 The charet decked was in wondrous wize
 With gold and many a gorgeous ornament
 After the Perſian monarks antique guiſe,
 Such as the maker ſelſe could beſt by art devize.

XXXIX.

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
 Of two grim lyons taken from the wood,
 In which their powre all others did excell ;
 Now made forget their former cruell mood,
 T'obey their riders heſt, as ſeemed good :
 And therein fate a ladie paſſing faire
 And bright, that ſeemed borne of angels brood ;
 And with her beautie bountie did compare,
 Whether of them in her ſhould have the greater ſhare.

XL.

Thereto she learned was in magicke leare,
 And all the artes that subtill wits discover,
 Having therein bene trained many a yeare,
 And well instructed by the Fay her mother,
 That in the same she farre exceld all other :
 Who understanding by her mightie art
 Of th' evill plight in which her dearest brother
 Now stood, came forth in hast to take his part,
 And pacifie the strife which causd so deadly smart.

XLI.

And as she passed through th' unruly preace
 Of people, thronging thicke her to behold,
 Her angrie teame breaking their bonds of peace
 Great heapes of them, like sheepe in narrow fold,
 For hast did over-runne, in dust enrould ;
 That thorough rude confusion of the rout
 Some fearing shriekt, some being harmed hould,
 Some laught for sport, some did for wonder shout,
 And some that would seeme wise their wonder turnd to dout.

XLII.

In her right hand a rod of peace shee bore,
 About the which two serpents weren wound,
 Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
 And by the tailes together firmly bound ;
 And both were with one olive garland crownd,
 Like to the rod which Maias sonne doth wield,
 Wherewith the hellish fiends he doth confound :
 And in her other hand a cup she hild,
 The which was with nepenthe to the brim upfild.

XLIII.

Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,
 Devized by the gods, for to asswage
 Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace
 Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage :
 Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet age
 It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
 Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
 Are by the gods to drinck thereof assynd ;
 But such as drinck eternall happineffe do fynd.

XLIV. Such

XLIV.

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
 As Iove will have advaunced to the skie,
 And there made gods, though borne of mortall berth,
 For their high merits and great dignitie,
 Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,
 To drinke hereof; whereby all cares forepast
 Are washt away quite from their memorie:
 So did those olde heroës hereof taste,
 Before that they in blisse amongst the gods were plaste.

XLV.

Much more of price and of more gracious powre
 Is this, then that same water of Ardenne,
 The which Rinaldo drunck in happie howre,
 Described by that famous Tuscanne penne:
 For that had might to change the hearts of men
 Fro love to hate, a change of evill choise:
 But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
 And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce.
 Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

XLVI.

At last arriving by the listes side
 Shee with her rod did softly smite the raile,
 Which straight flew ope, and gave her way to ride.
 Eftsoones out of her coch she gan availe,
 And pacing fairely forth did bid all haile
 First to her brother, whom she loved deare,
 That so to see him made her heart to quaile;
 And next to Cambell, whose sad ruefull cheare
 Made her to change her hew, and hidden love t'appeare.

XLVII.

They lightly her requit, (for small delight
 They had as then her long to entertaine)
 And eft them turned both againe to fight:
 Which when she saw, downe on the bloody plaine
 Herselfe she threw, and teares gan shed amaine;
 Amongst her teares immixing prayers meeke,
 And with her prayers reasons, to restraine
 From blouddy strife, and blessed peace to seeke
 By all that unto them was deare did them beseeke.

XLVIII. But

XLVIII.

But whenas all might nought with them prevaile,
 Shee smote them lightly with her powrefull wand :
 Then suddently as if their hearts did faile,
 Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
 And they like men astonisht still did stand.
 Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully diftraught,
 And mighty spirites bound with mightier band,
 Her golden cup to them for drinke she raught,
 Whereof full glad for thirst ech drunk an harty draught :

XLIX.

Of which so foone as they once tasted had,
 (Wonder it is that suddenn change to see)
 Instead of strokes, each other kissed glad,
 And lovely haulft, from feare of treason free,
 And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
 When all men saw this suddenn change of things,
 So mortall foes so friendly to agree,
 For passing ioy, which so great marvaile brings,
 They all gan shout aloud, that all the heaven rings.

L.

All which when gentle Canacee beheld,
 In hast she from her lofty chaire descended,
 To weet what suddenn tidings was befeld :
 Where when she saw that cruell war so ended,
 And deadly foes so faithfully affrended,
 In lovely wise she gan that lady greet,
 Which had so great dismay so well amended,
 And entertaining her with curt'sies meet,
 Profest to her true friendship and affection sweet.

LI.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
 The trumpets sounded, and they all arose
 Thence to depart with glee and gladsome chere.
 Those warlike champions both together chose
 Homeward to march, themselves there to repose :
 And wise Cambina taking by her side
 Faire Canacee, as fresh as morning rose,
 Unto her coch remounting home did ride,
 Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

LII. Where

LII.

Where making ioyous feaft their daies they spent
 In perfect love, devoide of hatefull strife,
 Allide with bands of mutuall couplement ;
 For Triamond had Canacee to wife,
 With whom he ledd a long and happie life ;
 And Cambel tooke Cambina to his fere,
 The which as life were each to other liefe.
 So all alike did love, and loved were,
 That since their days fuch lovers were not found elfwere.

C A N T O III.

*Satyrane makes a turneyment
 For love of Florimell :
 Britomart winnes the prize from all,
 And Artegall doth quell.*

I.

IT often fals (as here it earft befell)
 That mortall foes doe turne to faithfull frends ;
 And friends profest are chaungd to foemen fell :
 The cause of both of both their minds depends ;
 And th' end of both likewise of both their ends :
 For enmitie, that of no ill proceeds
 But of occasion, with th' occasion ends ;
 And friendship, which a faint affection breeds
 Without regard of good, dyes like ill-grounded feeds.

II.

That well (me seemes) appears by that of late
 Twixt Cambell and Sir Triamond befell,
 As als by this, that now a new debate
 Stird up twixt Blandamour and Paridell,
 The which by course befals me here to tell :
 Who having those two other knights espide
 Marching afore, as ye remember well,
 Sent forth their squire to have them both descride,
 And eke those masked ladies riding them beside.

III. Who

III.

Who backe returning told as he had seene,
 That they were doughtie knights of dreaded name ;
 And those two ladies their two loves unseene ;
 And therefore wisht them without blot or blame
 To let them passe at will, for dread of shame.
 But Blandamour, full of vain-glorious spright,
 And rather stird by his discordfull dame,
 Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
 But that he yet was fore of his late lucklesse fight.

IV.

Yet nigh approaching he them fowle bespake,
 Disgracing them, himselve thereby to grace,
 As was his wont ; so weening way to make
 To ladies love, whereso he came in place,
 And with lewd termes their lovers to deface.
 Whose sharpe provokement them incenst so fore,
 That both were bent t'avenge his usage base,
 And gan their shields addresse themselves afore :
 For evill deedes may better then bad words be bore.

V.

But faire Cambina with perswasions myld
 Did mitigate the fiercenesse of their mode,
 That for the present they were reconcyl'd,
 And gan to treat of deeds of armes abroad,
 And strange adventures, all the way they rode :
 Amongst the which they told, as then befell,
 Of that great turney which was blazed brode,
 For that rich girdle of faire Florimell,
 The prize of her which did in beautie most excell.

VI.

To which folke-mote they all with one consent
 (Sith each of them his ladie had him by,
 Whose beautie each of them thought excellent)
 Agreed to travell, and their fortunes try.
 So as they passed forth, they did espy
 One in bright armes with ready speare in rest,
 That toward them his course seem'd to apply ;
 Gainst whom sir Paridell himselve addrest,
 Him weening, ere he nigh approcht, to have represt.

VII.

Which th' other seeing gan his course relent,
 And vaunted speare estfoones to disadvaunce,
 As if he naught but peace and pleasure ment,
 Now false into their fellowship by chance ;
 Whereat they shewed curteous countenance.
 So as he rode with them accompanide,
 His roving eye did on the lady glance
 Which Blandamour had riding by his side :
 Whom sure he weend that he somewhere tofore had eide.

VIII.

It was to weete that snowy Florimell,
 Which Ferrau late from Braggadochio wonne ;
 Whom he now seeing her remembered well,
 How having rest her from the witches sonne,
 He soone her lost : wherefore he now begunne
 To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
 Whom formerly he had in battell wonne,
 And proffer made by force her to reprice ;
 Which scornefull offer Blandamour gan soone despize,

IX.

And said, *Sir knight, sith ye this lady clame,*
Whom he that hath were loth to lose so light,
(For so to lose a lady were great shame)
Yee shall her winne, as I have done, in fight :
And lo shee shall be placed here in sight,
Together with this hag beside her set,
That who so winnes her may her have by right :
But he shall have the hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride till he another get.

X.

That offer pleased all the company :
 So Florimell with Ate forth was brought,
 At which they all gan laugh full merrily :
 But Braggadochio said, he never thought
 For such an hag, that seemed worst then nought,
 His person to emperill so in fight :
 But if to match that lady they had fought
 Another like, that were like faire and bright,
 His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

XI.

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
 As scorning his unmanly cowardize :
 And Florimell him fowly gan revile,
 That for her sake refus'd to enterprize
 The battell, offred in so knightly wize ;
 And Ate eke provokt him privily
 With love of her, and shame of such mesprize :
 But naught he car'd for friend or enemy ;
 For in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

XII.

But Cambell thus did shut up all in iest ;
*Brave knights and ladies, certes ye doe wrong
 To stirre up strife, when most us needeth rest,
 That we may us reserve both fresh and strong
 Against the turneiment, which is not long :
 When whofo list to fight may fight his fill ;
 Till then your challenges ye may prolong :
 And then it shall be tried, if ye will,
 Whether shall have the bag, or hold the lady still.*

XIII.

They all agreed ; so turning all to game
 And pleasaunt bord, they past forth on their way ;
 And all that while, whereso they rode or came,
 That masked mock-knight was their sport and play.
 Till that at length upon th' appointed day
 Unto the place of turneyment they came ;
 Where they before them found in fresh aray
 Manie a brave knight and manie a daintie dame
 Asssembled, for to get the honour of that game.

XIV.

There this faire crew arriving did divide
 Themselves asunder : Blandamour with those
 Of his, on th' one ; the rest on th' other side.
 But boastful Braggadocchio rather chose
 For glorie vaine their fellowship to lose,
 That men on him the more might gaze alone.
 The rest themselves in troupes did else dispose,
 Like as it seemed best to every one ;
 The knights in couples marcht with ladies linckt attone.

XV.

Then first of all forth came fir Satyrane,
 Bearing that precious relicke in an arke
 Of gold, that bad eyes might it not prophane :
 Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
 He open shewd, that all men it mote marke ;
 A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
 With pearle and precious stone, worth many a marke ;
 Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost :
 It was the same which lately Florimel had lost.

XVI.

The same aloft he hung in open vew,
 To be the prize of beautie and of might ;
 The which eftsfoones discovered to it drew
 The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
 And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
 That all men threw out vowes and wishes vaine :
 Thrise happie ladie, and thrise happie knight,
 Them seemd that could so goodly riches gaine,
 So worthie of the perill, worthy of the pain.

XVII.

Then tooke the bold fir Satyrane in hand
 An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
 And vauncing forth from all the other band
 Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
 Shewing himselfe all ready for the field :
 Gainst whom there singled from the other side
 A painim knight that well in armes was skil'd,
 And had in many a battell oft bene tride,
 Hight Eruncheval the bold, who fierly forth did ride.

XVIII.

So furiously they both together met,
 That neither could the others force sustaine :
 As two fierce buls, that strive the rule to get
 Of all the heard, meete with so hideous maine,
 That both rebutted tumble on the plaine :
 So these two champions to the ground were feld,
 Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
 And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
 Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

XIX. Which

XIX.

Which when the noble Ferramont espide,
 He pricked forth in ayd of Satyran ;
 And him against fir Blandamour did ride
 With all the strength and stifneffe that he can :
 But the more strong and stiffely that he ran,
 So much more forely to the ground he fell,
 That on an heape were tumbled horse and man :
 Unto whose rescue forth rode Paridell ;
 But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

XX.

Which Braggadocchio seeing, had no will
 To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
 Albee his turne were next ; but stood there still,
 As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd :
 But Triamond halfe wroth to see him staid,
 Sternly stept forth and raught away his speare,
 With which so sore he Ferramont assaid,
 That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
 That neither could in hast themselves againe upreare.

XXI.

Which to avenge fir Devon him did dight,
 But with no better fortune then the rest :
 For him likewise he quickly downe did smight ;
 And after him fir Douglas him adrest,
 And after him fir Palimord forth prest :
 But none of them against his strokes could stand,
 But all the more, the more his praise increst :
 For either they were left upon the land,
 Or went away sore wounded of his haplesse hand.

XXII.

And now by this fir Satyrane abraid
 Out of the swowne, in which too long he lay ;
 And looking round about, like one dismaid,
 Whenas he saw the mercilesse affray
 Which doughty Triamond had wrought that day
 Unto the noble knights of Maidenhead,
 His mighty heart did almost rend in tway
 For very gall, that rather wholly dead
 Himselfe he wisht have beene then in so bad a stead.

XXIII.

Estfoones he gan to gather up around
 His weapons, which lay scattered all abroad,
 And as it fell his steed he ready found :
 On whom remounting fiercely forth he rode,
 Like sparke of fire that from the andvile glode,
 There where he saw the valiant Triamond
 Chafing, and laying on them heavy lode,
 That none his force were able to withstond ;
 So dreadfull were his strokes, so deadly was his hond.

XXIV.

With that at him his beamlike speare he aimed,
 And thereto all his power and might applide :
 The wicked steele for mischief first ordained,
 And having now misfortune got for guide,
 Staid not, till it arrived in his side,
 And therein made a very grieffly wound,
 That streames of blood his armour all bedide.
 Much was he daunted with that direfull stownd,
 That scarfe he him upheld from falling in aound.

XXV.

Yet, as he might, himselfe he soft withdrew
 Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plaine :
 Then gan the part of chalengers anew
 To range the field, and victor-like to raine,
 That none against them battell durst maintaine.
 By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
 That forced them from fighting to refraine,
 And trumpets sound to cease did them compell :
 So Satyrane that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

XXVI.

The morrow next the turney gan anew,
 And with the first the hardy Satyrane
 Appear'd in place with all his noble crew :
 On th' other side full many a warlike swaine
 Asssembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
 But mongst them all was not fir Triamond,
 Unable he new battell to darraine
 Through grievance of his late received wound,
 That doubly did him grieve, when so himselfe he found.

XXVII. Which

XXVII.

Which Cambell seeing, though he could not salve,
 Ne done undoe, yet for to salve his name,
 And purchase honour in his friends behalve,
 This goodly counterfesaunce he did frame ;
 The shield and armes well knowne to be the same
 Which Triamond had worne, unwares to wight,
 And to his friend unwist, for doubt of blame
 If he misdidd, he on himselfe did dight,
 That none could him discerne ; and so went forth to fight.

XXVIII.

There Satyrane lord of the field he found,
 Triumphant in great ioy and iolity ;
 Gainst whom none able was to stand on ground ;
 That much he gan his glorie to envy,
 And cast t'avenge his friends indignity :
 A mightie speare estfoones at him he bent ;
 Who seeing him come on so furiously,
 Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
 That forcibly to ground they both together went.

XXIX.

They up againe themselves can lightly reare,
 And to their tryed swords themselves betake ;
 With which they wrought such wondrous marvels there,
 That all the rest it did amazed make,
 Ne any dar'd their perill to partake ;
 Now cuffing close, now chacing to and fro,
 Now hurtling round advantage for to take :
 As two wild boares together grappling go,
 Chaufing and foming choler each against his fo.

XXX.

So as they court, and turneyd here and there,
 It chaunst fir Satyrane his steed at last,
 Whether through foundring or through fodein feare,
 To stumble, that his rider nigh he cast :
 Which vauntage Cambell did pursue so fast,
 That ere himselfe he had recovered well,
 So fore he fowst him on the compast creast,
 That forced him to leave his loftie fell,
 And rudely tumbling downe under his horse-feete fell.

XXXI. Lightly

XXXI.

Lightly Cambello leapt downe from his steed,
 For to have rent his shield and armes away,
 That whylome wont to be the victors meed ;
 When all unwares he felt an hideous fway
 Of many swords, that lode on him did lay :
 An hundred knights had him enclosed round,
 To rescue Satyrane out of his pray ;
 All which at once huge strokes on him did pound,
 In hope to take him prisoner where he stood on ground.

XXXII.

He with their multitude was nought dismayd,
 But with stout courage turnd upon them all,
 And with his brond-iron round about him layd ;
 Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall :
 Like as a lion, that by chaunce doth fall
 Into the hunters toile, doth rage and rore,
 In royall heart disdainig to be thrall.
 But all in vaine : for what might one do more ?
 They have him taken captive, though it grieve him fore.

XXXIII.

Whereof when newes to Triamond was brought
 Thereas he lay, his wound he soone forgot,
 And starting up streight for his armour fought :
 In vaine he fought ; for there he found it not ;
 Cambello it away before had got :
 Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
 And lightly issewd forth to take his lot.
 There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
 Leading his friend away, full forie to his vew.

XXXIV.

Into the thickest of that knightly preasse
 He thrust, and smote downe all that was betweene,
 Caried with fervent zeale ; ne did he cease,
 Till that he came where he had Cambell seene
 Like captive thral two other knights atweene ;
 There he amongst them cruell havocke makes,
 That they which lead him soone enforced beene
 To let him loose to save their proper stakes ;
 Who being freed from one a weapon fiercely takes :

XXXV. With

XXXV.

With that he drives at them with dreadfull might,
 Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
 And in revengement of his owne despight:
 So both together give a new allarme,
 As if but now the battell wexed warme.
 As when two greedy wolves doe breake by force
 Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
 They spoile and ravine without all remorse;
 So did these two through all the field their foes enforce.

XXXVI.

Fiercely they followd on their bolde emprize,
 Till trumpets found did warne them all to rest;
 Then all with one consent did yeeld the prize
 To Triamond and Cambell as the best:
 But Triamond to Cambell it relest,
 And Cambell it to Triamond transferd:
 Each labouring t'advance the others gest,
 And make his praise before his owne preferd:
 So that the doome was to another day differd.

XXXVII.

The last day came, when all those knightes againe
 Affembled were, their deedes of armes to shew.
 Full many deedes that day were shewed plaine:
 But Satyrane bove all the other crew
 His wondrous worth declard in all mens view:
 For from the first he to the last endured,
 And though some while fortune from him withdrew,
 Yet evermore his honour he recured,
 And with unwearied powre his party still assured.

XXXVIII.

Ne was there knight that ever thought of armes,
 But that his utmost prowesse there made knowen,
 That by their many wounds, and carelesse harmes,
 By shivered speares, and swords all under strowen,
 By scattered shields, was easie to be showen.
 There might ye see loose steeds at randon ronne,
 Whose luckelesse riders late were overthrown;
 And squiers make hast to helpe their lords fordonne:
 But still the knights of Maidenhead the better wonne.

XXXIX.

Till that there entred on the other side

A straunger knight, from whence no man could reed,

In quent disguise, full hard to be descride :

For all his armour was like salvage weed

With woody mosse bedight, and all his steed

With oaken leaves attrapt, that seemed fit

For salvage wight, and thereto well agreed

His word, which on his ragged shield was writ,

SALVAGESSE SANS FINESSE, shewing secreet wit.

XL.

He at his first in-comming charg'd his spere

At him that first appeared in his sight ;

That was to weet the stout fir Sangliere,

Who well was knowen to be a valiant knight,

Approved oft in many a perlous fight :

Him at the first encounter downe he smote,

And over-bore beyond his crouper quight ;

And after him another knight that hote

Sir Brianor, so fore that none him life behote.

XLI.

Then ere his hand he reard he overthrew

Seven knights one after other as they came :

And when his speare was brust, his sword he drew,

The instrument of wrath, and with the same

Far'd like a lyon in his bloodie game,

Hewing and flashing shields and helmets bright,

And beating downe whatever nigh him came,

That every one gan shun his dreadfull fight

No lesse then death itselfe in daungerous affright.

XLII.

Much wondred all men what or whence he came,

That did amongst the troupes so tyrannize ;

And each of other gan inquire his name :

But when they could not learne it by no wize,

Most answerable to his wyld disguise

It seemed him to terme the salvage knight :

But certes his right name was otherwise,

Though knowne to few, that Arthegall he hight,

The doughtiest knight that liv'd that day, and most of might.

XLIII. Thus

XLIII.

Thus was fir Satyrane with all his band
 By his sole manhood and atchievement stout
 Dismay'd, that none of them in field durst stand,
 But beaten were and chafed all about.
 So he continued all that day throughout,
 Till evening, that the sunne gan downward bend :
 Then rushed forth out of the thickest rout
 A stranger knight, that did his glorie shend :
 So nought may be esteemed happie till the end.

XLIV.

He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull speare
 At Arthegall, in middest of his pryde,
 And therewith smote him on his umbriere
 So fore, that tombling backe he downe did flyde
 Over his horses taile above a sryde ;
 Whence litle lust he had to rise againe.
 Which Cambell seeing, much the same envyde,
 And ran at him with all his might and maine ;
 But shortly was likewise seene lying on the plaine.

XLV.

