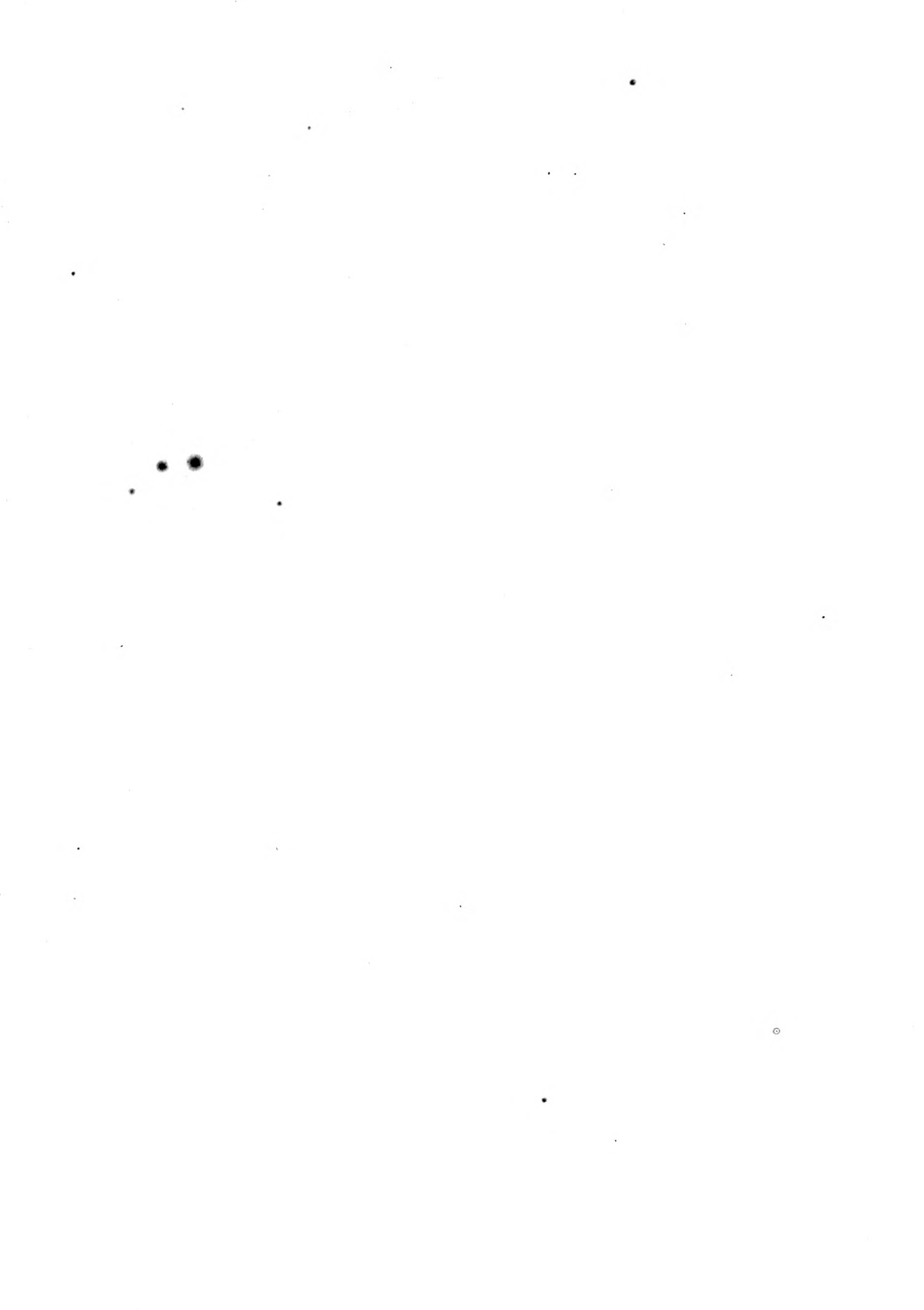


3rd ed. 4/1-









Belshazzar kills the Savage. —

THE
FAERIE QUEENE.

By EDMUND SPENSER.

With an exact Collation of the

TWO ORIGINAL EDITIONS,

Published by

Himself at LONDON in QUARTO; the Former
containing the first THREE BOOKS printed in 1590, and
the Latter the SIX BOOKS in 1596.

To which are now added,

A new LIFE of the AUTHOR,

AND ALSO

A GLOSSARY.

Adorn'd with thirty-two COPPER-PLATES, from the Original
Drawings of the late W. KENT, Esq; Architect and principal Painter to
his Majesty.

V O L. I.

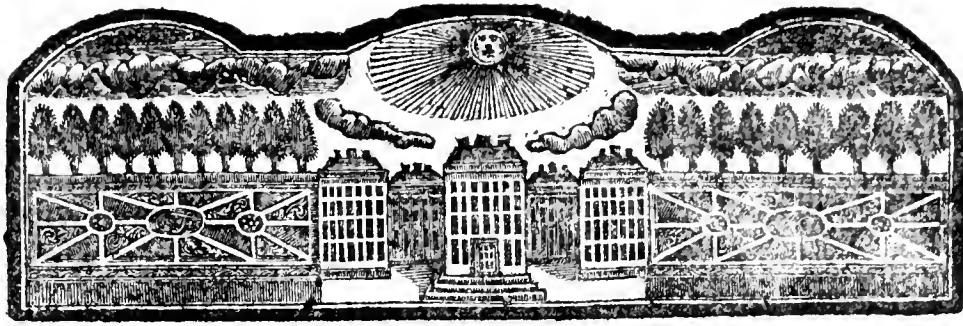
L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BRINDLEY, in New Bond-Street, and S. WRIGHT, Clerk
of his Majesty's Works, at Hampton-Court.

M,DCC,LI.

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





A

L E T T E R

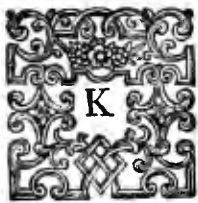
O F T H E

A U T H O R ' S,

Expounding his whole Intention in the Course of
this Worke.

*To the Right Noble and Valorous Sir Walter Raleigh, Knight,
Lord Warden of the Stanneryes, and her Majesty's Liefete-
nant of the County of Cornewayll.*

S I R,



N O W I N G how doubtfully all Allegories may
be construed, and this booke of mine, which I have
entituled the Faery Queene, being a continued Al-
legory, or darke conceit ; I have thought good, as
well for avoyding gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also

for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded,) to discover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes or by-accidents therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke is, to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: Which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter, then for profite of the ensample; I chose the historye of king Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspition of present time. In which I have followed all the antique poets historicall, first Homere, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his 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 dissevered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely that part, which they in philosophy call Ethice, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named Politice in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised, the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged to frame the other part of polliticke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this methode will seeme displeasaut, which had rather have good

Discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in allegorical Devises. But such, meseeme, should be satisfide with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their shoves, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to commune sence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a commune welth such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus and the Persians fashioned a government such as might best be: so much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample, then by rule. So have I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure; whom I conceive, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queen, with whose excellent beauty ravished, 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 Faery land. In that Faery Queene I meane Glory in my generall intention; but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet in some places els I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphoebe, fashioning her name, according to your owne excellent concept 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 conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole

whole course I mention the deedes of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the twelve other vertues, I make twelve other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: of which these three bookes contayn three. The first of the knight of the Redcrosse, in whom I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce: the third of Britomartis, a lady knight, in whom 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 severall adventures. 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, even where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an Historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last, where I devise, that the Faery Queene kept her annuall feaste twelve dayes; upon which twelve severall dayes the occasions of the twelve severall adventures hapned, which being undertaken by twelve severall knights, are in these twelve books severally handled and discoursed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there presented him selfe a tall clownishe young man, who falling before the Queen of Faeries desired a boone, as the manner then was, which during that feast she might not refuse; which was, that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feast should happen. That being graunted, he rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place.

place. Soone after entred a faire ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Assē, with a dwarfe behind her, leading a warlike steed, that bore the armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfe's hand. Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries, complained, that her father and mother, an ancient king and queene, had bene by an huge Dragon many years shut up in a brasen castle, who thence suffred them not to yflew: and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assygne her some one of her knights, to take on him that explot. Presently that clownish person upstarting, desired that adventure: whereat the queene much wondering, and the lady much gaine-faying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the lady told him, that unlesse that armour, which she brought, would serue him (that is the armour of a Christian man, specified by Saint Paul, v Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprife; which being forthwith put upon him with dewe furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the lady. And eftsoones 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 have bene slayn by an enchaunteresse called Acrasia: and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight, to performe that adventure; which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subject thereof. The third day there
came

came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile enchaunter, called Bufirane, had in hand a most faire lady called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But being 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 by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled, but rather as accidents, then intendments: As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the virtuoufnes of Belphebe, the lasciviousnes of Hellenora, and many the like.

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

Jan. 23,
1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

ED. SPENSER.

A Vision upon this conceipt of the FAERY QUEENE.

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

Another of the same.

THE prayse of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,
 As doth the Cuckoe's song delight, when *Philumena* sings.
 If thou hast formed right true vertue's face herein,
 Vertue her selfe can best discerne, to whom they written bin.
 If thou hast beauty prayfd, let her sole lookes divine
 Judge, if ought therein be amis, and mend it by her eine.
 If Chastitie want ought, or Temperaunce her dew,
 Behold her princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.
 Meane while she shall perceive, how far her vertues fore
 Above the reach of all that live, or such as wrote of yore:

And thereby will excuse and favour thy good will ;
 Whose vertue can not be exprest, but by an Angel's quill.
 Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
 Of all, which speak our English tongue, but those of thy device
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 make,
 And loath the layes, that long to lowly swaynes ;
 That lifts thy notes from shepherdes unto kinges,
 So like the lively Larke, that mounting singes.

Thy lovely Rosalinde seemes now forlorne,
 And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight ;
 Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
 Those pretty pypes, that did thy mates delight ;
 Those trusty mates, that loved thee so well,
 Whom thou gav'st mirth, as they gave thee the bell.

Yet as thou earst, with thy 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 Collyn's flowing quill.

And

And faire befall that *Faery Queene* of thine,
 In whose faire eyes love linckt with vertue fittes ;
 Enfusing by those bewties fyers devyne
 Such high conceites into thy humble wittes,
 As raised hath poor Pastor's oaten reede,
 From rustick tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy *Redcrosse knight*, with happy hand,
 Victorious be in that faire Iland's right ;
 Which thou dost vayne in type of Faery land,
Elyza's blessed field, that *Albion* hight ;
 That shielde her friendes, and warres her mightie foes,
 Yet still with people, peace, and plentie flowes.

But, jolly shepheard, though with pleasing stile,
 Thou feast the humour of the courtly trayne ;
 Let not conceit thy settled fence beguile,
 Ne daunted be through envy or disdain.
 Subject thy dome to her empyring spright,
 From whence thy Muse, and all the world takes light.

Hobynoll.

FA Y R E *Thamis* streame, that from *Ludd's* 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 lives that sacred crowne,
 Whose hand strowes palme and never-dying bayes ;
 Let all at once, with thy soft murmuring sowne,
 Present her with this worthy poet's prayes.

For he hath taught hie drifts in shepherdes weedes,
And deepe conceites now finges in *Faeries* deedes.

R. S.

GR A V E Muses, march in triumph and with prayfes ;
Our goddesse here hath given you leave to land ;
And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.
Desertes 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 leaves of fame adorne his poet's hedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Queene*,
Even of the fairest, that the world hath seene.

H. B.

WHEN stout *Achilles* heard of *Helen's* rape,
And what revenge the states of Greece devisd,
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
In woman's weedes him selfe he then disguisd :
But this devise *Ulysses* soone did spy,
And brought him forth, the chauce of warre to try.

When *Spenser* 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 seme a shepheard then he made his choice ;
But *Sidney* heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And

And as *Ulyffes* brought faire *Tbetis* sonne
 From his retyred life to menage armes ;
 So *Spenser* was by *Sidney*'s speaches wonne,
 To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes :
 For well he knew his Muse would soon be tired
 In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as *Achilles*, in those warlike frayes,
 Did win the palme from all the *Grecian* peeres ;
 So *Spenser* now, to his immortall prayse,
 Hath won the laurell quite from all his feeres.
 What though his taske exceed a humane witt ?
 He is excus'd, sith *Sidney* thought it fitt.

W. L.

TO look upon a worke of rare devise,
 The which a workman setteth out to view,
 And not to yield it the deserved prise,
 That unto such a workmanship is dew,
 Doth either prove the judgement to be naught ;
 Or els doth shew a mind with envy fraught.

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

Thus

Thus then to shew my judgement to be such,
 As can discern of colours blacke, and white,
 As alls to free my mind from envie's tuch,
 That never gives 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 beene the custome heretofore,
 And customes very hardly broken are.
 And when your tast shall tell you this is trew,
 Then look you give your hoast his utmost dew.

Ignoto.

Verses of the Author sent with his Fairy Queen to several Persons of Quality, and printed in the first Edition in 1590, but omitted, as well as his Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, in the second Edition, in 1596.

*To the right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord High
 Chauncelor of England, &c.*

THOSE prudent heads, that with their counsels wise
 Whylom the pillours of th'earth did sustaine,
 And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyrannise,
 And in the neck of all the world to raine,

Oft

Oft from those grave affaires were wont abstaine,
 With the sweet lady Muses for to play.
 So *Ennius* the elder Africane,
 So *Maro* oft did *Cæsar*'s cares allay.
 So you, great lord, that with your counfel sway
 The burdcine 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 title's sake may find more grace.

*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 living praifes instrument ;
 Yet do not sdeigne, to let thy name be writt
 In this base poeme, for thee far unfitt.
 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 aloft to fly
 To the last praifes 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.

*To the Right Honourable the Earle of Oxenford, Lord High
Chamberlayne of England, &c.*

RECEIVE, most noble lord, in gentle' gree,
 The unripe fruit of an unready wit ;
 Which by thy countenance doth crave to bee
 Defended from foule envie's poisonous bit.
 Which so to doe might thee right well besit,
 Sith th'antique glory of thine auncestry
 Under a shady vele is therein writ,
 And eke thine owne long-living memory,
 Succeeding them in true nobility :
 And also for the love, which thou doest beare
 To th'*Heliconian* ymps, and they to thee,
 They unto thee, and thou to them most deare :
 Deare as thou art unto thy selfe, so love
 That loves and honours thee, as doth behove.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Northumberland.

THE sacred Muses have made alwaies clame
 To be the nourfes of nobility,
 And registres of everlasting fame
 To all that armes professe and chevalry.
 Then by like right the noble progeny,
 Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tide
 T'embrace the service of sweete poetry,
 By whose endeavours they are glorifide ;

And

And eke from all, of whom it is envide,
 To patronize the author of their praise,
 Which gives them life, that els would soone have dide,
 And crownes their ashes with immortall baies.
 To thee therefore, right noble lord, I fend,
 This present of my paines, it to defend.

To the Right Honourable the Earle of Ormond and Ossory.

RECEIVE, most noble Lord, a simple taste
 Of the wilde fruit, which salvage foyl hath bred,
 Which being through long wars left almost waste,
 With brutish barbarisme is overspred ;
 And in so faire a land, as may be red,
 Not one *Parnassus*, nor one *Helicone*
 Left for fiveete Muses to be harboured,
 But where thy selfe hast thy brave mansione.
 There in deede 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 foyl doth yield,
 Receive, dear Lord, in worth, the fruit of barren field.

To the right honourable the Lord Charles Howard, Lord High Admiral of England, knight of the most noble order of the Garter, and one of her Majesties Privy Counsel, &c.

AND ye, brave Lord, whose goodly personage,
 And noble deeds each other garnishing,
 Make you ensample to the present age,
 Of th'old heroes, whose famous offspring
 The antique poets wont so much to sing;
 In this same pageaunt have 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 everlasting monument
 Is in this verse engraven semblably,
 That it may live to all posterity.

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 pillor of my life,
 And patrone of my muses pupillage,
 Through whose large bountie poured on me rife,
 In the first season of my feeble age,

I now

I now doe live, bound yours by vassalage :

Sith nothing ever may redceme, nor reave,
 Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,
 Vouchsafe in worth this small gift to receive,
 Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave,
 Of all the rest, that I am tyde t'account:
 Rude rymes, the which a rustick muse did weave
 In swadge soyl, far from Parnasso mount,
 And rougher wrought in an unlearned loome:
 The which vouchsafe, dear lord, your favourable doome.

*To the right noble and valorous knight Sir Walter Raleigh,
 Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes, and liefetenaunt of Cornewaile.*

TO thee, that art the sommer's nightingale,
 Thy soveraine Goddesse's 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 unfavory and sowre,
 To tast the streames, that, like a golden showre,
 Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy loves praise,
 Fitter perhaps to thonder martial showre,
 When shee list thy lofty muse to raise.
 Yet till that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,
 Let thy faire Cinthia's praises bee thus rudely showne.

To the most vertuous, and beautiful Lady, the Lady Carew.

NE may I, without blot of endlesse blame,
 You, fairest lady, leave out of this place;
 But with remembrance of your gracious name,
 Wherewith that courtly garland most ye grace,
 And deck the world, adorne these verses base.
 Not that these few lines can in them comprise
 Those glorious ornaments of heavenly grace,
 Wherewith ye triumph over feeble eyes,
 And in subdued harts do tyranyse:
 For thereunto doth need a golden quill,
 And silver leaves, them rightly to devise;
 But to make humble present of good will:
 Which whenas timely 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 requird
 To pourtraict *Venus* in her perfect hew,
 To make this worke more absolute, desird
 Of all the fairest maides to have the vew.
 Much more me needs to draw the semblant trew
 Of beautie's Queene, the world's sole wonderment,
 To sharpe my sence with sundry beauties vew,
 And steale from each some part of ornament.

If

If all the world to seeke I overwent,
 A fairer crew yet no where could I see,
 Then that brave court doth to mine eye present,
 That the worlde's pride seemes gathered there to bee.
 Of each a part I stole by cunning theste:
 Forgive it me, fair dames, sith lesse ye have not leste.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer 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 burden of this kingdomes government,
 As the wide Compasse of the firmament
 On *Atlas* mighty shoulders is upstaid;
 Unfitly I these idle rimes present,
 The labour of lost time, and wit unstaid.
 Yet if their deeper sense be inly waid,
 And the dim veile, with which from common view.
 Their fairer parts are hid, aside be laid,
 Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
 Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receive,
 And wipe their faults out of your censure grave.

E. S.

To

To the right honourable the Earle of Cumberland.

REdoubted lord, in whose couragious mind
 The flowre of chevalry, now blooming faire,
 Doth promise fruit worthy the noble kind,
 Which of their praises have left you the haire;
 To you this humble present I prepare,
 For love of vertue and of martiall praise.
 To which though nobly ye inclined are,
 As goodly well ye shewd in late affaies,
 Yet brave ensample of long passed daies,
 In which true honour ye may fashiond see,
 To like desire of honour may ye raise,
 And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
 Receive it, lord, therefore, as it was ment,
 For honor of your name and high descent.

E. S.

*To the right honourable the Lord of Hunfdon, High Chamber-
 laine to her Majestie.*

REnowned lord, that for your worthinesse,
 And noble deeds, have your deserved place
 High in the favour of that Emperesse,
 The world's sole glory, and her fexes grace;
 Heere eke of right have you a worthy place,
 Both for your neernes to that *Faerie Queene*,
 And for your owne high merit in like case:
 Of which apparent prooffe was to be seene,

When

When that tumultuous rage and fearefull deene
 Of Northerne rebels ye did pacifie,
 And their difloyall powre defaced clene,
 The record of enduring memory.
 Live, lord, for ever in this laſting verſe,
 That all poſteritie thy honor may reherſe.

E. S.

*To the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurſt, one of her Ma-
 jeſties privie Councell.*

IN vaine I thinke, right honourable lord,
 By this rude rime to memorize thy name;
 Whoſe learned muſe hath writ her owne record,
 In golden verſe, worthy immortall fame:
 Thou much more fit, (were leiſure to the fame)
 Thy gracious ſoveraignes praifes to compile,
 And her imperial Majeſtie to frame,
 In loſtie numbers and heroick ſtile.
 But ſith thou maiſt not ſo, give leave a while
 To baſer wit, his power therein to ſpend,
 Whoſe groſſe defaults thy daintie pen may file,
 And unadviſed overſights amend.
 But evermore vouchſafe it to maintaine
 Againſt vile *Zoylus* backbitings vaine.

E. S.

To

To the right honourable Sir Fr. Walsingham, Knight, principall Secretarie to her Majestie, and of her honourable privie Councill.

THAT *Mantuan* poet's incompared spirit,
 Whose girland now is set in highest place,
 Had not *Mecænas*, for his worthy merit,
 It first advauncd to great *Augustus* grace,
 Might long, perhaps, have lien in silence bace,
 Ne been so much admird of later Age.
 This lowely muse, that learns like steps to trace,
 Flies for like aide unto your patronage,
 That are the great *Mecænas* of this age;
 As well to all, that civill artes profesie,
 As those, that are inspir'd with martiall rage,
 And craves protection of her feebleness:—
 Which if ye yeeld, perhaps ye may her raise
 In bigger tunes to sound your living praise.

E. S.

To the right noble Lord and most valiant Captaine, Sir John Norris, Knight, Lord President of Mounster.

WH O ever gave more honourable prize
 To the sweet muse, then did the martiall crew;
 That their brave deeds she might immortalize
 In her shrill tromp, and sound their praises dew?

Who

Who then ought more to favour her, then you,
 Most noble lord, the honor of this age,
 And precedent of all that armes enfue?
 Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
 Tempred with reason and advisement sage,
 Hath fild sad *Belgick* with victorious Spoile;
 In *France* and *Ireland* left a famous gage,
 And lately shak't the *Lusitanian* foile.
 Sith then each where thou hast dissipred thy fame,
 Love him, that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

*To the right honourable and most vertuous Lady, the Countesse
 of Pembroke.*

REmembrance of that most heroick spirit,
 The heaven's pride, the glory of our daies,
 Which now triumpheth through immortall merit
 Of his brave vertue crownd with lasting baies
 Of heavenly blifs and everlasting praies;
 Who first my muse did lift out of the flore,
 To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies;
 Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore
 His goodly image living evermore,
 In the divine resemblance of your face;
 Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
 And native beautie deck with heavenly grace:
 For his, and for your owne especiall Sake,
 Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.

E. S.

A N

A N E X A C T
C O L L A T I O N
Of the Two Original EDITIONS of the
F A I R Y Q U E E N,

Publish'd by the A U T H O R Himself;

The Former Containing,

The first T H R E E B O O K S, printed at *London*, in
1590, in Quarto.

And the Latter Containing,

The S I X B O O K S, printed there in 1596, in the same
Form.

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

B O O K I.

C A N T O I.

Page 6, Stanza 12, Line 5,
bardy stroke,
Corrected in the Errata, dele *bardy*.

p. 6, bardy, retain'd, as also in the Folio
Edition at London, 1609, tho' it is
a Foot too much for the Verse.

p. 9, st. 21, l. 5,
But when his later *ebbe gins t'avale,*
errat. —*spring to avale.*

p. 9,
—ebbe gins to avale.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 16, st. 48, l. 9,
Flora her *with* yvie.

p. 16,
Flora her yvie.

C A N T O II.

p. 24, st. 17, l. 5, cruelties.
errat. *cruel spies.*

p. 24, cruelties. So Edit. 1609.

l. 9.
And streames of purple bloud new
dies the verdant fields.

new *dies.*
Edit. 1609, *die,* as the Grammar
requires.

p. 27, st. 29, l. 2,
For the cool shade *him* thither hastily
got.

p. 27. For the coole shade hither hastily
got.

l. 3, that mounted,
errat. *y-mounted.*

that mounted.
So Edit. 1609.

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

p. 30, *st.* 41, l. 5,
Then forth,
errat. *thens* forth.

p. 30, *Then* forth.
Edit. 1609, thenceforth.