Whereat full inly wroth was Triamond,
 And cast t'avenge the shame doen to his freend :
 But by his friend himfelfe eke soone he fond
 In no lesse neede of helpe then him he weend.
 All which when Blandamour from end to end
 Beheld, he woxe therewith displeas'd fore,
 And thought in mind it shortly to amend :
 His speare he feutred, and at him it bore ;
 But with no better fortune then the rest afore.

XLVI.

Full many others at him likewise ran ;
 But all of them likewise dismounted were :
 Ne certes wonder ; for no powre of man
 Could bide the force of that enchaunted speare,
 The which this famous Britomart did beare ;
 With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieved,
 And overthrew whatever came her neare ;
 That all those stranger knights full fore agrieved,
 And that late weaker band of challengers relieved.

XLVII.

Like as in fommers day when raging heat
 Doth burne the earth and boyled rivers drie,
 That all brute beaſts forſt to refraine fro meat
 Doe hunt for ſhade where ſhrowded they may lie,
 And miſſing it, faine from themſelves to flie;
 All travellers tormented are with paine:
 A watry cloud doth overcaſt the ſkie,
 And poureth forth a ſudden ſhoure of raine,
 That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

XLVIII.

So did the warlike Britomart reſtore
 The prize to knights of Maydenhead that day,
 Which elſe was like to have bene loſt, and bore
 The prayſe of prowefſe from them all away.
 Then ſhrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,
 And bad them leave their labours and long toyle
 To ioyous feaſt and other gentle play,
 Where beauties prize ſhold win that pretious ſpoyle:
 Where I with ſound of trompe will alſo reſt awhyle.

CANTO V.

*The ladies for the girdle strive
Of famous Florimell :
Scudamour comming to Cares house,
Doth sleepe from him expell.*

I.

IT hath bene through all ages ever seene
That with the praise of armes and chevalrie
The prize of beautie still hath ioyned beene ;
And that for reasons speciall privitee ;
For either doth on other much relie :
For he me seemes most fit the faire to serve,
That can her best defend from villenie ;
And she most fit his service doth deserve,
That fairest is, and from her faith will never swerve.

II.

So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the prooffe of prowesse ended well,
The controversie of beauties soveraine grace ;
In which to her that doth the most excell
Shall fall the girdle of faire Florimell :
That many wish to win for glorie vaine,
And not for vertuous use, which some doe tell
That glorious belt did in itselfe containe,
Which ladies ought to love, and seeke for to obtaine.

III.

That girdle gave the vertue of chaste love
And wivehood true to all that did it beare ;
But whosoever contrarie doth prove,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else afunder teare.
Whilome it was (as faeries wont report)
Dame Venus girdle, by her steemed deare,
What time she usd to live in wively sort ;
But layd aside whenso she usd her looser sport.

IV. Her

IV.

Her husband Vulcan whylome for her sake,
 When first he loved her with heart entire,
 This pretious ornament they say did make,
 And wrought in Lemnos with unquenched fire :
 And afterwards did for her loves first hire
 Give it to her, for ever to remaine,
 Therewith to bind lascivious desire,
 And loose affections streightly to restraine ;
 Which vertue it for ever after did retaine.

V.

The same one day, when she herselfe disposd
 To visite her beloved paramoure,
 The god of warre, she from her middle loosd,
 And left behind her in her secret bowre,
 On Acidalian mount, where many an howre
 She with the pleasant Graces wont to play.
 There Florimell in her first ages flowre
 Was fostered by those Graces, (as they say)
 And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

VI.

That goodly belt was Cestus hight by name,
 And as her life by her esteemed deare.
 No wonder then if that to winne the same
 So many ladies sought, as shall appeare ;
 For pearelesse she was thought that did it beare.
 And now by this their feast all being ended,
 The iudges which thereto selected were,
 Into the Martian field adowne descended
 To deeme this doutfull case, for which they all contended.

VII.

But first was question made, which of those knights
 That lately turneyd had the wager wonne :
 There was it iudged by those worthie wights
 That Satyrane the first day best had donne :
 For he last ended having first begonne.
 The second was to Triamond behight,
 For that he sav'd the victour from fordonne :
 For Cambell victour was in all mens fight,
 Till by mishap he in his foe-mens hand did light.

VIII.

The third dayes prize unto that straunger knight,
 Whom all men term'd knight of the hebene speare,
 To Britomart was given by good right ;
 For that with puiffant froke ſhe downe did beare
 The falvage knight that victour was whileare,
 And all the reſt which had the beſt afore,
 And to the laſt unconquer'd did appeare ;
 For laſt is deemed beſt : to her therefore
 The fayreſt ladie was adiudgd for paramore.

IX.

But thereat greatly grudged Arthegall,
 And much repynd, that both of victors meede
 And eke of honour ſhe did him foreſtall :
 Yet mote he not withſtand, what was decreede ;
 But inly thought of that deſpightfull deede
 Fit time t'awaite avenged for to bee.
 This being ended thus, and all agreed,
 Then next enſew'd the paragon to ſee
 Of beauties praiſe, and yeeld the fayreſt her due fee.

X.

Then firſt Cambello brought into their view
 His faire Cambina, covered with a veale ;
 Which being once withdrawne, moſt perfect hew
 And paſſing beautie did eſtſoones reveale,
 That able was weake harts away to ſteale.
 Next did ſir Triamond unto their fight
 The face of his deare Canacee unheale ;
 Whoſe beauties beame eſtſoones did ſhine ſo bright,
 That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

XI.

And after her did Paridell produce
 His falſe Dueſſa, that ſhe might be ſeene ;
 Who with her forged beautie did ſeducer
 The hearts of ſome, that faireſt her did weene ;
 As diverſe wits affected divers beene :
 Then did ſir Ferramont unto them ſhew
 His Lucida, that was full faire and ſheene :
 And after theſe an hundred ladies moe
 Appear'd in place, the which each other did out-goe.

XII.

All which whoſo dare thinke for to enchace,
 Him needeth ſure a golden pen I weene
 To tell the feature of each goodly face.
 For ſince the day that they created beene,
 So many heavenly faces were not ſeene
 Aſſembled in one place: ne he that thought
 For Chian folke to pourtraict beauties queene,
 By view of all the faireſt to him brought,
 So many faire did ſee as here he might have fought.

XIII.

At laſt the moſt redoubted Britoneſſe
 Her lovely Amoret did open ſhew;
 Whoſe face diſcovered, plainly did expreſſe
 The heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew.
 Well weened all which her that time did vew,
 That ſhe ſhould ſurely beare the-bell away,
 Till Blandamour, who thought he had the trew
 And very Florimell, did her diſplay:
 The ſight of whom once ſeene did all the reſt diſmay.

XIV.

For all afore that ſeemed fayre and bright,
 Now baſe and contemptible did appeare,
 Compar'd to her that ſhone as Phoebes light
 Amongſt the leſſer ſtarres in evening cleare.
 All that her ſaw with wonder raviſht weare,
 And weend no mortall creature ſhe ſhould bee,
 But ſome ceſtiall ſhape that fleſh did beare:
 Yet all were glad there Florimell to ſee;
 Yet thought that Florimell was not ſo faire as ſhee.

XV.

As guilefull goldſmith that by ſecret ſkill
 With golden foyle doth finely over-ſpred
 Some baſer metall, which commend he will
 Unto the vulgar for good gold inſted,
 He much more goodly gloſſe thereon doth ſhed
 To hide his falſhood, then if it were trew:
 So hard this idole was to be ared,
 That Florimell herſelfe in all mens vew
 She ſeem'd to paſſe: ſo forged things do faireſt ſhew.

XVI. Then

XVI.

Then was that golden belt by doome of all
 Graunted to her, as to the fayrest dame.
 Which being brought, about her middle small
 They thought to gird, as best it her became ;
 But by no meanes they could it thereto frame :
 For ever as they fastned it it loos'd
 And fell away, as feeling secret blame.
 Full oft about her wast she it enclos'd ;
 And it as oft was from about her wast disclos'd :

XVII.

That all men wondred at the uncouth sight,
 And each one thought, as to their fancies came :
 But she herselfe did thinke it doen for spight,
 And touched was with secret wrath and shame
 Therewith, as thing deviz'd her to defame.
 Then many other ladies likewise tride
 About their tender loynes to knit the same ;
 But it would not on none of them abide,
 But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was untide.

XVIII.

Which when that scornefull Squire of dames did vew,
 He lowdly gan to laugh, and thus to iest ;
Alas for pittie that so faire a crew,
As like cannot be seene from east to west,
Cannot find one this girdle to invest !
Fie on the man that did it first invent,
 To shame us all with this, UNGIRT UNBLEST :
Let never ladie to his love assent,
 That hath this day so many so unmanly shent.

XIX.

Thereat all knights gan laugh, and ladies lowre :
 Till that at last the gentle Amoret
 Likewise assayd to prove that girdles powre ;
 And having it about her middle set,
 Did find it fit withouten breach or let.
 Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie :
 But Florimell exceedingly did fret,
 And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
 The belt againe, about her bodie gan it tie :

XX.

Yet nathemore would it her bodie fit ;
 Yet nathelſſe to her, as her dew right,
 It yielded was by them that iudged it :
 And ſhe herſelfe adiudged to the knight
 That bore the hebene ſpeare, as wonne in fight.
 But Britomart would not thereto aſſent,
 Ne her owne Amoret forgoe ſo light
 For that ſtrange dame, whoſe beauties wonderment
 She leſſe eſteem'd then th' others vertuous government.

XXI.

Whom when the reſt did ſee her to reſuſe,
 They were full glad, in hope themſelves to get her :
 Yet at her choice they all did greatly muſe.
 But after that the iudges did arret her
 Unto the ſecond beſt, that lov'd her better ;
 That was the ſalvage knight : but he was gone
 In great diſpleaſure, that he could not get her.
 Then was ſhe iudged Triamond his one ;
 But Triamond lov'd Canacee, and other none.

XXII.

Tho unto Satyran ſhe was adiudged,
 Who was right glad to gaine ſo goodly meed :
 But Blandamour thereat full greatly grudged,
 And litle prays'd his labours evill ſpeed,
 That for to winne the ſaddle loſt the ſteed.
 Ne leſſe thereat did Paridell complaine,
 And thought t'appeale from that which was decreed
 To ſingle combat with ſir Satyrane :
 Thereto him Ate ſtird, new diſcord to maintaine.

XXIII.

And eke with theſe full many other knights
 She through her wicked working did incenſe
 Her to demaund, and chalenge as their rights,
 Deſerved for their perils recompenſe.
 Amongſt the reſt with boaiſtfull vaine pretenſe
 Stept Braggadochio forth, and as his thrall
 Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long ſens :
 Where to herſelfe he did to witneſſe call ;
 Who being aſkt accordingly confeſſed all.

XXIV. Thereat

XXIV.

Thereat exceeding wroth was Satyran ;
 And wroth with Satyran was Blandamour ;
 And wroth with Blandamour was Erivan ;
 And at them both fir Paridell did loure.
 So all together stird up strifefull stoure :
 And readie were new battell to darraine.
 Each one profest to be her paramoure,
 And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine ;
 Ne iudges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restraine.

XXV.

Which troublous stirre when Satyrane aviz'd,
 He gan to cast how to appease the fame,
 And to accord them all this meanes deviz'd :
 First in the midst to set that fayrest dame,
 To whom each one his challenge should disclame,
 And he himselfe his right would eke releasse :
 Then looke to whom she voluntarie came,
 He should without disturbance her possesse :
 Sweete is the love that comes alone with willingnesse.

XXVI.

They all agreed ; and then that snowy mayd
 Was in the middest plast among them all :
 All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,
 And to the queene of beautie close did call,
 That she unto their portion might befall.
 Then when she long had lookt upon each one,
 As though she wished to have pleasd them all,
 At last to Braggadochio selfe alone
 She came of her accord, in spight of all his sone.

XXVII.

Which when they all beheld they chaft and rag'd,
 And woxe nigh mad for very harts despight,
 That from revenge their willes they scarce affwag'd :
 Some thought from him her to have rest by might ;
 Some proffer made with him for her to fight :
 But he nought car'd for all that they could say ;
 For he their words as wind esteemed light :
 Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
 But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

XXVIII.

They which remaynd, so soone as they perceiv'd
 That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
 And follow'd them in mind her to have reav'd
 From wight unworthie of so noble meed.
 In which poursuit how each one did succeede,
 Shall else be told in order, as it fell.
 But now of Britomart it here doth neede
 'The hard adventures and strange haps to tell ;
 Since with the rest she went not after Florimell.

XXIX.

For soone as she them saw to discord set,
 Her list no longer in that place abide ;
 But taking with her lovely Amoret,
 Upon her first adventure forth did ride,
 To seeke her lov'd, making blind Love her guide.
 Unluckie mayd to seeke heremie !
 Unluckie mayd to seeke him farre and wide,
 Whom, when he was unto herselfe most nie,
 She through his late disguizement could him not descrie !

XXX.

So much the more her grieffe, the more her toyle :
 Yet neither toyle nor grieffe she once did spare,
 In seeking him that should her paine affoyle ;
 Whereto great comfort in her sad misfare
 Was Amoret, companion of her care :
 Who likewise fought her lover long miswent,
 The gentle Scudamour, whose hart whileare
 That stryfefull hag with gealous discontent
 Had fild, that he to fell reveng was fully bent :

XXXI.

Bent to revenge on blamelesse Britomart
 The crime which curst Ate kindled earst,
 The which like thornes did pricke his gealous hart,
 And through his soule like poysoned arrow perst,
 That by no reason it might be reverst,
 For ought that Glauce could or doe or say :
 For aye the more that she the same reherst,
 The more it gauld and griev'd him night and day,
 That nought but dire revenge his anger mote defray.

XXXII. So

XXXII.

So as they travelled, the drouping night
 Covered with cloudie storme and bitter showre,
 That dreadfull seem'd to every living wight,
 Upon them fell, before her timely howre ;
 That forced them to seeke some covert bowre,
 Where they might hide their heads in quiet rest,
 And shrowd their persons from that stormie stowre.
 Not farre away, not meete for any guest,
 They spide a little cottage, like some poore mans nest.

XXXIII.

Under a steepe hilles side it placed was,
 There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke ;
 And fast beside a little brooke did pas
 Of muddie water, that like puddle stanke,
 By which few crooked fallowes grew in ranke :
 Whereto approaching nigh, they heard the sound
 Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
 And answering their wearie turnes around,
 That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.

XXXIV.

There entring in, they found the goodman felse
 Full busily unto his worke ybent ;
 Who was to weete a wretched wearish elfe,
 With hollow eyes and rawbone cheekes forspent,
 As if he had in prison long bene pent :
 Full blacke and griesly did his face appeare,
 Besmeard with smoke that nigh his eye-sight blent ;
 With rugged beard, and hoarie shagged heare,
 The which he never wont to combe, or comely sheare.

XXXV.

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
 Ne better had he, ne for better cared :
 With blistred hands emongst the cinders brent,
 And fingers filthie with long nayles unpared,
 Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
 His name was Care ; a blacksmith by his trade,
 That neither day nor night from working spared,
 But to small purpose yron wedges made ;
 Those be unquiet thoughts that carefull minds invade.

XXXVI. In

XXXVI.

In which his worke he had fixe servants prest
 About the anvile standing evermore
 With huge great hammers, that did never rest
 From heaping stroakes which thereon foused fore :
 All fixe strong groomes, but one then other more ;
 For by degrees they all were disagreed ;
 So likewise did the hammers which they bore
 Like belles in greatnesse orderly succeed,
 That he which was the last the first did farre exceede.

XXXVII.

He like a monstrous gyant seem'd in fight,
 Farre passing Bronteus or Pyracmon great,
 The which in Lipari doe day and night
 Frame thunderbolts for Ioves avengefull threate.
 So dreadfully he did the anvile beat,
 That seem'd to dust he shortly would it drive :
 So huge his hammer and so fierce his heat,
 That seem'd a rocke of diamond it could rive
 And rend asunder quite, if he thereto list strive.

XXXVIII.

Sir Scudamour there entring, much admired
 The manner of their worke and wearie paine ;
 And having long beheld, at last enquired
 The cause and end thereof : but all in vaine ;
 For they for nought would from their worke refraine,
 Ne let his speeches come unto their eare.
 And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
 Like to the northern winde, that none could heare ;
 Those Pensifenesse did move ; and Sighes the bellows weare.

XXXIX.

Which when that warriour saw, he said no more,
 But in his armour layd him downe to rest :
 To rest he layd him downe upon the flore,
 (Whylome for ventrous knights the bedding best)
 And thought his wearie limbs to have redrest.
 And that old aged dame, his faithfull squire,
 Her feeble ioynts layd eke adowne to rest ;
 That needed much her weake age to desire,
 After so long a travell which them both did tire.

XL.

There lay fir Scudamour long while expecting
 When gentle sleepe his heaue eyes would clofe ;
 Oft chaunging fides, and oft new place electing,
 Where better seem'd he mote himfelfe repofe ;
 And oft in wrath he thence againe uprofe,
 And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
 But wherefoere he did himfelfe difpofe,
 He by no meanes could wifhed eafe obtaine :
 So every place seem'd painefull, and ech changing vaine.

XLI.

And evermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
 The hammers found his fenfes did moleft ;
 And evermore when he began to winke,
 The bellows noyfe disturb'd his quiet reft,
 Ne fuffred sleepe to fettle in his brest.
 And all the knight the dogs did barke and howle
 About the houfe at sent of ftranger guesft :
 And now the crowing cocke, and now the owle
 Lowde fhriking him afflicted to the very fowle.

XLII.

And if by fortune any litle nap
 Upon his heaue eye-lids chaunft to fall,
 Eftfoones one of thofe villeins him did rap
 Upon his head-peece with his yron mall ;
 That he was foone awaked therewithall,
 And lightly started up as one affrayd,
 Or as if one him fuddenly did call :
 So oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
 And then lay mufing long on that him ill apayd.

XLIII.

So long he muzed, and fo long he lay,
 That at the laft his wearie fprite oppreff
 With flefhly weakneffe, which no creature may
 Long time refift, gave place to kindly reft,
 That all his fenfes did full foone arreft :
 Yet in his foundeft sleepe his dayly feare
 His ydle braine gan bufily moleft,
 And made him dreame thofe two difloyall were :
 The things that day moft minds at night doe moft appeare.

XLIV. With

XLIV.

With that the wicked carle, the maister finith,
 A paire of red-whot yron tongs did take
 Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
 Under his side him nipt; that forst to wake
 He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
 And started up avenged for to be
 On him, the which his quiet slomber brake:
 Yet looking round about him none could see;
 Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

XLV.

In such disquiet and hart-fretting payne
 He all that night, that too long night, did passe:
 And now the day out of the ocean mayne
 Began to peepe above this earthly masse,
 With pearly dew sprinkling the morning grafie:
 Then up he rose like heavie lumpe of lead,
 That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
 The signes of anguish one mote plainly read,
 And ghesse the man to be dismayd with gealous dread.

XLVI.

Unto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
 And forth upon his former voiage fared,
 And with him eke that aged squire attone;
 Who, whatsoever perill was prepared,
 Both equall paines and equall perill shared:
 The end whereof and daungerous event
 Shall for another canticle be spared:
 But here my wearie teeme nigh over-spent
 Shall breath itselfe awhile after so long a went.

CANTO VI.

*Both Scudamour and Artbegall
Doe fight with Britomart :
He sees her face, doth fall in love,
And soone from her depart.*

I.

WHAT equall torment to the grieffe of mind,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle hart,
That inly feeds itselfe with thoughts unkind,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart ?
What medicine can any leaches art
Yeeld such a fore that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart ?
Such was the wound that Scudamour did gride ;
For which dan Phoebus selfe cannot a falve provide.

II.

Who having left that restlesse house of Care,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholie and sad misfare
Through misconcept, all unawares espide
An armed knight under a Forrest side
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steede ;
Who, soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eger speede,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischievous deede.

III.

Which Scudamour perceiving forth issewed
To have rencountred him in equall race :
But soone as th' other nigh approaching vewed
The armes he bore, his speare he gan abase,
And voide his course ; at which so suddain case
He wondred much : but th' other thus can say ;
*Ab ! gentle Scudamour, unto your grace
I me submit, and you of pardon pray,
That almost had against you trespassed this day.*

IV.

Whereto thus Scudamour ; *Small harme it were*
For any knight upon a ventrous knight
Without displeasance for to prove his spere.
But reade you, sir, sith ye my name have hight,
What is your owne, that I mote you requite.
Certes, sayd he, ye mote as now excuse
Me from discovering you my name aright :
For time yet serves that I the same refuse,
But call ye me the Salvage knight, as others use.

V.

Then this, sir Salvage knight, quoth he, areede ;
Or doe you here within this forrest wonne,
(That seemeth well to answeere to your weede)
Or have ye it for some occasion donne ?
That rather seemes, sith knowen armes ye shonne.
This other day, sayd he, a stranger knight
Shame and dishonour bath unto me donne ;
On whom I waite to wreake that foule despight,
Whenever he this way shall passe by day or night.

VI.

Shame be his meede, quoth he, that meaneth shame.
But what is he by whom ye shamed were ?
A stranger knight, sayd he, unknowne by name,
But knowne by fame and by an hebene speare,
With which he all that met him downe did beare.
He in an open turney, lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare ;
And having me, all wearie earst, downe feld,
The fayrest ladie rest, and ever since withheld.