C A N T O III.

p. 43, *st.* 38, l. 7,
the old man,
errat. *that* old man.
p. 44, *st.* 43, l. 5, *field*.

p. 43,
the old man.

p. 44, *field*.

C A N T O IV.

p. 48, *st.* 12, l. 2, *self* a Queen.
l. 7, Realm.

p. 48, *self* Queen.
Realms,

p. 49, *st.* 16, l. 3,
burtlen forth.

p. 49, *burtlen*.
Edit. 1609, *hurlen*.
So Hughes's Edit.
glitter and light.

l. 9, *glitterand* light.
p. 53, *st.* 30, l. 4,
about his *chaw*.

So Edit. 1609, and Hughes.
p. 53, *chaw*.
Edit. 1609 rightly reads it *jaw*, and
is follow'd by that of Hughes's.

p. 54, *st.* 32, l. 9, *first*,
errat. *fiste*.

p. 54,
first.
The Edit. of 1609 and Hughes's
follow this mistake.

p. 58, *st.* 45, l. 5,
—cause of new Joy,
errat. cause of *my* new Joy.

p. 58,
—cause of new Joy.
Edit. 1609, cause of *my* new Joy.
So Hughes's.

C A N T O V.

p. 60, *st.* 2, l. 5,
hurls,
errat. *hurld*.

p. 60,
hurls.
So Edit. 1609, and Hughes's.

p. 62, *st.* 7, l. 9,
bewen helmets.

p. 62,
helmets bewen.
So Edit. 1609, and Hughes's:
This is evidently the better Reading.

p. 68, *st.* 29, l. 6, *congcald*,
l. 8, *beald*,
l. 9, *conceal'd*,
So Hughes's Edit.

p. 68, *congealed*,
healed,
concealed.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 70, *st.* 35, l. 9,
let.
errat. *leke*.

p. 70,
leake.
So Edit. 1609.

First Edition, 1590.

- p. 70, *st.* 37,
refusd,
accusd,
abusd.
- p. 71, *st.* 38, l. 6,
Clifts,
 errat. *Cliffs.*
st. 41, l. 2,
nigh weary waine.
- p. 72, *st.* 43, l. 7,
renouned,
 errat. *renowmed.*
- p. 74, *st.* 51, l. 5,
the Dongeon,
 errat. *that.*
- p. 75, *st.* 52, l. 9,
ensewed.

C A N T O VI.

- p. 75, *st.* 1, l. 5,
it doubt,
 errat. *in doubt.*
- p. 77, *st.* 6, l. 3.
womens.
- p. 81, *st.* 15, l. 2,
 Or Bacchus.
- p. 84, *st.* 23, l. 8,
nousled.
- p. 85, *st.* 26, l. 5,
swift and cruell.
 l. 9, as a Tyrans law.
 the *a* is necessary to complete the
 Verse.
- p. 86, *st.* 38, l. 8,
thristed,
- st.* 39, l. 7,
he.
- p. 89. *st.* 47, l. 8,
 So they *to* fight.

C A N T O VII.

- p. 93, *st.* 5, l. 5,
ber disgrace.

Second Edition, 1596.

- p. 70,
refused,
accused,
abused.
- p. 71,
Clifts.
 So Edit. 1609, and Hughes's.
- p. 71,
high weary waine.
 So Edit. 1609, and Hughes's.
- p. 72,
renowmed.
 So Edit. 1609.
 Hughes's *renowned.*
- p. 74,
the Dongeon.
 So Edit. 1609.
- p. 75,
ensewd.
 So Edit. 1609.
 The Verse requires the Contraction.
- p. 75,
it doubt.
 So Edit. 1609, and Hughes's.
- p. 77,
womens.
- p. 81,
 Of Bacchus.
 Hughes's Edit. *If.*
- p. 84,
noursted.
- p. 84,
fierce and fell.
 as tyrans law,
 Hughes's Edit. —as *proud* Tyrants
 law.
- p. 88,
thristed.
 Edit. 1609, and Hughes's, *thirsted.*
- p. 88,
he.
- p. 91,
 So they *two* fight.
 So Edit. 1609, and Hughes's.
- p. 93,
be disgrace.

First Edition, 1590.

- p. 93,
And all, that *drinke* thereof, *do* faint
and feeble grow.
- p. 97, *st.* 29, *l.* 9,
stones.
- p. 101, *st.* 40, *l.* 8, *mitigates.*
- p. 101, *st.* 43, *l.* 5,
Did *come* about,
errat. *ruine.*
- p. 102, *st.* 47, *l.* 3,
band,
errat. *hands.*

Second Edition, 1596.

- p. 93,
And all, that *drunke* thereof, faint *did*
and feeble grow.
- p. 97,
stons.
- p. 101, *mittigates.*
- p. 101,
Did *runne* about.
- p. 102, *bands.*

CANTO VIII.

- p. 104, Argument, *l.* 3,
that Gyant,
errat. *the* Gyant.
- p. 105, *st.* 1, *l.* 6,
thorough,
This makes a Syllable too much in the
Verse.
- p. 106, *st.* 7, *l.* 6,
wist,
errat. *wife.*
- p. 107, *st.* 9, *l.* 3,
deadly *food,*
Mr. Jortin, in his *Remarks on Spenser's
Poems*, p. 36, conjectures it should
be *feud*; which undoubtedly was our
Poet's Word, tho' spelt differently,
for the sake of the Rhyme. Thus
- B. II. Cant. I. *st.* 26, *l.* 4, it is spelt
feood:
*Through mischievous debate and deadly
feood.*
- st.* 10, *l.* 3,
advantage.
- l.* 6,
snote of.
- st.* 11, *l.* 9,
murmuring,
errat. *murmur ring.*
- p. 108, *st.* 12, *l.* 6,
Brandes.
This does not rhyme to *band* or
stand.
- st.* 15, *l.* 3,
nigh crusht.
- p. 111, *st.* 24, *l.* 6,
ber.
- p. 112, *st.* 27, *l.* 7,
eye.

- p. 104,
that Gyant.
- p. 105,
through.
- p. 106,
wife.
- p. 107,
deadly *food.*
So Edit. 1609, and Hughes's.
- p. 107,
advantage
- snote off.*
- ibid.*
murmuring.
- p. 108,
Brands.
- night crusht.*
- p. 111,
his.
- p. 112,
eyes.

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

- p. 116, st. 43, l. 2,
have.
- p. 117, st. 44, l. 4,
Best music breeds *delight* in loathing
eare.
Mr. Fortin, p. 40, thinks, that
Spenser intended *dislike*.
- p. 119, st. 50, l. 5.
lurkt.

- p. 116,
kave.
Edit. 1609, *have*,
- p. 119, *lurket*.

CANTO IX.

- p. 119, Argument, l. 2.
bands,
errat. *bands*.
- p. 121, st. 9, l. 3,
that cole,
errat. *the* cole.
l. 5, Cleon's,
errat. Timon's.
- p. 122, st. 11, l. 4,
unawares.
st. 12, l. 9,
laugh *at* me,
errat. *on* me.
- p. 124, st. 19, l. 7,
this Saviours,
errat. *bis*.
- p. 128, st. 33, l. 3, *clift*.
This should b ff.
yplight.
- p. 129, st. 34, l. 6,
clifts,
errat. *Cliffs*.
- p. 130, st. 41, l. 2,
life limited,
errat. *life is* limited.
- p. 132, st. 45, l. 4,
dissaventures.
st. 46, l. 7,
falset hast.
- p. 134, st. 33, l. 1:
feeble.

- p. 119,
bands.
- p. 121,
the Coale.

Timon's.
- p. 122,
unwares.
- p. 122,
laugh *at* me,
- p. 124,
bis.
- p. 128,

yplight,
- p. 129,
Clifts.
- p. 130,
life *is* limited.
- p. 132,
dissaventures.

falsed hast.
- p. 134, *feely*.

CANTO X.

- p. 136, st. 4, l. 2,
thether.

- p. 136,
thether.

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

- st. 4, l. 9,
shew.
- p. 137, st. 9, l. 9,
bether.
- p. 139, st. 16, l. 8,
be trouble fore,
errat. *ber* trouble fore.
- st. 20, l. 5, Wanting in the Editions of
1590 and 1596, but inserted in that
of 1609.
- p. 142, st. 25, l. 8,
to apply,
Huges's Edit. *t'apply,*
and so the Verse requires.
- p. 142, st. 27, l. 6,
His *blamefull* Body in salt water fore.
- p. 151, st. 57, l. 5,
pitteous blood,
errat. *pretious* blood.
- st. 59, l. 2,
earthly *fame,*
errat. *frame.*
- p. 152, st. 62, l. 4,
*As wretched men, and lived in like
pain.*
l. 8, Said he, and bitter battailes all are
fought.
- l. 9,
As for loose loves, *they are* vain—
- p. 153, st. 64, l. 7,
doen nominate.
- st. 65, l. 3,
fought in *face,*
l. 4, *Britans* land.
- C A N T O XI.
- p. 155, st. 2, l. 4,
it your keeping,
errat. *at.*
The third stanza beginning,
And pointing, &c. wanting in the
first Edition.
- p. 156, st. 5, l. 1,
this lady,
errat. *his* lady.
- show,*
This rhymes to *slow* and *low.*
- p. 137,
bitber.
- p. 139,
be trouble fore.
So Edit. 1609.
- p. 142,
to apply.
- p. 142,
His body in salt water *smarting* fore.
- p. 151,
pitecus blood.
So Edit. 1609.
- ibid.*
earthly *fame.*
So Edit. 1609.
- p. 152,
*Quoth he, as wretched, and liv'd in
like paine.*
Said he, and battailes none are to be
fought.
- As for loose loves *are* vain.—
So Edit. 1609.
- p. 153,
doen *then* nominate.
This is a syllable *too* much for the
Verse.
fought in *place,*
Britane land.
- p. 155,
at.
- p. 156,
this lady.

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

- ft. 6, l. 9,
feared,
errat. *scared*.
- p. 157, ft. 8, l. 7, *vast*.
ft. 10, l. 5.
kynd.
- p. 158, ft. 11, l. 5,
Bespotted *all*.
errat. *as*.
- p. 160, ft. 18, l. 5,
unsound.
So Edit. 1609.
- p. 161, ft. 22, l. 9,
nosetbrill.
Edit. 1679 and Hughes's, *nostrill*.
- p. 163, ft. 30, l. 5,
as *it* were borne,
errat. as *one* were borne.
- p. 166, ft. 39, l. 7,
string.

- feared* nations:
- p. 157, *wast*.
p. 158,
lynd:
- p. 158,
Bespotted *all*.
- p. 160,
unsound.
- p. 161,
nosetbrill.
So Edit. 1609.
- p. 163,
it.
- p. 166, *sting*.
So Edit. 1609.

C A N T O XII.

- p. 173, ft. 7, l. 3,
tymbrel songs.
- p. 174, ft. 11, l. 5,
talents,
errat. *talants*.
- p. 175, ft. 14, l. 5,
untayne,
errat. *contayne*.
- p. 176, ft. 18, l. 8,
Paynim.
- p. 180, ft. 31, l. 7,
stayd,
errat. *strayd*.
- ft. 32, l. 5,
to inveggle,
errat. *t'inveggle*.
- ft. 34, l. 2,
faine,
errat. *vaine*.
- l. 9,
wo tries,
errat. *who* tries.

- p. 173,
tymbrels sung.
- p. 174,
talents.
- p. 175,
containe.
- p. 176,
Pynim.
- p. 180,
strayd.
- to inveggle.
- vaine*.
- wo* tries:
Edit. 1609, *who* tries.

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

BOOK II.

INTRODUCTION.

p. 186, *st.* 2, *l.* 8,
Amarons,
errat. *Amazons.*

st. 4, *l.* 6,
then, O fairest, &c.

p. 186,
Amazons.

hou, O fairest.

CANTO I.

p. 187, *st.* 3, *l.* 2,
deadly *food*.
This undoubtedly means the word
feud as above; and so is spelt in
Edit. 1609.

p. 188, *st.* 4, *l.* 6 and 7,
But now so wise and wary was the
knight.
By tryall of his former harms and cares.

p. 195, *st.* 31, *l.* 2,
handling.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 196, *st.* 33, *l.* 8, *these*,
errat. *ibrise*.

p. 198, *st.* 39, *l.* 4.
of death and *dolour*.

st. 41, *l.* 7.
lustie head,
It should be *lustibed* in one word.

p. 200, *st.* 47, *l.* 2,
figbt.
Edit. 1609, *figh't*.

p. 201, *st.* 49, *l.* 9,
Mordant.
Edit. 1609, *Mordant*.

p. 203, *st.* 59, *l.* 1,
equall doome.

p. 187,
deadly *food*.

p. 188,
These two Verses are erroneously
transposed.

p. 195,
banding.

p. 196, *these*.

p. 198,
of death and *labour*.

lustie hed.

figbt.

Mordant.

p. 203,
evill doome.

CANTO II.

p. 207, *st.* 9, *l.* 8,
be dyde.

p. 211, stanza 23, *l.* 2,
boldly.

p. 207,
be dyde.
Edit. 1609, *be dide*.

p. 211, *bloudy*.
Edit. 1609, *boldly*.

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

- p. 215, *st.* 35, *l.* 1,
First by her side.
 errat. *Fast*.
- p. 216, *st.* 38, *l.* 5,
forward paire.
 This should be *froward*, since *l.* 7
 has *froward twaine*.
st. 41, *l.* 4, a Full Point at the End
 of the line instead of a Comma.
- p. 217, *st.* 43, *l.* 1, *shew'd*

CANTO III.

- p. 219, *st.* 2, *l.* 5,
ensuetb.
- l.* 6,
 he *rougbt*,
 errat. *raugbt*.
- p. 219, *st.* 4, *l.* 5,
 he did find.
- p. 220, *st.* 5, *l.* 9,
advauunce.
- p. 224, *st.* 20, *l.* 5,
 -bug *does unto them affeare*;
- p. 226, *st.* 28, *l.* 1,
did seen.
 errat. *were* seen.

CANTO IV.

- p. 232, *Argum.* *l.* 3,
Phaon.
- p. 234, *st.* 10, *l.* 4,
 He is *no*, ah he is not, &c.
 errat. *not*.
- p. 235, *st.* 11, *l.* 6,
withdrawn.
- st.* 12, *l.* 8,
tongue,
 errat. *tong*.
- p. 237, *st.* 17, *l.* 6,
 weakest *wretch*.

- p. 215,
First.
 So Edit. 1609.
- p. 216,
forward.
 So Edit. 1609.
- p. 216, ill pointed.
 Edit. 1609 is better pointed.
- p. 217, *shew'd*.
 So Edit. 1609.
 But this makes a Syllable too much
 for the verse.
 Edit. 1679, *shew'd*.
- p. 219,
ensu'tb.
 So Edit. 1609.
 This is right as a rhyme to *Youth*.
- p. 219, *raugbt*.
 So Edit. 1609.
- p. 219,
vaine did find.
 So Edit. 1609.
- p. 220,
avaunce.
 So Edit. 1609.
- p. 224,
 bug *their baire on end does reare*.
- p. 226,
were seen.
 So Edit. 1609.

- p. 232,
Phedon.
- p. 234,
 He is *no*, ah he is not, &c.
 So Edit. 1609 and 1679.
- p. 235,
withdrawen, a Syllable too much.
 So Edit. 1609.
 Edit. 1679 *withdrawn*.
- p. 235,
tong.
- p. 237,
 weakest *one*.

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

- l. 8,
thro' her guileful trech.
l. 9,
wandring ketch.
p. 243, st. 41, l. 2,
Pyrrochles,
errat. Pyrochles.
p. 244, st. 44, l. 8,
fits.

C A N T O V.

- p. 245, Argument, l. 2,
untyes.
Who him sore wounds, while Atin to
Gymochles for ayd flies.
p. 247, st. 5, l. 9,
doe me not much fayl.
p. 247, st. 8, l. 7,
hurtle.

ibid. warlike.
p. 248, st. 10, l. 7,
enemye.
l. 8,
releast.
p. 251, st. 19, l. 7,
garre.
p. 254, st. 31, l. 5,
—Nemus gaynd goodly Victoree.

C A N T O VI.

- p. 257, st. 1, l. 7,
abstain.
st. 3, l. 4,
as merry as Pope Jone.
l. 6, That so her might.
p. 258, st. 7, l. 7,
off.
p. 260, st. 14, l. 9,
love-lay.

- through Occasion.
light upon.
So Edit. 1609.
p. 243,
Pyrrochles.
So Edit. 1609.
p. 244,
fits.
Edit. 1609, fits.

p. 245,
unbinds.
Of whom sore hurt, for his Revenge
Attin Cymochles finds.
p. 247,
do not much me fayle.
p. 247,
hurle.
Edit. 1609, hurlen.
warelike.
So Edit. 1609,
p. 248,
enemies.
relast.
Edit. 1609, releast.
p. 251,
do.
So Edit. 1609.
p. 254,
Gaynd in Nemea goodly Victoree.

- p. 257,
refraine.
Edit. 1609, refrain.

that nigh her Breth was gone.
That might to her.
So Edit. 1609.
p. 258,
of.
So Edit. 1609.
p. 260,
loud lay.
So Edit. 1609.

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

p. 261, st. 18, l. 7,
griefsy lake.

p. 264, st. 29, l. 2,
importune outrage.

p. 266, st. 35, l. 2,
sbend.
So the Rhime requires:

p. 268, st. 42, l. 3,
beducked.

l. 4,
slept.

p. 269, st. 43, l. 7;
hath lent *but this* his.

p. 270, st. 51, l. 5,
bidden fire inly warmd.

C A N T O VII.

p. 272, st. 4, l. 4,
yet appeared.
l. 9,
And.

p. 273, st. 7, l. 3,
bils of welth.

p. 274, st. 11, l. 6,
Do not I Kings create, *and* throw the
Crowne
So Edit. 1609.

p. 275, st. 12, l. 9,
in.

p. 276, st. 18, l. 2,
of *that* antique age.

p. 278, st. 24, l. 7,
ne them parted *nought*.

p. 281, st. 36, l. 4,
dying tongs.

p. 282, st. 37, l. 1,
an.

p. 282, st. 39, l. 8,
mesprife. [i. e. scorn.]

p. 261,
griefsy lake:
So Edit. 1609.

p. 264,
importance outrage.
Edit, 1609, *important*.

p. 266,
sbent.
Edit. 1609, *sbend*.

p. 268,
beducked.

p. 268,
slept.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 269,
bath lent *this*.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 271,
hidden fire *too* inly warmd.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 272,
it appeared.

a.

p. 273,
heapes of wealth.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 274,
—and -omitted, which is necessary to
the Verse.

p. 275,
as.

p. 276,
of antique age.
Edit. 1609, restores *that*.

p. 278,
ought.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 281,
yron tongs.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 282,
as.

p. 282,
mesprife.
So Edit. 1609.

e

First

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

p. 283, st. 40, l. 5,
as if the highest.
So Edit. 1609.

l. 7,
iron mould.

st. 41, l. 3,
sterne was *his* looke.

p. 283, st. 41, l. 9,
emongst.

st. 42, l. 2,
ibat Darknesse.
errat. *the* Darknesse.

p. 287, st. 54, l. 8,
the Eubœan,
errat. *th'* Eubœan.

p. 287, st. 55, l. 5,
amongst.

p. 288, st. 60, l. 4,
more temperate.

C A N T O VIII.

p. 291, st. 3, l. 8,
Come hither, *come* hither, O come
hastily.

p. 295, st. 16, l. 7,
tomblacke steed.

p. 295, st. 25, l. 1,
Which those same foes, that stand
herby.
errat. *same cruel*, which completes
the Verse.

p. 300, st. 35, l. 8,
doubly,
errat. *double*.

p. 301, st. 37, l. 3,
red blood *rayle*.

p. 302, st. 40, l. 4,
To use the Sword *so well as he* it
ought.

p. 303, st. 44, l. 6,
haubergh.

p. 283,
As the highest.

l. 7,
golden.
So Edit. 1609.

sterne was *to* looke.
So Edit. 1609.
amongst.
So Edit. 1609.

ibat Darknesse.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 287,
th' Eubœan.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 287,
emongst.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 288,
intemperate.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 291,
So in the second Edit. but in that of
1609, it is thus;
Come hither, hither, O come hastily,
which restores the Verse.

p. 295,
tomblacke steed.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 295,
The same Line.
Edit. 1609, gives it thus:
Which those same foes, that doen
awaite herby.

p. 300,
double
So Edit. 1609.

p. 301,
So Edit. 1596.
Edit. 1609, *traile*.

p. 302,
To use the Sword *so wisely as* it
ought.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 303,
hauberck.

First

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- l. 8. *but bit not thore.*
 ft. 46, l. 8.
Horrow,
 errat. *Harrow.*
 p. 304, ft. 47, l. 4,
fwerd.
 p. 306, ft. 55, l. 3,
with bowing reverence,
 errat. *bowing with.*

- but bit no more.*
 So Edit. 1609.
Horrow.
 Edit. 1609. *harrow.* {
 p. 304.
 fword.
 So Edit. 1609.
 p. 306,
with bowing.
 So Edit. 1609.

CANTO IX.

- p. 307, ft. 1, l. 5,
incedent,
 errat. *indecent.*
 p. 309, ft. 7, l. 6,
Hath walkte about the world.
 ft. 9, l. 1, *wote.*
 This must certainly be *wecte*, as both
 the Grammar and Rhyme require.
 p. 311, ft. 15, l. 3,
 Captaine.
 It should be *Capitaine* as in the Edit.
 of 1609, to complete the Verse.
 p. 312, ft. 19, l. 9,
 crownd,
 errat. *crowned.*
 So it must be to complete the Verse.
 ft. 20, l. 6, *then.*
 p. 313, ft. 21, l. 7,
 longer a time.
 errat. *lenger time.*
 ft. 22, l. 9,
Dyapase,
 errat. *Diapase.*
 p. 315, ft. 31, l. 4,
th' Achates.
 Edit. 1609, *the Cates.*
 p. 317, ft. 37, l. 8, *Or docn your love—*
 p. 318, ft. 38, l. 9, *three years.*
 p. 318, ft. 41, l. 8,
Craftesman hand,
Craftjman's hand.
 So Edit. 1609.
 l. 9,
Castory,
 errat. *Castory.*
- p. 307,
indecent.
 p. 309,
Walkt round about the world.
 p. 309, *wote.*
 So Edit. 1609.
 p. 311,
 Captaine.
 p. 312,
crowned.
there.
 p. 313,
lenger time.
Dyapase.
 p. 315,
th' Achates.
 p. 317, *Or d'cn your love.*
 Edit. 1609. *Or doe.n you lov.e.*
ibid. twelve months.
 p. 318,
Craftesman hand.
Lastery.
 So Edit. 1609.

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

p. 322, st. 52, l. 9.
the house,
th' house: otherwise there will be a
 syllable too much in the Verse.
 So Edit. 1609.

p. 322,
the house.

C A N T O X.

p. 326, st. 4, l. 3,
whom,
 errat. *who.*

l. 6.
 and *thy* great,
 errat. and great.
gold,
 errat. *old.*

p. 326, st. 6, l. 6,
For safety that same.

p. 327, st. 7, l. 7,
liveden
 st. 9, l. 7,
 Affaraos line.

p. 330, st. 19, l. 5,
upon the present stoure.

p. 332, st. 24, l. 9,
 The Welsh words wanting in some
 copies, tho' perhaps not in all, since
 the *Errata* directs some corrections
 in those words.

st. 26, l. 6,
her people,
 errat. *their* people.

p. 334, st. 34, l. 1,
Rivall'.
 So Edit. 1609.
 This Elision is necessary to the Verse.

l. 7.
Then.

p. 336, st. 41, l. 1,
Girgiunt.

p. 339, st. 49, l. 8,
defrayd.
 This word is necessary to the rhyme.

p. 341, st. 56, l. 4,
Hyspabil'.

p. 326,
who.

and great.

old.
 So Edit. 1609.

p. 326,
For safety's sake that same.
 So Edit. 1609.

p. 327,
lived then.
 So Edit. 1609.
 Affaraos.
 Edit. 1609. Affarac's

p. 330,
in that impatient stoure.

p. 332,
 The Welsh words supplied.

her people.

p. 334,
 Rivallo.

Till.
 Edit. 1609, *When.*

p. 336,
Gurgunt.

p. 339,
did defray.

p. 341,
Hyspabil'.

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

- p. 343, *st.* 65, *l.* 1, *Capitayns.*
So it must be read to complete the
Verse.
- p. 344, *st.* 68, *l.* 7,
seemed.
- p. 345, *st.* 70, *l.* 6, 7, 8.
deryv'd
depriv'd
ryv'd.
- p. 347 *st.* 77, *l.* 9,
noble knightes.
So Edit. 1609.
- p. 343,
Captains.
- p. 344,
seemeth.
- p. 345,
derived
deprived
rived.
- nobler* knightes.
- p. 348, and eftsoones.

C A N T O XI.

- p. 348, *st.* 4, *l.* 4, And he eftsoones.
- p. 350, *st.* 9, *l.* 9,
they *against* that Bulwark lent.
- st.* 11, *l.* 4.
apes, *dismayd.*
Mr. Jortin, *p.* 69.
questions whether it should not be
dismade.
- p. 355, *st.* 29, *l.* 4,
to their *ayd.*
- p. 356, *st.* 30, *l.* 7,
Briton,
errat. *Britayne.*
- l.* 9,
revive:
errat. *survive.*
- st.* 32, *l.* 5, *infest.*
- p. 159, *st.* 44, *l.* 3,
bis lifelesse shadow,
errat. *this.*
- p. 350,
they that Bulwarke *forely* rent.
- p. 355,
their *aye.*
- p. 306,
Briton.
- revive.*
- unrest,*
- p. 359,
this.

C A N T O XII.

- p. 362, *st.* 1, *l.* 1,
this,
errat. *that.*
- p. 363, *st.* 3, *l.* 9,
did,
errat. *doe.*
- p. 362,
this.
- p. 363,
doe.

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| p. 364, st. 8, l. 6,
weiting,
errat. <i>wayting</i> . | p. 364,
<i>waiting</i> . |
| p. 368, st. 21, l. 1.
<i>ib'earnest</i> . | p. 368,
<i>ib'beedfull</i> , |
| p. 369, st. 27, l. 4,
<i>the</i> refounding.
Edit. 1609 omits <i>the</i> , which is a syl-
lable too much for the Verse. | p. 369,
<i>the</i> refounding. |
| p. 370, st. 30, l. 6.
<i>pleasunt</i> port. | p. 370,
<i>peasant</i> port. |
| p. 375, st. 48, l. 7,
He <i>oft</i> this Gardin. | p. 375,
He <i>of</i> this Gardin. |
| p. 376, st. 51, l. 1,
<i>Therewith</i> . | p. 376,
<i>Thereto</i> . |
| p. 379, st. 61, l. 8,
<i>fearfully</i> . | p. 379,
<i>tenderly</i> , |
| p. 385, st. 83, l. 7,
<i>spoyle</i> . | p. 385,
<i>spoyld</i> . |

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

B O O K III.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

- | | |
|--|---|
| p. 390, st. 4, l. 2, <i>thou</i> .
C A N T O I. | p. 390, <i>you</i> . |
| p. 391, arg. l. 3,
<i>Materastaes</i> ,
errat. <i>Malecastaes</i> . | p. 391,
<i>Materastaes</i> .
So Edit. 1609. |
| p. 399, st. 30, l. 6,
<i>shard</i> .
errat. <i>mar</i> . | p. 399,
<i>shard</i> .
So Edit. 1609. |
| p. 400, st. 31, l. 6,
and <i>of</i> many.
<i>of</i> is necessary to the Verse. | p. 400,
and many.
So Edit. 1609. |
| p. 404, st. 48, l. 9,
<i>loathly fight</i> . | p. 404,
<i>loathy</i> .
So Edit. 1609. |
| p. 407, st. 56, l. 8,
<i>Bafcomano</i> .
C A N T O II. | p. 407,
<i>Bafciomani</i> . |
| p. 412, st. 8, l. 5,
Which to prove. | p. 412,
Which <i>I</i> to prove. |
| p. 419, st. 30, l. 5,
And down again her in her warm bed
dight. | p. 419,
And downe again in her warme bed
her dight. |
| p. 422, st. 41, l. 2,
<i>Nor</i> .
st. 42, l. 7,
<i>alablaste</i> best.
So Edit. 1609, | p. 422,
<i>Not</i> .

alablaste: |

First Edition, 1590.

p. 424, st. 50, l. 2,
Then.

C A N T O III.

p. 426, st. 4, l. 7,
auncestrye.

l. 8.
protense.

p. 238, st. 43, l. 9,
from th' Earth,
errat. from off the Earth.

p. 438, st. 44, l. 5,
For twife four hundred Tears shal be
supplide.

l. 6,
Ere they unto their former rule restord
shall be.
This Verse is two Syllables too long.

p. 440, st. 50, l. 9,
She turned,
errat. He turned.
Mr. Jortin, p. 82, conjectur'd, that
this was the true Reading.
—cheerful Looks did shew.
Edit. 1609, after looks adds, as earst,
which is necessary to compleat the
Alexandrine.

st. 53, l. 3,
(Need makes good scholars) teach.

C A N T O IV.

p. 444, st. 2, l. 5,
Penthesilee.

p. 449, st. 19, l. 7,
—in secret wheare,
As he by chance —
Mr. Jortin, p. 83, thinks it should be
pointed thus,
—in secret, where
As he by chance.

Our Poet perpetually uses *whereas*
for *where*.

p. 453, st. 33, 4,
raynes.

p. 454, st. 39, l. 9,
till we againe may meet.

Second Edition, 1596.

p. 224,
Them.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 426, l. 7,
auncestie.

l. 8,
pretence.

p. 438,
from th' Earth.

p. 438,
For twife foure hundredth shal be sup-
plide.
The Edit. 1609 has it thus :
For twife four hundredth shall be full
supplide
Ere they to former rule restor'd shall
bee.

p. 440,
She turned.
So Edit. 1609.

cheerful Looks did shew,

(whom need new strength shall teach.)

p. 444,
Panthesilee.

p. 453,
traines.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 454,
till we no more shall meet.

First Edition, 1590.

p. 461, st. 59, l. 5,
The Children of Day be the blessed Seed.

CANTO V.

p. 465, st. 11, l. 1,

ye.

p. 466, st. 17, l. 3,

made,

errat. *wade.*

p. 468, st. 21, l. 9,

flood.

p. 470, st. 30, l. 7,

bitter.

p. 474, st. 44, l. 7,

renew.

CANTO VI.

p. 485, st. 26, l. 4,

To seeke the fugitive.

p. 490, st. 45, in this Edition and that of 1596, consists of but *eight* Lines instead of *nine*: But in the Edition of 1609, after the third Verse, is inserted the following;

And dearest Love:

CANTO VII.

p. 495, st. 4, l. 6,

travellid.

p. 499, st. 18, l. 5,

Might *by* the Witch or *by* her sonne
compass.

p. 500, st. 23, l. 4,

she,

errat. *be.*

p. 506, st. 42, l. 6,

siuned,

errat. *siund.*

st. 43, l. 8,

were,

errat. *ner.*

p. 506, st. 48, l. 4,

Till him chylde Thopas to, &c.

p. 508, st. 52,

scemd, deemd, &c.

Second Edition, 1596.

p. 461,

*Daye's dearest Children be the blessed
Seed.*

p. 465,

you.

p. 466,

wade.

p. 468,

bloud.

p. 470,

better.

p. 474,

renew.

p. 485,

To seeke the fugitive *both farre and
neare.*

p. 495,

travelled.

This makes a Syllable too much for
the Verse.

p. 499,

Might *be* the Witch or that her sonne
compass:

p. 500,

be.

p. 506,

stund.

neare.

p. 507,

And many bath to, &c.

seemed, deemed, &c.

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

CANTO VII.

p. 508, *st.* 49, *l.* 5,
*staine.*p. 511, *st.* 61, *l.* 5,
bace.

CANTO VIII.

p. 512, *st.* 3,
reliv'd, reviv'd, &c.p. 513, *st.* 5, *l.* 1,
*device.*p. 514, *st.* 8, *l.* 3,
lomewhyle,
Edit. 1609, *somewhile.**st.* 9, *l.* 9,
who he so long had fought.
Edit. 1609, *Whom.* And so the
Grammar requires.p. 515, *st.* 10, *l.* 6,
Countenance.
retain'd, entertain'd, ordain'd.p. 519, *st.* 25, *l.* 9,
*reprov'd.*p. 521, *st.* 33, *l.* 9,
her ly.

CANTO IX.

p. 527, *st.* 2, *l.* 4,
*attonce.*p. 529 *st.* 7, *l.* 3,
*disdonne.*p. 533, *st.* 22, *l.* 1, *Bellona.*p. 534, *st.* 24, *l.* 5,
But *most* they marvaild.p. 535- *st.* 27, *l.* 5,
with glaunces.p. 536, *st.* 32, *l.* 8,
being *yglad.*p. 540, *st.* 45, *l.* 3,
*necks.*p. 541, *st.* 48, *l.* 6,
*led to sea.*p. 508,
*straine.*p. 511,
*backe.*p. 512,
relived, revived, &c.p. 513,
*advise.*Spenser seems to have chang'd the
Word *device*, because *deviz'd* fol-
lows in the next Line.p. 514,
*lomewhile.*p. 514,
*Who.*p. 515,
Countenant.
retained, entertained, ordained.p. 519,
reproved,
So it should be, to complete the
Verse.p. 521,
*thereby.*p. 527,
*attonce.*p. 529,
*misdonne.*p. 533, *Minerva.*p. 534,
But the marvaild.p. 535,
that glaunces.p. 536,
*being glad.*p. 540,
*neck.*p. 541,
*led to the sea.**The* makes a Syllable too much for
the Verse.

First Edition, 1590.

Second Edition, 1596.

CANTO X.

- p. 547, st. 18, l. 4,
so still.
- p. 548, st. 19, l. 2,
search.
- p. 549, st. 25, l. 3,
Rudeness.
- p. 551, st. 30, l. 4.
And in his Ear him rounded.
So Edit. 1609.
- p. 554, st. 40, l. 3,
faithfull wildernesse.
- p. 556, st. 49, l. 8,
turn'd ber.
- p. 557, st. 52, l. 1.
day spring.
So Edit. 1609.
- p. 547,
Then still.
- p. 548,
search.
- p. 549,
rudedesse.
- p. 551,
grounded.
- p. 554,
wastefull
- p. 546,
turn'd ber.
- p. 557,
day springs.

CANTO XI.

- p. 561, st. 4, l. 4,
In beaftly use *all* that I ever find.
- p. 564, st. 15, l. 6,
At least:
- p. 565, st. 19,
Endlesse Renown, that more then
Death is to be fought.
Mr. Fortin, p. 89, thinks the Poet
ought to have said,
—that more than *Life*, &c.
- p. 566, st. 22, l. 6,
Fool-hardy as the Earthes Children,
which made.
- p. 570, st. 37, l. 5,
sweete beare.
- p. 571, st. 39, l. 8,
Hag.
Mr. Fortin, p. 91, reads *stag*.
- p. 561,
In beaftly use *that* I did ever find.
So Edit. 1609.
- p. 564,
And least.
- p. 566,
Fool-hardy as th'Earthes Children,
the which made.
- p. 570,
sweet *breare*.

CANTO XII.

- p. 572, st. 42, l. 8,
snaky locke.
- p. 573, st. 48, l. 7,
ensold.
- p. 579, st. 11, l. 1,
clotb'd.
- p. 572,
snaly-locke.
- p. 573,
ensold.
- p. 579,
clotb'.

First Edition, 1590.

p. 579, *st.* 12, *l.* 6,
winged heeld.

p. 581, *st.* 17, *l.* 8,
emboft.

p. 582, *st.* 23, *l.* 25,
his right did straine,
errat. *right hand.*

p. 583, *st.* 27, *l.* 3,
nothing did remayne.

p. 587, *st.* 38, *l.* 5,
for'd.

p. 588, *st.* 42, *l.* 4.
He,
errat. *She.*

l. 5,
him,
errat. *her.*

Instead of the last five Stanza's in the
first Edition are three others in the
second.

Second Edition, 1596.

p. 579,
wingy heeld.
So Edit. 1609.

p. 581,
emboft.

p. 582,
his right did straine:

p. 583,
and bore all away.

p. 587,
bor'd.

p. 588,
She.

ber.



A N E X A C T
C O L L A T I O N

O F

S P E N S E R's own E D I T I O N

Of the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth B O O K S of the

F A I R Y Q U E E N.

Printed at *London*, 1596, in Q U A R T O; with the
First E D I T I O N, in F O L I O, printed there in 1609.

First Edition, 1596.

Second Edition, 1609.

B O O K I V.

C A N T O I.

p. 9, *st.* 16, *l.* 7,
none.

11,
one.

C A N T O I^r

p. 54, *st.* 2, *l.* 4,
Scudamour and *Paridell*.
Mr. *Jortin* in his *Remarks*, p. 100, ob-
serves, that this is a Mistake for
Blandamour.

p. 205,
Scudamour and *Paridell*.

C A N T O V.

p. 67, *st.* 5, *l.* 5.
Aridalian Mount.
Mr. *Jortin*, p. 101, remarks that it
should be *Acidalian*.
l. 9,
Cestus. It should be *Cestus*, accord-
ing to Mr. *Jortin*.

p. 210,
Aridalian Mount.

l. 9,
Cestus.

First

Edition 1596.

Edition 1609.

p. 112, *st.* 16, *l.* 2,
His *sodaine* filence.
Mr. *Fortin*, p. 103, thinks *Spenser* in-
tended *fullen* filence.
p. 116, *st.* 30, *l.* 4,
Then.

His *tedious* filence.

Then.

C A N T O IX.

p. 127, *st.* 1, *l.* 8,
virtue's mind.
p. 135, *st.* 30, *l.* 8,
repaired.
p. 138, *st.* 39, *l.* 8,
That living thus, a Wretch I and
loving so.

p. 228,
virtuous mind.
p. 230,
repayed.
p. 231,
That living thus, a Wretch and lov-
ing so.

C A N T O X.

p. 144, *st.* 19, *l.* 1,
nearest Man.
p. 146, *st.* 27, *l.* 1,
Hyllus.
It should be *Hylas.*

p. 233,
meanest Man.
p. 234,
Hylus.

C A N T O XII.

p. 175, *st.* 13, *l.* 12,
Thus whilst his stony heart with ten-
der Ruth.
Was toucht, and mighty Courage molli-
fide.

p. 243,
Thus whilst his stony heart was
toucht with tender ruth,
And mighty Courage something mollifide.

B O O K VI.

C A N T O II.

p. 196, *st.* 2, *l.* 7,
And.
p. 205, *st.* 32, *l.* 4,
Had worne the *Eare.*
p. 209, *st.* 46, *l.* 9,
downe way.

p. 251,
As.
p. 254,
Earth.
p. 255,
downe way.

C A N T O VI.

p. 261, *st.* 17, *l.* 5.
Here to the End.

p. 271,
Heard to the End.

First Edition, 1596.

Second Edition, 1609.

CANTO X.

p. 312, st. 3, l. 6,

*Armericke shore.*Mr. Fortin, p. 121, supposes that it should be *Armorie*.

p. 288,

Armericke shore.

BOOK VI.

INTRODUCTION.

p. 356, st. 3, l. 5.

Since.

p. 301,

Sith.

CANTO II.

p. 370, st. 3, l. 2,

aēt and deed.

p. 306,

deed and word.

CANTO III.

p. 396, st. 42, l. 4, *reprove.*l. 7, *approve.*p. 314, *approve,**reprove.*

CANTO VII.

p. 437, st. 3, l. 7,

The which were *arm'd* both agreeably.

p. 307,

armed.

CANTO VIII.

p. 465, st. 50, l. 4,

they ought.

p. 336,

she ought.

CANTO X.

p. 492, st. last, l. 8,

But what befell.

p. 344,

And what befell.

CANTO XI.

p. 505, st. 45, l. 4,

lyfull heat.

p. 348,

lyfull heat.

CANTO XII.

p. 510, st. 13, l. 8,

*Loos and fame.**Loos* is used by Chaucer for *Praise*.

p. 350,

Praise and fame.

E R R A T A.

In the COLLATION, Page XLII. after the Words *estfoones*, add, p. 348, and *estfoones*.

VOL. I. BOOK I. CANTO I. Stanza 30, l. 9, p. 13, and BOOK I. CANTO VIII. st. 33, l. 5,

p. 132, for *fits* read *fits*.

A

G L O S S A R Y,

Explaining the

Obsolete and difficult W O R D S

I N

S P E N S E R'S W O R K S.

A

A Bear, *to bear, carry, demean.*
 Abet, *to vindicate.*
 Abaid, *recover'd, rais'd out of, awaked.*
 Abusion, *Deceit, Abuse.*
 Aby, *to abide, suffer, or endure.* Dear
 aby, *pay dear for.*
 Accloy, *to cloy, fill up.*
 Accoied, *daunted, pluck'd down.*
 Accoil'd, *standing in a Circle.*
 Accrued, *collected, flowing together.*
 Adaw, *sometimes signifies to abate.*
 Adaw'd, *aw'd, daunted, confounded.*
 Adore, *for adorn.* Fairy Queen, B. 4.
Can. 11. Stan. 46.
 Adrad, *or Adred, affrighted.*
 Advifement, *Counfel, Advice.*
 Affrap (*from the French Frapper*) *to strike.*
 Allray, *Terror, Tumult; to frighten.* (Fr.)

Affy, *to betroth.*
 Aghaft, *affrighted, astonish'd.*
 Aggrate, *to gratify, to please.*
 Aggrize, *to astonish, or to give abhorrence.*
 (Sax.)
 Aglets, (*Fr. Aguiette*) *Points.*
 Aguife, *to put on an Appearance.*
 Aguis'd, *set forth, adorn'd, seeming; as*
well aguis'd, i. e. of good guise, well-
seeming.
 Albe, *albo?*
 Aleg, (*Fr. allegger*) *to alleviate, lighten,*
lefen.
 Aligates, *nevertheless: sometimes it signi-*
fies, by all means, wholly, or ever.
 All, *sometimes us'd for a tho.*
 Alla Turchesca, *in the Turkish Manner.*
 Als, *for also.*
 Amate, *to distress, terrify, subdue.*
 Amears'd, *fined.*

Amnage

Amcnage, *manage*.
 Amenaunce, *Carriage, Behaviour*.
 Amis, *Apparel*.
 Apay, *to requite, satisfy, pay*.
 Appal, *to fail, to terrify*.
 Appeach, *to confuse*.
 Arrear, *backwards; a lagging, or backward Pace*.
 Aread, or areed, *to advise, appoint, to tell or guess. (Sax.)*
 Areads, *Advices, Discourses*.
 Arew, *in a Row*.
 Arraught, *reach'd, snatch'd, seiz'd*.
 Arret, *sometimes signifies Decree*.
 Afaunce, *awry, askew, askint*.
 Aflake, *to slacken, abate, appease*.
 Assay (from *assail*) *attack*.
 Aston'd, or astound, *astonish'd*.
 Atfoiled, *absolv'd, discharg'd, try'd*.
 Astot, *to besot, deceive, make a Fool of*.
 Astert, *to startle*.
 Attach'd, *seiz'd*.
 Attone, (*i. e. at one*) *together*.
 Atween, *between*.
 Avail (*a Noun*) *Price, Value, Equivalent*.
 Avale (*Verb*) *to lower, or bring down, or to descend. (Fr.)*
 Avaunting, *for advancing*.
 Avengement, *Revenge*.
 Avise, (*Fr. aviser*) *to behold, or observe, to be sensible of*.
 Aumail'd, *enamell'd. (Fr.)*
 Avour (*from the Fr. avouer*) *Confession*.
 Awhape, *to astonish, terrify*.
 Ay, *always*.
 Aygulets, *Points. (Fr.)*

B

B Afful'd, *baffled, beat*.
 Bale, *Sorrow, Misfortune*.
 Balful, *sorrowful, unfortunate, full of Harm*.
 Barbs, *Bosses, or Ornaments in the Trappings of a Horse*.
 Barbed, *embossed*.
 Barbican, *an outer Gate, or Porch, or a Watch-Tower*.
 Basen, *cc, Big Looks basen wide (Mother Hulberd's Tale,) i. e. extended as with Wonder*.

Basted, *sowed, wrought*.
 Bate, *did beat*.
 Bauldrick, *a Belt; Bauldrick of the Heavens, the Zodiack, in which are the twelve Signs*.
 Bay, *to bark. In one place, viz. Fairy Queen, Book 1. Canto 7. Stanza 3. Spenser uses it to signify to bathe, cherish or foment, perhaps from the German bachen, which has the same Signification*.
 Bead-men, *praying Men, i. e. Persons separated to Devotion*.
 Beath'd in Fire, *barben'd in the Fire*.
 Beauperes, *Companions, Equals*.
 Beavy, *a Company*.
 Bed for bid, *to pray*.
 Bedight, *dress'd, adorn'd*.
 Beheit, *Command*.
 Behight, or behote, *call'd, nam'd; and sometimes bid, promis'd, gave*.
 Bell-Accoil, *fair Reception. (Fr.)*
 Belamour, *Lover*.
 Belamy, *Friend*.
 Beldame, *formerly signify'd the same as Dame now, an Appellation of Respect to Women of ordinary Rank*.
 Belgard (*from the Fr. belles Regards*) *beautiful Looks*.
 Bellibone (*Shepherds Calendar*) *fair Maid; a Compound of the Fr. belle & bonne, i. e. fair and good*.
 Bends, *Bars plac'd cross-ways*.
 Benempt, *named, bequeathed*.
 Bent, (*from bend*) *is sometimes put for yielding or complying*.
 Bents (*a German Word*) *Bulrushes*.
 Bere, *sometimes signifies Weight, Pressure, or Bearing*.
 Beseen, *as Courtesy well beseen, i. e. Courtesy to bear a good Aspect, handsome Treatment*.
 Besprint, or besprent, *besprinkled*.
 Bestad, *beset, oppress'd; ill bestad, ill beset, or put into an ill Condition*.
 Beteem, *deliver*.
 Bett, *better*.
 Betight, *betide, besal*.
 Bikerment, *Strife*.
 Bilive, *forthwith, immediately*.
 Blatant-Bealt, *Detraction, represented as a Monster*.