VII.

When Scudamour heard mention of that speare,
 He wist right well that it was Britomart,
 The which from him his fairest love did beare.
 Tho gan he swell in every inner part
 For fell despight, and gnaw his gealous hart,
 That thus he sharply sayd ; *Now by my head,*
Yet is not this the first unknighly part,
Which that same knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread :

VIII.

*For lately be my love bath fro me rest,
 And eke defiled with foule villanie
 The sacred pledge which in his faith was left,
 In shame of knightbood and fidelitie ;
 The which ere long full deare he shall abie :
 And if to that avenge by you decreed
 This hand may helpe, or succour ought supplie,
 It shall not fayle whenso ye shall it need.*

So both to wreake their wrathes on Britomart agreed.

IX.

Whiles thus they communed, lo farre away
 A knight soft ryding towards them they spyde,
 Attyr'd in forraine armes and straunge aray :
 Whom when they nigh approcht, they plaine descryde
 To be the fame, for whom they did abyde.
 Sayd then sir Scudamour, *Sir Salvage knight,
 Let me this crave, sith first I was desyde,
 That first I may that wrong to him requite :*
And if I hap to fayle, you shall recure my right.

X.

Which being yeilded, he his threatfull speare
 Gan fewter, and against her fiercely ran.
 Who soone as she him saw approching neare
 With so fell rage, herselfe she lightly gan
 To dight, to welcome him well as she can :
 But entertaind him in so rude a wise,
 That to the ground she smote both horse and man ;
 Whence neither greatly hasted to arise,
 But on their common harmes together did devise.

XI.

But Artegal beholding his mischaunce
 New matter added to his former fire ;
 And est aventring his steele-headed launce
 Against her rode, full of despiteous ire,
 That nought but spoyle and vengeance did require :
 But to himselfe his felonous intent
 Returning, disappointed his desire,
 Whiles unawares his saddle he forwent,
 And found himselfe on ground in great amazement.

XII.

Lightly he started up out of that stound,
 And snatching forth his direfull deadly blade
 Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
 Thrust to an hynd within some covert glade,
 Whom without perill he cannot invade :
 With such fell greedines he her assayled,
 That though she mounted were, yet he her made
 To give him ground, (so much his force prevayled)
 And shun his mightie strokes, gainst which no armes avayled.

XIII.

So as they coursed here and there, it chaunst
 That in her wheeling round, behind her crest
 So forely he her strooke, that thence it glaunst
 Adowne her backe, the which it fairely blest
 From foule mischance ; ne did it ever rest,
 Till on her horses hinder parts it fell ;
 Where byting deepe so deadly it imprest,
 That quite it chynd his backe behind the fell,
 And to alight on foote her algates did compell :

XIV.

Like as the lightning brond from riven skie,
 Throwne out by angry Iove in his vengeance,
 With dreadfull force falles on some steeple hie ;
 Which battring downe it on the church doth glance,
 And teares it all with terrible mischance.
 Yet she no whit dismayd her steed forsooke,
 And casting from her that enchaunted lance
 Unto her sword and shield her soone betooke ;
 And therewithall at him right furiously she strooke.

XV.

So furiously she strooke in her first heat,
 Whiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
 That she him forced backward to retreat,
 And yeeld unto her weapon way to pas :
 Whose raging rigour neither steele nor bras
 Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
 And pour'd the purple blood forth on the gras ;
 That all his mayle yriv'd and plates yrent
 Shew'd all his bodie bare unto the cruell dent.

XVI. At

XVI.

At length whenas he saw her haſtie heat
 Abate, and panting breath begin to fayle,
 He through long ſufferance growing now more great,
 Roſe in his ſtrength, and gan her freſh affayle,
 Heaping huge ſtrokes as thicke as ſhowre of hayle,
 And laſhing dreadfully at every part,
 As if he thought her ſoule to diſentrayle.
 Ah cruell hand, and thriſe more cruell hart,
 That workſt ſuch wrecke on her to whom thou deareſt art !

XVII.

What yron courage ever could endure
 To worke ſuch outrage on ſo faire a creature ?
 And in his madneſſe thinke with hands impure
 To ſpoyle ſo goodly workmanſhip of nature,
 The maker ſelſe reſembling in her feature ?
 Certes ſome helliſh furie or ſome feend
 This miſchiefe framd, for their firſt loves defeature,
 To bath their hands in bloud of deareſt freend,
 Thereby to make their loves beginning their lives end.

XVIII.

Thus long they trac'd and traverſt to and fro,
 Sometimes purſewing and ſometimes purſewed,
 Still as advantage they eſpyde thereto :
 But toward th' end fir Arthegall renewed
 His ſtrength ſtill more, but ſhe ſtill more decrewed.
 At laſt his luckleſſe hand he heav'd on high,
 Having his forces all in one accrewed,
 And therewith ſtroke at her ſo hideouſlie,
 That ſeemed nought but death mote be her deſtinie.

XIX.

The wicked ſtroke upon her helmet chaunſt,
 And with the force, which in itſelfe it bore,
 Her ventayle ſhard away, and thence forth glaunſt
 Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
 With that her angels face, unſeene afore,
 Like to the ruddie morne appeard in fight,
 Deawed with ſilver drops through ſweating fore ;
 But ſomewhat redder then beſeem'd aright
 Through toyleſome heate and labour of her weary fight :

XX. And

XX.

And round about the same her yellow heare,
 Having through stirring loosed their wonted band,
 Like to a golden border did appeare,
 Framed in goldsmithes forge with cunning hand :
 Yet goldsmithes cunning could not understand
 To frame such subtile wire, so shinie cleare :
 For it did glister like the golden sand,
 The which Pactolus with his waters there
 Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

XXI.

And as his hand he up againe did reare,
 Thinking to worke on her his utmost wracke,
 His powrelesse arme benumbd with secret feare
 From his revengefull purpose shronke abacke,
 And cruell sword out of his fingers slacke
 Fell downe to ground, as if the steele had sence
 And felt some ruth, or sence his hand did lacke
 Or both of them did thinke obedience
 To doe to so divine a beauties excellence.

XXII.

And he himselfe long gazing thereupon
 At last fell humbly downe upon his knee,
 And of his wonder made religion,
 Weening some heavenly goddesse he did see,
 Or else unweeting what it else might bee ;
 And pardon her befought his errour frayle,
 That had done outrage in so high degree :
 Whilest trembling horror did his sence affayle,
 And made ech member quake, and manly hart to quayle.

XXIII.

Nathelesse she full of wrath for that late stroke,
 All that long while upheld her wrathfull hand,
 With fell intent on him to bene ywroke ;
 And looking sterne, still over him did stand,
 Threatning to strike unlesse he would withstand ;
 And bad him rise, or surely he should die.
 But die or live for nought he would upstand,
 But her of pardon prayd more earnestlie,
 Or wreake on him her will for so great iniurie.

XXIV. Which

XXIV.

Which whenas Scudamour, who now abrayd,
Beheld, whereas he stood not farre aside,
He was therewith right wondrously dismayd,
And drawing nigh, whenas he plaine descride
That peerelesse paterne of dame Natures pride,
And heavenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one fore terrifide ;
And turning feare to faint devotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

XXV.

But Glauce, seeing all that chaunced there,
Well weeting how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle :
Then her besought, as she to her was deare,
To graunt unto those warrours truce awhyle ;
Which yeelded, they their bevers up did reare,
And shew'd themselves to her such as indeed they were.

XXVI.

When Britomart with sharpe avizefull eye
Beheld the lovely face of Artegall,
Tempred with sternesse and stout maiestie,
She gan estfoones it to her mind to call
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchanted glasse she saw :
Therewith her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughtie spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft withdraw.

XXVII.

Yet she it forst to have againe upheld,
As fayning choler, which was turn'd to cold :
But ever when his visage she beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainst his countnance bold :
But when in vaine to fight she oft assayd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to scold ;
Nathlesse her tongue not to her will obeyd,
But brought forth speeches myld when she would have missayd.

XXVIII. But:

XXVIII.

But Scudamour, now woxen inly glad
 That all his gealous feare he false had found,
 And how that hag his love abused had
 With breach of faith and loyaltie unfound,
 The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
 He thus bespake ; *Certes, sir Artegall,*
I ioy to see you lout so low on ground,
And now become to live a ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to despise them all.

XXIX.

Soone as she heard the name of Artegall,
 Her hart did leape and all her hart-strings tremble
 For sudden ioy and secret feare withall ;
 And all her vitall powres with motion nimble
 To succour it themselves gan there assemble ;
 That by the swift recourse of flushing blood
 Right plaine appeard, though she it would dissemble,
 And fayned still her former angry mood;
 Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood.

XXX.

When Glauce thus gan wisely all upknit ;
Ye gentle knights, whom fortune here hath brought
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this ladie wrought
Against the course of kind, ne merwaile nought,
Ne thenceforth feare the thing that hetherto
Hath troubled both your mindes with idle thought,
Fearing least she your loves away should woo ;
Feared in vaine, sith meanes ye see there wants theretoo.

XXXI.

And you, sir Artegall, the salvage knight,
 Henceforth may not disdaine that womans hand
 Hath conquered you anew in second fight :
 For whylome they have conquered sea and land,
 And heaven itselſe, that nought may them withstand :
 Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
 That is the crowne of knighthood and the band
 Of noble minds derived from above,
 Which being knit with vertue never will remove.

XXXII. *And*

XXXII.

*And you, faire ladie knight, my dearest dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame ;
And wiping out remembrance of all ill
Graunt him your grace, but so that he fulfill
The penance which ye shall to him impart :
For lovers heauen must passe by sorrowes hell.
Thereat full inly blushed Britomart ;
But Artegall close-smyling ioy'd in secret hart.*

XXXIII.

*Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne thinke th' affection of her hart to draw
From one to other so quite contrary :
Besides her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave and full of princely aw,
That it his ranging fancie did refraine,
And looser thoughts to lawfull bounds withdraw ;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a stubborne steede whom strong hand would restraine.*

XXXIV.

*But Scudamour, whose hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while suspense,
Desiring of his Amoret to heare
Some gladfull newes and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake ; *But sir, without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my love,
My Amoret, sith you her freed fro thence,
Where she captived long great woes did prove ;
That where ye left I may her seeke, as doth bebove.**

XXXV.

*To whom thus Britomart ; Certes, sir knight,
What is of her become, or whether rest,
I cannot unto you aread aright :
For from that time I from enchaunters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopelesse left,
I her preserv'd from perill and from feare,
And evermore from villenie her kept :
Ne ever was there wight to me more deare
Then she, ne unto whom I more true love did beare :*

XXXVI.

*Till on a day as through a desert wyld
 We travelled, both wearie of the way,
 We did alight, and sate in shadow myld ;
 Where fearelesse I to sleepe me downe did lay :
 But whenas I did out of sleepe abray,
 I found her not where I her left whyleare,
 But thought she wandred was, or gone astray :
 I cal'd her loud, I sought her farre and neare ;
 But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.*

XXXVII.

When Scudamour those heavie tydings heard,
 His hart was thrild with point of deadly feare,
 Ne in his face or bloud or life appeard ;
 But senselesse stood, like to a mazed steare,
 That yet of mortall stroke the stound doth beare :
 Till Glauce thus ; *Faire sir, be nought dismayd
 With needelesse dread, till certaintie ye heare ;
 For yet she may be safe though somewhat strayd :
 Its best to hope the best though of the worst affrayd.*

XXXVIII.

Nathlesse he hardly of her chearefull speech
 Did comfort take, or in his troubled fight
 Shew'd change of better cheare ; so fore a breach
 That suddenn newes had made into his spright :
 Till Britomart him fairely thus behight ;
*Great cause of sorrow certes, sir, ye have ;
 But comfort take : for by this heavens light
 I vow, you dead or living not to leave,
 Till I her find, and wreake on him that did her reave.*

XXXIX.

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
 So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
 They tooke their steeds, and forward thence did pas
 Unto some resting place, which mote befall ;
 All being guided by sir Artegall :
 Where goodly solace was unto them made,
 And dayly feasting both in bowre and hall,
 Untill that they their wounds well healed had,
 And wearie limmes recur'd after late usage bad.

XL.

In all which time fir Artegall made way
 Unto the love of noble Britomart,
 And with meeke service and much suit did lay
 Continuall siege unto her gentle hart ;
 Which being whylome launcht with lovely dart
 More eath was new impressiõ to receive ;
 However she her paynd with womanish art
 To hide her wound, that none might it perceive :
 Vaine is the art that seekes itselfe for to deceive.

XLI.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her
 With faire entreatie and sweet blandishment,
 That at the length unto a bay he brought her,
 So as she to his speeches was content
 To lend an eare, and softly to relent.
 At last through many vowes which forth he pour'd
 And many othes, she yeelded her consent
 To be his love, and take him for her lord,
 Till they with mariage meet might finish that accord.

XLII.

Tho when they had long time there taken rest,
 Sir Artegall (who all this while was bound
 Upon an hard adventure yet in quest)
 Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
 To follow that which he did long propound ;
 And unto her his congee came to take :
 But her there-with full fore displeas'd he found,
 And loth to leave her late betrothed make ;
 Her dearest love full loth so shortly to forsake :

XLIII.

Yet he with strong perswasions her asswaged,
 And wonne her will to suffer him depart ;
 For which his faith with her he fast engaged,
 And thousand vowes from bottome of his hart,
 That all so soone as he by wit or art
 Could that atchieve whereto he did aspire,
 He unto her would speedily revert ;
 No longer space thereto he did desire,
 But till the horned moone three courses did expire.

XLIV.

With which she for the present was appeas'd,
 And yeelded leave, however malcontent
 She inly were and in her mind displeas'd.
 So early on the morrow next he went
 Forth on his way to which he was ybent ;
 Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
 As whylome was the custome ancient
 Mongst knights, when on adventures they did ride,
 Save that she algates him awhile accompanide.

XLV.

And by the way she fundry purpose found
 Of this or that the time for to delay,
 And of the perils whereto he was bound,
 The feare whereof seem'd much her to affray :
 But all she did was but to weare out day.
 Full oftentimes she leave of him did take ;
 And est againe deviz'd somewhat to say
 Which she forgot, whereby excuse to make :
 So loth she was his companie for to forsake.

XLVI.

At last when all her speeches she had spent,
 And new occasion fayld her more to find,
 She left him to his fortunes government,
 And backe returned with right heavie mind
 To Scudamour, whom she had left behind ;
 With whom she went to seeke faire Amoret,
 Her second care, though in another kind ;
 For vertues onely fake, which doth beget
 True love and faithfull friendship, she by her did set.

XLVII.

Backe to that desert forrest they retyred,
 Where forie Britomart had lost her late ;
 There they her sought, and every where inquired
 Where they might tydings get of her estate ;
 Yet found they none : but by what haplesse fate,
 Or hard misfortune she was thence convayd,
 And stolne away from her beloved mate,
 Were long to tell ; therefore I here will stay
 Untill another tyde, that I it finish may.

CANTO VII.

*Amoret rapt by greedie Lust
 Belpheobe saves from dread ;
 The squire her loves, and being blam'd
 His daies in dole doth lead.*

I.

GREAT god of love, that with thy cruell darts
 Doest conquer greatest conquerors on ground,
 And setst thy kingdome in the captive harts
 Of kings and Keasars to thy service bound,
 What glorie or what guerdon hast thou found
 In feeble ladies tyranning so sore,
 And adding anguish to the bitter wound,
 With which their lives thou lancedst long afore,
 By heaping stormes of trouble on them daily more ?

II.

So whylome didst thou to faire Florimell ;
 And so and so to noble Britomart :
 So doest thou now to her of whom I tell,
 The lovely Amoret ; whose gentle hart
 Thou martyrest with sorow and with smart,
 In salvage forrests and in deserts wide
 With beares and tygers taking heavie part,
 Withouten comfort and withouten guide ;
 That pittie is to heare the perils which she tride.

III.

So soone as she with that brave Britoneffe
 Had left that turneyment for beauties prise,
 They travel'd long ; that now for wearineffe
 Both of the way and warlike exercise
 Both through a forest ryding did devise
 T'alight, and rest their wearie limbs awhile.
 There heavie sleepe the eye-lids did surprise
 Of Britomart after long tedious toyle,
 That did her passed paines in quiet rest assoyle.

IV. The

IV.

The whiles faire Amoret, of nought affeard,
 Walkt through the wood for pleasure or for need ;
 When suddenly behind her backe she heard
 One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,
 That ere she backe could turne to taken heed
 Had unawares her snatched up from ground :
 Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed,
 That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
 There where through weary travel she lay sleeping sound.

V.

It was to weet a wilde and salvage man ;
 Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
 And eke in stature higher by a span,
 All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
 An hardy hart ; and his wide mouth did gape
 With huge great teeth, like to a tusked bore :
 For he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
 Of men and beasts ; and fed on fleshly gore,
 The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips afore.

VI.

His neather lip was not like man nor beast,
 But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging low,
 In which he wont the relickes of his feast,
 And cruell spoyle, which he had spard, to stow :
 And over it his huge great nose did grow,
 Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood ;
 And downe both sides two wide long eares did glow,
 And raught downe to his waste, when up he stood,
 More great then th' eares of elephants by Indus flood.

VII.

His wast was with a wreath of yvie greene
 Engirt about, ne other garment wore :
 For all his haire was like a garment seene ;
 And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
 Whose knottie snags were sharpned all afore,
 And beath'd in fire for steele to be in sted.
 But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
 Of beasts, or of the earth, I have not red :
 But certes was with milke of wolves and tygres fed.

VIII. This

VIII.

This ugly creature in his armes her snatched,
 And through the forrest bore her quite away,
 With briers and bushes all to rent and scratcht ;
 Ne care he had, ne pittie of the pray,
 Which many a knight had fought so many a day :
 He stayed not, but in his armes her bearing
 Ran, till he came to th' end of all his way,
 Unto his cave farre from all peoples hearing,
 And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.

IX.

For she (deare ladie) all the way was dead,
 Whilest he in armes her bore ; but when she felt
 Herselfe downe soust, she waked out of dread
 Streight into grieffe, that her deare hart nigh swelt,
 And est gan into tender teares to melt.
 Then when she lookt about and nothing found
 But darknesse and dread horroure where she dwelt,
 She almost fell againe into a fwound ;
 Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.

X.

With that she heard some one close by her side
 Sighing and sobbing fore, as if the paine
 Her tender hart in peeces would divide :
 Which she long listning softly askt againe
 What mister wight it was that so did plaine ?
 To whom thus aunswer'd was ; *Ab ! wretched wight,*
That seekes to know anothers grieffe in vaine,
Unweeting of thine owne like haplesse plight :
Selfe to forget to mind another is over-sight.

XI.

Aye me ! said she, where am I, or with whom,
Among the living, or among the dead ?
What shall of me unhappy maid become ?
Shall death be th' end, or ought else worse, aread ?
Unhappy mayd, then answer'd she, whose dread
Untride is lesse then when thou shalt it try :
Death is to him that wretched life doth lead
Both grace and gaine ; but he in hell doth lie,
That lives a loathed life, and wishing cannot die.

XII. *This*

XII.

*This dismall day hath thee a caytive made,
 And vassall to the vilest wretch alive ;
 Whose cursed usage and ungodly trade
 The heavens abhorre, and into darkeness drive :
 For on the spoile of women he doth live,
 Whose bodies chaste, whenever in his powre
 He may them catch unable to gaine-strive,
 He with his shamefull lust doth first deflowre,
 And after-wardes themselves doth cruelly devoure.*

XIII.

*Now twenty daies (by which the sonnes of men
 Divide their works) have past through heven scene,
 Since I was brought into this dolefull den ;
 During which space these sory eies have seen
 Seaven women by him slaine and eaten clene :
 And now no more for him but I alone,
 And this old woman here remaining beene ;
 Till thou can'st hither to augment our mone ;
 And of us three to morrow he will sure eate one.*

XIV.

*Al dreadfull tidings which thou doest declare,
 Quoth she, of all that ever hath beene knowen !
 Full many great calamities and rare
 This feeble brest endured hath, but none
 Equall to this, whereever I have gone :
 But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
 Hath linckt with me in the same chaine attone ?
 To tell, quoth she, that which ye see, needs not ;
 A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.*

XV.

*But what I was it irkes me to reherse,
 Daughter unto a lord of high degree ;
 That ioyd in happy peace, till fates perverse
 With guilefull love did secretly agree
 To overthrow my state and dignitie.
 It was my lot to love a gentle swaine,
 Yet was he but a squire of low degree ;
 Yet was he meet, unless mine eye did faine,
 By any ladies side for leman to have laine.*

XVI. *But*

XVI.

*But for his meannesse and disparagement,
My fire, who me too dearely well did love,
Unto my choise by no meanes would assent,
But often did my folly fowle reprove :
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But whether will'd or nilled, friend or foe,
I me resolv'd the utmost end to prove ;
And rather then my love abandon so,
Both fire and friends and all for ever to forgo.*

XVII.

*Thenceforth I sought by secret meanes to worke
Time to my will, and from his wrathfull fight
To hide th' intent which in my heart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So on a day unweeting unto wight
I with that squire agreeede away to flit,
And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
Within a grove appointed him to meete ;
To which I boldly came upon my feeble feete.*

XVIII.