Blazon,

- Blazon, *painting, displaying.*
 Blent, *for blended, mingled; sometimes blent signifies blinded.*
 Bles; Spenser has used this Word to signify the waving, or brandishing a Sword, Fairy Queen, Book 1. Canto 5. Stanza 6.
 Blin, *to cease. (Sax.)*
 Blist, or blest, (*Fr. blessé*) wounded.
 Blonket Liveries, *grey Coats.*
 Bloom, *for Blossom.*
 Bolts, *Arrows.*
 Bond, *for bound.*
 Bonnibel, *a fair Maid. Vid. Bellibone.*
 Boon (*Sax. Bene*) sometimes signifies Prayer.
 Boot, *to avail.*
 Bootless, *unavailing, unprofitable.*
 Bord, *Jest.*
 Bord (*a Verb*) *to accost; from the Fr. Aborder, to approach.*
 Bordragings (*Fairy Queen, Book 2. Canto 10. Stanza 63.*) *This seems to be a made Word, to signify Incurfions, or ravaging the Borders.*
 Borrel, *rude, clownish.*
 Borrow, *Pledge, Surety, Debt.*
 Bos of a shield, *the Convex or rais'd part.*
 Boughts, *Circular Folds, or Windings.*
 Bourn, *Torrent. (Sax.)*
 Brac'd, or brast, *burst.*
 Brace, *Compass.*
 Brade, *for broad.*
 Brag, *proudly.*
 Brand, *sometimes signifies a Firebrand, and is sometimes used by Spenser for a Sword, from the old Runick Brandur, a Sword; from whence perhaps is deriv'd the Word brandish.*
 Branfles, (*Fr.*) *Brawls, a Sort of Tune.*
 Breeme, or breme, *fierce, fiercely, chill, raw.*
 Bren, *burn.*
 Brent, *burnt.*
 Brocage (*Mother Hubbard's Tale,*) *Pimping.*
 Brond. *Vid. Brand.*
 Brondiron, *Sword.*
 Buffe, *a Blow.*
 Bug, *Bug-bear.*
 Burgein, *to spring, or shoot out, from the French Bourgeonner.*
 Baskets (*a Diminutive*) *little bushes.*
 Buxom, *yielding, obedient. (Sax.)*
 Bynempt, *named, bequeath'd.*

C

- CAitiff, or Cative (*Lat. Captivus*) *Slave or Captive, mean, despicable.*
 Camus, *a thin Gown.*
 Can, *often used for gan, or began.*
 Canon, *Rule, Ruling.*
 Cark, *Care. (Sax.)*
 Carl, *a Clown. (Sax.)*
 Carol, *to sing songs of Joy.*
 Carven, *to cut.*
 Causen, (*Fr. causer*) *to argue, or debate.*
 Certes, *certainly.*
 Chaffred, *sold, exchang'd.*
 Chair, *chary, or charily.*
 Chamfred, *bent, crooked, wrinkled, chapt.*
 Chau, *Heat, Wrath. (Fr.)*
 Check-laton, *a Sort of chequer'd Stuff.*
 Check-mate, (*Shepherd's Calendar, December*) *Defeat, Overthrow; a Word borrow'd from the Game of Chess.*
 Cheer, *Countenance, Aspect, Health, Temper.*
 Chevalry, *and old Fr. Word signifying Knightbood, deriv'd originally from Chevalier, an Horseman.*
 Chevalrous, *knightly.*
 Chevifaunce, *Atchievement, Performance, Booty, Acquisition, Chiefdom.*
 Cleped (*Sax. clepian, to call*) *called, named.*
 Clink, *a Key-hole.*
 Complot, *Plot.*
 Combrous, *cumberfome.*
 Con, *to learn, to know.*
 Concreve (*from the Lat. concrefco*) *to grow together.*
 Congè, *Leave. (Fr.)*
 Conn'd, *learn'd.*
 Conteck, *Contention, Strife.*
 Convenable, *agreeable. (Fr.)*
 Corb, *crooked.*
 Corbs, *an Ornament in Architecture.*
 Coronat, *Crown, Garland.*
 Collet, *a Lamb brought up without the Ewe.*
 Cotes, *Sheep-folds.*

Covetise, *Covetousness*.
 Coul'd, as coul'd his Good to all, *i. e.*
dispens'd his Bounty; perhaps from the
Fr. couler, to stream.
 Count, *Account; of Count, i. e. of Ac-*
count, Value.
 Counterfeauce, *counterfeiting.*
 Cour'd, *cover'd.*
 Couth (*from ken or con*) *to know or be*
skilful in.
 Cragg, *Neck.*
 Crake, *to crack, or boast.*
 Craven, *Coward, or cowardly.*
 Credence, *Belief.*
 Crumena, *Purse.*
 Culter, *a Plough-share.*
 Culver, (*a Sax. Word*) *Dove, Pigeon.*

D

D A N, *an Appellation for Master, put*
before proper names, and answering
to the Spanish Don.
 Dapper, *pretty.*
 Darraign or darreigne, *to attempt or chal-*
lenge (as it is used in Chaucer) or to pre-
pare for Fight; from daren to dare, or
from the Fr. d'arranger, to draw up or
dispose in order.
 Dearnly, *earnestly.*
 Dearling, *Darling.*
 Decrew'd, *decreas'd.*
 Deemen, *deem, supp se.*
 Defealance, *defeating.*
 Deffly, *neatly, skilfully.*
 Deign, *vouchsafe.*
 Delices, (*Fr.*) *Delights, from the Lat. De-*
licia.
 Dell or Delve, *Pit, or Hole in the Ground.*
 Demean, *for Demeanour; sometimes it sig-*
nifies to debate.
 Derring-do, *bold Deeds, Manhood, Chi-*
valry.
 Dempt, *decmed, thought, judged.*
 Depeinteen, *painted.*
 Describe, *describe.*
 Dets, *Seat.*
 Devilsful, *full of Invention or Contrivance.*
 Devoir, *Duty. (Fr.)*
 Diapase, *a Word borrow'd from Diapason*
in Musick, which signifies the most perfect
Harmony.

Dight, or dite, *to make ready, dress,*
adorn. (Sax.)
 Dirk, *dark, or to darken.*
 Disavaunce, *to withdraw.*
 Diseafe, *for Uneasiness.*
 Discure, *for discover.*
 Discus'd (*Fairy Queen, Book 3. Canto 1.*
Stanza 48.) shaken of; Lat. discussus.
 Disloin'd, *remote.*
 Disple, *to discipline.*
 Dispredden (*a made Word*) *spread.*
 Dispurveyance, *Want of Provision.*
 Dittraught, *drawn; sometimes it signifies*
distracted, or confused.
 Doen, *done, made, or to make. Doen to*
die, i. e. made to die, put to death.
 Dool, *Dole, or Dolour, (Lat. Dolor) Pain,*
Grief.
 Dolorous, *painful, or full of Grief.*
 Doff, *to put off.*
 Don, *to put on.*
 Dortours, (*Fr.*) *Dormitories, Lodgings for*
Monks.
 Doughty, *valiant, stout.*
 Douzepere, *from Douze Pairs, the twelve*
Peers of France.
 Drad, *for Dread, to be fear'd. (Sax.)*
 Drapets, (*Fr.*) *Linen Cloth.*
 Drear, *Scrow.*
 Dreary, *mournful.*
 Drent, *drowned.*
 Dreriment, *Sorrowfulness.*
 Drowsy-hed, *Drowsyness.*
 Durefs, (*Fr.*) *Confinement, Imprisonment.*

E.

E A T H, *easy,*
 Earn, *to long earnestly.*
 Earst, *formerly, awhile ago.*
 Eke, *also, to add.*
 Est, *after, again.*
 Estfoores, *immediately, often, afterwards.*
 Eld, *Old Age.*
 Elfs, *Fairies, from the Sax. Elfenne,*
which signifies Spirits.
 Elfin, *the Adjective of Elf; as Elfin*
Knight, i. e. Fairy Knight.
 Embrave, *to make brave or fine, to dress.*
 Embay, *to cherish sement, or bathe.*
 Embofs, *this Word in one Place (viz. Fai-*
ry Queen, Book 3. Canto 1. Stanza 64.)
seems

- seems deriv'd from the Lat. *imbuere*, to stain, or imbue; and so signifies to dip their Hands in the Spoil, or take Possession of it.
- Emboist, cover'd, overlaid; a Word borrow'd from rais'd Works in Architecture, or Carving. In one Place (Fairy Queen, Book 3. Canto 12. Stanza 17.) it seems to signify pursued.
- Eme, an Unkle by the Mother's Side. (Sax.)
- Empair, impair, weaken.
- Empeach, (from the Fr. *empecher*) to hinder.
- Empight, fixed, plac'd.
- Emprise, Enterprize Undertaking. (Fr.)
- Enaunter, left that.
- Encheaion (Old Fr.) Occasion, Accident.
- Endois (Colin Clout,) for enderse; to write or engrave upon.
- Endur'd, barded (Lat. *induro*.)
- Enfoldred Smoke Fairy Queen, Book 1. Canto 11. stanza 40.) i. e. Smoke mix'd with Flames, and thrown out like Lightning; from the Fr. *touldroyer*, to dart Thunderbolts, or to blast with Lightning.
- Engorged, sticking on one's Throat.
- Engrain'd, died in Grain.
- Engrafted, ingrafted, implanted.
- Enhaunc'd, rais'd.
- Entauple, Example.
- Enteems, (Fairy Queen, Book 4. Canto 11. Stanza 35.) a made Word, signifying to breed, perhaps from *en* or *in*, and the Fr. *semer*, to sow Seed.
- Entail, (Ital. *Intaglia*) Engraving.
- Enterdeal, Mediation.
- Enterprize, sometimes signifies to give Reception to any one.
- Entertake, to entertain.
- Entrailed, wrought between.
- Eschew, avoid.
- Effoin (from the Fr. *effoigner*) to withdraw to a distance.
- Effoin, excuse.
- Ever among, ever and anon.
- Ewites, Lizzards.
- Excheat, Accident; or a Property fallen to one in any thing.
- Extirpe, (Lat. *extirpare*) to root out.
- Extreat, Extraction,
- Eyne, Eyes.
- Eyas Hawk, a Term in Falconry, signifying a young Hawk newly fledg'd, and fit for Flight.
- F.
- F**ADE, is sometimes used by Spenser and others for *vanish*. Thus Shakespeare—It faded at the crowing of a Cock. Hamlet.
- Fain, glad, desirous.
- Falsed his Blows, i. e. made Feints, or false Blows to deceive his Enemy.
- Fare, to go.
- Fay, Faith, Truth; sometimes it signifies Fairy.
- Faytor, Doer; fisse Faytor, a Deceiver.
- Fe ren, to frighten.
- Feculent, (Lat.) foul, full of Dregs.
- Feer, Companion.
- Feil (Lat.) Gail.
- Ferm, as fleshly Ferm, Fairy Queen, Book 3. C 5. St. 23. i. e. fleshly Prison, perhaps from the Fr. *fermer*, to lock up.
- Fiaunt, Warrant.
- Flatling, flat.
- Flight, Arrow.
- Flit, to fluctuate, to be in motion.
- Flouretts, (a Diminutive) Blossoms, or little Flowers.
- Foeman, a Foe.
- Foil (Lat. *Folium*) Leaf; Golden Foil, Leaf-Gold.
- Foin'd, push'd.
- Fon, Fool.
- Fone, Foes.
- Fond, for found.
- For, often put for because.
- Fordo, undo.
- Fordone, undone.
- Forehail, to drag, distress.
- Forehant, seiz'd, caught hold of.
- Forefay, renounce.
- Forefald, forbid.
- Foreby, before, and near to any place.
- Forefald, forbidden.
- Forewent, gone before.
- Forethink, to repent, or be concern'd at any thing.
- Forelore, put by postick Licence for Forlorn. Forlora

Forlorn (*Sax.*) *lost, abandon'd, in a desperate Condition.*
 Forray, *to forrage, to prey upon; sometimes it is a Noun, and signifies Forrage or Foraging.*
 Forswonk, *wear'y'd, over-labour'd.*
 Forswat, *exhausted with Sweat.*
 For thy, *therefore.*
 Fortilage, *Fort.*
 Forworn, *much worn.*
 Foster, *for Forrester.*
 Fouldring, (*Fr.*) *thundering, blasting with Lightning.*
 Foyson, *Plenty.*
 Franklin, *a Person of a liberal Condition, or Behaviour, a Freeman, or Gentleman.*
 Frannion, *one of too free or loose Behaviour.*
 Fray, *to frighten.*
 Frenne, *Stranger.*
 Frize, *sometimes put for freeze.*
 Frowy, *musty, or mossy.*

G.

G A G E, *Pledge. (Fr.)*
 Galage, *a Wooden Shoe, from the Fr. Galoche.*
 Gan, *for began.*
 Gang, *go.*
 Garrs, *causes; as garrs the greet (Shepherd's Calendar) i. e. makes thee weep or complain.*
 Gazement, *gazing.*
 Gear, *Furniture, Equipage, Dress.*
 Geason, *perplexing.*
 Gelt, *Gold.*
 Gent, *for gentle.*
 German, *Brother, or near Kinsman.*
 Gests (*Lat. Gestæ*) *Deeds, Actions, Ex.*
 Gianbeux (*Fr. Jambes*) *Legs.*
 Gualts and Turnaments, *an old manner of single Combat on Horseback with Spears and Swords.*
 Glade, *an opening in a Wood.*
 Gliive, *Sword.*
 Glitterand, *glittering; a Participle used by Chaucer and the old Poets.*
 Glee, *Gladness.*
 Giene, *a Country Hamlet, or Borough.*
 Glode, (*Fairy Queen, Book 4. Canto 4. Stanza 33.*) *signifies glanc'd, or is writ by poetick Licence for glowed.*

Gnarre (*a made Word*) *to snarle or bark.*
 Gondelay, (*Ital. Gondola*) *Boat.*
 Goodlihead, *Goodlines.*
 Gorge (*Fr.*) *Throat.*
 Grail, *is sometimes used for Gravel.*
 Greave, *for Grove.*
 Gree (*from the Fr.*) *Gré, Liking, Satisfaction, Pleasure; as with good Gree (Fr. a bon Gré) with Complacency, or Delight. Sometimes Gree is used for Degrec.*
 Greet, *to exclaim, cry out, complain.*
 Gride, or Gryde, *pierced, an old Word, much used by Lidgate.*
 Griefful, *full of Grief.*
 Griple, *signifies one that snatches any thing greedily, or a griping Miser.*
 Groom, *Shepherd, Herdsman.*
 Guerdon, (*Fr.*) *Reward, Prize.*
 Guilen, *to beguile, or deceive.*
 Guileful, *deceitful.*
 Guise, *Form, Habit, Condition.*
 Gyre (*Lat. Gyrus*) *a Circle, Ring; a turning round.*

H.

H A B E R G E O N *a Piece of Armour covering the Head and Shoulders.*
 Hable (*Lat. habilis*) *apt, nimble.*
 Had-ywist, *a made Word of Humour used by the Author in Mother Hubbard's Tale, to signify Preferment at Court; perhaps from wilt (or thought) I had it.*
 Halfendeal, *half, a compound Word; en deal (from the Sax. Dæl) signifies in Partition.*
 Hallidom, *Holy Dame; as by my Hallidom, an Oath by the Virgin Mary.*
 Han, *have.*
 Haqueton, *a Piece of Armour.*
 Harbrough, *Harbour.*
 Hardiment, or Hardyhed, *Hardiness, Boldness, Daring.*
 Harrow, *to ley waste, to destroy.*
 Harrow! (*an Interjection*) *Alas! an old Word from Chaucer. Haro is a Form of Exclamation antiently used in Normandy to call for Help, or to raise the Hue and Cry.*

Hask, *signifies a Wicker Basket to carry Fish*; Shepherd's Calendar, November, in Fishes Hask, *i. e. in the Sign Pisces*.
Haught, *put by poetical Licence for haught-ty.*

Heben (*Lat. Hebenum*) *Ebony.*

Hem, *them.*

Hend, *to hold, or to take hold of.* In Colin Clout, *hend is put for hemm'd or surrounded.*

Hent, *seiz'd, caught hold of.*

Hereby, *there, here and there.*

Hersal, *for Rehearsal.*

Hery, or herie, *to praise or celebrate.* (*Sax.*)

Hest, or Heast, *Command, Precept.*

Heydegues, *a Sort of Country Danccs.*

Hidder and Shidder, *He and She.*

Hie, *to go, to hasten.*

Hight, *is nam'd, or called.*

Hilding, *a Term of Reproach, abbreviated from Hinderling, which signifies degenerate.*

Hood, *Condition, State: This Word is often used in Compounds, as Knight-hood, Priest-Hood, Widow-Hood, &c.*

Hore, or Hoar, *white; sometimes it signifies squalid, filthy, rough.*

Hot, or Hote (*from hight*) *was call'd, or nam'd.* Hote *sometimes signifies did name, or make mention of.*

Hove, *for heave.*

Houling Fire, *Sacramental Fire, used in a religious Ceremony.* Hufel *in Sax. signifies the Eucharist.*

Humblefs, *Humility.*

Hurlen forth, *rush forth.*

Hurtle, *to thrust; sometimes it signifies to skirmish.*

I.

JANE, *a Coin of Genoa.*

Javel, *seems to signify a slandering Fellow.*

Idless, *Idleness.*

Ilk, *the same.*

Impe, *Child, or Offspring.*

Impeach, *is sometimes used by Spenser in the Sense of the Fr. empecher, to hinder.*

Incontinent, (*Lat. incontinenter*) *instantly.*
Ingate, *Entrance.*

Inly, *inwardly.*

Intendiment, (*Fr.*) *Understanding.*

Intuse, *Bruise.* (*Lat.*)

Jouissance, } *Rejoicing, Diversion.* (*Fr.*)
Joyance }

Ire (*Lat. Ira*) *Anger.*

K.

KEEP, *Custody, or Charge; to take*
Keep, *to take Charge of, to look after any thing.*

Keight, *caught.*

Kenn, *to know, to spy, or discover.*

Kerns, *an Irish Word signifying Country-men, or Boors.*

Kest, *for cast.*

Kesars, *Cæsars, Emperors.*

Kestrel, *a Sort of Hawk of the baser Breed.*

Kidst, *dozt know.*

Kilt, *for kill'd.*

Kirk, *Church.*

Kirtle, *a Woman's Gown.*

Kon'd (*for ken'd*) *knew.*

L.

LAD, *for led.*

Laid, *taint.*

Latched, *caught*

Lay, or Lea, *a Field, a Piece of Land, or Meadow.*

Leach, (*Sax. Læce*) *Physician.*

Leasing, *Lye; from the Sax. Lease, false.*

Ledden, *Language.* (*Sax.*)

Leef, *willing, dear.*

Leer, or lear, *Doctrine, Learning; from the Sax. leran, to teach.*

Leeffe, *lost.*

Leman (*from the Fr. L'amant*) *Lover, Mistress.*

L'Envoy (*Fr.*) *the Epilogue after a Copy of Verses.*

Lenger, *longer.*

Lest, *listen.*

Lever, (*Sax.*) *rather.*

Levin, *Lightning.*

Levin-Brond, *Thunderbolt.*

Libbard, *Leopard*.
 Lich, *like*.
 Lief, *beloved* (Sax. Leof signifies dear) *i. e. dearest Love*.
 Lig, *or ligen, to lie*.
 Lig so laid, *lie so faint and unlufty*.
 Lilled out his Tongue, *for lolled out, &c.*
 Limiter (*Mother Hubbard's Tale*.) *one that goes about selling Indulgences. Vid. Skinner's Etymologicon, &c.*
 Lin, *to lean, give way* (Sax. Hlynar) *sometimes it signifies to cease, or give over*.
 Lived mortally, *i. e. lived among Mortals*.
 Livelihood, *Liveliness, Livelibood*.
 Loord; *as lazy Loord, idle Fellow*.
 Lope, *leaped*.
 Lore, *or lorn, lost; Sax. lorian signifies to perish, to be lost*.
 Lore, *Learning*.
 Lorel } *a Liar, Cheat, a loose Fellow*.
 Lofel }
 Lout, *to bow, or bend*.
 Lover, *or Looover, a Chimney, or Opening in the Roof of a Cottage*.
 Luskishness, *Laziness*.
 Lusty-hed, *Lustiness, Vigour*.
 Lustless, *(i. e. not lusty,) weak*.
 Lyeke, *like*.
 Lythe, *soft, loose, lax*.

M.

M A G E (*Lat. Magus*) *Magician, Enchanter*.
 Mahoune, *Mahomet; by Mahoune, by Mahomet, a Saracen Oath*.
 Make (*a Noun*) *a Mate, Consort; from the Sax. Maca*.
 Make (*a Verb*) *to compose Verses; a literal Translation of the Greek ποιειν, whence our English Word Poet*.
 Malefices, *evil Deeds*.
 Malengine, *evil Artifice or Stratagem*.
 Maltakent, *Ill-will*.
 Martelled (*Fr.*) *hammer'd, beat*.
 Mated, *conquer'd, subdu'd*.
 Maugre (*Fr. Malgré*) *in spite of*.
 May, *a Maid*.
 Mazer, *a Wooden Bowl*.
 Meare, (*Sax. Mera*) *Boundary*.

Medle, *to mingle*.
 Medled, *or medlyed, mingled*.
 Meed, *Reward, Prize*.
 Ment, *or meint, mingled*.
 Mell, *to intermeddle*.
 Men of the Lay, *Laymen*.
 Merciable, *merciful*.
 Mefprise, *Scorn. (Fr.)*
 Mickle, *Much*.
 Mieve, *for move*.
 Minish'd, *for diminished*.
 Miniments, *Toys*.
 Mirk, *dark, obscure*.
 Mirkfome, *obscure, filthy*.
 Miscreated, *created amifs, ill-begotten*.
 Miscreance, *Misbrief, Dispraise*.
 Miscreant, *originally signifies Infidel, or one of wrong Belief*.
 Misdone, *for misdo, i. e. to do amifs*.
 Misfare, *Misfortune*.
 Misleek, *Dislike*.
 Mister; *as Mister Wight, Kind of Person; Mister Malady, Kind of Malady*.
 Mittereth not, *needs not*.
 Misween, *to misjudge*.
 Miswent, *gone astray*.
 Mochel, *much, great*.
 Moe, *more*.
 Mold-warps, *Molds*.
 Morion, *Headpiece, Helmet*.
 Mote, *might, must*.
 Mott, *d d mete, or measure*.
 Mought, *might*.
 Moutenance, *the Amount of any thing, Quantity, Difance*.
 Muchel, *much*.
 Mured up, *closed up*.

N.

[N. B. *The Letter N is often added by Spenser at the End of a Word (sometimes to lengthen it a Syllable) as Eyn, Eyes, Skyen, Skies, &c. and especially in Verbs; as viewen, to view, doen, to do, &c. in which he follows the old Saxon Termination.*]

N A R, *near, or nearer*.
 Nas, *has not, contracted from ne has*.

Nathemore,

Nathemore, *not the more.*
 Nathlessie, *not the less, nevertheless.*
 Ne, *nor.*
 Needments, *Necessaries.*
 Nempt, *named.*
 Net, *clean. (Fr.)*
 Newell, *Novelty.*
 Nighth, *draweth nigh.*
 Nill, *will not.*
 Nimblefs, *Nimbleness.*
 Note, *knew not.*
 Noul (Sax.) *the Crown of the Head.*
 Noul'd, *would not.*
 Nourle, *to nurse.*
 Nourling, *Nurse; sometimes it signifies that, which is nursed.*
 Noyance, *Harm.*
 Noy'd, *annoy'd, or hurt.*
 Noyous, *hurtful, or baleful.*

O.

OVercrew, *to crow over, to insult.*
 Overhail, *draw over.*
 Over-hent, *overtook.*
 Overgraft, *overgrown with Grass.*
 Overwent, *overwhelm'd.*
 Ought, *owned.*
 Out well, *flow out, yield out, discharge.*
 Owches, *Besses, or Buttons of Gold.*

P.

PAis'd, *for pois'd.*
 Palfrey, *a Horse; most commonly it signifies such Horses, as are kept for Women.*
 Pall (Lat. Pallium) *a Robe.*
 Palmer, *Pilgrim, Those, who return'd from the Holy War, were first called so, because they bore branches or Staves of Palm-trees in their Hands, as a Signal, that they had fought against the Infidels in the Holy Land.*
 Pannikell, *Skull, Crown of the Head.*
 Paragon, (Fr.) *Example, Pattern, Precedent, Comparison; sometimes it signifies Companion, as Fairy Queen, Book 3. Canto 10. Stanza 35.*
 Paravaunt (Fr.) *by chance.*
 Parbreak, *Vomit.*

Peark, *brisk.*
 Peaze, (for Poise) *Weight.*
 Pecce, *is sometimes used for a Place of Strength, a Fort, or Post.*
 Peregall, *equal.*
 Peers, *Fellows, Companions.*
 Perfant, *piercing; in one Place, viz. Fairy Queen, Book 3. Canto 9. Stanza 20. it is used for pierced.*
 Perdie (Fr. par Dieu) *an old Oath.*
 Pert, *openly.*
 Pheer, *Companion.*
 Pight, *pitched, placed, fix'd.*
 Pill, *to rob, to pillage.*
 Pionings, *Works of Picneers.*
 Plain, *to complain.*
 Plaint, *Complaint.*
 Pleasance, *Pleasure.*
 Plight, *Circumstances, Condition.*
 Poignant, *sharp, piercing.*
 Point, *as armed to point, i. e. armed com- pletly.*
 Porters, *a Prayer-Book, or Pocket-Book of Devotion; from the Fr. porter, to carry.*
 Portaunce, *Behaviour; from the Fr. se porter, to behave one's self.*
 Pouffe, *Pease.*
 Prankt, *colour'd, adorn'd gaily.*
 Preafe, *Crowd.*
 Preacing, *crowding.*
 Pricking on the Plain, *i. e. riding on the Plain. Milton has borrow'd this Word from Spenser:*

—————Before each Van
 Prick forth the airy knights, &c.
Paradise Lost, Book 2.

Prief, *Proof.*
 Prieve, *to prove.*
 Prow, *valiant, prowess, most valiant; from whence Prowess, Valour.*
 Proyn'd, *pruned.*
 Puissance (Fr.) *Power, Might.*
 Puissant (Fr.) *powerful, mighty.*
 Purled, *flourish'd with a Needle; from the Fr. pourfiler.*
 Put in his hode an Ape, *mads a Fool of him, impos'd upon him.*

Q.

QUaid, *subdu'd* (a made Word, perhaps instead of quail'd, or quell'd.)
 Quail, *to languish.*
 Quaint, *nice, curious.*
 Queint, *quenched.*
 Queem, *or queam, please.*
 Quell, *sometimes used by Spenser for die.*
 Cwellan in Sax. *signifies to kill.*
 Quest, *Exploit.*
 Quich, *stir.*
 Quight, *or quite, to deliver, to free.*
 Quite, *to requite.*
 Quited, *requited, return'd.*
 Quook, *did quake.*

R.

RA D, *for did read, or guess'd.*
 Rail, *to run along.*
 Rain, *for reign.*
 Raft, *rent, tore, bereft.*
 Ramp, *to paw, or to fly out like a mad Horse.*
 Rathe, *early; quickly; also to choose.*
 Raught, *did reach.*
 Ray, *for array.*
 Read, *or Reed, a Proverb, Doctrine, or Prophecy.*
 Read, *or reed, sometimes signifies to advise, and sometimes to guess or divine.*
 Reave, *to bereave, or take away violently.*
 Rebut, *rebound, recoil, repel. (Fr.)*
 Rechless, *careless.*
 Reck; *to reckon, account.*
 Recour'd, *recover'd.*
 Recreant, *out of Hope, untrusty, cowardly; from re, which is sometimes a Negative, and creant, believing.*
 Recule, *(Fr.) to recoil, to give way.*
 Recure, *to recover, to repair.*
 Reeks, *for reckons.*
 Rest, *bereft, deprived.*
 Relate, *sometimes signifies to bring back a gain, or restore.*
 Reliven, *to live again.*
 Renns, *for runs.*
 Renyers'd, *overturn'd. (Fr.)*

Remercy'd, *thank'd. (Fr.)*
 Replevy, *to redeem a Pledge.*
 Resiant, *Resident.*
 Retrait, *(Ital. Ritratto) Picture, Portrait.*
 Reverse *(Lat. revertere) to return.*
 Revest, *to cloath again.*
 Rew *(for rue) to grieve, or pity.*
 Ribauld, *a debauch'd Fellow.*
 Rise, *frequent, usual.*
 Riotise, *Riot, Debauchery.*
 Riven, *rent, split, torn.*
 Ronts, *young Bullocks.*
 Rosiere *(Fr.) Rose-Tree.*
 Royne, *(Fr. ronger) to bite, or gnaw,*
 Rue *(sometimes Spenser writes it rew) to grieve, pity,*
 Ruth, *Pity.*

S.

SAlew'd, *saluted.*
 Sam, *for same; sometimes it signifies together.*
 Samite, *Satin.*
 Scarmoges, *Skirmishes.*
 Scath *(Sax.) Harm, Mischief.*
 Scerne, *to discern.*
 Scrine *(Lat. Scrinium) Coffin, Chest.*
 'Sdeign, *for Disdain.*
 Sear, *dry, consumed.*
 Seely, *filly.*
 Selcouth, *uncommon; a Compound of Seld and couth, i. e. seldom known.*
 Sell, *Saddle; perhaps from the Lat. Sella, a Seat.*
 Semblaunt, *or Semblaunce, Resemblaunce, Appearance.*
 Seneschal, *a President, Governour, or Steward.*
 Sew, *to follow.*
 Sheen, *Shining, Brightness.*
 Shend, *to disgrace, to spoil.*
 Shot in Years, *advanc'd in Years.*
 Shrift, *or Shrivings, Confession.*
 Shright, *shriek'd; sometimes it is a Noun, and signifies a shrieking, or crying out.*
 Shrilling, *for shrill.*
 Sib, *of kin.*
 Sich, *for such.*

Siege,

Siege, (*Fr.*) *Seat*.
 Sike, *such*.
 Siker, *sure, surely*.
 Sickernefs *i. e.* *Surenefs*) *Safety*.
 Simplefs, *Simplicity*.
 Sin, *for since*.
 Singuls (*Lat.*) *Sighs*.
 Sith (*a Contraction of two Words, viz.*)
since that.
 Sithence, or Sithens, *seeing that, or since;*
which last Word is the Contraction of
Sithence.
 Sithes, *Times*. (*Sax.*)
 Sneb, *to snub, or check*.
 Snubbs, *Knots in Wood*.
 Sold, *Hire, Pay*.
 Somedeal, *somewhat*.
 Soote, *sweetly, or sweetly*.
 Sooth, *true, or Truth, an old Sax. Word;*
from whence is deriv'd Sooth-saying.
 Soothly, or foothlich, *truly*.
 Souvenance, *Remembrance*. (*Fr.*)
 Spalles, *Shoulders, a Contraction of the*
Fr. Espaules.
 Spar, *the Bar of a Gate*.
 Spell *is a Kind of Verse or Charm said over*
any Thing to preserve it.
 Sper, or Spar the Gate, *fasten the Gate*.
 Spers'd, *for dispers'd*.
 Spill, *to spoil, corrupt, destroy*.
 Spire (*Lat. Spiro*) *to breathe*.
 Springal, *a Youth*.
 Squire (*Fairy Queen, Book 2. Canto 1.*
Stanza 58.) *put for Square, for the sake*
of Rhime.
 Stadle, *Staff*.
 Stales, *Tricks; Stala in Sax. signifies Theft*.
 Stank, *wearry, or faint*.
 Star-read, *Doctrine of the Stars, Astronomy*.
 State, *Stature, Bulk*.
 Stean, *for Stone*.
 Stent, *for stint*.
 Sterve, *die; —Do Men in Bale to sterve*
(Fairy Queen, Book 2. Canto 6. Stanza
34.) i. e. make Men to die in Sorrow.
 Steven (*Sax.*) *Sound, Noise*.
 Stole (*Lat. Stola*) *a Robe*.
 Stound, *Hour, Time, Season; sometimes it*
signifies Misfortune, as ill Stound.
 Stound, *for stunn'd*.
 Stour, or Stower, *Trouble, Misfortune,*
Attack, Fit,

Strene, *for Strain, Race, Descent*.
 Sty, *to soar, to ascend. Jortin's Remarks,*
p. 59.
 Subverft, *overbrow'd*.
 Surbett, *wearied*.
 Surquedry, *Pride, Prejudgment*.
 Swelt, *burn'd, consumed with Heat; from*
whence comes our Sultry, i. e. Sweltry;
sometimes it signifies to swoon, faint away,
or die.
 Swerve, *to wander*.
 Swink, *Labour*.
 Syte, or Site, *Situation, or Place*.

T

T EDE (*Lat Teda*) *a Torch*.
 Teen, *Trouble Mischiefs; it is used*
also by Spenser as a Verb, and signifies to
excite, or provoke to do a Thing.
 Thewes (*Sax.*) *Qualities, Manners, Cu-*
stoms.
 Thew'd, *manner'd; as well thewed, well*
manner'd.
 Thilk, *this, that*.
 Tho, *then; the Sax. is Thonne*.
 Thralled, *enslaved*.
 Thralls, *Slaves*.
 Thrilling, or thrillant, *piercing*.
 Tickle, *ticklish, slippery*.
 Tide, *Time; a tide, for a while*.
 Tides, *Seasons*.
 Tight, *tied*.
 Tinct, *dyed, or stained*.
 Tine, (*a Noun*) *for Teen, Trouble*.
 Tine (*a Verb*) *to rage, smart, to light, to*
kindle.
 Tined (*Fairy Queen, Book 4. Canto 11.*
Stanza 36.) *fought*.
 Todd, *a Bush, a Thicket*.
 Tooting, *prying, searching narrowly*.
 Tort (*Fr.*) *Wrong*.
 Tortious, *full of Wrong*.
 Totty, *dizzy, tottering, wavering*.
 Tramels, *Nets*.
 Transmew, *transform*.
 Treachour, or Treachetour, *Traitor*.
 Tread, *Footing, Path*.
 Treague, *Agreement, or Intrigue*.
 Treen, *of a Tree; as treen Mould, i. e.*
the Mould or Shape of a Tree.
 Troad,

Troad, or trode (of Tread) Footing.
 Turnament, a Sort of single Combat on Horseback, and commonly with Lances; call'd so from the frequent turning of their Horses in the Engagement.
 Twiten, to blame.

U.

VADED, gone; Lat. vado, to go.
 Vantage, Profit, Advantage.
 Ventail, that Part of the Helmet, which is made to lift up.
 Venteth into the Wind, snuffs the Wind.
 Vetchy Bed (Shepherd's Calendar) Bed of Pease-Straw.
 Vild, vile.
 Virelays, a Sort of Songs.
 Visnomy, Physiognomy, Visage, Aspect.
 Umbriere, the Visor of the Helmet.
 Uneath, difficult, scarcely, with Difficulty; sometimes it signifies almost.
 Uncouth, odd, deform'd, strange; unknown.
 Under-fong. (Sax.) to take in hand, to attempt, to betray, to undermine.
 Undight, loosen'd, unty'd.
 Unhele, to recover, to expose, to victw. Jortin's Remarks, p. 74.
 Unken'd, not known.
 Unkempt, uncomb'd, unadorn'd.
 Unlich, used by poetical Licence for unlike.
 Unfoot, unsweet.
 Unwares to wight, unknown to any Body.
 Unweeting, unknowing, unawares.
 Unwift, unknown, not thought of.
 Upbrays, Upbraidings, Reproaches.

W.

WA F, Woe.
 Wage, sometimes signifies the same as Gage or Pledge.
 Warr, worse.
 Warre and ware in the Scots Dial:ct, worse and worse.
 Ware, wary, cautious.
 Wareless, stupify'd.
 War-hable, apt for War, a Compound of War and hable (Lat. habilis) apt, nimble.

Wark, work.
 Warray, to disturb, or make War upon.
 War-old, old in War, or Strife.
 Watchet, pale, blue.
 Wawes (Fairy Queen, Book 2. Canto 12. Stanza 4.) put, for the sake of Rhime, for Waves, or perhaps for Woes.
 Wayment, to bewail; a Compound of Way or Woe, and lament.
 Weal-away, alas!
 Ween, or weenen, to think, to be of Opinion.
 Weet, to know; to weeten, to wit.
 Weetlefs, unknowing.
 West, waved, avoided; sometimes it signifies wasted.
 West (a Noun) a Stray, any thing that wanders and is lost.
 Weld, to move, to wield, to govern.
 Welk, to set, decrease, wither.
 Welked, shortened, impair'd.
 Welkin, Sky.
 Well, to spring, or flow.
 Welter, to wallow.
 Wend (Sax. Wendan) to turn.
 Went, Going, Course.
 Wex, to wax, to grow, to become.
 Whereas, in our old Writers signifies no more than where.
 Which with, used, according to the Latin Idiom, for with which.
 Whilom, e'er-while, formerly, or in a Wight, Creature, Person.
 Wightly, quickly.
 Wimble (an Adjective) shifting to and fro.
 Wimble and wight, quick, and deliver.
 Wimpled, folded over like a Veil.
 Wise, Guise, Appearance.
 Wist, or Wis, thought, or knew.
 Wite (a Noun) Blame, Reproach; from the Sax. Witan, to blame, or accuse.
 Wite, or witen, (a Verb) to blame.
 Witeless, blameless.
 Woe begon, overwhelm'd with Sorrow.
 Won, or wonne (a Verb) to dwell, or frequent, from the Sax. Wunian, or the Germ. Wonen, of the same Signification.
 Wonne, or Woning, Dwelling.
 Wood, mad.
 Wote, to know, to be sensible of.

Woxen,

Woxen, for wax'd.
 Wreakful, revengesful.
 Wrizled, wrinkled.
 Wroke, or Wroken, wreaked, reveng'd.

Y.

[N. B. *The Letter Y is frequently plac'd in the Beginning of a Word by Spenser, to lengthen it a Syllable.*]

Y BENT, bent, inclin'd, addic'd.
 Yblent, blinded, blinded, mingled.
 Ybrent, burnt.
 Yclad, clad, clothed.
 Ycleped, called, nam'd.
 Ydrad, feared, dreaded.
 Yede, or yead, to go.
 Yeoman, sometimes signifies a Servant.
 Yeven, given.

Yfere, together.
 Ygo, gone, since ago.
 Ylike, for alike.
 Ymolt, melted.
 Yod, or yode (*Prater Tense of yede*)
 went.
 Yold, yielded.
 Yond, beyond; from the Monster yond
 (*Fairy Queen, Book 2. Canto 7. Stanza*
 26.) i. e. *from beyond the Monster.*
 Yore, as of yore, formerly.
 Youngth, Youth.
 Ypent, pent up, or folded like Sheep.
 Ypight, placed.
 Yrapt, rapt in an Extasy.
 Yroke, ywraken, or ywroken, wreak'd,
 reveng'd.
 Yfame, together.
 Yfhend, to spoil, to disgrace.
 Ywis, or Iwis, I suppose know.



ERRORS of the PRESS, and Conjectural Emendations of the *FAIRY QUEEN*.

LIFE of SPENSER, p. iv. line the last,
for *Immerito* r. *Immerito*.

B O O K I.

1	21	2	<i>about</i> r. <i>above</i> .
	32	6	for wearied r. forwearied.
	33	4	we have advifed r. ye.
	42	8	fighs r. fights.
3	6	1	there of r. thereof.
	11	6	<i>his</i> pitcher r. <i>her</i> .
	36	9	from <i>the</i> r. thee.
	42	1	<i>tos</i> and feeble r. too weake, &c.
	43	9	<i>He</i> prayers r. <i>Her</i> .
4	13	8	Elfing r. Elfin.
	38	6	Sans foy r. Sans joy.
	42	7	<i>your</i> equal favour r. <i>you</i> .
5	21	6	<i>our</i> cave r. <i>her</i> cave.
	22	9	Sans foy r. Sans joy.
8	45	3	stretch r. stretch'd.
9	8	9	that whiles r. the whiles.
	13	1	For wearied r. Forwearied.
	14	9	at her parting fad r. fad.
	40	9	Eafe after war f. Peace.
	52	1	which when as <i>Una</i> heard r. saw.
10	9	4	wofell r. woefull.
	53	6	forty dies r. daies.
12	13	9	lowly fitting r. lowly fit and fitting.

B O O K II.

2	3	2	did <i>be</i> the water r. <i>in</i> the
	30	1	their r. there.
3	45	4	<i>on</i> foot r. <i>one</i> foot.
5	9	8	a thwart r. athwart.
	18	1	smile r. smil'd.
7	11	9	renowme r. renowne.
	19	2	begot r. be got.
	25	9	<i>then</i> both betwext r. <i>them</i> .
	34	1	his gnashing did grate r. his gnash- ing teeth, &c.
	35	7	fight r. fight.
	50	9	knig r. knight.
	65	8	For thy r. Forthy.
8	18	1	by live r. bylive.
	25	1	theſe ſame cruel foes r. theſe <i>his</i> cruel, &c.
	35	5	For <i>in</i> his ſhield r. <i>on</i> .
9	21	3	faire and ſenſible r. ſenſible.
	35	6	Thi r. This.
10	22	9	Faauce r. Fraunce.
	26	5	They warm'd upon r. they are warm'd upon.

7	7	7	And health to ſorreine nation r. to every ſorreine nation.
	38	4	Alban r. Albanie.
	39	9	wone r. wore.
	40	4	perjur'd r. perjured.
	71	1	call'd r. called.
11	19	4	Prince Anthure r. Arthure.
	19	1	there heaped haile r. their.
	3	3	a ſonder r. aſonder.
12	4	2	<i>On</i> mighty Magnes r. Of.
	13	6	farre twins r. faire.
	14	6	three r. theare.
	33	9	rarem elody r. rare melody.
	43	5	fear'd <i>their</i> force f. <i>they</i> .
	48	7	He of <i>his</i> gard in r. <i>this</i> .
	52	4	Temple r. Tempe.
	74	9	away r. away.
	79	6	<i>many</i> ſternneſs r. <i>manly</i> .

B O O K III.

4	2	2	Thyſelfe <i>you</i> covet r. thou.
1	4	7	He then eſpying r. them.
	33	4	be ſeeme r. beteeme.
	52	5	Too looſe r. To looſe.
	54	6	beguiled r. be guiled.
	60	8	wearie f. wary.
2	8	5	Which <i>I</i> to prove <i>I</i> this <i>dele</i> <i>I</i> .
	10	7	fought r. fought.
	12	5	curteous r. courteous.
	30	5	And downe againe in her warm bed her dight r. her in her warm bed dight.
	36	5	yet love can higher <i>ſye</i> r. <i>ſtye</i> .
4	5	9	curteous r. courteous.
	10	9	hollow r. hallow.
	8	8	jopardee r. jeopardde
	38	6	But who, that lives <i>dele</i> comma
5	23	9	Out of her fleſhly forme r. ferme
	36	5	ſhalbe r. ſhall be.
	41	6	garifh r. guarifh.
	6	12	2 aſpects r. aſpect.
	25	5	<i>From</i> which a fountaine r. Which as a fountain.
	29	5	Gnidas r. Gnidus.
	7	15	curteife r. courteife.
	18	5	Might be the Witch or <i>that</i> her Son r. by. <i>Qu</i> 1590
	34	2	— his violence <i>enclufe</i> the rhyme requires <i>reſtraine</i> .
	8	8	4 bleſſe r. blis.
	23	9	am r. amie. <i>Qu</i> . rh. gr.

E R R A T A, &c.

Canto.	Line.	Text	Canto.	Stanza.	Line.	Text
10	42	7 praise with <i>the</i> Saints above. with Saints — Qu.	4	22	2	pinned r. pinion'd.
10	10	1 No sort so sensible r. sensible. And Peace r. Peece.		35	2	From death's dore r. deathes. Q.
11	12	1 fingulfs r. fingultes.		37	1	being arrived <i>neare</i> f. new.
53	2	2 The good ordinance r. goodly.	6	13	3	dauide r. divide.
12	5	7 consent r. concent. Q.		16	7	fingulfs r. fingultes.
	7	8 every word r. wood.		23	7	this is <i>things</i> r. thinge.
	12	4 his own arme r. armes. Q.		25	4	Those warlike deedes r. weedes. Q.
21	8	8 Her forward <i>skill</i> r. <i>still</i> .		25	4	well away r. wellaway. p. 111. end the catchword For r. Nath'lesse.
28	1	1 their r. there.	8	11	6	<i>With</i> the Paynims r. Witnesse.
41	7	7 He bound that <i>piteous</i> Lady prisoner now releaft.	9	13	9	leiger de mayne r. leigerdemayne.
		either piteous or prisoner must be left out.		24	4	uncounted terror r. unwonted.
42	2	2 He saw r. She saw.		26	4	Bonfons, should it not be Bonfont, as Malfont below?
B O O K I V.						
2	11	7 And <i>find</i> now r. finding. Q.	10	7	1	Belgæ r. Belge.
19	1	1 besitting r. besitting. Q.		9	8	assyne r. assynd.
25	3	3 A read r. Aread.	11	34	1	Belgæ r. Belge.
5		p. 18, 19. for Canto IV. r. V.		6	6	Belgæ r. Belge.
5	31	3 <i>her</i> gealous hart r. <i>his</i> .		39	2	y promist r. ye promist.
7	1	1 dart r. darts.		59	8	<i>they</i> overthrew. I think it should be he. i. e. Talus, see v. 9.
	10	7 grieafe r. grieffe. Q.	12	10	1	That knight r. night. Q.
	32	7 <i>oft</i> the rhyme requires <i>oft</i>		26	7	outhofe r. out those. p. 201, 202, running title, for Canto I. r. XII.
8	48	5 captivated r. captived. Q.	B O O K V I.			
10	23	2 for <i>to be</i> r. I <i>gheffe</i> .	Prol.	4	9	<i>and</i> feeble <i>eries</i> r. that feeble eies.
	8	8 for gheffe r. <i>be</i> .	1	18	7	Leav, r. Leave.
	30	9 a downe r. adowne.		27	1	<i>from</i> dread of shame r. <i>for</i> . Q.
	41	3 With peoples — r. <i>From</i> .		28	6	Ere <i>thou</i> do come r. <i>be</i> .
11	19	8 skill r. skill'd.	2	2	7	to which one inclin'd r. one <i>is</i> . Q.
	23	7 Agean r. Aegean.		6	4	y and the h turned wrong.
	49	8 Panopæ r. Panope.		20	2	Whiilest r. Whiilest.
12	13	1 Thus whilft his stony heart was touchd with tender ruth, And mighty courage somethng mol- lifie. r. Thus whilft his stony heart with tender ruth, Was toucht and mighty courage mol- lifie. Q.		24	2	Which <i>him</i> himself r. had himself. Q.
B O O K V.						
		2 Momera r. Munera.		48	1	downward lay r. lay'd. Q.
	4	1 Quoth she r. he.	3	17	5	<i>it</i> twaine r. intwaine
	34	9 to trow f. I trow.		24	5	Crying aloud <i>in vaine</i> and, <i>dele</i> in vaine.
	47	5 — nought <i>but</i> right or wrong — f. 'bout	4	5	8	reale r. reele. Q.
	50	3 He shattered ribs r. Her. Q.		22	5	him down to down the cast, r. to ground he cast.
				7	7	enforct r. enforct. Q.
			5	Ar.		The Salvage serves Matilda well r. Serena.
			6	17	7	Wrought to Sir Calidore r. Calepine.
			9	36	8	Benone r. Oenone.
			10	22	5	Aecidee r. Aecidee.
				40	4	led r. lad. Q.
				44	8	<i>But</i> what befell f. And.

T H E
L I F E
O F
Mr. E D M U N D S P E N S E R .

By *THOMAS BIRCH*, M. A. and F. R. S.