*But ah ! unhappy houre me thither brought :
For in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found, contrary to my thought,
Of this accursed carle of hellish kind,
The shame of men, and plague of womankind ;
Who trussing me, as eagle doth his pray,
Me bether brought with him as swift as wind,
Where yet untouched till this present day,
I rest his wretched thrall, the sad Aemylia.*

XIX.

*Ab ! sad Aemylia, then sayd Amoret,
Thy ruefull plight I pittie as mine owne :
But read to me by what devise or wit
Hast thou in all this time from him unknowne
Thine honour sav'd, though into thraldome throwne.
Through helpe, quoth she, of this old woman here
I have so done, as she to me hath showne :
For ever when he burnt in lustfull fire,
She in my stead supplide his bestiall desire.*

XX.

Thus of their evils as they did discourse,
 And each did other much bewaile and mone ;
 Loe where the villaine felfe, their sorrowes fourse,
 Came to the cave, and rolling thence the stone,
 Which went to stop the mouth thereof that none
 Might issue forth, came rudely rushing in,
 And spredding over all the flore alone,
 Gan dight himfelfe unto his wonted finne ;
 Which ended, then his bloody banquet should beginne.

XXI.

Which whenas fearefull Amoret perceived,
 She staid not th' utmost end thereof to try,
 But like a ghastly gelt, whose wits are reaved,
 Ran forth in hast with hideous outcry,
 For horrour of his shamefull villany :
 But after her full lightly he uprofe,
 And her pursu'd as fast as she did flie :
 Full fast she flies, and farre afore him goes,
 Ne fees the thorns and thickets pricke her tender toes.

XXII.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale she staies,
 But over-leapes them all, like robucke light,
 And through the thickest makes her nighest waies ;
 And evermore when with regardfull sight
 She looking backe espies that griesly wight
 Approching nigh, she gins to mend her pace,
 And makes her feare a spur to hast her flight :
 More swift then Myrrh' or Daphne in her race,
 Or any of the Thracian nimphes in salvage chace.

XXIII.

Long so she fled, and so he follow'd long ;
 Ne living aide for her on earth appeares,
 But if the heavens helpe to redresse her wrong,
 Moved with pity of her plenteous teares.
 It fortun'd Belphoebe with her peares,
 The woody nimphs, and with that lovely boy,
 Was hunting then the libbards and the beares,
 In these wild woods, as was her wonted ioy,
 To banish sloth that oft doth noble mindes annoy.

XXIV.

It so befell, as oft it fals in chace,
 That each of them from other fundred were,
 And that same gentle squire arriv'd in place
 Where this same cursed caytive did appeare
 Pursuing that faire lady full of feare:
 And now he her quite overtaken had;
 And now he her away with him did beare
 Under his arme, as seeming wondrous glad;
 That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

XXV.

Which drery fight the gentle squire espying
 Doth hast to crosse him by the nearest way,
 Led with that wofull ladies piteous crying,
 And him assailes with all the might he may;
 Yet will not he the lovely spoile downe lay,
 But with his craggy club in his right hand,
 Defends himselfe, and saves his gotten pray:
 Yet had it bene right hard him to withstand,
 But that he was full light and nimble on the land.

XXVI.

Thereto the villaine used craft in fight:
 For ever when the squire his iavelin shooke,
 He held the lady forth before him right,
 And with her body, as a buckler, broke
 The puiffance of his intended stroke:
 And if it chaunst, (as needs it must in fight)
 Whilest he on him was greedy to be wroke,
 That any little blow on her did light,
 Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

XXVII.

Which subtill sleight did him encumber much,
 And made him oft, when he would strike, forbear;
 For hardly could he come the carle to touch,
 But that he her must hurt, or hazard neare:
 Yet he his hand so carefully did beare,
 That at the last he did himselfe attaine,
 And therein left the pike-head of his speare:
 A streame of cole-blacke bloud thence gusht amaine,
 That all her filken garments did with bloud bestaine.

XXVIII.

With that he threw her rudely on the flore,
 And laying both his hands upon his glave,
 With dreadfull strokes let drive at him so fore,
 That forst him flie abacke, himselfe to save :
 Yet he therewith so felly still did rave,
 That scarce the squire his hand could once upreare,
 But for advantage ground unto him gave,
 Tracing and traversing, now here, now there ;
 For bootlesse thing it was to think such blowes to beare.

XXIX.

Whilest thus in battell they embused were,
 Belphoebe raunging in that Forrest wide
 The hideous noise of their huge strokes did heare,
 And drew thereto, making her care her guide :
 Whom when that theefe approaching nigh espide
 With bow in hand and arrowes ready bent,
 He by his former combate would not bide,
 But fled away with ghastly dreriment,
 Well knowing her to be his deaths sole instrument.

XXX.

Whom seeing flie she speedily poursewed
 With winged feete, as nimble as the winde,
 And ever in her bow she ready shewed
 The arrow, to his deadly marke desynde :
 As when Latonaes daughter, cruell kynde,
 In vengement of her mothers great disgrace,
 With fell despight her cruell arrowes tynde
 Gainst wofull Niobes unhappy race,
 That all the gods did mone her miserable case.

XXXI.

So well she sped her and so far she ventred,
 That ere unto his hellish den he raught,
 Even as he ready was there to have entred,
 She sent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
 That in the very dore him over-caught,
 And in his nape arriving through it thrild
 His greedy throte, therewith in two disfraught,
 That all his vitall spirites thereby spild,
 And all his hairy brest with gory bloud was fild.

XXXII. Whom

XXXII.

Whom when on ground she groveling saw to rowle,
 She ran in haſt his life to have bereft :
 But ere ſhe could him reach, the ſinfull fowle
 Having his carrion corſe quite ſenceleſſe left
 Was fled to hell, ſurcharg'd with ſpoile and theft :
 Yet over him ſhe there long gazing ſtood,
 And eſt admir'd his monſtrous ſhape, and eſt
 His mighty limbs, whileſt all with filthy bloud
 The place there over-flowne ſeemd like a ſodaine flood.

XXXIII.

Thenceforth ſhe paſt into this dreadfull den,
 Where nought but darkeſome drerineſſe ſhe found,
 Ne creature ſaw, but hearkned now and then
 Some litle whiſpering, and ſoft-groning ſound.
 With that ſhe aſkt, what ghoſts there under ground
 Lay hid in horrour of eternall night ?
 And bad them, if ſo be they were not bound,
 To come and ſhew themſelves before the light,
 Now freed from feare and danger of that diſmall wight.

XXXIV.

Then forth the ſad Aemylia iſſewed,
 Yet trembling every ioynt through former feare ;
 And after her the hag, there with her mewed,
 A foule and lothſome creature, did appeare ;
 A leman fit for ſuch a lover deare :
 That mov'd Belphoebe her no leſſe to hate,
 Then for to rue the others heavy cheare ;
 Of whom ſhe gan enquire of her eſtate ;
 Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

XXXV.

Thence ſhe them brought toward the place where late
 She left the gentle ſquire with Amoret :
 There ſhe him found by that new lovely mate,
 Who lay the whiles in ſwoune, full ſadly ſet,
 From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,
 Which ſoftly ſtild, and kiſſing them atweene,
 And handling ſoft the hurts which ſhe did get :
 For of that carle ſhe forely bruz'd had beene,
 Als of his owne raſh hand one wound was to be ſeene.

XXXVI. Which

XXXVI.

Which when she saw with sodaine glauncing eye,
 Her noble heart with sight thereof was filld
 With deepe disdaine and great indignity,
 That in her wrath she thought them both have thrild,
 With that selfe arrow which the carle had kild :
 Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance fore ;
 But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
Is this the faith?—she said, and said no more ;
 But turnd her face, and fled away for evermore.

XXXVII.

He seeing her depart arose up light,
 Right fore agrieved at her sharpe reproofe,
 And follow'd fast : but when he came in sight,
 He durst not nigh approach, but kept aloofe,
 For dread of her displeasure's utmost proofe :
 And evermore when he did grace entreat,
 And framed speaches fit for his behoofe,
 Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
 And forst him backe with fowle dishonor to retreat.

XXXVIII.

At last when long he follow'd had in vaine,
 Yet found no ease of grieve nor hope of grace,
 Unto those woods he turned backe againe,
 Full of sad anguish and in heavy case :
 And finding there fit solitary place
 For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
 Where hardly eye mote see bright heavens face
 For mossy trees, which covered all with shade
 And sad melancholy ; there he his cabin made.

XXXIX.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke,
 And threw away, with vow to use no more,
 Ne thenceforth ever strike in battell stroke,
 Ne ever word to speake to woman more ;
 But in that wildernesse, of men forlore
 And of the wicked world forgotten quight,
 His hard mishap in dolor to deplore,
 And wast his wretched daies in wofull plight :
 So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne despight.

XL.

And eke his garment, to be thereto meet,
 He wilfully did cut and shape anew ;
 And his faire lockes, that wont with ointment sweet
 To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty dew,
 He let to grow and griesly to concrew,
 Uncomb'd, uncurl'd, and carelesly unshed ;
 That in short time his face they over-grew,
 And over all his shoulders did dispred,
 That who he whilome was unceath was to be red.

XLI.

There he continued in this carefull plight,
 Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
 Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
 That like a pined ghost he soone appeares :
 For other food then that wilde forrest beares,
 Ne other drinke there did he ever tast
 Then running water, tempred with his teares ;
 The more his weakened body so to waft :
 That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

XLII.

For on a day, by fortune as it fell,
 His own deare lord prince Arthure came that way,
 Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell ;
 And as he through the wandring wood did stray,
 Having espide his cabin far away,
 He to it drew, to weet who there did wonne ;
 Weening therein some holy hermit lay,
 That did resort of sinfull people shonne ;
 Or else some woodman throwded there from scorching funne.

XLIII.

Arriving there he found this wretched man,
 Spending his daies in dolour and despaire,
 And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
 All over-grown with rude and rugged haire ;
 That albeit his owne dear squire he were,
 Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all ;
 But like strange wight, whom he had seene no where,
 Saluting him, gan into speach to fall,
 And pittly much his plight, that liv'd like out-cast thrall.

XLIV. But

XLIV.

But to his speach he aunswered no whit,
 But stood still mute, as if he had beene dum,
 Ne signe of sence did shew, ne common wit,
 As one with grieffe and anguishe over-cum,
 And unto every thing did aunswere mum :
 And ever when the prince unto him spake,
 He louted lowly, as did him becum,
 And humble homage did unto him make ;
 Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

XLV.

At which his uncouth guise and usage quaint
 The prince did wonder much, yet could not ghesse
 The cause of that his sorrowfull constraint ;
 Yet weend by secret signes of manlinesse,
 Which close appeard in that rude brutishnesse,
 That he whilome some gentle swaine had beene,
 Traind up in feats of armes and knightlinesse ;
 Which he observ'd, by that he him had seene
 To weld his naked sword, and try the edges keene ;

XLVI.

And eke by that he saw on every tree
 How he the name of one engraven had,
 Which likly was his liefest love to be,
 From whom he now so sorely was bestad ;
 Which was by him BELPHOEBE rightly rad :
 Yet who was that Belphoebe, he ne wist ;
 Yet saw he often how he wexed glad
 When he it heard, and how the ground he kist,
 Wherein it written was, and how himselfe he blist :

XLVII.

Tho when he long had marked his demeanor,
 And saw that all he said and did was vaine,
 Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
 Ne ought mote cease to mitigate his paine,
 He left him there in languor to remaine,
 Till time for him should remedy provide,
 And him restore to former grace againe :
 Which, for it is too long here to abide,
 I will defer the end untill another tide.

CANTO VIII.

*The gentle squire recovers grace :
 Sclaunder her guests doth staine :
 Corflambo chafeth Placidus,
 And is by Artbure slaine.*

I.

WELL said the wiseman, now prov'd true by this
 Which to this gentle squire did happen late,
 That the displeasure of the mighty is
 Then death itselfe more dread and desperate ;
 For naught the same may calme, ne mitigate,
 Till time the tempest doe thereof delay
 With sufferaunce soft, which rigour can abate,
 And have the sterne remembrance wypt away
 Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infix'd lay.

II.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
 Whose tender heart the faire Belphoebe had
 With one sterne looke so daunted, that no ioy
 In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
 He ever tasted, but with penaunce sad
 And pensive sorrow pind and wore away,
 Ne ever laught, ne once shew'd countenance glad ;
 But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
 As blasted bloosme through heat doth languish and decay :

III.

Till on a day, as in his wonted wife
 His doole he made, there chaunft a turtle-dove
 To come, where he his dolours did devise,
 That likewise late had lost her dearest love,
 Which losse her made like passion also prove :
 Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
 With deare compassion deeply did emmove,
 That she gan mone his undeserved smart,
 And with her dolefull accent beare with him a part.

IV.

Shee sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
 Her mournfull notes full piteously did frame,
 And thereof made a lamentable lay,
 So sensibly compyld that in the same
 Him seemed oft he heard his owne right name :
 With that he forth would poure so plenteous teares,
 And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
 And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
 That could have perst the hearts of tigres and of beares.

V.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did use
 Withouten dread of perill to repaire
 Unto his wonne, and with her mournfull muse
 Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
 That much did ease his mourning and misfare :
 And every day for guerdon of her song
 He part of his small feast to her would share ;
 That at the last of all his woe and wrong
 Companion she became, and so continued long.

VI.

Upon a day as she him fate beside,
 By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
 Which yet with him as relickes did abide
 Of all the bounty which Belphoebe threw
 On him, whilst goodly grace she did him shew :
 Amongst the rest a icwell rich he found,
 That was a ruby of right perfect hew,
 Shap'd like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
 And with a litle golden chaine about it bound.

VII.

The same he tooke, and with a riband new,
 In which his ladies colours were, did bind
 About the turtles necke, that with the vew
 Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
 All unawares the bird, when she did find
 Herselfe so deckt, her nimble wings displaid,
 And flew away as lightly as the wind :
 Which sodaine accident him much dismaid,
 And looking after long did marke which way she straid.

VIII. But

VIII.

But whenas long he looked had in vaine,
 Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
 His weary eie returnd to him againe,
 Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
 That both his iuell he had lost so light,
 And eke his deare companion of his care.
 But that sweet bird departing flew forthright
 Through the wide region of the wastfull aire,
 Untill she came where wonned his Belphoebe faire.

IX.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
 Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
 After late wearie toile, which she had tride
 In salvage chase, to rest as seem'd her meet.
 There she alighting, fell before her feet,
 And gan to her her mournfull plaint to make,
 As was her wont, thinking to let her weat
 The great tormenting grieffe, that for her sake
 Her gentle squire through her displeasure did pertake.

X.

She her beholding with attentive eye,
 At length did marke about her purple brest
 That precious iuell, which she formerly
 Had knowne right well with colourd ribbands drest :
 Therewith she rose in hast, and her adrest
 With ready hand it to have rest away :
 But the swift bird obeyd not her behest,
 But swarv'd aside, and there againe did stay ;
 She follow'd her, and thought againe it to assay.

XI.

And ever when she nigh approcht, the dove
 Would flit a litle forward, and then stay
 Till she drew neare, and then againe remove ;
 So tempting her still to pursue the pray,
 And still from her escaping soft away :
 Till that at length into that forrest wide
 She drew her far, and led with slow delay :
 In th' end she her unto that place did guide,
 Whereas that wofull man in languor did abide.

XII.

Eftfoones ſhe flew unto his feareleſſe hand,
 And there a piteous ditty new deviz'd,
 As if ſhe would have made him underſtand
 His ſorrowes cauſe, to be of her deſpis'd :
 Whom when ſhe ſaw in wretched weeds diſguiz'd,
 With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
 Like gholt late riſen from his grave agryz'd,
 She knew him not, but pittied much his caſe,
 And wiſht it were in her to doe him any grace.

XIII.

He her beholding at her feet downe fell,
 And kiſt the ground on which her ſole did tread,
 And waſht the ſame with water, which did well
 From his moiſt eies, and like two ſtreames proceed ;
 Yet ſpake no word, whereby ſhe might aread
 What miſter wight he was, or what he ment :
 But as one daunted with her preſence dread
 Onely few ruefull lookes unto her ſent,
 As meſſengers of his true meaning and intent.

XIV.

Yet nathemore his meaning ſhe ared,
 But wondred much at his ſo ſelcouth caſe ;
 And by his perſons ſecret ſeemlyhed
 Well weend that he had beene ſome man of place,
 Before miſfortune did his hew deface :
 That being mov'd with ruth ſhe thus beſpake ;
Ab ! wofull man, what heavens hard diſgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
Or ſeſe-diſliked life doth thee thus wretched make ?

XV.

If heaven, then none may it redreſſe or blame,
Sith to his powre we all are ſubieēt borne ;
If wrathfull wight, then fowle rebuke and ſhame
Be theirs that have ſo cruell thee forlorne ;
But if through inward griefe or wilfull ſcorne
Of life it be, then better doe adviſe :
For he whoſe daies in wilfull woe are worne
The grace of his Creator doth deſpiſe,
That will not uſe his gifts for thankleſſe nigardife.

XVI. When

XVI.

When so he heard her say, eftsoones he brake
 His sodaine silence which he long had pent,
 And fighting inly deepe, her thus bespake ;
Then have they all themselves against me bent :
For heaven, first author of my languishment,
Envyng my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruell one consent
To cloud my daies in dolefull misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

XVII.

Ne any but yourself, o dearest dred,
Hath done this wrong, to wreake on worthlesse wight
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred :
That when your pleasure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redresse, and me restore to light.
 Which sory words her mightie hart did mate
 With mild regard to see his ruefull plight,
 That her in-burning wrath she gan abate,
 And him receiv'd againe to former favours state.

XVIII.

In which he long time afterwards did lead
 An happie life with grace and good accord,
 Fearlesse of fortunes chaunge or envies dread,
 And eke all mindlesse of his own deare lord
 The noble prince, who never heard one word
 Of tydings, what did unto him betide,
 Or what good fortune did to him afford ;
 But through the endlessse world did wander wide,
 Him seeking evermore, yet no where him descride :

XIX.

Till on a day as through that wood he rode,
 He chaunst to come where those two ladies late,
 Aemylia and Amoret abode,
 Both in full sad and sorrowfull estate ;
 The one right feeble through the evill rate
 Of food, which in her dureffe she had found :
 The other almost dead and desperate
 Through her late hurts, and through that haplesse wound,
 With which the squire in her defence her fore astound.

XX. Whom

XX.

Whom when the prince beheld, he gan to rew
 The evill case in which those ladies lay ;
 But most was moved at the piteous vew
 Of Amoret, so neare unto decay,
 That her great daunger did him much dismay.
 Eftsoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,
 Which he in store about him kept alway,
 And with few drops thereof did softly dew
 Her wounds, that unto strength restor'd her soone anew.

XXI.

Tho when they both recovered were right well,
 He gan of them inquire, what evill guide
 Them thether brought, and how their harmes befell ;
 To whom they told all that did them betide,
 And how from thraldome vile they were untide
 Of that same wicked carle, by virgins hond ;
 Whose bloudie corse they shew'd him there beside,
 And eke his cave in which they both were bond :
 At which he wondred much when all those signes he fond.

XXII.

And evermore he greatly did desire
 To know, what virgin did them thence unbind ;
 And oft of them did earnestly inquire,
 Where was her won, and how he mote her find :
 But whenas nought according to his mind
 He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare,
 (No service loathsome to a gentle kind)
 And on his warlike beast them both did beare,
 Himselfe by them on foot to succour them from feare.

XXIII.

So when that Forrest they had passed well,
 A litle cotage farre away they spide,
 To which they drew ere night upon them fell ;
 And entring in found none therein abide,
 But one old woman sitting there beside
 Upon the ground in ragged rude attyre,
 With filthy lockes about her scattered wide,
 Gnawing her nayles for felnesse and for yre,
 And there out sucking venime to her parts entyre.

XXIV.

A foule and loathly creature fure in fight,
 And in conditions to be loath'd no lesse :
 For she was stuf with rancour and despight
 Up to the throat, that oft with bitternesse
 It forth would breake and gush in great excesse,
 Pouring out streames of poyson and of gall
 Gainst all that truth or vertue doe professe ;
 Whom she with leasings lewdly did miscall,
 And wickedly backbite : her name men Sclaunder call.

XXV.

Her nature is all goodnesse to abuse,
 And causelesse crimes continually to frame,
 With which she guiltlesse persons may accuse,
 And steale away the crowne of their good name ;
 Ne ever knight so bold, ne ever dame
 So chaste and loyall liv'd, but she would strive
 With forged cause them falsely to defame ;
 Ne ever thing so well was doen alive,
 But she with blame would blot, and of due praise deprive.

XXVI.

Her words were not, as common words are ment,
 T'expresse the meaning of the inward mind ;
 But noysome breath, and poyfnous spirit sent
 From inward parts, with cancred malice lind,
 And breathed forth with blast of bitter wind ;
 Which passing through the eares would pierce the hart,
 And wound the soule itselke with grieffe unkind :
 For like the stings of aspes that kill with smart,
 Her spightfull words did pricke and wound the inner part.

XXVII.

Such was that hag, unmeet to host such guests,
 Whom greatest princes court would welcome fayne ;
 But neede (that answers not to all requests)
 Bad them not looke for better entertayne ;
 And eke that age despysed nicenesse vaine,
 Enur'd to hardnesse and to homely fare,
 Which them to warlike discipline did trayne,
 And manly limbs endur'd with litle care
 Against all hard mishaps and fortunelesse misfare.