THE establish'd Character of our Poet, the Number, Variety, and Excellence of his Writings, his Employment in a publick Post, and his Friendship with the most illustrious of his Contemporaries for Rank and Learning, might justly raise an Expectation of seeing, before an Edition of his principal Work, an History of him, answerable in some measure to the Eminence of his Merit. And the Disappointment of such an Expectation will be a Circumstance of Astonishment to those, who have not consider'd the Defects of the *English* History, particularly that of our Writers, and who will find in this Case, that one of the greatest of them has scarce any other authentic Memorial of him, than a short Eloge in a Work, which would not admit of a more ample one, the Annals of Queen ELIZABETH by CAMDEN, from whom he peculiarly deserv'd that Honour, by the elegant Compliment paid to that learned Historian and Antiquary, in his *Ruins of Time*. The other Accounts of

him are vague, imperfect, confus'd, and fuller of Inconsistencies with Chronology and each other, than are generally to be met with in so small a Compass. But defective as the best Endeavours will now prove for exhibiting a connected Narration of his Life, the collecting all the Facts relating to him, dispers'd in different Books, and the examining, digesting, and supplying them by his own Works, not hitherto sufficiently made use of for that Purpose, is a Tribute of Respect due to the Memory of an Author, to whom we owe, not only the chief Improvement of our Poetry since the Time of CHAUCER, but likewise the forming of the Genius of MILTON (*a*), as well as the awakening and cultivating those of COWLEY (*b*), DRYDEN, and POPE.

Mr. EDMUND SPENSER was born in *London* (*c*), and descended of an ancient and noble Family, according to Sir JAMES WARE (*d*); and we find him, in the Dedication of one or two of his Poems, claiming Affinity to some Persons of Distinction; as particularly to the Lady CAREY, in the Dedication of his *Muipotmos*; and to the Lady STRANGE, in that of his *Teares of the Muses*: And in his *Prothalamion*, after mentioning *London* as his native City, he observes, that he took his Name *from another Place*,

An House of antient Fame.

(*a*) He own'd to DRYDEN, that SPENSER was his Original. DRYDEN's Preface to his *Fables*.

(*b*) See his Life by Bishop SPRAT.

(*c*) Sir JAMES WARE's Preface to SPEN-

SER's *View of Ireland, Dublin 1633. fol.* and CAMDENI *Annales ELIZABETH. Part IV. p. 729. Lugdun. Batav. 1625.*

(*d*) *Ubi supra.*

THE Time of his Birth is not known, the Inscription on his Monument deserving no Regard, as will be shewn hereafter; but we may conclude it to have been about the Year 1553, if we allow him to have been in the sixteenth Year of his Age, when he was sent to the University of *Cambridge*, where, as it appears from the Register, he was matriculated on the 20th of *May* 1569, being admitted a Sizer (*e*) of *Pembroke-Hall*. He took the Degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1572, and that of Master in 1576.

DURING his Residence in his College, he is said (*f*) to have stood for a Fellowship in Competition with that eminent Divine Mr. LANCELOT ANDREWS, afterwards Bishop of *Winchester*; and that this Disappointment, together with the Narrowness of his Circumstances, forc'd him from the University. But this Report is evidently without Foundation; for it was not our Poet, but Mr. THOMAS DOVE, afterwards Bishop of *Peterborough*, who was Mr. ANDREWS's Rival, and to whom, though he fail'd in the Competition, the Society allow'd a Stipend, *tanquam Socius*, to retain him among them (*g*): And there are good Grounds to believe, that our Poet had at that Time left *Cambridge* (*h*).

UPON his quitting of the University, he went to reside with some Friends in the North, where he fell in Love with his ROSALIND, a Lady of a very good Family, and eminent Accomplishments (*i*), who is so highly celebrated by him in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, and of whose Cruelty he complains there

(*e*) *Quadrantarius*.

(*f*) Life of SPENSER, in the Edition of his Works printed at *London* 1679, fol. and Mr. JOHN HUGHES's Life of him, prefix'd to his Edition, *London* 1715. 12^{mo}. p. 3.

(*g*) Mr. HENRY ISAACSON's Life of

Bp. ANDREWS, in Mr. THO. FULLER's *Abel Redivivus*, *London* 1651. 4^{to}.

(*h*) Mr. ELIJAH FENTON's Observations on Mr. WALLER's Poems, p. LIII. *Edit. London* 1744. 12^{mo}.

(*i*) Notes on his Fourth Eclogue, fol. 14 verso. *Edit.* 1579. 4^{to}.

with such Pathos and Elegance. After he had continued for some Time in the North, he was prevail'd upon by the Advice of some Friends to quit his Obscurity, and come to *London*, that he might be in the Way of Preferment (*k*). To this he alludes in his *Sixth Eclogue*, where *Hobbinol*, by which Name he meant his intimate Friend Mr. GABRIEL HARVEY (*l*), persuades *Colin*, under whom SPENSER himself is shadowed, to leave the hilly Country, as a barren and unthriving Solitude, and remove to a better Soil. Upon this Change of his Situation, he attach'd himself to some Southern Nobleman of *Kent* or *Surrey* (*m*).

THE first of his Works, that was publish'd, was his *Pastorals* (*n*), printed at *London* in 4^{to} in 1579, under the Title of *The Shepheardes Calender, conteyning twelve Æglogues proportionable to the twelve Monethes: Entitled to the noble and vertuous Gentleman most worthy of all Titles both of Learning and Chevalrie M. PHILIP SIDNEY*; to whom he address'd them by a short Dedication in Verse, concealing himself under the humble Title of *Immenito*. There was likewise prefix'd to it a Let-

(*k*) Notes on his Sixth Eclogue, fol. 24. verso.

(*l*) This Gentleman, who was nearly related to Sir THOMAS SMITH, Secretary of State to QUEEN ELIZABETH, was born, according to WOOD, *Fasti. Oxon. Vol. I. fol. 128.* at *Saffron-Walden* in *Essex*, and educated at first at *Christ-College* in *Cambridge*, and afterwards became Fellow of *Trinity-Hall*, and Proctor of that University, where he took the Degree of Doctor of the Civil Law in 1585, and was eminent for his Writings both in Verse and Prose, in the Latin as well as his own Language. The chief of his poetical

Pieces are his *Muscrum Lacrymæ*; his *Gratulationum Valdenensium Libri quatuor*, dedicated and presented to QUEEN ELIZABETH in her Progress at *Audley-End* in *Essex* in 1578; his *Tyrannomastix*; his *Ode Natalitia*; his *Rameidos*, and his *Anticosmopolita*. He appears to have liv'd to a very great Age, and to have died in the Year 1630.

(*m*) Notes on his Fourth Eclogue, fol. 14. verso.

(*n*) His Commentator, in his Epistle to Mr. HARVEY, styles them the *Maiden-head of their common Friend's Poetry*.

ter from *E. K.* to Mr. GABRIEL HARVEY, dated at *London* the 10th of *April* 1579, in which he applies the Saying of CHAUCER, *uncouth, unkist*, to our *new Poet*, as he stiles him, “ Who for that he is, *says he, uncouth, is unkist*; and unknown “ to most Men, is regarded but of few. But I doubt not, *adds* “ *he*, so soon as his Name shall come to the Knowledge of Men, “ and his Worthiness be founded in the Trump of Fame, but that “ he shall be not only kist, but also beloved of all, embraced of “ the most, and wondered at of the best. No less, I think, de- “ ferveth his Wittiness in devising, his Pithiness in uttering, his “ Complaints of Love so lovely, his Discourses of Pleasure so “ pleasantly, his pastoral Rudeness, his moral Wiseness, his due “ observing of Decorum every where, in Personages, in Seasons, “ in Matter, in Speech, and generally in all seemly Simplicity “ of handling his Matter, and framing his Words; the which, “ of many things, which in him be strange, I know will seem the “ strangest, the Words themselves being so antient, the knitting of “ them so short and intricate, and the whole Period and Compas “ of Speech so delightfome for the Roundness, and so grave for “ the Strangeness, and yet the Words both *English*, and also “ used of most excellent Authors, and most famous Poets.” He afterwards observes, that it is one special Praise of many, which are due to our Poet, that “ he hath labour’d to restore, as to “ their rightful Heritage, such good and natural *English* Words, “ as have been long Time out of Use, and almost clear dis- “ herited.” This Work of SPENSER is highly commended by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, in his *Defence of Poetry* (o), as *having much Poetry* in it; tho’ he dare not allow the *framing of the Style to an old rustic Language*, since neither *Theocritus* in Greek, *Vir-*

(o) Printed at the End of his *Arcadia*, p. 561. eighth Edit. 1633.

gil in Latin, nor *Sannazarius* in Italian affected it. It is likewise often cited with great Applause by another contemporary Writer, Mr. WILLIAM WEBBE, in his *Discourse of English Poetry, together with the Author's Judgment touching the Reformation of our English Verse*, printed at London in 1586 in 4^{to}. who' thinks the *Shepherd's Calendar* not inferior to the Pastorals of *Theocritus* or *Virgil*, and that our Poet would even have surpass'd them, "if the Coarseness of our Speech, (that is, the " Course of Custom, which he would not infringe) had been no " greater Impediment to him, than their pure native Tongues " were to them." And the Reputation of these Pastorals was such at that Time, that they were several Times reprinted, particularly in 1586 at London in 4^{to}. and again there in 1591 in the same Form. This Work is, in the Opinion of Mr. DRYDEN (*p*), the most compleat of the Kind, which any Nation has produc'd ever since the Time of *Virgil*; tho' it may be thought imperfect in some Points, pointed out by Mr. POPE in his judicious *Discourse upon Pastoral Poetry*, written when that excellent Poet was but sixteen Years of Age. Mr. HUGHES observes (*q*), that in the *Shepherd's Calendar* our Author *has not been misled by the Italians*, tho' TASSO's *Aminta* might have been at least of no good Authority to him in the Pastoral, as *Ariosto* in the greater Poetry. But that ingenious Writer did not consider, that the *Aminta* could not possibly have been a Model for SPENSER, if his Judgment would have admitted of it, since the first Edition of that Pastoral, tho' it was compos'd in 1574, was not printed till 1581 (*r*), two Years after the

(*p*) Preface to his Translation of VIRGIL's Eclogues.

(*q*) Remarks on the *Shepherd's Calendar*, prefix'd to his Edition of SPENSER'S

Works, *p.* 98.

(*r*) Niceron, *Hommes Illustres*, Tom. xxv. *p.* 71.

Publication of the *Shepherd's Calendar*. These *Pastorals* refer to several Circumstances of the earlier Part of our Poet's Life; and it appears from two of them, that he was no Friend to Pomp and Luxury in the Clergy, and that he had an high Opinion of Archbp. GRINDAL, describ'd by him in the 5th Eclogue under the Anagram of *Algrind*, and then under the Queen's Displeasure and Sequestration; and he shew'd an equal Dislike of the Bishop of *London*, AYLMEER or ELMOR, as he was sometimes call'd (*s*), whose Name is involv'd in the Anagram of *Morrel* (*t*) in the 7th Eclogue, and who is introduc'd and represented there as extremely proud and ambitious. The 9th is a severe Satire upon the Romish Prelates; and the 10th a Complaint of the Contempt of Poetry and the Causes of it; and in the Argument to it we are inform'd, that SPENSER had written a Discourse under the Title of the *English Poet*; which the Editor promis'd the Public, but it never saw the Light. This Commentator likewise mentions our Author's *Dreams*, *Legends*, and *Court of Cupid*, as then finish'd (*u*), and his Translation of *Moschus's Idyllion of wandering Love* (*w*).

THE Dedication of the *Shepherd's Calendar* seems to have been his first Introduction to the Acquaintance with Mr. (afterwards Sir PHILIP) SIDNEY, tho' another Account is given of it, which, tho' less probable, deserves to be related here. It is said (*x*), that he was a Stranger to Mr. SIDNEY, when he had begun to write his *Fairy Queen*, and that he took Occasion to go one Morning to *Leicester-House*, where Mr. SIDNEY liv'd

(*s*) Bp. GODWIN de Præfulibus Angliæ, calls him ELMER.

(*t*) See the Glossary at the End of the Edition of SPENSER in 1679.

(*u*) Epistle to Mr. GABRIEL HARVEY.

(*w*) Notes on the Third Eclogue, *fol.* 10. *verso*.

(*x*) Life of SPENSER prefix'd to his Works, *Edit.* 1679. and HUGHES's Life of him, *p.* 5, 6.

with his Uncle the Earl of *Leicester*, and to introduce himself by sending in to Mr. SIDNEY a Copy of the *Ninth Canto* of the *First Book* of that Poem. Mr. SIDNEY, surpriz'd with the Description of *Despair* in that Canto, shew'd an unusual Kind of Transport on the Discovery of so extraordinary a Genius. After he had read some Stanzas, he turn'd to his Steward, and order'd him to give the Person, who brought those Verses, Fifty Pounds; but upon reading the next Stanza, his Admiration was so much increas'd, that he directed the Sum to be doubled. The Steward, astonish'd at the Exorbitance of the Present, mutter'd, that from the Appearance of the Bearer of those Papers, Five Pounds would be an ample Reward for him; when Mr. SIDNEY, having read another Stanza, commanded him to give Two Hundred Pounds immediately, lest, as he read farther, he should think himself oblig'd to raise the Present beyond what his own Circumstances would allow (*y*). But this Story, when strictly examin'd, will be found embarrass'd with Difficulties, that weaken and even destroy the Credibility of it. For it appears from the commendatory Verses, sign'd *W. L.* prefix'd to the first Edition of the *Fairy Queen* in 1590, that this Poem was so far from being the Occasion of Mr. SPENSER'S Introduction to Mr. SIDNEY, that it was Mr. SIDNEY himself, who engag'd him to transfer his Talents from Pastoral to Heroic Poetry, and to undertake that Subject:

“ And as *Ulysses* brought fair *Thetis*' Son

“ From his retired Life to menage Arms;

(*y*) The Life of SPENSER, prefix'd to his Works, says, *lest he should hold himself oblig'd to give him more than he had.*

Mr. HUGHES, *p.* 6. expresses it thus: *lest he might be tempted to give away his whole Estate.*

“ So SPENSER was by SIDNEY’s Speeches won,
 “ To blaze her (z) Fame, not fearing future Harms.”

SPENSER himself, in his Verses to the Countess of *Pembroke*, Mr. SIDNEY’s Sister, sent with the first *three Books* of the *Fairy Queen*, acknowledges, that it was he,

Who first my Muse did lift out of the Floor.

THE Friendship of his Patron soon procur’d him the Favour of the Earl of *Leicester*, whom he had complimented in his *Tenth Eclogue* under the Title of *the Worthy*, whom ELIZABETH loveth best, and who now sent him, in the latter End of the Year 1579, upon some Employment abroad; but before his setting out for *France*, he wrote an Epistle in *Latin Verse* to Mr. HARVEY, dated at *Leicester-House* on the 5th of *October* that Year. In this Epistle, which was first publish’d, tho’ incorrectly, with other Letters between him and Mr. HARVEY, in the Edition of his Works in 1679. he complains, that as he had hitherto liv’d in a Manner agreeable, tho’ not profitable, to himself, he had now obtain’d a Situation, which was profitable, but not agreeable; but that he was grown weary of sacrificing any longer his youthful Years in fruitless Expectations or mean Employments, and therefore had submitted to the seeking of his Fortune by leaving his Country for long and tedious Journies in foreign Parts.

*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.
 Dii mihi dulce diu dederant, verum utile nunquam.
 Utile nunc etiam, O! utinam quoque dulce dedissent!
 Dii mihi, quippe Diis equalia maxima parvis,
 Ni nimis invidcant Mortalibus esse beatis,*

(z) The Queen of Fairy-Land, or Queen ELIZABETH.

The LIFE of

*Dulce simul tribuisse queant, simul utile. Tanta
Sed Fortuna tua est, pariter quodque utile quodque
Dulce dat ad placitum. Scævo nos sydere nati
Quæsitum imus eam per inhospita Caucaſa longè,
Perque Pyrenæos Montes, Babylonaque turpem.
Quod ſi quæſitam nec ibi invenerimus, ingens
Æquor inexhaustis permens Erroribus ultra
Fluctibus in mediis ſocii quæremus Ulyſſis:
Paſſibus inde Deam feſſis comitabimur ægram,
Nobile cui furtum quærenti defuit orbis.
Namque ſinu pudet in patrio, tenebrisque pudendis
Non nimis ingenio Juvenem infelice virentes
Officiis fruſtra deperdere vilibus annos,
Frugibus & vacuas ſperatis cernere ſpicas.
Ibimus ergo ſtatim (quis eunti fauſta precetur?)
Et pede clivoſas feſſo calcabimus Alpes.*

IN the Poſtſcript to that Epiſtle, he tells his Friend, that he expected to ſet out the Week following; “if I can, ſays he, “be diſpatched of my Lord. I go thither [to *France*] as ſent “by him, and maintained moſt-what of him; and there am “to employ my Time, my Body, my Mind, in his Honour’s “Service.”

HE did not continue many Months abroad, for we find by another Letter of his to Mr. HARVEY, in the Beginning of *April 1580*, that he was then in *London*, where he mentions the Earthquake, which happen’d on the 6th of that Month, and overthrew, as he obſerves, *divers old Buildings and Pieces of Churches*. In this Letter he ſeems fond of the Project, then countenanc’d by his Friends Mr. SIDNEY, and Mr. EDWARD

DYER,

DYER, Author of several Poems, afterwards Knighted, and Chancellor of the Garter, of forming the *English* Verification upon the Feet and Measure of the *Latin* Poetry. “ I like your
 “ *English* Hexameters so well, *says he to Mr. HARVEY*, that I
 “ also enure my Pen sometimes in that Kind, which I find in-
 “ deed, as I have heard you often defend in Word, neither so
 “ hard nor so harsh, but that it will easily and fairly yield itself
 “ to our Mother Tongue. For the only and chiefest Hardness,
 “ which seemeth, is in the Accent; which sometimes gapeth,
 “ and as it were yawneth ill-favouredly, coming short of that
 “ it should, and sometimes exceeding the Measure of the Num-
 “ ber; as in *Carpenter*, the middle Syllable being used short in
 “ Speech, when it should be read long in Verse, seemeth like
 “ a lame Gosling, that draweth one Leg after her. And *Heaven*
 “ being used short as one Syllable, when it is in Verse stretched
 “ with a *Diastole*, is like a lame Dog, that holdeth up one Leg.
 “ But it is to be won with Custom, and rough Words must be
 “ subdued with Use. For why, a God’s Name, may not we,
 “ as the *Greeks*, have the Kingdom of our own Language, and
 “ measure our Accounts by the Sound, reserving the Quantity
 “ to the Verse? I would heartily wish you would either send
 “ me the Rules or Principles of Art, which you observe in
 “ Quantities; or else follow those, which Mr. SIDNEY gave me,
 “ being the very same, which Mr. DRANT devised, but enlarged
 “ with Mr. SIDNEY’s own Judgment, and augmented with my
 “ Observations, that we might both agree and accord in one,
 “ lest we overthrow one another, and be overthrown of the
 “ rest. To tell you the Truth, I mind shortly to set forth a
 “ Book in this Kind, which I intitle *Epithalamion Thamesis*,
 “ which Book I dare undertake will be profitable for the Know-
 b 2 “ ledge,

“ ledge, and new for the Invention and Manner of handling:
 “ for in setting forth the Marriage of the *Thames*, I shew his
 “ Beginning and Offspring, and all the Country he passeth
 “ through, and describe all the Rivers throughout *England*,
 “ which came to his Wedding.” But if this Account of that
 Poem be compar’d with the *Eleventh Canto* of the *Fourth Book*
 of the *Fairy Queen*, it will appear, that he suspended his first
 Design, and form’d it afterwards into that beautiful Episode of
 the Marriage of the *Thames* and the *Medway*. In the same Letter
 he mentions his *Dreams* and *Dying Pelican* as fully finish’d,
 and presently to be printed, and that he should immediately
 apply himself again to his *Fairy Queen*, which he desir’d his
 Friend to return him with all Expedition, together with his long-
 expected Judgment upon it. In the *Postscript* to that Letter,
 he thinks it best, that his *Dreams* should come forth alone, be-
 ing grown by means of the *Gloss* of his Commentator *E. K.*
 full as large as his *Calendar*. “ Of my *Stemmata Dudleyana*,
 “ adds he, and especially of the fundry Apostrophes therein, ad-
 “ dressed you know to whom, must more Advise-ment be had,
 “ than so lightly to send them abroad. Now, but trust me,
 “ tho’ I never do well, yet in my own Fancy I never did bet-
 “ ter.” His *Dreams* abovemention’d were never publish’d un-
 der that Title; but as we find by a Letter of Mr. HARVEY
 to him, that they had some Resemblance to *Petrarch’s Visions*,
 it is probable they are the same, which were afterwards printed
 under the several Titles of *Visions of the World’s Vanity*, *Bellay’s*
Visions, and *Petrarch’s Visions*.

THE Reputation of our Poet’s Writings procur’d him the
 Title of Poet Laureat to Queen ELIZABETH, and the Grant
 of a Pension; tho’ the Payment of it is said to have been inter-
 cepted

cepted by the Lord Treasurer BURGHEY (*a*); and that when her Majesty, upon SPENSER's presenting some Poems to her, order'd him the Gratuity of an Hundred Pounds, his Lordship ask'd, with some Contempt of the Poet, *What! all this for a Song?* The Queen replied, *Then give him what is Reason.* SPENSER waited for some Time, but had the Mortification to find himself disappointed of the Queen's intended Bounty. Upon this he took a proper Opportunity to present a Paper to her Majesty, in the manner of a Petition, in which he reminded her of the Orders, which she had given, in the following Lines:

I was promis'd on a Time
To have Reason for my Rhime:
From that Time unto this Season
I receiv'd nor Rhime nor Reason.

This Paper produc'd the desir'd Effect; and the Queen, not without some Reproof of the Lord Treasurer, immediately directed the Payment of the Hundred Pounds, which she first ordered. Whatever Truth there may be in this Story, which I have been able to trace no higher than Dr. FULLER (*b*), it is evident from several Parts of SPENSER's Works, that he thought himself greatly injur'd by the Neglect, which had been shewn him; and his Complaints of it in some Passages seem to point directly at the Lord Treasurer. In his *Ruins of Time*, written after the Death of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, and publish'd in 1591, he makes the following Exclamation, as it stands in that first Edi-

(*a*) Life of SPENSER, prefix'd to his Works, *Edit.* 1679. WINSTANLEY'S Lives of the *English* Poets, p. 90, 91. *Edit.* 1687. and HUGHES'S Life of SPENSER, p. 6.
(*b*) Worthies, in *London*, p. 220.

tion, for in the subsequent ones there are some Alterations in the Lines, which make the Invective more general, *him* being chang'd to *such* :

O Grief of Griefs ! O Gall of all good Hearts !
 To see, that Virtue should despised be
 Of him, that first was rais'd for virtuous Parts,
 And now broad spreading like an aged Tree,
 Lets none shoot up, that nigh him planted be.
 O let the Man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
 Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adorned.

And in his Poem call'd *The Tears of the Muses*, in the Speech of *Calliope*, these Lines are applied to Persons of Quality and Fortune, who are reproach'd for their total Disregard of Learning :

Their great Revenues all in sumptuous Pride
 They spend, that nought to Learning they may spare ;
 And the rich Fee, which Poets wont divide,
 Now Parasites and Sycophants do share.

BUT he is more explicit in his *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, compos'd, as he says in the Dedication of it to the Lady *Compton* and *Mountegle*, in the raw Conceit of his Youth, and publish'd in 1591. This Tale, which is written in Imitation of CHAUCER, and an admirable Specimen of SPENSER's Genius for Satire, in which he seldom indulg'd himself, after a very advantageous Picture of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY under the Character of the good Courtier, with the Contrast of some opposite ones, gives us a strong Representation of the Misery of Dependance on Court-Favour.

Full little knowest thou, that hast not tryed,
 What Hell it is in suing long to bide ;

To

To lose good Days, that might be better spent ;
 To waste long Nights in pensive Discontent ;
 To speed to Day, to be put back to Morrow ;
 To feed on Hope, to pine with Fear and Sorrow ;
To have thy Prince's Grace, yet want her Peers ;
 To have thy Asking, yet wait many Years ;
 To fret thy Soul with Crosses and with Cares ;
 To eat thy Heart thro' comfortless Despairs ;
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

THIS Passage was probably represented to Lord *Burghley* as a Reflection upon him ; and our Poet, at the End of the *Sixth Book*, seems to allude to this, in describing the Monster *Detraction* :

Ne may this homely Verse, of many meanest,
 Hope to escape his venemous Despite,
 More than my former Writs, all were they clearest
 From blameful Blot, and free from all that Wite,
 With which some wicked Tongues did it backbite,
 And bring into a *mighty Peer's* Displeasure,
 That never so deserved to indite.

Therefore do you, my Rhimes, keep better Measure,
 And seek to please, that now is counted wise Men's Treasure.

BUT when our Poet publish'd in 1590 the first three Books of his *Fairy Queen*, he thought proper to send them to his Lordship with a Sonnet, in which, after complimenting him as the Atlas, who supported the Government, he shews some Diffidence of his Lordship's Regard for Poetry, excusing his *unfitly* presenting to him these *idle Rhimes*,

The

The Labour of loft Time, and Wit unftaid :
 Yet if their deeper Senfe be inly weigh'd,
 And the dim Veil, with which from common View
 Their fairer Parts are hid, afide be laid,
 Perhaps not vain they may appear to you.
 Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receive,
 And wipe their Faults out of your Censure grave.

IT is not improbable, that his Lordship did not receive the Prefent of thofe firft three Books in a Manner agreeable to the Author, fince in the *Introduction* to the *fourth*, he feems to reflect upon that great Statesman's Diflike of his Poem :

The rugged Forehead, that with grave Forefight
 Wields Kingdoms Caufes, and Affairs of State,
 My loofer Rhimes, I wote, doth fharply wite
 For praifing Love.

But after all, Lord *Burghley's* Coldnefs towards our Poet, and Neglect of his Works, are not perhaps to be imputed fo much to any personal Prejudice againft him, or Contempt of Poetry, as to SPENSER'S early Attachment to the Earl of *Leicefter*, and afterwards to the Earl of *Effex*, who were both fucceffively Heads of a Party oppofite to the Lord Treasurer.

HOWEVER, SPENSER was not long without being call'd into a publick Employment, after he once became known by his *Pastorals*; for upon the Advancement of ARTHUR Lord GREY of *Wilton* to the Poft of Lord Deputy of *Ireland*, to which Office he was appointed *Auguft 12, 1580*, and fworn into it on the 7th of *September* following (*c*), he was made Secretary to his

(c) Works of Sir JAMES WARE, Vol. II. p. 111. Edit. Dublin 1746. fol.

Lordship, and probably continued so till his Lordship's resigning that Post in the Year 1582, when Archbishop LOFTUS and Sir HENRY WALLOP succeeded to the Government of *Ireland*, as Lords Justices, being sworn into that Office on the 6th of *September* (d).

OUR Poet testified his Gratitude to Lord GREY, in a Sonnet sent to him with the first Edition of his *Fairy Queen*, beginning thus :

Most noble Lord, the Pillar of my Life,
 And Patron of my Muses Pupillage,
 Through whose large Bounty poured on me rife,
 In the first Season of my feeble Age,
 I now do live, bound yours by Vassalage.

THE Death of his Patron Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, on the 16th of *October* 1586, of the Wounds, which he receiv'd at the Battle of *Zutphen*, was an important Loss to SPENSER, and afforded him a melancholy Subject for a Pastoral Elegy on that Occasion, intitled *Astrophel*. But, a few Months before, he had the Satisfaction of obtaining from the Queen, in reward both for his Services in *Ireland*, as well as in honour of his Genius, a Grant of 3028 Acres, in the County of *Cork*, of the Lands forfeited by the Rebellion of GERALD FITZ-GERALD, Earl of *Desmond*, whose Estates were likewise distributed among several other Persons, particularly Sir WALTER RALEGH, who were stil'd *Undertakers* in the Grant dated the 27th of *June* that Year; and obliged to perform several Conditions mentioned in the Queen's Articles for the Plantation of that County (e). SPENSER'S

(d) *Ibid.*

(e) The antient and present State of the County and City of *Cork*: by CHARLES

SMITH, *Vol. I.* Book I. c. 1. p. 58—63. *Edit. Dublin* 1750. 8^{vo}. And FIENNES MORYSON'S *Itinerary, Part II.* p. 4.

House was call'd *Kilcolman*, two Miles North-West of *Done-raile*, and was a Castle of the Earls of *Desmond*, now almost level with the Ground. It was situated on the North Side of a fine Lake, in the midst of a vast Plain, terminated to the East by the Mountains of the County of *Waterford*, *Ballyhowra* Hills, or, as SPENSER terms them, the Mountains of *Mole*, to the North, *Nagle* Mountains to the South, and those of *Kerry* to the West. It commanded a View of above half the Breadth of *Ireland*, and must have been, when the adjacent Uplands were cloth'd with Woods, a most pleasant and romantic Situation (*f*). The River *Mulla*, which he has more than once so beautifully introduc'd in his Poems, ran through his Grounds. An original Picture of him is still in being, in the Neighbourhood of his Seat, at *Castle-Saffron*, the House of JOHN LOVE, Esq (*g*).

HE had here much better Success in Love than formerly with ROSALIND; and the Progress of his new Amour is given us in his *Sonnets*, in the 60th of which he speaks of himself as then Forty Years old; and the Conclusion of it in Marriage, about the Year 1592 or 1593, gave Occasion to an excellent *Epitaphium*, written by himself.

HERE likewise he prosecuted his great Work of the *Fairy Queen*, which he had begun, as was observed above, as early at least as the Year 1580. And while he was engag'd in it, he was honour'd with a Visit from Sir WALTER RALEGH, with whom he must have been acquainted, while the latter was a Captain under Lord GREY in *Ireland*. This Visit appears to have been in the Summer of the Year 1589, after Sir WALTER'S Return from the Expedition to *Portugal* with Don ANTONIO, when the

(*f*) Antient and Present State of *Cork*, (*g*) *Ibid.* p. 343.
Book II. c. vii. p. 340, 341.

Jealousy of his Rival the Earl of *Effex* confin'd him for some Time to *Ireland* (b). SPENSER relates the Circumstances of this Visit in his *Pastoral*, intitled, *Colin Clout's come home again*; in which RALEGH is describ'd under the Name of the *Shepherd of the Ocean*.

One Day, quoth he, I sat, as was my Trade,
 Under the Foot of *Mole*, that Mountain here,
 Keeping my Sheep amongst the cooly Shade
 Of the green Alders by the *Mulla's* Shore.
 There a strange Shepherd chanc'd to find me out,
 Whether allured with my Pipe's Delight,
 Whose pleasing Sound yshrilled far about;
 Or thither led by Chance, I know not right:
 Whom when I asked from what Place he came,
 And how he hight, himself he did yleep
 The Shepherd of the Ocean by Name,
 And said he came far from the Main-sea deep.
 He sitting me beside in that same Shade
 Provoked me to play some pleasant Fit;
 And when he heard the Music, which I made,
 He found himself full greatly pleas'd at it.
 Yet æmuling my Pipe, he took in Hond
 My Pipe, before that æmuled of many,
 And plaid thereon, for well that Skill he con'd,
 Himself as skilful in that Art as any.

Sir WALTER persuaded SPENSER to abandon his obscure

(b) Life of Sir WALTER RALEGH, prefix'd to the first Volume of his Works, p. xxii. and lxxxviii.

Retreat in *Ireland*, and accompany him to *England*, where he promis'd to introduce him to the Queen.

He gan to cast great Liking to my Lore,
 And great Disliking to my luckless Lot,
 That banish'd had myself, like Wight forlore,
 Into that Waste, that I was quite forgot.
 The which to leave thenceforth he counsell'd me,
 Unmeet for Man, in whom was ought regardful,
 And wend with him, his *Cynthia* to see ;
 Whose Grace was great, and Beauty most rewardful.
 Besides her peerless Skill in making well,
 And all the Ornaments of wondrous Wit,
 Such as all Womankind did far excell,
 Such as the World admir'd, and praised it.
 So that with Hope of Good, and Hate of Ill,
 He me perswaded forth with him to fare.

Our Poet consented, and attended Sir WALTER to *England*, where he was introduc'd by him to her Majesty.

The Shepherd of the Ocean, quoth he,
 Unto that Goddess' Grace me first enhanced,
 And to mine oaten Pipe inclin'd her Ear,
 That she thenceforth therein gan take Delight,
 And it desir'd at timely Hours to hear,
 All were my Notes but rude and roughly dight.

IN this Poem he takes Occasion to compliment the reigning Wits and Beauties of that Age. The Name of *Cynthia*, given to Queen ELIZABETH, is the same, under which Sir WALTER RALEGH had celebrated that great Princess, in a Poem under
 that

that Title, often commended by SPENSER: By *Astrophel* is meant Sir PHILIP SIDNEY; by *Urania* his Sister, the Countess of PEMBROKE; by *Stella*, the Lady RICH, Sister to ROBERT Earl of *Effex*; by *Manfelia*, the Marchioness of NORTHAMPTON. DANIEL, the Poet and Historian, and Dr. WILLIAM ALABASTER, Author of a Latin Poem, called *Elifeis*, in honour of the QUEEN, but left by him imperfect and never publish'd, are mention'd by their own Names.

SOON after his Arrival in *England*, he was prevail'd upon to publish the first *three Books* of his *Fairy Queen*, at *London* 1590, in 4^{to} under this Title, *The Faerie Queene. Disposed into Twelve Books, fashioning XII Morall Virtues*. At the End of it he subjoin'd a Letter to Sir WALTER RALEGH, expounding his Intention in the Course of that Poem, dated the 23^d of *January* 1589. And Sir WALTER return'd him the Compliment of two Copies of commendatory Verses, the first of several prefix'd to that Poem, those Verses being subscrib'd with the initial Letters of his Name. This Edition of that admirable Poem is much more exact than all the latter ones; and has besides a whole Page of *Errata* at the End, few of which were corrected in his own *second Edition*, tho' he made in that Edition several Alterations and Additions to his Work; and most of those Errors have been continued and multiplied in all the subsequent Impressions. The same Year 1590 he publish'd at *London* in 4^{to} his *Muipotmos: or, the Fate of the Butterflie*: with a Dedication to the Lady CAREY, to whose Bounty he acknowledges himself highly oblig'd. And the Year following, that Poem was republish'd in a small Volume in 4^{to} with some others, under the Title of *Complaints: containing sundrie small Poemes of the World's Vanitie*. This Volume consists of, 1. *The Ruines*

Ruines of Time; dedicated to the Countess of *Pembroke*: 2. *The Teares of the Muses*, dedicated to the Lady STRANGE, on Account of her particular Bounties, and some private Bonds of Affinity, which she was pleas'd to acknowledge: 3. *Virgil's Gnat*, dedicated long before to the Earl of *Leicester*, who was dead before the Publication, in a Sonnet, which refers to some unfortunate Situation, in which he had once been with respect to that Nobleman, and begins thus:

Wrong'd, yet not daring to exprefs my Pain,
 To you, great Lord, the Caufer of my Care,
 In cloudy Tears my Cafe I thus complain
 Unto your self, that only privy are.

4. *Prosopopœia*; or *Mother Hubberd's Tale*. 5. *The Ruines of Rome* by Bellay: 6. *Muipotmos*. 7. *Visions of the World's Vanitie*. 8. *Bellaye's Visions*. 9. *Petrarche's Visions*. The Printer, in an Advertifement to the Reader, prefix'd to this Collection, observes, that upon his late Publication of the *Fairy Queen*, finding the Succes of it, he had endeavour'd by all good Means to get into his Hands such small Poems of the Author, as he heard were dispers'd abroad in fundry Hands, and not easy to be recovered by himself, some of them having been diversly embexzel'd and purloined from him, since his Departure over Sea. That besides these now publish'd, the Author had written several others, as a Translation of *Ecclesiastes*, and *Canticum Canticorum*, *A Sennight's Slumber*, *The Hell of Lovers*, and *Purgatory*, all dedicated to Ladies; which together with some others loofely scattered abroad, as *The Dying Pelicane*, *The Hours of the Lord*, *The Sacrifice of a Sinner*, the seven *Psalms*, &c. the
 Printer,

Printer, when he could obtain them from the Author, or otherwise, intended to publish.

SPENSER was at *London* on the 1st of *January* 1590-1, when he wrote the Dedication of his *Daphnida*; but return'd to *Ireland* some Time after; from whence he wrote a Dedication of his *Colin Clout's come home again*, to Sir WALTER RALEGH, dated at his House of *Kilcolman* the 27th of *December* that Year, in part of Payment of the *infinite Debt*, in which he acknowledges himself bound unto Sir WALTER, for his *singular Favours* and *sundry good Turns* shewed to him at *his late being in England*; desiring him with his good Countenance to protect this Poem against the *Malice of evil Mouths, which were always wide open to carp at, and misconstrue his simple Meaning*.

THIS Poem, with his *Astrophel*, was printed at *London* in 1595; and the Year following he republifh'd at *London* in 4^{to} the three first Books of his *Fairy Queen*, to which he now added a *second Part*, containing the *fourth, fifth, and sixth* Books. These six Books were only half of what he design'd, the Title Page of both Editions declaring, that the Poem was to consist of *twelve Books*, and to represent *twelve moral Virtues*. But the last six Books, excepting the two Cantos of *Mutability*, printed first in the Folio Edition at *London* in 1609, were lost by the *Disorder and Abuse*, says Sir JAMES WARE (i), of his *Servant, whom he had sent before him into England*. But Mr. FENTON (k), instead of deploring the Fate of these six Books, which are said to have perish'd, declares himself of Mr. DRYDEN's Opinion, that upon Sir PHILIP SIDNEY's Death, SPENSER WAS

(i) Preface to SPENSER's View of the State of *Ireland*.

(k) Observations on WALLER, p. 11.

depriv'd both of Means and Spirit to accomplish his Design; and thinks, that *this Story of their being lost in his Voyage from Ireland seems to be a Fiction copied from the Fate of Terence's Comedies, which itself has the Air of a Fiction; or that at best it was but a Hearsay, that pass'd the Biographers without due Examination.* But this ingenious Poet and Commentator will scarce convince his Readers, that the Death of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY was an Event sufficient to prevent SPENSER from finishing his Poem, when it is evident, that he gave the World, after the Loss of his Patron, *six Books* of it, at the same Time promising the rest, of which we actually have remaining two Cantos upon *Mutability*, equal, if not superior, to any of the rest; and two Stanzas of another Canto. And the Authority of so considerable a Writer as Sir JAMES WARE, who liv'd near the Time, and was in a Situation of informing himself about the Fact, cannot justly be rejected as a mere unsupported *Hearsay*, propagated *without due Examination.* It is true in the 33^d *Sonnet* of his *Amoretti*, written about the Year 1592, he speaks of the *finishing* of his *Fairy Queen*, as prevented by the Cruelty of his Mistress; and in the 80th he desires a little Refreshment after so long a Task, as that of compiling the first six Books of that Poem, and Leisure to sing his *Love's sweet Praise*; the Contemplation of whose Beauty would *raise his Spirit*, and enable him to undertake his *second Work*

With strong Endeavour and Attention due.

But these Sonnets, allowing the Subjects of them to have been real Facts, and not poetical Fiction, were compos'd at least five or six Years before the last six Books of the *Fairy Queen* are suppos'd to have been lost; an Interval long enough for so ready and

and

and inexhaustible a Genius as our Author's to complete them, whose Years bore no Proportion to the Number and Perfection of his Works. For the Loss of those Books could not have happen'd till after 1596, because he mentions in the Title-Page of the Edition of the *Fairy Queen* that Year, that the Poem would contain *Twelve Books*: but they must have perish'd, as Sir JAMES WARE intimates, when he sent his Servant to *England* in 1598, before his own last Journey thither from *Ireland*, upon the plundering of his Estate by the Rebels there.

SPENSER was most probably in *England* in 1596, during the Impression of this Second Edition of his *Fairy Queen*; for we find him at *Greenwich* on the 1st of *September* that Year, from whence he dedicated his *Four Hymns* to the Countesses of *Cumberland* and *Warwick*, the two first, in Praise of *Love* and *Beauty*, being written, as he observes, in the *greener Times* of his *Youth*; and having afterwards in vain endeavour'd, at the Desire of one of those Ladies, to suppress the Manuscript Copies, he now publish'd them with the Addition of two others upon *Heavenly Love* and *Heavenly Beauty*.

HE wrote likewise in the same Year 1596 a *View of the State of Ireland*, written *Dialogue-wise* between Eudoxus and Irenæus. This Discourse shews him to have been possess'd of a vast Fund of political as well as other Knowledge, and equally qualified for the Business of State, as for Speculation and the Exercises of Genius, and that, like Sir JOHN DAVIS, whose *Discovery of the true Causes why Ireland was never intirely subdued* is as justly esteem'd as his Poem on *Human Nature* and the *Soul of Man*, he was as finish'd a Writer in Prose, as in Poetry. It continued in Manuscript till 1633, when Sir JAMES WARE publish'd it at *Dublin*, in *fol.* from a Manuscript in Archbishop USHER's

Library, with a Dedication to the Lord Viscount WENTWORTH, then Lord Deputy of *Ireland*; in which Sir JAMES remarks, that the *Calamities* of that Kingdom were *fully set forth*, and *to the Life*, by our Author, with a *Discovery of their Causes and Remedies, being for the most Part excellent Grounds of Reformation*. And in the *Preface* Sir JAMES remarks, that this Discourse sufficiently testifies the Learning and deep Judgment of SPENSER; but that it were to be wish'd, that in some Passages it had been temper'd with more Moderation, tho' the Troubles and Miseries of the Time, when he wrote it, may partly excuse him: That his Proofs (although most of them conjectural) concerning the Original of the Language and Customs of the Nation, and the first peopling of the several Parts of the Island, are full of good Reading, and shew a sound Judgment: And that with respect to the general Scope intended by him for the Reformation of Abuses and ill Customs, tho' many Persons had taken Pains in the same Subject during the Reign of Queen ELIZABETH, and some before, as the Author of *Salus Populi* under King EDWARD IV. and PATRICK FINGLAS, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and afterwards Chief Justice of the Common-Pleas in *Ireland*, in the Reign of HENRY VIII. yet none came so near to the best Grounds for Reformation, as our Author, except in a few Passages, has done. But the Editor of Sir JAMES WARE'S Works in *English* (1) does not pass so favourable a Judgment on this Discourse, as Sir JAMES himself; for though he owns, that there are some Things in it very well written, particularly as to the political main Design of re-

(1) *Vol* III. *p.* 327. O FLAHERTY in his *Ogygia, seu Rerum Hibernicarum Chronologia, Edit. London 1685* in 4^{to}. has a Chapter intitled SPENSERI Errorēs. *Part.* III. *c.* 77.

ducing *Ireland* to the due Obedience of the Crown of *England*; yet that in the History and Antiquities of the Country he is often miserably mistaken, and seems rather to have indulg'd the Fancy and License of a Poet, than the Judgment and Fidelity requisite for an Historian; besides his Want of Moderation. If this Character be a true one, we have the less Reason to regret his not finishing another Treatise, which he promised at the Conclusion of his *View*, expressly upon the *Antiquities of Ireland*.

DURING his Residence in *London*, he wrote his *Prothalamion* upon the double Marriage of the Lady ELIZABETH and Lady CATHERINE SOMERSET, Daughters to EDWARD Earl of *Worcester*, to Mr. HENRY (afterwards Sir HENRY) GUILFORD, and Mr. WILLIAM PETRE, afterwards Lord *Petre*. In this Poem he complains of the Disappointments of his Applications at Court.

When I, whom fullen Care,
Through Discontent of my long fruitless Stay
In Princes Court, and Expectation vain
Of idle Hopes, which still do fly away,
Like empty Shadows, did afflict my Brain,
Walkt forth to ease my Pain
Along the Shore of silver-streaming *Thames*.

He likewise mentions the Favours, which he had formerly receiv'd from his old Patron the Earl of *Leicester*, and the Want of his Patronage in his present Situation.

Next whereunto (*m*) there stands a stately Place,
Where oft I gained Gifts and goodly Grace
Of that great Lord, which therein went to dwell,
Whose Want too well now feels my friendless Case.

(*m*) The Temple.

But that House, which was built by the Earl of *Leicester*, being now transferr'd to his Son-in-law (*n*) the Earl of *Effex*, he takes Occasion to pay a beautiful Compliment to his Lordship, upon the Success of his late Expedition against *Cadiz*, in the latter End of *June* 1596.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
Great *England's* Glory, and the World's wide Wonder,
Whose dreadful Name late thro' all *Spain* did thunder,
And *Hercules'* two Pillars standing near
Did make to quake and fear :
Fair Branch of Honour, Flower of Chivalry,
That fillest *England* with thy Triumph's Fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble Victory,
And endless Happiness of thine own Name,
That promiseth the fame ;
That thro' thy Prowess and victorious Arms
Thy Country may be freed from foreign Harms,
And great ELIZA's glorious Name may ring
Thro' all the World, fill'd with thy wide Alarms,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To Ages following.

How long he resided in *England* after the Publication of the second Edition of his *Fairy Queen*, there is no Account. But he was in *Ireland* in 1598, when the Rebellion broke out there with great Fury under *Tyrone*, in which being plunder'd of his whole Fortune, he was obliged to return to *England* in great Necessity (*o*), and soon after died at *Westminster*, at the Age

(*n*) The Earl of *Leicester* had married the Mother of the Earl of *Effex*.

(*o*) A Rebellibus è Laribus ejectus &

bonis spoliatus in Angliam inops reversus. CAMDEN *ubi supra*.

of 45 or 46, in 1598, according to CAMDEN, or in 1599, as Sir JAMES WARE affirms (*p*); a Difference, which I have in vain endeavour'd to determine by a strict Search of the Prerogative Office at *London*, where no Will of his is to be found. He was interr'd in the Collegiate Church at *Westminster*, near his favourite CHAUCER, at the Expence of the great but unfortunate Earl of *Essex*, his Funeral Obsèques being attended by the Poets of that Time, who threw several Copies of Verses into his Grave (*q*). The Monument erected to him was long ascrib'd to that Earl, tho' the Inscription upon it is a mean Composition, full of Errors in Orthography, and containing false Dates both of his Birth and Death, the former being fix'd in 1510, and the latter in 1596. But it has since been discover'd, that this Monument was set up above thirty Years after our Poet's Death, by STONE, Master-Mason to King CHARLES I. who was paid Forty Pounds for it by ANNE, Widow of RICHARD Earl of *Dorset* (*r*), and Daughter of GEORGE CLIFFORD, Earl of *Cumberland*.

BESIDES the printed Works of SPENSER, he wrote several others, of which only the Titles remain; the most considerable of which were *Nine Comedies*, in Imitation of those of his admir'd *Ariosto*, inscrib'd with the Names of the Nine Muses (*s*). The rest were, his *Dying Pelicane*, his *Pageants*, his *Legends*, *Stemmata Dudleyana*, *The Canticles* and *Ecclesiastes* paraphras'd, *Seven Psalms*, *Hours of our Lord*, *Sacrifice of a Sinner*, *Purgatory*, *A Sennight's Slumber*, *The Court of Cupid*, and *The Hell of Lovers*; with a Treatise in Prose, abovemention'd, call'd *The English Poet* (*t*).

His Great-grandson HUGOLIN SPENSER was, after the Re-

(*p*) Preface to the *View*.

(*q*) CAMDEN *ubi supra*.

(*r*) FENTON, *ubi supra*, p. LI. LII.

(*s*) Mr. HARVEY's Letter to SPENSER.