XXVIII. Then

XXVIII.

Then all that evening (welcommed with cold
 And chearelesse hunger) they together spent ;
 Yet found no fault, but that the hag did scold
 And rayle at them with grudgefull discontent,
 For lodging there without her owne consent :
 Yet they endured all with patience milde,
 And unto rest themselves all onely lent,
 Regardlesse of that queane so base and vilde
 To be uniuistly bland, and bitterly revilde.

XXIX.

Here well I weene, whenas these rimes be red
 With misregard, that some rash-witted wight,
 Whose looser thought will lightly be misled,
 These gentle ladies will misdeeme too light,
 For thus conversing with this noble knight ;
 Sith now of dayes such temperance is rare
 And hard to finde, that heat of youthfull spright
 For ought will from his greedie pleasure spare ;
 More hard for hungry steed t'abstaine from pleasant lare.

XXX.

But antique age yet in the infancie
 Of time did live then like an innocent,
 In simple truth and blamelesse chastitie,
 Ne then of guile had made experiment ;
 But voide of vile and treacherous intent
 Held vertue for itselſe in soveraine awe :
 Then loyall love had royall regiment,
 And each unto his lust did make a lawe,
 From all forbidden things his liking to withdraw.

XXXI.

The lyon there did with the lambe confort,
 And eke the dove sate by the faulcons side ;
 Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
 But did in safe securitie abide,
 Withouten perill of the stronger pride :
 But when the world woxe old, it woxe warre old
 (Whereof it hight) and having shortly tride
 The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
 And dared of all finnes the secrets to unfold.

XXXII. Then

XXXII.

Then beautie, which was made to represent
 The great Creatours owne resemblance bright,
 Unto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
 And made the baite of bestiall delight :
 Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in fight,
 And that which wont to vanquish god and man
 Was made the vassall of the victors might ;
 Then did her glorious flowre wax dead and wan,
 Despis'd and troden downe of all that over-ran :

XXXIII.

And now it is so utterly decayd,
 That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
 But if few plants, preserv'd through heavenly ayd,
 In princes court doe hap to sprout againe,
 Dew'd with her drops of bountie soveraine,
 Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
 Sprung of the auncient stocke of princes straine,
 Now th' onely remnant of that royall breed,
 Whose noble kind at first was sure of heavenly seed.

XXXIV.

Tho soone as day discovered heavens face :
 To sinfull men with darknes over-dight,
 This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
 The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
 And did themselves unto their iourney dight.
 So forth they yode, and forward softly paced,
 That them to view had bene an uncouth fight ;
 How all the way the prince on foot-pace traced,
 The ladies both on horse together fast embraced.

XXXV.

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
 That shamefull hag, the slaunder of her sexe,
 Them follow'd fast, and them reviled fore,
 Him calling theefe, them whores ; that much did vex
 His noble hart ; thereto she did annexe
 Falsé crimes and facts, such as they never ment,
 That those two ladies much asham'd did wexe ;
 The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
 And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.

XXXVI.

At last when they were passed out of fight,
 Yet she did not her spightfull speach forbear,
 But after them did barke, and still backbite,
 Though there were none her hatefull words to heare :
 Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
 The stone, which passed straunger at him threw ;
 So she them seeing past the reach of eare,
 Against the stones and trees did rayle anew,
 Till she had duld the sting, which in her tongs end grew.

XXXVII.

They passing forth kept on their readie way,
 With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde,
 Both for great feebleffe, which did oft assay
 Faire Amoret, that scarcely she could ryde,
 And eke through heaue armes, which sore annoyd
 The prince on foot, not wonted so to fare ;
 Whose steadie hand was faine his steede to guyde,
 And all the way from trotting hard to spare :
 So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

XXXVIII.

At length they spide where towards them with speed
 A squire came gallopping, as he would flie,
 Bearing a litle dwarfe before his steed,
 That all the way full loud for aide did crie,
 That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brafen skie :
 Whom after did a mightie man pursew,
 Ryding upon a dromedare on hie,
 Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
 That would have maz'd a man his dreadfull face to vew :

XXXIX.

For from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames
 More sharpe then points of needles did proceede,
 Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
 Full of sad powre, that poyfnous bale did breede
 To all that on him lookt without good heed,
 And secretly his enemies did slay :
 Like as the basiliske, of serpents feede,
 From powrefull eyes close venim doth convey
 Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

XL.

He all the way did rage at that same squire,
 And after him full many threatnings threw,
 With curses vaine in his avengefull ire:
 But none of them (so fast away he flew)
 Him overtooke before he came in vew:
 Where when he saw the prince in armour bright,
 He cald to him aloud his case to rew,
 And rescue him through succour of his might
 From that his cruell foe that him pursewd in fight.

XLI.

Estfoones the prince tooke downe those ladies twaine
 From loftie steede, and mounting in their stead
 Came to that squire, yet trembling every vaine;
 Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread:
 Who as he gan the same to him aread,
 Loe! hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
 With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head,
 That unto death had doen him unredrest,
 Had not the noble prince his readie stroke represt:

XLII.

Who thrusting boldly twixt him and the blow
 The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
 Upon his shield; which lightly he did throw
 Over his head before the harme came neare:
 Nathlesse it fell with so despiteous dreare
 And heavie sway, that hard unto his crowne
 The shield it drove, and did the covering reare;
 Therewith both squire and dwarfe did tomble downe
 Unto the earth, and lay long while in senselesse swowne.

XLIII.

Whereat the prince full wrath his strong right hand
 In full avengement heaved up on hie,
 And stroke the pagan with his steely brand
 So fore, that to his saddle-bow thereby
 He bowed low, and so a while did lie:
 And sure had not his massie yron mace
 Betwixt him and his hurt bene happily,
 It would have cleft him to the girding place;
 Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space.

XLIV.

But when he to himselfe returnd againe,
 All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare,
 And vow by Mahoune that he should be slaine.
 With that his murdrous mace he up did reare,
 That seemed nought the soufe thereof could beare,
 And therewith smote at him with all his might:
 But ere that it to him approched neare,
 The royall child with readie quick foresight
 Did shun the prooffe thereof and it avoyded light.

XLV.

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
 To ward his bodie from the balefull stound,
 He smote at him with all his might and maine,
 So furiously, that ere he wist he found
 His head before him tumbling on the ground,
 The whiles his babling tongue did yet blaspheme
 And curse his god that did him so confound:
 The whiles his life ran foorth in bloudie streame,
 His soule descended downe into the Stygian reame.

XLVI.

Which when that squire beheld, he woxe full glad
 To see his foe breath out his spright in vaine:
 But that same dwarfe right forie seem'd and sad,
 And howld aloud to see his lord there slaine,
 And rent his haire and scratcht his face for paine.
 Then gan the prince at leasure to inquire
 Of all the accident there hapned plaine,
 And what he was whose eyes did flame with fire:
 All which was thus to him declared by that squire;

XLVII.

*This mightie man, quoth he, whom you have slaine,
 Of an huge geaunteffe whylome was bred;
 And by his strength rule to himselfe did gaine
 Of many nations into thraldome led,
 And mightie kingdomes of his force adred;
 Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudie fight,
 Ne hostes of men with banners brode dispred,
 But by the powre of his infectious fight,
 With which he killed all that came within his might.*

XLVIII.

*Ne was he ever vanquished afore,
 But ever vanquisht all with whom he fought ;
 Ne was there man so strong, but he downe bore,
 Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
 Unto his bay, and captived her thought :
 For most of strength and beautie his desire
 Was spoyle to make, and wast them unto nought,
 By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
 From his false eyes into their harts and parts entire.*

XLIX.

*Therefore Corflambo was he cald aright ;
 Though namelesse there his bodie now doth lie,
 Yet hath he left one daughter that is hight
 The faire Poeana ; who seemes outwardly
 So faire as ever yet saw living eie :
 And were her vertue like her beautie bright,
 She were as faire as any under skie :
 But ah ! she given is to vaine delight,
 And eke too loose of life, and eke of love too light.*

L.

*So as it fell there was a gentle squire
 That lov'd a ladie of high parentage,
 But for his meane degree might not aspire
 To match so high ; her friends with counsell sage
 Dissuaded her from such a disparage :
 But she, whose hart to love was wholly lent,
 Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
 But firmly following her first intent,
 Resolv'd with him to wend gainst all her friends consent.*

LI.

*So twixt themselves they pointed time and place :
 To which when he according did repaire,
 An hard mishap and disaventrous case
 Him chaunst ; instead of his Aemylia faire,
 This gyants sonne, that lies there on the laire
 An headlesse beape, him unawares there caught ;
 And all dismayd through mercilesse despaire
 Him wretched thrall unto his dongeon brought,
 Where he remaines of all unsuccour'd and unsought.*

LII.

*This gyants daughter came upon a day
 Unto the prison in her ioyous glee,
 To view the thralls which there in bondage lay :
 Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
 This lovely swaine, the squire of low degree ;
 To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
 And wooed him her paramour to bee :
 From day to day she woo'd and prayd him fast,
 And for his love him promist libertie at last.*

LIII.

*He though affide unto a former love,
 To whom his faith he firmly ment to hold,
 Yet seeing not how thence he mote remove,
 But by that meanes which fortune did unfold,
 Her graunted love, but with affection cold,
 To win her grace his libertie to get :
 Yet she him still detaines in captiue hold,
 Fearing least if she should him freely set,
 He would her shortly leave, and former love forget.*

LIV.

*Yet so much favour she to him hath hight
 Above the rest, that he sometimes may space
 And walke about her gardens of delight,
 Having a keeper still with him in place ;
 Which keeper is this dwarfe, her darling base,
 To whom the keyes of every prison-dore
 By her committed be of speciall grace,
 And at his will may whom he list restore,
 And whom he list reserve to be afflicted more.*

LV.

*Whereof when tydings came unto mine eare,
 (Full inly sorie for the fervent zeale
 Which I to him as to my soule did beare)
 I thither went, where I did long conceale
 Myselfe, till that the dwarfe did me reveale,
 And told his dame her squire of low degree
 Did secretly cut of her prison steale :
 For me he did mistake that squire to bee ;
 For never two so like did living creature see.*

LVI.

*Then was I taken and before her brought ;
 Who through the likenesse of my outward bew,
 Being likewise beguiled in her thought,
 Gan blame me much for being so untrew
 To seeke by flight her fellowship t'eschew,
 That lov'd me deare, as dearest thing alive.
 Thence she commaunded me to prison new ;
 Whereof I glad did not gaine-say nor strive,
 But suffred that same dwarfe me to her dongeon drive.*

LVII.

*There did I finde mine onely faithfull frend
 In heavy plight and sad perplexitie :
 Whereof I sorie, yet myselfe did bend
 Him to recomfort with my companie ;
 But him the more agreev'd I found thereby :
 For all his ioy, he said, in that distresse
 Was mine and his Aemylias libertie.
 Aemylia well he lov'd, as I mote ghesse ;
 Yet greater love to me then her he did professe.*

LVIII.

*But I with better reason him aviz'd,
 And shew'd him how through error and mis-thought
 Of our like persons eath to be disguiz'd,
 Or his exchange or freedom might be wrought.
 Where to full loth was he, ne would for ought
 Consent that I, who stood all fearelesse free,
 Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
 Till fortune did perforce it so decree ;
 Yet over-ruld at last he did to me agree.*

LIX.

*The morrow next about the wonted howre,
 The dwarfe cald at the doore of Amyas
 To come forthwith unto his ladies bowre ;
 Insteed of whom forth came I Placidus,
 And undiscerned forth with him did pas.
 There with great ioyance and with glad some glee
 Of faire Poeana I received was,
 And oft imbrast, as if that I were hee,
 And with kind words accoyd, vowing great love to mee.*

LX.

*Which I, that was not bent to former love
 As was my friend that had her long refus'd,
 Did well accept, as well it did bebove,
 And to the present neede it wisely usd:
 My former hardnesse first I faire excusd;
 And after promist large amends to make.
 With such smooth termes her error I abusd
 To my friends good more then for mine owne sake,
 For whose sole libertie I love and life did stake.*

LXI.

*Thenceforth I found more favour at her hand;
 That to her dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
 She bad to lighten my too heavie band,
 And graunt more scope to me to walke at large.
 So on a day as by the flowrie marge
 Of a fresh streame I with that elfe did play,
 Finding no meanes how I might us enlarge,
 But if that dwarfe I could with me convey,
 I lightly snatcht him up, and with me bore away.*

LXII.

*Thereat he shriekt aloud, that with his cry
 The tyrant selfe came forth with yelling bray,
 And me pursew'd; but nathemore would I
 Forgoe the purchase of my gotten pray,
 But have perforce him hether brought away.
 Thus as they talked, loe! where nigh at hand
 Those ladies two, yet doubtfull through dismay,
 In presence came, desirous t'understand
 Tydings of all which there had hapned on the land.*

LXIII.

*Where soone as sad Aemylia did espie
 Her captive lovers friend, young Placidus;
 All mindlesse of her wonted modestie
 She to him ran, and him with streight embras
 Enfolding said, *And lives yet Amyas?*
He lives, quoth he, *and his Aemylia loves.*
Then lesse, said she, *by all the woe I pas,*
With which my weaker patience fortune proves.
*But what mishap thus long him fro myselfe removes?**

LXIV. Then

LXIV.

Then gan he all this storie to renew,
 And tell the course of his captivitie ;
 That her deare hart full deeply made to rew,
 And sigh full fore, to heare the miserie
 In which so long he mercileffe did lie.
 Then after many teares and sorrowes spent
 She deare besought the prince of remedie :
 Who thereto did with readie will consent,
 And well perform'd, as shall appeare by this event.

CANTO IX.

*The squire of low degree releast
 Poeana takes to wife :
 Britomart fightes with many knights ;
 Prince Arthur stints their strife.*

I.

HARD is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
 When all three kinds of love together meet,
 And doe dispart the hart with powre extreme,
 Whether shall weigh the balance downe ; to weet,
 The deare affection unto kindred sweet,
 Or raging fire of love to womankind,
 Or zeale of friends combynd with vertues meet :
 But of them all the band of vertuous mind
 Me seemes the gentle hart should most assured bind :

II.

For naturall affection soone doth cesse,
 And quenched is with Cupids greater flame :
 But faithfull friendship doth them both suppress,
 And them with maystring discipline doth tame,
 Through thoughts aspyring to eternall fame :
 For as the foule doth rule the earthly masse,
 And all the service of the bodie frame ;
 So love of soule doth love of bodie passe,
 No lesse then perfect gold surmounts the meanest brasse.

III.

All which who list by tryall to assay,
 Shall in this storie find approved plaine ;
 In which this squires true friendship more did sway
 Then either care of parents could refraine,
 Or love of fairest ladie could constraine.
 For though Poena were as faire as morne,
 Yet did this trustie squire with proud disdaine
 For his friends sake her offered favours scorne,
 And she herselfe her fyre of whom she was yborne.

IV.

Now after that prince Arthur graunted had
 To yeeld strong succour to that gentle swayne,
 Who now long time had lyen in prison sad,
 He gan advise how best he mote darrayne
 That enterprize, for greatest glories gayne.
 That headlesse tyrants tronke he reard from ground,
 And having ympt the head to it agayne,
 Upon his usuall beast it firmly bound,
 And made it so to ride as it alive was found.

V.

Then did he take that chaced squire, and layd
 Before the ryder, as he captive were ;
 And made his dwarfe, though with unwilling ayd,
 To guide the beast that did his maister beare,
 Till to his castle they approached neare :
 Whom when the watch, that kept continuall ward,
 Saw comming home, all voide of doubtfull feare
 He running downe the gate to him unbard ;
 Whom straight the prince ensuing in together far'd.

VI.

There did he find in her delicious boure
 The faire Poena playing on a rote,
 Complayning of her cruell paramoure,
 And singing all her sorrow to the note,
 As she had learned readily by rote :
 That with the sweetnesse of her rare delight
 The prince half rapt began on her to dote ;
 Till better him bethinking of the right,
 He her unwares attacht, and captive held by might.

VII. Whence

VII.

Whence being forth produc'd, when she perceived
 Her owne deare fire, she cald to him for aide :
 But when of him no aunswere she received,
 But saw him sencelesse by the squire up-staide,
 She weened well that then she was betraide :
 Then gan she loudly cry, and weepe and waile,
 And that same squire of treason to upbraide :
 But all in vaine, her plaints might not prevaile,
 Ne none there was to reskue her, ne none to baile.

VIII.

Then tooke he that same dwarfe, and him compeld
 To open unto him the prison dore,
 And forth to bring those thrals which there he held.
 Thence forth were brought to him above a score
 Of knights and squires to him unknowne afore :
 All which he did from bitter bondage free,
 And unto former liberty restore.
 Amongst the rest that squire of low degree
 Came forth full weake and wan, not like himselfe to bee,

IX.

Whom soone as faire Aemylia beheld
 And Placidus, they both unto him ran,
 And him embracing fast betwixt them held,
 Striving to comfort him all that they can,
 And kissing oft his visage pale and wan :
 That faire Poena them beholding both
 Gan both envy and bitterly to ban ;
 Through iealous passion weeping inly wroth,
 To see the sight perforce that both her eyes were loth.

X.

But when awhile they had together beene,
 And diversly conferred of their case,
 She, though full oft she both of them had seene
 Afunder, yet not ever in one place,
 Began to doubt, when she them saw embrace,
 Which was the captive squire she lov'd so deare,
 Deceived through great likenesse of their face :
 For they so like in person did appeare,
 That she uneth discerned whether whether weare.

XI. And

XI.

And eke the prince whenas he them avized,
 Their like resemblance much admired there,
 And mazd how nature had so well disguized
 Her worke, and counterfet herselfe so nere,
 As if that by one patterne scene somewhere
 She had them made a paragone to be ;
 Or whether it through skill or errour were.
 Thus gazing long at them much wondred he,
 So did the other knights and squires which him did see.

XII.

Then gan they ransacke that same castle strong,
 In which he found great store of hoorded threasure,
 The which that tyrant gathered had by wrong
 And tortious powre without respect or measure.
 Upon all which the Briton prince made feasure,
 And afterwards continu'd there awhile
 To rest himselfe, and solace in soft pleasure
 Those weaker ladies after weary toile ;
 To whom he did divide part of his purchaft spoile.

XIII.

And for more ioy that captive lady faire,
 The faire Poena, he enlarged free,
 And by the rest did set in sumptuous chaire
 To feast and frolicke ; nathemore would she
 Shew gladfome countenance nor pleasaunt glee ;
 But grieved was for losse both of her fire,
 And eke of lordship with both land and fee :
 But most she touched was with grieffe entire
 For losse of her new love, the hope of her desire.

XIV.

But her the prince through his well-wonted grace
 To better termes of myldnesse did entreat
 From that fowle rudenesse which did her deface ;
 And that same bitter cor'sive, which did eat
 Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,
 He with good thewes and speaches well applyde
 Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat :
 For though she were most faire, and goodly dyde,
 Yet she it all did mar with cruelty and pride.

XV. And

XV.

And for to shut up all in friendly love,
 Sith love was first the ground of all her griefe,
 That trusty squire he wisely well did move
 Not to despise that dame, which lov'd him liefse,
 Till he had made of her some better priefe ;
 But to accept her to his wedded wife :
 Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
 Of all her land and lordship during life :
 He yeelded and her tooke ; so stinted all their strife.

XVI.

From that day forth in peace and ioyous blis
 They liv'd together long without debate ;
 Ne private iarre, ne spite of enemis
 Could shake the safe assuraunce of their state ;
 And she whom nature did so faire create,
 That she mote match the fairest of her daies,
 Yet with lewd loves and lust intemperate
 Had it defaste, thenceforth reformd her waies,
 That all men much admyrde her change and spake her praise.

XVII.

Thus when the prince had perfectly compylde
 These paires of friends in peace and setled rest,
 Himselfe, whose minde did travell as with chylde
 Of his old love conceav'd in secret brest,
 Resolved to pursue his former guest ;
 And taking leave of all, with him did beare
 Faire Amoret, whom fortune by bequest
 Had left in his protection whileare,
 Exchanged out of one into another feare.

XVIII.

Feare of her safety did her not constraine ;
 For well she wist now in a mighty hond
 Her person late in perill did remaine,
 Who able was all daungers to withstond :
 But now in feare of shame she more did stond,
 Seeing herselfe all soly succourlesse,
 Left in the victors powre, like vassall bond ;
 Whose will her weakenesse could no way repressse,
 In case his burning lust should breake into excessse.

XIX. But

XIX.

But cause of feare fure had she none at all
 Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
 The course of loose affection to forfall,
 And lawlesse lust to rule with reasons lore ;
 That all the while he by his side her bore,
 She was as safe as in a sanctuary.
 Thus many miles they two together wore,
 To seeke their loves dispersed diversly ;
 Yet neither shewed to other their hearts privity.

XX.

At length they came whereas a troupe of knights
 They saw together skirmishing, as seemed ;
 Sixe they were all, all full of fell despight,
 But foure of them the battell best befeemed,
 That which of them was best mote not be deemed.
 Those foure were they from whom false Florimell
 By Braggadochio lately was redeemed ;
 To weet, sterne Druon, and lewd Claribell,
 Love-lavish Blandamour, and lustfull Paridell.

XXI.

Druons delight was all in single life,
 And unto ladies love would lend no leasure :
 The more was Claribell enraged rise
 With fervent flames, and loved out of measure :
 So eke lov'd Blandamour, but yet at pleasure
 Would change his liking, and new lemans prove :
 But Paridell of love did make no threasure,
 But lusted after all that him did move :
 So diversly these foure disposed were to love.

XXII.

But those two other, which beside them stooode,
 Were Britomart and gentle Scudamour ;
 Who all the while beheld their wrathfull moode,
 And wondred at their impacable stoure,
 Whose like they never saw till that same houre :
 So dreadfull strokes each did at other drive,
 And laid on load with all their might and powre,
 As if that every dint the ghost would rive
 Out of their wretched corfes, and their lives deprive.

XXIII.

As when dan Aeolus in great displeasure,
 For losse of his deare love by Neptune hent,
 Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threasure
 Upon the sea to wreake his fell intent ;
 They breaking forth with rude unruliment
 From all foure parts of heaven doe rage full sore,
 And tosse the deepes, and teare the firmament
 And all the world confound with wide uprore ;
 As if instead thereof they Chaos would restore.

XXIV.

Cause of their discord and so fell debate
 Was for the love of that fame snowy maid,
 Whome they had lost in turneyment of late ;
 And seeking long, to weet which way she straid,
 Met here together ; where through lewd upbraide
 Of Ate and Dueffa they fell out,
 And each one taking part in others aide
 This cruell conflict raised thereabout ;
 Whose dangerous successe depended yet in doubt :

XXV.

For sometimes Paridell and Blandamour
 The better had, and bet the others backe ;
 Eftsoones the others did the field recoure,
 And on their foes did worke full cruell wracke :
 Yet neither would their fiend-like fury slacke,
 But evermore their malice did augment ;
 Till that uneach they forced were for lacke
 Of breath their raging rigour to relent,
 And rest themselves for to recover spirits spent.

XXVI.

There gan they change their sides and new parts take ;
 For Paridell did take to Druons side
 For old despight, which now forth newly brake
 Gainst Blandamour, whom alwaies he envide :
 And Blandamour to Claribell relide.
 So all afresh gan former fight renew :
 As when two barkes, this caried with the tide,
 That with the wind, contrary courses sew,
 If wind and tide doe change, their courses change anew.

XXVII. Thenceforth

XXVII.

Thenceforth they much more furiously gan fare,
 As if but then the battell had begonne ;
 Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks strong did spare,
 That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out sponne,
 And all adowne their riven sides did ronne.
 Such mortall malice wonder was to see
 In friends profest, and so great outrage donne :
 But sooth is said, and tride in each degree,
 Faint friends when they fall out most cruell fomen bee.

XXVIII.

Thus they long while continued in fight ;
 Till Scudamour and that fame Briton maide
 By fortune in that place did chance to light :
 Whom soone as they with wrathfull eie bewraide,
 They gan remember of the fowle upbraide,
 The which that Britonesse had to them donne
 In that late turney for the snowy maide ;
 Where she had them both shamefully fordonne,
 And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

XXIX.

Estfoones all burning with a fresh desire
 Of fell revenge in their malicious mood,
 They from themselves gan turne their furious ire ;
 And cruell blades yet steeming with whot bloud
 Against those two let drive, as they were wood :
 Who wondring much at that so sodaine fit,
 Yet nought dismayd, them stoutly well withstood ;
 Ne yeelded foote, ne once abacke did flit,
 But being doubly smitten likewise doubly smit.

XXX.

The warlike dame was on her part assaid
 Of Claribell and Blandamour attone ;
 And Paridell and Druon fiercely laid
 At Scudamour, both his professed fone :
 Foure charged two, and two furcharged one ;
 Yet did those two themselves so bravely beare,
 That th' other litle gained by the lone,
 But with their owne repayed duely weare,
 And usury withall : such gaine was gotten deare.

XXXI.

Full oftentimes did Britomart assay
 To speake to them, and some emparlance move ;
 But they for nought their cruell hands would stay,
 Ne lend an eare to ought that might behove :
 As when an eager mastiffe once doth prove
 The tast of bloud of some engored beast,
 No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
 From greedy hold of that his blouddy feast :
 So litle did they hearken to her sweet beheast.

XXXII.

Whom when the Briton prince asarre beheld
 With ods of so unequall match opprest,
 His mighty heart with indignation fweld,
 And inward grudge fild his heroicke brest :
 Eftsoones himselfe he to their aide address,
 And thrusting fierce into the thickest preace
 Divided them, however loth to rest ;
 And would them faine from battell to surceasse,
 With gentle words perswading them to friendly peace :

XXXIII.

But they so farre from peace or patience were,
 That all at once at him gan fiercely flie,
 And lay on load, as they him downe would beare :
 Like to a storme, which hovers under skie
 Long here and there, and round about doth stie,
 At length breakes downe in raine and haile and fleet,
 Firft from one coast, till nought thereof be drie,
 And then another, till that likewise fleet ;
 And so from side to side till all the world it weet.

XXXIV.

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
 The prince yet being fresh untoucht afore ;
 Who them with speaches mildé gan first disswade
 From such foule outrage, and them long forbore :
 Till seeing them through suffrance hartned more,
 Himselfe he bent their furies to abate,
 And layd at them so sharpely and so sore,
 That shortly them compelled to retrate,
 And being brought in daunger to relent too late.

XXXV.

But now his courage being throughly fired,
 He ment to make them know their follies prise,
 Had not those two him instantly desired
 T'asswage his wrath, and pardon their mesprise :
 At whose request he gan himselve advise
 To stay his hand, and of a truce to treat
 In milder tearmes, as list them to devise ;
 Mongst which the cause of their so cruell heat
 He did them aske ; who all that passed gan repeat ;

XXXVI.

And told at large how that same errant knight,
 To weet faire Britomart, them late had foyled
 In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,
 Both of their publicke praise had them despoyled,
 And also of their private loves beguyled ;
 Of two full hard to read the harder theft :
 But she that wrongfull challenge soone affoyled,
 And shew'd that she had not that lady rest,
 (As they suppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

XXXVII.

To whom the prince thus goodly well replied ;
*Certes, sir knight, ye seemen much to blame
 To rip up wrong, that battell once hath tried ;
 Wherein the honor both of armes ye shame,
 And eke the love of ladies foule defame :*
*To whom the world this franchise ever yeilded,
 That of their loves choise they might freedom clame,
 And in that right should by all knights be shielded :*
Gainst which me seemes this war ye wrongfully have wielded.

XXXVIII.

And yet, quoth she, a greater wrong remaines ;
For I thereby my former love have lost :
*Whom seeking ever since with endlesse paines
 Hath me much sorrow and much travell cost :*
Aye me to see that gentle maide so tost !
 But Scudamour then fighting deepe thus faide ;
*Certes her losse ought me to sorrow most,
 Whose right she is, wherever she be straide,
 Through many perils wonne, and many fortunes waide :*

XXXIX.

*For from the first that I her love profess,
 Unto this houre, this present lucklesse howre,
 I never ioyed happinesse nor rest ;
 But thus turmoild from one to other stowre
 I wast my life, and doe my daies devowre
 In wretched anguishe and incessant woe,
 Passing the measure of my feeble powre ;
 That living thus, a wretch and loving so,
 I neither can my love ne yet my life forgo.*

XL.

*Then good sir Claribell him thus bespake ;
 Now were it not, sir Scudamour, to you
 Dislikefull paine so sad a taske to take,
 Mote we entreat you, sith this gentle crew
 Is now so well accorded all anew,
 That as we ride together on our way,
 Ye will recount to us in order dew
 All that adventure, which ye did assay
 For that faire ladies love : past perils well apay.*

XLI.

*So gan the rest him likewise to require :
 But Britomart did him importune hard
 To take on him that paine ; whose great desire
 He glad to fatisfie, himselfe prepar'd
 To tell through what misfortune he had far'd
 In that atchievement, as to him befell ;
 And all those daungers unto them declar'd,
 Which sith they cannot in this canto well
 Comprised be, I will them in another tell.*

C A N T O X.

*Scudamour doth his conquest tell
Of vertuous Amoret :
Great Venus temple is describ'd ;
And lovers life forth set.*

I.

TRUE be it said, whatever man it sayd,
That love with gall and hony doth abound :
But if the one be with the other wayd,
For every dram of hony therein found
A pound of gall doth over it redound :
That I too true by triall have approved ;
For since the day that first with deadly wound
My heart was launcht, and learned to have loved,
I never ioyed howre, but still with care was moved.

II.

And yet such grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evill which they meet
May nought at all their settled mindes remove,
But seeme gainst common sence to them most sweet ;
As bosting in their martyrdome unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endured
I count as naught, and tread downe under feet,
Since of my love at length I rest assured,
That to disloyalty she will not be allured.

III.

Long were to tell the travell and long toile,
Through which this shield of love I late have wonne,
And purchas'd this peerelesse beauties spoile,
That harder may be ended, then begonne :
But since ye so desire, your will be donne.
Then hearke, ye gentle knights and ladies free,
My hard mishaps, that ye may learne to shonne ;
For though sweet love to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

IV. What

IV.

*What time the fame of this renowned prise
 Flew first abroad, and all mens eares possess,
 I having armes then taken gan avise
 To winne me honour by some noble gest,
 And purchase me some place amongst the best.
 I boldly thought (so young mens thoughts are bold)
 That this same brave emprize for me did rest,
 And that both shield and she whom I behold,
 Might be my lucky lot ; sith all by lot we hold.*

V.

*So on that hard adventure forth I went,
 And to the place of perill shortly came :
 That was a temple faire and auncient,
 Which of great mother Venus bare the name,
 And farre renowned through exceeding fame ;
 Much more then that which was in Paphos built,
 Or that in Cyprus, both long since this same,
 Though all the pillours of the one were guilt,
 And all the others pavement were with yvory spilt :*

VI.

*And it was seated in an island strong,
 Abounding all with delices most rare,
 And wall'd by nature gainst invaders wrong,
 That none mote have acesse, nor inward-fare,
 But by one way that passage did prepare.
 It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wize
 With curious corbes and pendants graven faire,
 And arched all with porches did arize
 On stately pillours fram'd after the Doricke guise :*

VII.

*And for defence thereof on th' other end
 There reared was a castle faire and strong,
 That warded all which in or out did wend,
 And flank'd both the bridges sides along,
 Gainst all that would it faine to force or wrong :
 And therein wonned twenty valiant knights ;
 All twenty tride in warres experience long ;
 Whose office was against all manner wights
 By all meanes to maintaine that castels ancient rights.*

VIII.

Before that castle was an open plaine,
 And in the midst thereof a piller placed;
 On which this shield, of many sought in vaine,
 The shield of love, whose guerdon me hath graced,
 Was hangd on high with golden ribbands laced;
 And in the marble stone was written this,
 With golden letters goodly well enchaced,

BLESSED THE MAN THAT WELL CAN USE THIS BLISS:
 WHOSEEVER BE THE SHIELD, FAIRE AMORET BE HIS.

IX.

Which when I red, my heart did inly carne,
 And pant with hope of that adventures hap:
 Ne stayd further newes thereof to learne,
 But with my speare upon the shield did rap,
 That all the castle ringed with the clap.
 Streight forth issewd a knight all arm'd to prooffe,
 And bravely mounted to his most mishap:
 Who staying nought to question from aloofe
 Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunst from his horses hooffe.

X.

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
 And by good fortune shortly him unseated.
 Eftsoones outsprung two more of equall mould;
 But I them both with equall hap defeated:
 So all the twenty I likewise entreated,
 And left them groning there upon the plaine.
 Then preacing to the pillour I repeated
 The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
 And taking downe the shield with me did it retaine.

XI.

So forth without impediment I past,
 Till to the bridges utter gate I came;
 The which I found sure lockt and chained fast.
 I knockt, but no man answerd me by name;
 I cald, but no man answerd to my clame:
 Yet I persever'd still to knocke and call;
 Till at the last I spide within the same,
 Where one stood peeping through a crevis small,
 To whom I cald aloud, halfe angry therewithall.

XII. That

XII.

*That was to weet the porter of the place,
 Unto whose trust the charge thereof was lent :
 His name was Doubt, that had a double face,
 Th' one forward looking, th' other backward bent,
 Therein resembling Ianus auncient,
 Which hath in charge the ingate of the yeare :
 And evermore his eyes about him went,
 As if some proved perill he did feare,
 Or did misdoubt some ill whose cause did not appeare.*

XIII.

*On th' one side he, on th' other sate Delay,
 Behinde the gate, that none her might espy ;
 Whose manner was all passengers to stay,
 And entertaine with her occasions shy,
 Through which some lost great hope unheedily,
 Which never they recover might againe ;
 And others quite excluded forth did ly
 Long languishing there in unpittied paine,
 And seeking often entraunce afterwards in vaine.*

XIV.

*Me when as he had privily espide
 Bearing the shield which I had conquerd late,
 He kend it streight, and to me opened wide :
 So in I past, and streight he closd the gate.
 But being in, Delay in close awaite
 Caught hold on me, and thought my steps to stay,
 Feigning full many a fond excuse to prate,
 And time to steale, the threasure of mans day ;
 Whose smallest minute lost, no riches render may.*

XV.

*But by no meanes my way I would forslow,
 For ought that ever she could doe or say,
 But from my lofty steede dismounting low
 Past forth on foote, beholding all the way
 The goodly workes, and stones of rich assay,
 Cast into sundry shapes by wondrous skill,
 That like on earth no where I reckon may :
 And underneath, the river rolling still
 With murmure soft, that seem'd to serve the workmans will.*

XVI. Thence

XVI.

Thence forth I passed to the second gate,
 The Gate of good desert, whose goodly pride
 And costly frame were long here to relate :
 The same to all stode alwaies open wide ;
 But in the porch did evermore abide
 An hideous giant, dreadfull to behold,
 That stopt the entraunce with his spacious stride,
 And with the terrour of his countenance bold
 Full many did affray, that else faine enter would :

XVII.

His name was Daunger, dreaded over all,
 Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
 From fearefull cowards entrance to forstall
 And faint-heart-fooles, whom shew of perill hard
 Could terrifie from fortunes faire adward :
 For oftentimes faint hearts at first espiall
 Of his grim face were from approaching scard ;
 Unworthy they of grace, whom one deniall
 Excludes from fairest hope withouten further triall.

XVIII.

Yet many doughty warriours, often tride
 In greater perils to be stout and bold,
 Durst not the sternnesse of his looke abide ;
 But soone as they his countenance did behold,
 Began to faint, and feele their corage cold :
 Againe some other, that in hard assaies
 Were cowards knowne, and litle count did hold,
 Either through gifts, or guile, or such like waies,
 Crept in by stouping low, or stealing of the kaies.

XIX.

But I though meanest man of many moe,
 Yet much disdaining unto him to lout,
 Or creepe betweene his legs, so in to goe,
 Resolv'd him to assault with manhood stout,
 And either beat him in or drive him out.
 Eftsoones advauncing that enchaunted shield,
 With all my might I gan to lay about :
 Which when he saw, the glaiue which he did wield
 He gan forthwith t' avale, and way unto me yield.

XX.

*So as I entred I did backward looke
 For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there;
 And loe his hind-parts, whereof heed I tooke,
 Much more deformed, fearfull, ugly were,
 Then all his former parts did earst appere:
 For Hatred, Murther, Treason, and Despight,
 With many moe lay in ambushment there,
 Awaiting to entrap the warelesse wight,
 Which did not them prevent with vigilant foresight.*

XXI.

*Thus having past all perill, I was come
 Within the compasse of that islands space;
 The which did seeme unto my simple doome
 The onely pleasant and delightfull place
 That ever troden was of footings trace:
 For all that nature by her mother wit
 Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
 Was there; and all that nature did omit,
 Art, playing second natures part, supplied it.*

XXII.

*No tree, that is of count, in greenewood growes
 From lowest iuniper to ceder tall;
 No flowre in field, that daintie odour throwes,
 And deckes his branch with blossomes over all,
 But there was planted, or grew naturall:
 Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
 But there mote find to please itselke withall;
 Nor hart could wish for any queint device,
 But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.*

XXIII.

*In such luxurious plentie of all pleasure,
 It seem'd a second paradise to ghesse,
 So lavishly enricht with natures threasure,
 That if the happie soules, which doe possesse
 Th' Elysian fields, and live in lasting blesse,
 Should happen this with living eye to see,
 They soone would loath their lesser happinesse,
 And wish to life return'd againe to bee,
 That in this ioyous place they mote have ioyance free.*

XXIV.

*Fresh shadowes, fit to shroud from sunny ray ;
 Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew ;
 Sweet springs, in which a thousand nymphs did play ;
 Soft-rombling brookes, that gentle slomber drew ;
 High-reared mounts, the lands about to view ;
 Low-looking dales, disloign'd from common gaze ;
 Delightfull bowres, to solace lovers trew ;
 False labyrinthes, fond runners eyes to daze ;
 All which by nature made did nature selfe amaze.*

XXV.

*And all without were walkes and alleyes dight
 With diuers trees enrang'd in even rankes ;
 And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
 And shadie seates, and sundry flowring bankes,
 To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes :
 And therein thousand payres of lovers walkt,
 Praying their god, and yeelding him great thankes,
 Ne ever ought but of their true loves talkt,
 Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.*

XXVI.

*All these together by themselves did sport
 Their spotlesse pleasures and sweet loves content :
 But farre away from these another sort
 Of lovers lincked in true harts consent ;
 Which loved not as these for like intent,
 But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
 Farre from all fraud or fayned blandishment ;
 Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire
 Brave thoughts and noble deedes did evermore aspire.*

XXVII.

*Such were great Hercules and Hylus deare ;
 Trew Ionathan and David trustie tryde ;
 Stout Theseus and Pirithous his feare ;
 Pylades and Orestes by his syde ;
 Myld Titus and Gesippus without pryde ;
 Damon and Pythias whom death could not sever :
 All these and all that ever had bene tyde
 In bands of friendship there did live for ever ;
 Whose lives although decay'd yet loves decayed never.*

XXVIII. *Which*

XXVIII.

*Which whenas I that never tasted blis,
 Nor happy howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
 I thought there was none other heaven then this;
 And gan their endlesse happinesse envye,
 That being free from feare and gealosye,
 Might frankely there their loves desire possesse;
 Whilest I through pains and perlous ieopardie
 Was forst to seeke my lifes deare patronesse:
 Much dearer be the things which come through hard distresse.*

XXIX.

*Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
 Might not my steps withhold, but that forthright
 Unto that purposd place I did me draw,
 Whereas my love was lodged day and night;
 The temple of great Venus, that is hight
 The queene of beautie, and of love the mother,
 There worshipped of every living wight;
 Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
 That ever were on earth, all were they set together.*

XXX.

*Not that same famous temple of Diane,
 Whose hight all Ephesus did over-see,
 And which all Asia sought with vowes prophane,
 One of the worlds seven wonders sayd to bee,
 Might match with this by many a degree:
 Nor that, which that wise king of Iurie framed
 With endlesse cost to be th' Almightyes see;
 Nor all that else through all the world is named
 To all the beathen gods might like to this be clamed.*

XXXI.

*I much admyring that so goodly frame,
 Unto the porch approcht, which open stood;
 But therein sate an amiable dame,
 That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
 And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood;
 Strange was her tyre; for on her head a crowne
 She wore much like unto a Danisk hood,
 Poudred with pearle and stone, and all her gowne
 Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low adowne.*

XXXII.

On either side of her two young men stood,
 Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another ;
 Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
 Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
 Though of contrarie natures each to other :
 The one of them hight Love, the other Hate ;
 Hate was the elder, Love the younger brother ;
 Yet was the younger stronger in his state
 Then th' elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

XXXIII.

Nathlesse that dame so well them tempred both,
 That she them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
 Albe that Hatred was thereto full loth,
 And turn'd his face away, as he did stand,
 Unwilling to behold that lovely band :
 Yet she was of such grace and vertuous might,
 That her commaundment he could not withstand,
 But bit his lip for felonous despight,
 And gnasht his yron tuskes at that displeasing sight.

XXXIV.

Concord she cleeped was in common reed,
 Mother of blessed Peace, and Friendship trew ;
 They both her twins, both borne of heavenly seed,
 And she herselfe likewise divinely grew ;
 The which right well her workes divine did shew :
 For strength and wealth and happinesse she lends,
 And strife and warre and anger does subdew ;
 Of little much, of foes she maketh frends,
 And to afflicted minds sweet rest and quiet sends.

XXXV.

By her the heaven is in his course contained,
 And all the world in state unmoved stands,
 As their Almighty maker first ordained,
 And bound them with inviolable bands ;
 Else would the waters over-flow the lands,
 And fire devoure the ayre, and hell them quight ;
 But that she holds them with her blessed hands.
 She is the nurse of pleasure and delight,
 And unto Venus grace the gate doth open right.

XXXVI. By

XXXVI.

By her I entring half dismayed was,
 But she in gentle wise me entertayned,
 And twixt herselfe and Love did let me pas;
 But Hatred would my entrance have restrayned,
 And with his club me threatned to have brayned,
 Had not the ladie with her powrefull speach
 Him from his wicked will uneath refrayned;
 And th' other eke his malice did empeach,
 Till I was throughly past the perill of his reach.

XXXVII.

Into the inmost temple thus I came,
 Which fuming all with frankensence I found,
 And odours rising from the altars flame:
 Upon an hundred marble pillors round
 The roof up high was reared from the ground,
 All deckt with crownes and chaynes and girlands gay,
 And thousand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
 The which sad lovers for their vowes did pay;
 And all the ground was strow'd with flowres as fresh as May.

XXXVIII.

An hundred altars round about were set,
 All flaming with their sacrifices fire,
 That with the steme thereof the temple sweet,
 Which rould in clouds to heaven did aspire,
 And in them bore true lovers vowes entire:
 And eke an hundred brasen caudrons bright
 To bath in ioy and amorous desire,
 Every of which was to a damzell hight;
 For all the priests were damzels in soft linnen dight.

XXXIX.

Right in the midst the goddesse selfe did stand
 Upon an altar of some costly masse,
 Whose substance was uneath to understand:
 For neither pretious stone, nor durefull brasse,
 Nor shining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
 But much more rare and pretious to esteeme,
 Pure in aspect, and like to christall glasse;
 Yet glasse was not, if one did rightly deeme;
 But being faire and bricke likest glasse did seeme.

XL.

But it in shape and beautie did excell
 All other idoles which the heathen adore,
 Farre passing that, which by surpassing skill
 Phidias did make in Paphos isle of yore,
 With which that wretched Greeke, that life forlore,
 Did fall in love : yet this much fairer shined,
 But covered with a slender veile afore ;
 And both her feete and legs together twyned
 Were with a snake, whose head and tail were fast combyned.

XLI.

The cause why she was covered with a veile
 Was hard to know, for that her priests the same
 From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale :
 But sooth it was not sure for womanish shame,
 Nor any blemish, which the worke mote blame ;
 But for (they say) she hath both kinds in one,
 Both male and female, both under one name :
 She fyre and mother is herselfe alone,
 Begets and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

XLII.

And all about her necke and shoulders flew
 A focke of litle Loves, and Sports, and Ioyes,
 With nimble wings of gold and purple hew ;
 Whose shapes seem'd not like to terrestriall boyes,
 But like to angels playing heavenly toyes ;
 The whilest their eldest brother was away,
 Cupid their eldest brother ; he enjoyes
 The wide kingdome of love with lordly sway,
 And to his law compels all creatures to obey.

XLIII.

And all about her altar scattered lay
 Great sorts of lovers piteously complayning,
 Some of their losse, some of their loves delay,
 Some of their pride, some paragons disdayning,
 Some fearing fraud, some fraudulently fayning,
 As every one had cause of good or ill.
 Amongst the rest some one through loves constrayning,
 Tormented sore, could not containe it still,
 But thus brake forth, that all the temple it did fill ;

XLIV. " Great

XLIV.

- " Great Venus, queene of beautie and of grace,
 " The ioy of gods and men, that under skie
 " Doest fayrest shine, and most adorne thy place,
 " That with thy smyling looke doest pacifie
 " The raging seas, and makst the stormes to flie ;
 " Thee, goddesse, thee the winds, the clouds doe feare ;
 " And when thou spredst thy mantle forth on hie,
 " The waters play, and pleasant lands appeare,
 " And heavens laugh, and al the world shews ioyous cheare :

XLV.

- " Then doth the daedale earth throw forth to thee
 " Out of her fruitfull lap abundant flowres ;
 " And then all living wights, soone as they see
 " The spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
 " They all doe learne to play the paramours :
 " First doe the merry birds, thy prety pages,
 " Privily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
 " Chirpe loud to thee out of their leavy cages,
 " And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

XLVI.

- " Then doe the salvage beasts begin to play
 " Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food ;
 " The Lyons rore, the tygers loudly bray,
 " The raging buls rebellow through the wood,
 " And breaking forth dare tempt the deepest flood,
 " To come where thou doest draw them with desire :
 " So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
 " Soone as with fury thou doest them inspire,
 " In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

XLVII.

- " So all the world by thee at first was made,
 " And dayly yet thou doest the same repayre :
 " Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
 " Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fayre,
 " But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre.
 " Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
 " Great god of men and women, queene of th' ayre,
 " Mother of laughter, and wel-spring of blisse,
 " O graunt that of my love at last I may not misse.

XLVIII.

So did he say : but I with murmure soft,
 That none might heare the sorrow of my hart,
 Yet inly groning deepe and sighing oft,
 Besought her to graunt ease unto my smart,
 And to my wound her gracious help impart.
 Whilest thus I spake, behold with happy eye
 I spyde, where at the idoles feet apart
 A bevie of fayre damzels close did lye,
 Wayting whenas the antheme should be sung on lye.

XLIX.

The first of them did seeme of ryper yeares
 And graver countenance then all the rest ;
 Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
 Yet unto her obeyed all the best.
 Her name was Womanhood ; that she exprest
 By her sad semblant and demeanure wyse :
 For stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
 Ne rovd at randon after gazers guyse,
 Whose luring baytes oftymes doe heedlesse harts entyse.

L.

And next to her sate goodly Shamefastnesse,
 Ne ever durst her eyes from ground upreare,
 Ne ever once did looke up from her desse,
 As if some blame of evil she did feare,
 That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare :
 And her against sweet Cherefulnessse was placed,
 Whose eyes like twinkling stars in evening cleare
 Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chaced,
 And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.

LI.

And next to her sate sober Modestie,
 Holding her hand upon her gentle hart ;
 And her against sate comely Curtesie,
 That unto every person knew her part ;
 And her before was seated overthwart
 Soft Silence, and submissee Obedience,
 Both linckt together never to dispart,
 Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
 Both girlonds of his saints against their foes offence.

LII.

*Thus sate they all around in seemely rate :
 And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
 Even in the lap of Womanhood there sate,
 The which was all in lilly white arayd,
 With silver streames amongst the linnen stray'd ;
 Like to the Morne, when first her shyning face
 Hath to the gloomy world itself bewray'd,
 That same was fayrest Amoret in place,
 Shyning with beauties light, and heavenly vertues grace.*

LIII.

*Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb
 And wade in doubt what best were to be donne :
 For sacrilege me seem'd the church to rob,
 And folly seem'd to leave the thing undonne,
 Which with so strong attempt I had begonne :
 Tho shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
 Which ladies love I heard had never wonne
 Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
 And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to reare.*

LIV.

*Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
 And sharpe rebuke, for being over-bold ;
 Saying it was to knight unseemely shame,
 Upon a recluse virgin to lay hold,
 That unto Venus services was sold.
 To whom I thus, Nay but it fitteth best
 For Cupids man with Venus mayd to hold,
 For ill your goddesse services are drest
 By virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.*

LV.

*With that my shield I forth to her did show,
 Which all that while I closely had conceald ;
 On which when Cupid with his killing bow
 And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
 At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
 And said no more : but I which all that while,
 The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
 Like warie hynd within the weedie soyle,
 For no intreatie would forgoe so glorious spoyle.*

LVI.

*And evermore upon the goddesse face
 Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence ;
 Whom when I saw with amiable grace
 To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,
 I was emboldned with more confidence,
 And nought for nicenesse nor for envy sparing,
 In presence of them all forth led her thence,
 All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
 Yet to lay hand on her not one of all them daring.*

LVII.

*She often prayd, and often me besought,
 Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
 Sometime with witching smyles : but yet for nought,
 That ever she to me could say or doe,
 Could she her wished freedome fro me wooe ;
 But forth I led her through the temple gate,
 By which I hardly past with much adoe :
 But that same ladie which me friended late
 In entrance, did me also friend in my retrate.*

LVIII.

*No lesse did Daunger threaten me with dread,
 Whenas he saw me, maugre all his powre,
 That glorious spoyle of beautie with me lead,
 Then Cerberus, when Orpheus did recoure
 His leman from the Stygian princes boure.
 But evermore my shield did me defend
 Against the storme of every dreadfull stoure :
 Thus safely with my love I thence did wend.
 So ended he his tale, where I this canto end.*

CANTO XI.

*Marinells former wound is heald ;
He comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wedd,
And feasts the sea-gods all.*

I.

BUT ah for pittie ! that I have thus long
Left a fayre ladie languishing in payne :
Now well away ! that I have doen such wrong,
To let faire Florimell in bands remayne,
In bands of love, and in sad thraldomes chayne ;
From which unlesse some heavenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing playne,
She lenger yet is like captiv'd to bee :
That even to thinke thereof it inly pitties mee.

II.

Here neede you to remember, how erewhile
Unlovely Proteus, missing to his mind
That virgins love to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dongeon deepe and blind,
And there in chaynes her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw :
For whenas neither gifts nor graces kind
Her constant mind could move at all he saw,
He thought her to compell by crueltie and awe,

III.

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dongeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres nor brasen locke
Did neede to gard from force or secret theft
Of all her lovers which would her have rest :
For wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would have cleft ;
Besides ten thousand monsters foule abhor'd
Did waite about it, gaping grieffly, all begor'd.

IV.

And in the midst thereof did Horror dwell,
 And Darkenesse dredd, that never view'd day,
 Like to the balefull house of lowest hell,
 In which old Styx her aged bones alway
 (Old Styx the grandame of the gods) doth lay.
 There did this lucklesse mayd seven months abide,
 Ne ever evening saw, ne mornings ray,
 Ne ever from the day the night descride,
 But thought it all one night, that did no houres divide.

V.

And all this was for love of Marinell,
 Who her despyd (ah! who would her despyse?)
 And wemens love did from his hart expell,
 And all those ioyes that weake mankind entyse.
 Nathlesse his pride full dearely he did pryse;
 For of a womans hand it was ywroke,
 That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
 Ne can be cured of that cruell stroke
 Which Britomart him gave, when he did her provoke.

VI.

Yet farre and neare the nymph his mother fought,
 And many salves did to his fore applie,
 And many herbes did use: but whenas nought
 She saw could ease his rankling maladie,
 At last to Tryphon she for helpe did hie,
 (This Tryphon is the sea-gods surgeon hight)
 Whom she besought to find some remedie:
 And for his paines a whistle him behight,
 That of a fishes shell was wrought with rare delight.

VII.

So well that leach did hearke to her request,
 And did so well employ his carefull paine,
 That in short space his hurts he had redrest,
 And him restor'd to healthfull state againe:
 In which he long time after did remaine
 There with the nymph his mother, like her thrall;
 Who fore against his will did him retaine,
 For feare of perill which to him mote fall,
 Through his too ventrous prowesse proved over all.

VIII.

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
 To all the sea-gods and their fruitfull feede,
 In honour of the spoufalls, which then were
 Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
 Long had the Thames (as we in records reed)
 Before that day her wooed to his bed ;
 But the proud nymph would for no worldly meed,
 Nor no entreatie, to his love be led ;
 Till now at last relenting she to him was wed.

IX.

So both agreed that this their bridale feast
 Should for the gods in Proteus house be made ;
 To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
 As well which in the mightie ocean trade,
 As that in rivers swim, or brookes doe wade :
 All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
 And hundred mouthes, and voice of brasse I had,
 And endlesse memorie that mote excell,
 In order as they came could I recount them well.

X.

Helpe therefore, o thou sacred imp of Iove,
 The nourling of dame Memorie his deare,
 To whom those rolles, layd up in heaven above,
 And records of antiquitie appeare,
 To which no wit of man may comen neare ;
 Helpe me to tell the names of all those floods,
 And all those nymphes which then assembled were
 To that great banquet of the watry gods,
 And all their fundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

XI.

First came great Neptune with his three-forkt mace,
 That rules the seas, and makes them rise or fall ;
 His dewy lockes did drop with brine apace
 Under his diademe imperiall :
 And by his side his queene with coronall,
 Faire Amphitrite, most divinely faire,
 Whose yvorie shoulders weren covered all,
 As with a robe, with her owne silver haire,
 And deckt with pearles which th' Indian seas for her prepare.

XII. These

XII.

These marched farre afore the other crew ;
 And all the way before them as they went
 Triton his trompet shrill before them blew,
 For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
 That made the rockes to roare as they were rent.
 And after them the royall issue came,
 Which of them sprung by lineall descent :
 First the sea-gods, which to themselves doe clame
 The powre to rule the billowes, and the waves to tame :

XIII.

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
 By whom those old heroës wonne such fame ;
 And Glaucus, that wise southsayer understood ;
 And tragicke Inoes sonne, the which became
 A god of seas through his mad mothers blame,
 Now hight Palemon, and is saylers friend ;
 Great Brontes, and Astraeus, that did shame
 Himselfe with incest of his kin unkend ;
 And huge Orion, that doth tempests still portend :

XIV.

The rich Cteatus, and Eurytus long ;
 Neleus and Pelias, lovely brethren both ;
 Mightie Chrysaor, and Caïcus strong ;
 Eurypulus, that calmes the waters wroth ;
 And faire Euphoemus, that upon them goth
 As on the ground, without dismay or dread :
 Fierce Eryx, and Alebius, that know'th
 The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread ;
 And sad Afopus, comely with his hoarie head.

XV.

There also some most famous founders were
 Of puissant nations, which the world possesse ;
 Yet sonnes of Neptune, now assembled here :
 Ancient Ogyges, even th' auncientest,
 And Inachus renownd above the rest ;
 Phoenix, and Aon, and Pelasgus old,
 Great Belus, Phoeax, and Agenor best ;
 And mightie Albion, father of the bold
 And warlike people, which the Britaine islands hold :

XVI. For

XVI.

For Albion the sonne of Neptune was,
 Who for the prooffe of his great puissance,
 Out of his Albion did on dry-foot pas
 Into old Gall, that now is cleeped France,
 To fight with Hercules, that did advance
 To vanquish all the world with matchlesse might,
 And there his mortall part by great mischance
 Was slaine ; but that which is th' immortall spright
 Lives still, and to this feast with Neptunes seed was dight.

XVII.

But what do I their names seeke to reherse,
 Which all the world have with their issue filld ?
 How can they all in this so narrow verse
 Contayned be, and in small compasse hild ?
 Let them record them that are better skild,
 And know the moniments of passed age :
 Onely what needeth shall be here fulfild
 T'expresse some part of that great equipage,
 Which from great Neptune do derive their parentage.

XVIII.

Next came the aged Ocean and his dame,
 Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest,
 For all the rest of those two parents came,
 Which afterward both sea and land possessest :
 Of all which Nereus th' eldest and the best
 Did first proceed, then which none more upright,
 Ne more sincere in word and deed professest,
 Most voide of guile, most free from fowle despight,
 Doing himselfe, and teaching others to doe right :

XIX.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
 And could the ledden of the gods unfold ;
 Through which, when Paris brought his famous prise,
 The faire Tindarid lasse, he him foretold
 That her all Greece with many a champion bold
 Should fetch againe, and finally destroy
 Proud Priams towne : so wise is Nereus old,
 And so well skild ; nathlesse he takes great ioy
 Oft-times amongst the wanton nymphs to sport and toy.

XX. And

XX.

And after him the famous rivers came,
 Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie :
 The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame ;
 Long Rhodanus, whose fourse springs from the skie ;
 Faire Ister, flowing from the mountaines hie ;
 Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
 Of Greeks and Troians, which therein did die ;
 Paſolus gliſtring with his golden flood ;
 And Tygris fierce, whose ſtreames of none may be withſtood :

XXI.

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
 Deepe Indus, and Maeander intricate,
 Slow Peneus, and tempeſtuous Phafides,
 Swift Rhene, and Alpheus ſtill immaculate,
 Ooraxes feared for great Cyrus fate,
 Tybris renowned for the Romaines fame,
 Rich Oranochy though but knowen late ;
 And that huge river, which doth beare his name
 Of warlike Amazons which doe poſſeſſe the fame.

XXII.

Ioy on thoſe warlike women, which ſo long
 Can from all men ſo rich a kingdome hold ;
 And ſhame on you, ô men, which boaſt your ſtrong
 And valiant hearts, in thoughts leſſe hard and bold,
 Yet quaille in conqueſt of that land of gold.
 But this to you, ô Britons, moſt pertaines,
 To whom the right hereof itſelfe hath ſold ;
 The which for ſparing litle coſt or paines
 Loofe ſo immortall glory, and ſo endleſſe gaines.

XXIII.

Then was there heard a moſt ceſtiall ſound
 Of dainty muſicke, which did next enſew
 Before the ſpoſe : that was Arion crownd ;
 Who playing on his harpe unto him drew
 The eares and hearts of all that goodly crew ;
 That even yet the dolphin, which him bore
 Through the Aegean ſeas from pirates vew,
 Stood ſtill by him aſtoniſht at his lore,
 And all the raging ſeas for ioy forgot to rore.

XXIV.

So went he playing on the watery plaine :
 Soone after whom the lovely bridegroome came,
 The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine ;
 But him before there went, as best became,
 His auncient parents, namely th' auncient Thame ;
 But much more aged was his wife then he,
 The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name ;
 Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
 And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could see.

XXV.

Therefore on either side she was sustained
 Of two smal grooms, which by their names were hight
 The Churne and Charwell, two small streames, which pained
 Themselves her footing to direct aright,
 Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight ;
 But Thame was stronger, and of better stay ;
 Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
 With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
 Deawed with silver drops that trickled downe alway :

XXVI.

And eke he somewhat seem'd to stoupe afore
 With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
 And auncient heavy burden, which he bore
 Of that faire city, wherein make abode
 So many learned impes, that shoote abrode,
 And with their braunches spred all Britany,
 No lesse then do her elder sisters broode.
 Ioy to you both, ye double nourfery,
 Of arts ; but Oxford thine doth Thame most glorify.

XXVII.

But he their sonne full fresh and iolly was,
 All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
 On which the waves, glittering like christall glas,
 So cunningly enwoven were, that few
 Could weenen, whether they were false or trew :
 And on his head like to a coronet
 He wore, that seemed strange to common vew,
 In which were many towres and castels set,
 That it encompass round as with a golden fret.

XXVIII.

Like as the mother of the gods, they say,
 In her great iron charet wents to ride,
 When to Ioves pallace she doth take her way,
 Old Cybele, arayd with pompous pride,
 Wearing a diademe embattild wide
 With hundred turrets, like a turribant.
 With such an one was Thamis beautifide ;
 That was to weet the famous Troynovant,
 In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

XXIX.

And round about him many a pretty page
 Attended duely, ready to obay ;
 All little rivers which owe vassallage
 To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay :
 The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
 The morish Cole, and the soft-sliding Breane,
 The wanton Lee that oft doth loose his way,
 And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
 Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pleafant streame.

XXX.

Then came his neighbour flouds which nigh him dwell,
 And water all the English soile throughout ;
 They all on him this day attended well ;
 And with meet service waited him about ;
 Ne none disdained low to him to lout :
 No not the stately Severne grudg'd at all,
 Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout ;
 But both him honor'd as their principall,
 And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

XXXI.

There was the speedy Tamar, which devides
 The Cornish and the Devonish confines ;
 Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
 And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines :
 And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines :
 But Avon marched in more stately path,
 Proud of his adamants with which he shines
 And glifters wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
 And Bristow faire, which on his waves he builded hath.

XXXII. And

XXXII.

And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,
 Bearing his fixe deformed heads on hye,
 That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
 And washeth Winborne meades in season drye :
 Next him went Wylibourne with passage flye,
 That of his wylineffe his name doth take,
 And of himselfe doth name the shire thereby :
 And Mole, that like a noufling mole doth make
 His way still under ground till Thamis he over-take.

XXXIII.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods,
 Like a wood god, and flowing fast to Rhy ;
 And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
 The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
 And Clare and Harwitch both doth beautify :
 Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwitch wall,
 And with him brought a present ioyfully
 Of his owne fish unto their festivall,
 Whose like none else could shew, the which they ruffins call.

XXXIV.

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
 By many a city and by many a towne,
 And many rivers taking under hand
 Into his waters, as he passeth downe,
 The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne ;
 Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
 My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
 He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
 With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit.

XXXV.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
 That if old sawes prove true (which God forbid)
 Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
 And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,
 Then shine in learning more then ever did
 Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames :
 And next to him the Nene downe softly slid ;
 And bounteous Trent, that in himselfe enseames
 Both thirty forts of fish and thirty fundry streames.

XXXVI.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
 That Romaine monarch built a brazen wall,
 Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flancke
 Against the Picts, that swarmed over all,
 Which yet thereof Gualfever they doe call :
 And Twede the limit betwixt Logris land
 And Albany : and Eden though but small,
 Yet often staine with bloud of many a band
 Of Scots and English both, that tyned on his strand.

XXXVII.

Then came those fixe sad brethren, like forlorne,
 That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
 Sixe valiant knights of one faire nymphe yborne,
 Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
 And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell ;
 Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
 High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell,
 All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
 Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite :

XXXVIII.

But past not long, ere Brutus warlicke sonne
 Locrinus them aveng'd, and the same date
 Which the proud Humber unto them had donne
 By equall dome repayd on his owne pate :
 For in the selfe same river, where he late
 Had drenched them, he drowned him againe ;
 And nam'd the river of his wretched fate ;
 Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
 Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still remaine.

XXXIX.

These after came the stony shallow Lone,
 That to old Loncaster his name doth lend ;
 And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
 Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend ;
 And Conway which out of his streame doth send
 Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall ;
 And Lindus that his pikes doth most commend,
 Of which the auncient Lincolne men doe call :
 All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

XL.

Ne thence the Irishe rivers absent were,
 Sith no lesse famous then the rest they bee,
 And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome nere,
 Why should they not likewise in love agree,
 And ioy likewise this solemne day to see?
 They saw it all, and present were in place;
 Though I them all according their degree
 Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
 Nor read the salvage countries thorough which they pacc.

XLI.

There was the Liffy rolling downe the lea,
 The sandy Slane, the stony Aubrian,
 The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,
 The pleasant Boyne, the fishy fruitfull Ban,
 Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
 Is cal'de Blacke-water, and the Liffar deep,
 Sad Trowis that once his people over-ran,
 Strong Allo tombling from Slewlogher steep,
 And Mulla mine whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

XLII.

And there the three renown'd brethren were,
 Which that great gyant Blomius begot
 Of the faire nimph Rheufa wandring there;
 One day, as she to shunne the season whot
 Under Slewboome in shady grove was got,
 This gyant found her and by force deflowr'd,
 Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
 These three faire sons, which being thenceforth powrd
 In three great rivers ran, and many countreis scowrd.

XLIII.

The first the gentle Shure, that making way
 By sweet Clonmell adornes rich Waterford;
 The next, the stubborne Newre, whose waters gray
 By faire Kilkenny and Roffeponte boord;
 The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
 Great heaps of salmons in his deepe bosome:
 All which long fundred doe at last accord
 To ioyne in one, ere to the sea they come;
 So flowing all from one all one at last become.

XLIV. There

XLIV.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre,
 The pleasaunt Bandon crownd with many a wood,
 The spreading Lee, that like an island fayre
 Encloseth Corke with his divided flood ;
 And balefull Oure late staine with English blood :
 With many more whose names no tongue can tell.
 All which that day in order seemly good
 Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
 To doe their dueful service as to them befell.

XLV.

Then came the bride, the lovely Medua came,
 Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare,
 And uncouth fashion, yet her well became ;
 That seem'd like silver sprinckled here and there
 With glittering spangs that did like starres appeare,
 And wav'd upon, like water chamelot,
 To hide the metall, which yet every where
 Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainely wot
 It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

XLVI.

Her goodly lockes adowne her backe did flow
 Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
 The which ambrosiall odours forth did throw
 To all about, and all her shoulders spred
 As a new spring ; and likewise on her hed
 A chapelet of fundry flowers she wore,
 From under which the deawy humour shed
 Did tricle downe her haire, like to the hore
 Congealed litle drops, which doe the morne adore.

XLVII.

On her two pretty handmaidens did attend,
 One cald the Theise, the other cald the Crane ;
 Which on her waited things amisse to mend,
 And both behind upheld her spreading traine ;
 Under the which her feet appeared plaine,
 Her silver feet, faire washt against this day :
 And her before there paced pages twaine,
 Both clad in colours like and like array,
 The Doune and eke the Frith, both which prepar'd her way.

XLVIII. And

XLVIII.

And after these the sea-nymphs marched all,
 All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
 Whom of their fire Nereides men call,
 All which the Oceans daughter to him bare
 The gray-eyde Doris; all which fifty are;
 All which she there on her attending had:
 Swift Proto, milde Eucrate, Thetis faire,
 Soft Spio, sweete Endore, Sao sad,
 Light Doto, wanton Glauce, and Galene glad;

XLIX.

White-hand Eunica, proud Dynamene,
 Ioyous Thalia, goodly Amphitrite,
 Lovely Pasithee, kinde Eulimene,
 Light-foote Cymothoe, and sweete Melite,
 Fairest Pherusa, Phao lilly white,
 Wondred Agave, Poris, and Nefaea,
 With Erato that doth in love delite,
 And Panopae' and wife Protomedaea,
 And snowy-neckd Doris, and milke-white Galathaea;

L.

Speedy Hippothoe, and chaste Actea,
 Large Lisianassa, and Pronaea sage,
 Euagore, and light Pontoporea;
 And she that with her least word can asswage
 The furing seas, when they do forest rage,
 Cymodoce; and stout Autonoe,
 And Neso, and Eione well in age,
 And seeming still to smile Glauconome,
 And she that hight of many heastes Polynome;

LI.

Fresh Alimeda deckt with girlond greene;
 Hyponeo with salt-bedewed wrests,
 Laomedia like the christall sheene;
 Liagore much praisd for wise behests;
 And Pamathe for her brode snowy brests;
 Cymo, Eupompe, and Themiste iust;
 And she that vertue loves and vice detests
 Euarna, and Menippe true in trust,
 And Nemertea learned well to rule her lust.

LII.

All these the daughters of old Nereus were,
 Which have the sea in charge to them assigne,
 To rule his tides, and surges to up-reere,
 To bring forth stormes, or fast them to up-binde,
 And sailers save from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
 And yet besides three thousand more there were
 Of th' Oceans seede, but Ioves and Phoebus kinde;
 The which in floods and fountaines doe appere,
 And all mankinde do nourish with their waters clere.

LIII.

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight
 To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
 Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
 But well I wote, that these which I descry,
 Were present at this great solemnity:
 And there amongst the rest the mother was
 Of luckelesse Marinell, Cymodoce;
 Which, for my Muse herselfe now tyred has,
 Unto an other canto I will over-pas.

CANTO

CANTO XII.

*Marin for love of Florimell
In languor wastes his life:
The nymph his mother getteth her,
And gives to him for wife.*

I.

O What an endlesse worke have I in hand,
To count the seas abundant progeny!
Whose fruitfull seede farre passeth those in land,
And also those which wonne in th' azure sky.
For much more eath to tell the starres on hy,
Albe they endlesse seeme in estimation,
Then to recount the seas posterity:
So fertile be the flouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and so numberlesse their nation.

II.

Therefore the antique wifards well invented
That Venus of the fomy sea was bred;
For that the seas by her are most augmented:
Witnesse th' exceeding fry which there are fed,
And wondrous sholes which may of none be red.
Then blame me not if I have err'd in count
Of gods, of nymphs, of rivers yet unred:
For though their numbers do much more surmount,
Yet all those fame were there which erst I did recount.

III.

All those were there, and many other more,
Whose names and nations were too long to tell,
That Proteus house they fild even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees disposed well.
Amongst the rest was faire Cymodoce,
The mother of unlucky Marinell,
Who thither with her came, to learne and see
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

IV.

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
 Of mortall fire, though of immortall wombe,
 He might not with immortall food be fed,
 Ne with th' eternall gods to banquet come ;
 But walkt abroad, and round about did rome
 To view the building of that uncouth place,
 That seem'd unlike unto his earthly home :
 Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
 There unto him betid a disadventrous case.

V.

Under the hanging of an hideous clieffe
 He heard the lamentable voice of one,
 That piteously complaind her carefull grieffe,
 Which never she before disclofd to none,
 But to herselfe her sorrow did bemone :
 So feelingly her case she did complaine,
 That ruth it moved in the rocky stone,
 And made it seeme to feele her grievous paine,
 And oft to grone with billowes beating from the maine :

VI.

*Though vaine I see my sorrowes to unfold,
 And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare,
 Yet hoping griefe may lessen being told,
 I will them tell though unto no man neare :
 For heaven that unto all lends equall eare
 Is farre from hearing of my heavy plight ;
 And lowest hell, to which I lie most neare,
 Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight ;
 And greedy seas doe in the spoile of life delight.*

VII.

*Yet loe the seas I see by often beating
 Doe pearce the rockes, and hardest marble weares
 But his hard rocky hart for no entreating
 Will yeeld ; but when my piteous plaints he beares,
 Is hardned more with my abundant teares :
 Yet though he never list to me relent,
 But let me waste in woe my wretched yeares,
 Yet will I never of my love repent,
 But ioy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.*

VIII. *And*

VIII.

*And when my weary ghost with griefe out-worne
 By timely death shall winne her wished rest,
 Let then this plaint unto his eares be borne,
 That blame it is to him that armes profest,
 To let her die whom he might have redrest.
 There did she pause, inforced to give place
 Unto the passion that her heart opprest:
 And after she had wept and wail'd a space,
 She gan afresh thus to renew her wretched case:*

IX.

*Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
 Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
 By one or other way me woefull thrall
 Deliver hence out of this dungeon strong,
 In which I daily dying am too long:
 And if ye deeme me death for loving one
 That loves not me, then doe it not prolong,
 But let me die and end my daies attone,
 And let him live unlov'd, or love himselfe alone.*

X.

*But if that life ye unto me decree,
 Then let mee live as lovers ought to do,
 And of my lifes deare love beloved be:
 And if he should through pride your doome undo,
 Do you by duresse him compell thereto,
 And in this prison put him here with me;
 One prison fittest is to hold us two:
 So had I rather to be thrall then free;
 Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely be.*

XI.

*But o vaine iudgment, and conditions vaine,
 The which the prisoner points unto the free:
 The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
 He where he list goes loose, and laughes at me:
 So ever loose, so ever happy be.
 But whereso loose or happy that thou art,
 Know Marinell that all this is for thee.
 With that she wept and wail'd, as if her hart
 Would quite have burst through great abundance of her smart.*

XII.

All which complaint when Marinell had heard,
 And understood the cause of all her care
 To come of him for using her so hard,
 His stubborne heart, that never felt misfare,
 Was toucht with soft remorse and pittie rare ;
 That even for grief of minde he oft did grone,
 And inly wish that in his powre it weare
 Her to redresse : but since he meanes found none,
 He could no more but her great misery bemone.

XIII.

Thus whilst his stony heart with tender ruth
 Was toucht, and mighty courage mollifide,
 Dame Venus sonne (that tameth stubborne youth
 With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
 Till like a victor on his backe he ride)
 Into his mouth his maystring bridle threw,
 That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:
 Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
 And learne to love by learning lovers paines to rew.

XIV.

Now gan he in his grieved minde devise,
 How from that dungeon he might her enlarge ;
 Some while he thought by faire and humble wise
 To Proteus selfe to sue for her discharge :
 But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
 Gainst womens love, long given him in vaine :
 Then gan he thinke perforce with sword and targe
 Her forth to fetch, and Proteus to constraine :
 But soone he gan such folly to forthinke againe.

XV.

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
 And with him beare where none of her might know.
 But all in vaine : for why ? he found no way
 To enter in, or issue forth below ;
 For all about that rocke the sea did flow :
 And though unto his will she given were,
 Yet without ship or bote her thence to row
 He wist not how, her thence away to bere ;
 And daunger well he wist long to continue there.

XVI.

At last whenas no meanes he could invent,
 Backe to himfelfe he gan returne the blame,
 That was the author of her punishment ;
 And with vile curses and reprochfull shame
 To damne himfelfe by every evil name,
 And deeme unworthy or of love or life,
 That had despisde so chaste and faire a dame,
 Which him had fought through trouble and long strife ;
 Yet had refusde a god that her had fought to wife.

XVII.

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
 And romed round about the rocke in vaine,
 As he had lost himfelfe, he wist not where ;
 Oft listning if he mote her heare againe ;
 And still bemoning her unworthy paine :
 Like as an hynde whose calfe is false unwares
 Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
 An hundred times about the pit side fares,
 Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

XVIII.

And now by this the feast was throughly ended,
 And every one gan homeward to resort :
 Which seeing, Marinell was sore offended,
 That his departure thence should be so short,
 And leave his love in that sea-walled fort ;
 Yet durst he not his mother disobay ;
 But her attending in full seemly fort,
 Did march amongst the many all the way :
 And all the way did inly mourne like one astray.

XIX.

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
 In solitary silence far from wight
 He gan record the lamentable stowre,
 In which his wretched love lay day and night
 For his deare sake, that ill deserv'd that plight :
 The thought whereof empierst his hart so deepe,
 That of no worldly thing he tooke delight ;
 Ne dayly food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
 But pyn'd, and mourn'd, and languisht, and alone did weepe :

XX. That

XX.

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
 Gan fade, and lively spirits deaded quight :
 His cheeke-bones raw, and eie-pits hollow grew,
 And brawney armes had lost their knowen might,
 That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
 Ere long so weake of limbe, and sicke of love
 He woxe, that lenger he note stand upright,
 But to his bed was brought, and layd above,
 Like ruefull ghost, unable once to stir or move.

XXI.

Which when his mother saw, she in her mind
 Was troubled sore, ne wist well what to weene,
 Ne could by search nor any meanes out find
 The secret cause and nature of his teene,
 Whereby she might apply some medicine ;
 But weeping day and night did him attend,
 And mourn'd to see her losse before her eyne ;
 Which griev'd her more, that she it could not mend :
 To see an helpelesse evill double grieve doth lend.

XXII.

Nought could she read the root of his disease,
 Ne weene what mister maladie it is,
 Whereby to seeke some means it to appease.
 Most did she thinke, but most she thought amis,
 That that same former fatall wound of his
 Whyleare by Tryphon was not throughly healed,
 But closely rankled under th'orifis :
 Least did she thinke, that which he most concealed,
 That love it was which in his hart lay unrevealed.

XXIII.

Therefore to Tryphon she againe doth hast,
 And him doth chyde as false and fraudulent,
 That sayld the trust which she in him had plast,
 To cure her sonne, as he his faith had lent :
 Who now was false into new languishment
 Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
 So backe he came unto her patient ;
 Where searching every part, her well assured,
 That it was no old fore which his new paine procured :

XXIV. But

XXIV.

But that it was some other maladie,
 Or grief unknowne, which he could not discerne:
 So left he her withouten remedie.
 Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and earne,
 And inly troubled was the truth to learne.
 Unto himselfe she came, and him besought,
 Now with faire speeches, now with threatnings sterne,
 If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
 It to reveale: who still her answered there was nought.

XXV.

Nathlesse she rested not so satisfide;
 But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
 Unto the shinie heaven in haste she hide,
 And thence Apollo king of leaches brought.
 Apollo came; who soone as he had fought
 Through his disease, did by and by out find
 That he did languish of some inward thought,
 The which afflicted his engrieved mind;
 Which love he red to be, that leads each living kind.

XXVI.

Which when he had unto his mother told,
 She gan thereat to fret and greatly grieve:
 And comming to her sonne gan first to scold
 And chyde at him, that made her misbelieve:
 But afterwards she gan him soft to shrieve,
 And wooe with fair intreatie, to disclose
 Which of the nymphes his heart so fore did mieve:
 For sure she weend it was some one of those,
 Which he had lately seene, that for his love he chose.

XXVII.

Now lesse she feared that same fatall read,
 That warned him of womens love beware:
 Which being ment of mortal creatures fead,
 For love of nymphes she thought she need not care,
 But promist him, whatever wight she weare,
 That she her love to him would shortly gaine:
 So he her told: but soone as she did heare
 That Florimell it was which wrought his paine,
 She gan afresh to chafe, and grieve in every vaine.

XXVIII. Yet

XXVIII.

Yet since she saw the streight extremitie,
 In which his life unluckily was layd,
 It was no time to scan the prophecie,
 Whether old Proteus true or false had sayd,
 That his decay should happen by a mayd :
 It's late in death of daunger to advize,
 Or love forbid him, that is life denayd :
 But rather gan in troubled mind devize
 How she that ladies libertie might enterprize.

XXIX.

To Proteus selfe to sew she thought it vaine,
 Who was the root and worker of her woe,
 Nor unto any meaner to complaine ;
 But unto great king Neptune selfe did goe,
 And on her knee before him falling lowe,
 Made humble suit unto his maiestie
 To graunt to her her sonnes life, which his foe,
 A cruell tyrant, had presumptuouslie
 By wicked doome condemn'd a wretched death to die.

XXX.

To whom god Neptune softly smyling, thus ;
*Daughter, me seemes of double wrong ye plaine,
 Gainst one that hath both wronged you and us :
 For death t'adward I ween'd did appertaine
 To none, but to the seas sole souveraine.
 Read therefore who it is which this hath wrought,
 And for what cause ; the truth discover plaine :
 For never wight so evil did or thought,
 But would some rightfull cause pretend, though rightly nought.*

XXXI.

To whom she answer'd, *Then it is by name
 Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my sonne to die ;
 For that a waift, the which by fortune came
 Upon your seas, he claym'd as proprietie :
 And yet nor his, nor his in equitie,
 But yours the waift by high prerogative.
 Therefore I humbly crave your maiestie
 It to replevie, and my sonne reprive :
 So shall you by one gift save all us three alive.*

XXXII.

He graunted it : and freight his warrant made,
 Under the sea-gods seale autenticall,
 Commaunding Proteus straight t' enlarge the mayd,
 Which wandering on his seas imperiall
 He lately tooke, and sithence kept as thrall :
 Which she receiving with meeete thankfulnessse
 Departed straight to Proteus therewithall :
 Who reading it with inward loathfulnessse
 Was grieved to restore the pledge he did possesse.

XXXIII.

Yet durst he not the warrant to withstand,
 But unto her delivered Florimell :
 Whom she receiving by the lilly hand
 Admyr'd her beautie much, as she mote well :
 For she all living creatures did excell ;
 And was right ioyous that she gotten had
 So faire a wife for her sonne Marinell.
 So home with her she straight the virgin lad,
 And shewed her to him then being fore bestad.

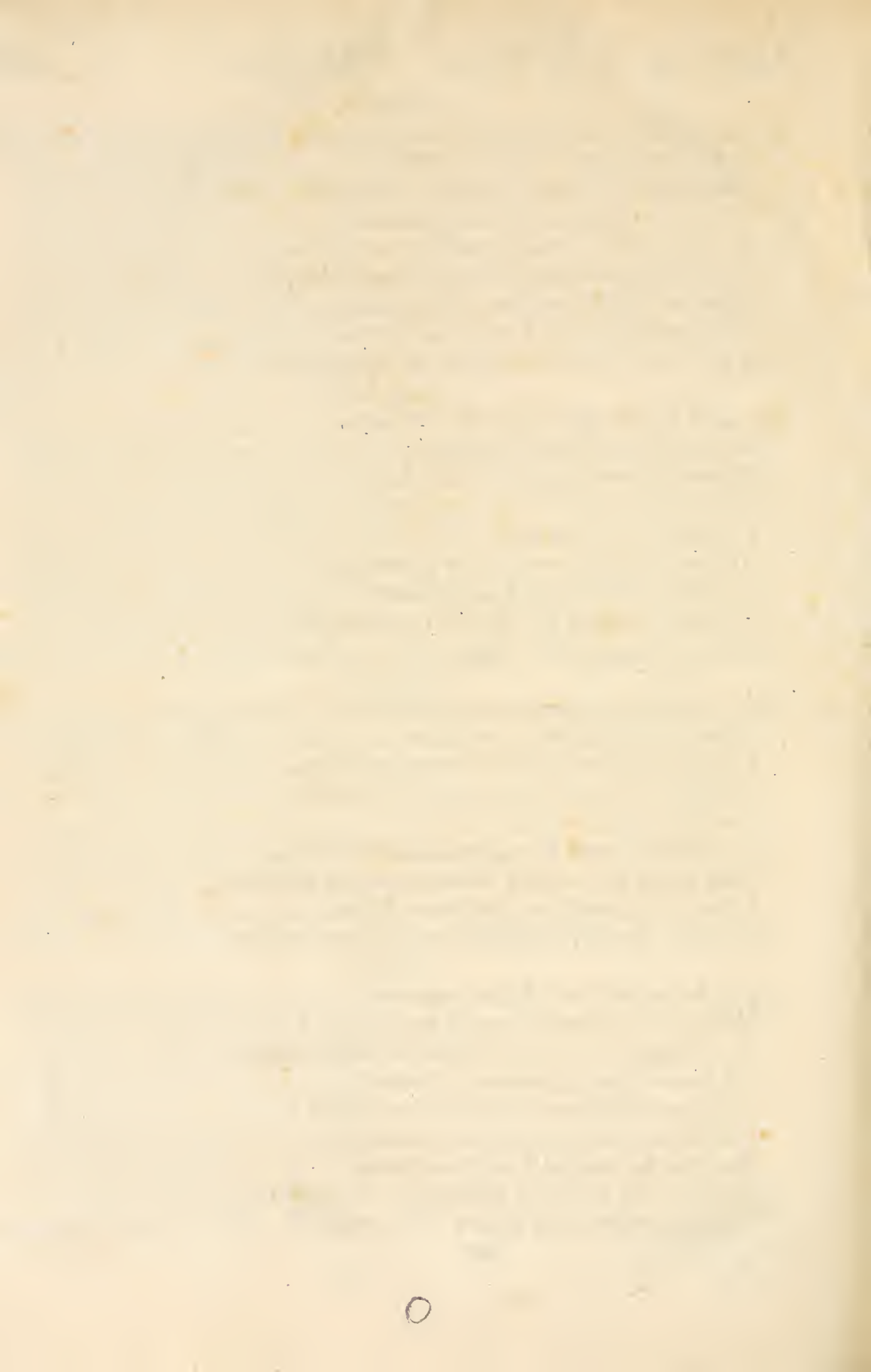
XXXIV.

Who soone as he beheld that angels face,
 Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
 His cheared heart estsoones away gan chace
 Sad death, revived with her sweet inspection,
 And feeble spirit inly felt refection ;
 As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
 That feesles the warmth of sunny beames reflection,
 Liftes up his head that did before decline,
 And gins to spread his leafe before the faire sunshine.

XXXV.

Right so himselfe did Marinell upreare,
 When he in place his dearest love did spy ;
 And though his limbs could not his bodie beare,
 Ne former strength returne so suddenly,
 Yet chearefull signes he shewed outwardly.
 Ne lesse was she in secret hart affected,
 But that she masked it with modestie,
 For feare she should of lightnesse be detected :
 Which to another place I leave to be perfected.









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