(*t*) Dr. JOHN WORTHINGTON's Letter to Mr. SAMUEL HARTLIB, *January 11, 1660. printed among Dr. WORTHINGTON's Miscellanies, p. 234, 235.*

restoration of King CHARLES II, restor'd by the Court of Claims to so much of the Lands, as could be found to have been his Ancestor's (*u*). And in the Reign of King WILLIAM, a Person came over into *England* from *Ireland*, to solicit the same Affair, and brought with him Letters of Recommendation as a Descendant of SPENSER. His Name procur'd him a favourable Reception; and being introduc'd by Mr. CONGREVE to Mr. MONTAGU, afterwards Earl of *Hallifax*, then at the Head of the Treasury, he obtain'd his Suit. He was a Man somewhat advanc'd in Years, and might be the same mention'd before, who had possibly recovered only some Part of the Estate at first, or had been disturb'd in the Possession of it. He could give no Account of the Works of his Ancestor, which are wanting, and which are therefore in all Probability irrecoverably lost (*w*). Some of the Descendants of our Poet are still remaining in the County of *Cork* (*x*).

THE most celebrated of our Author's Works is his *Fairy Queen*; in the Allegorical Form of which he had the Advantage of an excellent Model in the *Induction to the Mirrour for Magistrates* (*y*). In this Poem, which had for its Author no less a Man than SACKVILLE Lord *Buckhurst* and Earl of *Dorset*, Lord High Treasurer to Queen ELIZABETH and King JAMES I. and was written by him in his younger Years, before

(*u*) Life of SPENSER, prefix'd to the Edition of his Works, *fol.* 1679.

(*w*) HUGHES's Life of SPENSER, *p.* 22.

(*x*) Sir J. WARE's Works, *Vol.* III. *p.* 327.

(*y*) The first Edition of this Book was begun to be printed in the Reign of Queen MARY, but stopt at the Press by Order of the Persons then in Power, till a License being obtain'd thro' the Interest of HENRY Lord STAFFORD in the first Year of Queen ELIZABETH, the Impression

was resum'd, and the Book publish'd in 1559 at *London* in 4^{to}. by Mr. BALDWIN, a Schoolmaster and Divine. Mr. SACKVILLE's *Induction* was not inserted in this first Part, but in the second, *fol.* 168. publish'd by Mr. BALDWIN there in 1571 in 4^{to}. Another Edition of the *Mirrour for Magistrates* was publish'd by Mr. JOHN HIGINS, in 1587, in 4^{to}. and another by Mr. RICHARD NICCOLS, in 1610, in the same Form.

he was engag'd in public Business, are introduc'd beautiful Pictures of many Allegorical Personages, as *Sorrow, Remorse, Dread, Revenge, Misery, Care, Sleep, Old Age, Malady, Famine, Death,* and *War*. But the Stanza is different from that of SPENSER, consisting only of seven Lines, rhyming thus, the first to the third, the second to the fourth and fifth, and the sixth to the seventh.

THE *Fairy Queen*, notwithstanding all the Defects either of the Plan or Execution, may be justly consider'd as one of the noblest Efforts of Genius in any Age or Language. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE (z) having first remark'd, that the Religion of the Gentiles had been woven into the Contexture of all the ancient Poetry, with a very agreeable Mixture; which made the Moderns affect to give that of Christianity a Place also in their Poems; but that the *true Religion* was not found to become Fiction so well as a *false* one had done, all their Attempts of this Kind seeming rather to debase Religion, than to heighten Poetry; that elegant Writer then tells us, that SPENSER endeavour'd to supply this with Morality, and to make *Instruction*, instead of *Story*, the Subject of an Epic Poem: in which “ his Execution
 “ was excellent, and his Flights of Fancy very noble and high;
 “ but that his Design was poor, and his Moral lay so bare,
 “ that it lost the Effect; and tho' the Pill was gilded, it was
 “ so thin, that the Colour and the Taste were too easily disco-
 “ vered.” Mr. RYMER (a) thinks, that SPENSER may be reckon'd the first of our Heroic Poets; that he had a large Spirit, a sharp Judgment, and a Genius for Heroic Poesy, perhaps above any, who have ever written since *Virgil*. But that “ our
 “ Misfortune is, that he wanted a true Idea, and lost himself
 “ by following an unfaithful Guide. Tho' besides *Homer* and

(z) Essay of Poetry, p. 46.

(a) Preface to his Translation of *Aristotle* of Poesy.

“ *Virgil* he had read *Tasso*, yet he rather suffered himself to
 “ be misled by *Ariosto*, with whom blindly rambling on marvel-
 “ lous Adventures, he makes no Conscience of Probability. All
 “ is fanciful and chimerical, without any Uniformity, or without
 “ any Foundation in Truth: in a Word, his Poem is perfect
 “ *Fairy Land.*” Mr. DRYDEN (*b*) is of Opinion, that the
English have only to boast of SPENSER and MILTON in He-
 roic Poetry: “ who, *says he*, neither of them wanted either
 “ Genius or Learning to have been perfect Poets, and yet both
 “ of them are liable to many Censures. For there is no Uni-
 “ formity in the Design of SPENSER: He aims at the Ac-
 “ complishment of no Action: He raises up a Hero for every
 “ one of his Adventures, and endows each of them with some
 “ particular Moral Virtue, which renders them all equal, with-
 “ out Subordination or Preference: Every one is most valiant
 “ in his own Legend. Only we must do him that Justice to
 “ observe, that *Magnanimity*, which is the Character of Prince
 “ ARTHUR, shines throughout the whole Poem, and succours
 “ the rest, when they are in Distress. The Original of every
 “ Knight was then living in the Court of Queen ELIZABETH;
 “ and he attributed to each of them that Virtue, which was
 “ most conspicuous in them; an ingenious Piece of Flattery,
 “ tho’ it turn’d not much to his Account. Had he lived to
 “ finish his Poem in the six remaining Legends, it had cer-
 “ tainly been more of a Piece, but could not have been perfect,
 “ because the Model was not true. But Prince ARTHUR, or his
 “ chief Patron, Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, whom he intended to make
 “ happy by his Marriage of GLORIANA, dying before him (*c*),
 “ depriv’d the Poet both of Means and Spirit to accomplish

(*b*) Dedication of his Translation of
Juvenal to the Earl of *Derfet*, p. viii.

(*c*) About Thirteen Years.

“ his Design (*d*).” Mr. DRYDEN then observes, that his obsolete Language, and ill Choice of his Stanza, are Faults but of the second Magnitude; for notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little Practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admir’d, that labouring under such a Difficulty, his Verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only *Virgil*, whom he has professedly imitated, has surpass’d him among the *Romans*, and only Mr. WALLER among the *English*. Mr. HUGHES tells us (*e*), that the *Fairy Queen* is conceived, wrought up, and coloured with a stronger Fancy, and discovers more the particular Genius of SPENSER, than any of his other Writings: And having observ’d, that our Poet himself, in his Letter to Sir WALTER RALEGH, calls it *a continual Allegory or dark Conceit*, gives his own Remarks on *Allegorical Poetry* in general, and on this Poem in particular, the Merit of which consists in that surprizing Vein of fabulous Invention, which runs through it, and enriches it every where with Imagery and Descriptions, more than we meet with in any other modern Poem; the Author seeming to be possess’d of a Kind of poetical Magic, and the Figures, which he calls up to our View, rising so thick upon us, that we are at once pleas’d and distracted by the exhaustless Variety of them; so that his Faults may in a Manner be imputed to his Excellencies. His Abundance betrays him into Excess, and his Judgment is overborne by the Torrent of his Imagination. What seems to Mr. HUGHES most liable to Exception in this Work, is the Model of it, and the Choice of so romantic a Story. The several Books appear rather like so many several Poems than one

(*d*) See the Remarks above on Mr. FENTON.

(*e*) Essay on Allegorical Poetry, p. xxviii.

intire Fable. Each of them has its peculiar Knight, and is independent of the rest: and tho' some of the Persons make their Appearance in different Books, yet this has very little Effect in connecting them. Prince ARTHUR is indeed the principal Person, and has therefore a Share given him in every Legend: but his Part is not considerable enough in any one of them. He appears and vanishes again like a Spirit, and we lose Sight of him too soon, to consider him as the Hero of the Poem. Our Author evidently never design'd to form his Work upon the Rules of Epic Poetry, as drawn from the Practice of *Homer* and *Virgil*: And tho' it may seem strange, that he, who appears to have been well acquainted with the best Writers of Antiquity, should not imitate them in the Structure of his Story; yet two Reasons may be assign'd for this: The first is, that at the Time, when he wrote, the *Italian* Poets, whom he has chiefly imitated, and who were the first Revivers of this Art among the Moderns, were in the highest Vogue, and were universally read and admir'd. But the chief Reason was, perhaps, that he chose to frame his Fable after a Model, which might give the greatest Scope to that Range of Fancy, which was so remarkably his Talent. It is probably, for the same Reason, that among the *Italian* Poets he rather followed *Ariosto*, whom he found more agreeable to his Genius, than *Tasso*, who had form'd a better Plan, and from whom he has only borrow'd some particular Ornaments; yet his Plan is much more regular than that of *Ariosto*. Add to this, that at the Time, when he wrote, the Remains of the old Gothic Chivalry were not quite abolish'd; and this might render his Story more familiar to his Readers.

THE general Design of this Poem, as SPENSER himself explains it in his Letter to Sir WALTER RALEGH, is *to fashion a Gentleman or Nobleman in virtuous and gentle Discipline*; or, as it is more fully open'd in a Dialogue (*f*) written by one of his Friends, in which he is introduc'd as one of the principal Interlocutors, “to represent all the Moral Virtues, assigning to every Virtue
“ a Knight to be the Patron and Defender of the same, in
“ whose Actions and Feats of Arms and Chivalry, the Operations of that Virtue, whereof he is the Protector, are expressed, and the Vices and unruly Appetites, that oppose
“ themselves against the same, beaten down and overcome.”

IN this Poem are many Allusions to particular Characters and Actions in the Reign of Queen ELIZABETH, which is figuratively represented in the Fifth Book under the Virtue of

(*f*) Printed in 4^{to}. under the Title of *A Discourse, containing the Ethicke Part of Moral Philosophy, fit to instruct a Gentleman in the Course of a virtuous Life. Written to the Right Honorable ARTHUR late Lord GREY of Wilton: By LOD: BRYSKETT.* The Year of the Impression does not appear in my Copy from a Defect of the Title-page; but it must have been after 1593, because Lord GREY, who died that Year, is mention'd as deceas'd. The Author, who is probably that LODOWICK, to whom SPENSER address'd the 33^d Sonnet of his *Amoretti* abovemention'd, had been seven Years Clerk of the Council of *Ireland*, when he was appointed Secretary of State for that Kingdom by that Lord, whose Choice not being confirm'd, he obtain'd Leave to resign his former Place, and retir'd for

the Prosecution of his Studies, to an House built by him near *Dublin*, where he places the Scene of the Dialogue, the Persons present, besides SPENSER, being Dr. LONG Archbp. of *Armagh*, Sir ROBERT DILLON, Mr. DORMER, the Queen's Solicitor, Capt. CHRISTOPHER CARLEIL, Capt. THO. NORREIS, Capt. WARHAM ST. LEGER, Capt. NICH. DAWTREY, and Mr. THO. SMITH, Apothecary. The Occasion of the Conversation arises from the Author's desiring SPENSER, as *being not only perfect in the Greek Tongue, but also very well read in Philosophy, both Natural and Moral*, to give the Company a Discourse on the latter; which he excuses himself from, as having already undertaken a Work tending to the same Effect, under the Title of a “*Faerie Queen*,” Parts of which had been seen by some of them.

Justice. That Queen, who in other Parts of the Poem, appears under the Character of the Queen of *Fairy Land*, is there describ'd under the Name of MERCILLA, sending Relief to *Belge* or the *Netherlands*, and reducing the tyrannical Power of *Germany*, or *Spain*. The Tryal of the Queen of *Scots* is shadow'd in the *Ninth Canto*. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY is generally allow'd to be meant by Prince ARTHUR, as ST. BURBON was undoubtedly intended to characterise HENRY IV. of *France*, the Genius of which Country is express'd by the Lady FLOURDELIS.

THE Language of our Poet is much more antient than that of his Contemporaries; for which Reason a Glossary was added to his first Work, his *Pastorals*, to render them more intelligible. His Design, as well as that of MILTON, was, by the Use of antique Words and Idioms, to give a greater Solemnity to his Subjects: and his Example is a sufficient Justification of the late excellent Imitators of him, Mr. WEST, Mr. THOMSON, and others, who have been unjustly censur'd for adopting the general Form, as well as some of the Peculiarities, of his Expression, upon a false Pretence, that his Style was not his Choice, but Necessity; and that he only wrote the ordinary Language of his own Time, as he would have conform'd himself to that of any other Age, in which he had liv'd.

THE Stanza of the *Fairy Queen* is almost the same with that of the Italian *Ottave Rime*, us'd both by *Ariosto* and *Tasso*, but improv'd by SPENSER with the Addition of a Line more in the Close, of the Length of our *Alexandrines*. And tho' this is by no Means suited to long or narrative Poems, and has sometimes tempted our Author to take Liberties in point of Grammar, and to make use of bad Rimes, which he endeavours, according to the Custom of the *Italian Poets*, to conceal,
from

from the Eye at least, by a Change in the Orthography of the Words; yet it is astonishing, that under such a Restraint, he should be able to preserve such uncommon Force and Beauty of Style, with all the Harmony and Graces of Versification.

THE Edition of the *Fairy Queen* now offer'd to the Public, it is hop'd, will be found to be a just Representation of the genuine Text, not hitherto given in any single Edition, but form'd from an exact Collation of the two original ones of the Author, compar'd in the three last Books with the first Folio printed at *London* in 1609, which has furnish'd Corrections of some Mistakes in the 4^{to}. of 1596. Nothing therefore now remains for the Honour of our Poet, and the Satisfaction of the Public, but that the Learned and Ingenious unite their Labours towards such a Commentary upon his admirable Poem, as Mr. JORTIN has oblig'd the World with a Specimen of in his *Remarks*, printed in 1734.

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The first Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Contayning

The Legende of the Knight *of the Red Crosse, or Of Holinesse.*

I.



O I the man, whose Muse whilome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly shepherds 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 prayfes having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.

B

II. Helpe

II.

Helpe then, O holy virgin, chiefe of nine,
 Thy weaker novice to performe thy will ;
 Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
 The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
 Of faerie knights and fairest 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 bow apart,
 And with thy mother milde come to mine ayd ;
 Come both, and with you bring triumphant MART,
 In loves and gentle jollities array'd,
 After his murdrous spoiles and bloody rage allayd.

IV.

And with them eke, O goddesse heavenly bright,
 Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,
 Great lady of the greatest isle, whose light,
 Like *Phæbus* lampe, throughout the world doth shine,
 Shed thy faire beams into mine feeble eyne,
 And raise my thoughts too humble and too vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted stile :
 The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dred, a while.

Canto I.

*The patron of true Holinesse
Foul Errour doth defeate;
Hypocrisie, him to entrape,
Doth to his home entreate.*

I.



Gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruell marks 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 seemd, and faire did fitt,
As one for knightly giufts and fierce encounters fitt.

II.

And on his brest a bloudie 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 deede 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,
 Which greatest GLORIANA to him gave,
 That greatest glorious Queene of FAERIE lond,
 To winne him worship, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly things he most did crave ;
 And ever as he rode, his heart did earne
 To prove his puissance in 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 than snow ;
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
 And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
 As one that inly mourn'd : so was she sad,
 And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow ;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
 And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

V.

So pure an innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and vertuous lore,
 And by descent from royall lynage came
 Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held ;
 Till that infernall fiend with foule up-rore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld :
 Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

IV. Be-



Errol departed by the Anderson Knight attended by Smith

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 leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not far away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand ;
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Fair, harbour that them seemes ; so in they entred arre.

VIII.

And fourth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempests dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they prayse the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elme, the poplar never dry,
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all,
The aspine good for staves, the cypresse funerall.

IX. The

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 seeldom inward found.

X.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Untill the bluftring 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 wayes unknowne,
 Furthest from end then, when thy 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 end they finde or in or out,
 That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about ;
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
 At length it brought them to a hollowe cave,
 Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
 Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
 And to the dwarfe a while his needleffe spere he gave.

XII. Be

XII.

Be well aware, quoth then that ladie milde,
 Least suddaine mischief ye too rash provoke:
 The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
 Breedes dreadful doubts: Oft fire is without smoke,
 And perill without show; therefore your stroke,
 Sir knight, with-hold, till further triall made.
 Ah ladie, said he, shame were to revoke,
 The forward footing for an hidden shade:
 Vertue gives herselfe light, through darknesse for to wade.

XIII.

Yea but, quoth she, the perill of this place
 I better wot then you; though nowe too late
 To wish you back 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 *Errour's den*,
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
 Therefore I read beware. Fly, fly, quoth then
 The fearfull dwarfe; this is no place for living men.

XIV.

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

XV. And

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 sundry shapes, yet all ill favoured.
 Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

XVI.

Their dam upstart out of her den affraide,
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
 About her curfed head, whose folds displaid
 Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
 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 darknesse to remaine,
 Where plaine 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 angry sting, him to dismay :
 Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst ;
 The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

XVIII. Much

XVIII.

Much daunted with that dint, her fence was dazd,
 Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,
 And all attonce her beaftly bodie raizd
 With double forces high above the ground:
 Tho wrapping up her wrethed sterne around,
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
 All suddenly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirre he strove in vaine:
 God helpe the man so wrapt in *Errour's* 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, else she sure will strangle thee.
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
 His gall did grate for griefe 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 constrain.

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 about the ÆGYPTIAN vale,
 His fattie waves do 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 female, of his fruitful feed;
 Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man reed.

XXII.

The fame so fore annoyed has the knight,
 That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
 His forces faile, ne can no longer fight.
 Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrink,
 She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
 Her fruitfull curst spawn 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 even-tide,
 When ruddy *Phæbus* gins to welke in west,
 High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
 Markes, which do byte their hafty supper best;
 A cloud of cumbrous gnattes do 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 suddently 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 head without remorse ;
 A streame of cole blacke bloud 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 mother's 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 drunk her life, the which them nursd :
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend ; [contend.
 His foes have flaine themselves, with whom he should

XXVII.

His ladie, seeing all, that chaunft, from farre,
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
 And said, Faire knight, borne under happy starre,
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye :
 Well worthie be you of that armorie,
 Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
 And proof'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 friend,
 He passed forth, and new adventure sought ;
 Long way he travelled, before he heard of ought.

XXIX.

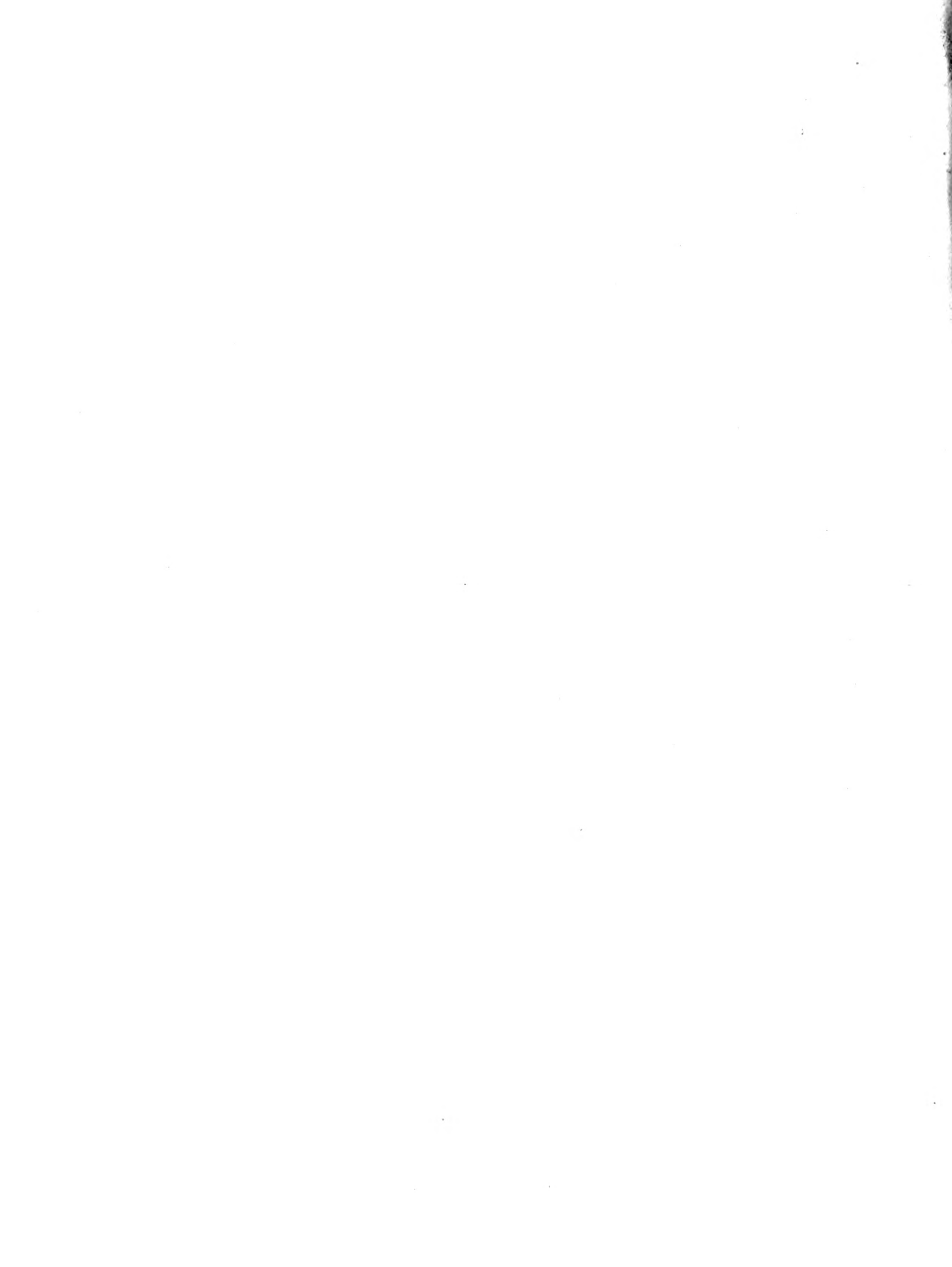
At length they chaunft to meet upon the way
 An aged fire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had :
 Sober he seemde, and very fagely sad,
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and voyde of malice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

XXX. He



W. H. Kent del.

Redeems. Knight & Anna Sounded by, Subtle Archimage to his Cell



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.
 Ah my deare sonne, quoth he, how should, alas !
 Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
 Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell ?
 With holy father fits not with such things to mell.

XXXI.

But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
 And homebred evil ye desire to heare,
 Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this countrey 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 curfed 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, said the ladie, draweth toward night,
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all for wearied be : for what so strong,
 But wanting rest will also want of might ?
 The sun, that measures heaven all day long,
 At night doth baite his steedes the *Ocean* waves emong.

XXXIII. Then

XXXIII.

Then with the funne 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, we have advifed bin,
 Quoth then that aged man ; the way to win
 Is wifely to advife : now day is fpent ;
 Therefore with me ye may take up your in
 For this fame 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 foreft's fide,
 Far from refort of people, that did pas
 In travell to and froe : a litle wyde
 There was an holy chappel edifyde,
 Wherein the hermite dewly wont to fay
 His holy things each morn and eventyde :
 Thereby a chriftall ftream did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway :

XXXV.

Arrived there, the little houfe they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment, where none was :
 Rest is their feaft, and all things at their will ;
 The nobleft mind the beft contentment has.
 With faire difcourfe the evening fo they pas ;
 For that olde man of pleafing wordes had ftore,
 And well could file his tongue as fmooth as glas ;
 He told of faintes and popes, and evermore
 He ftrowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

XXXVI. The

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 biddes.
 Unto their lodgings then his gwestes he riddes ;
 Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
 He to his studie goes, and there amidst
 His magick bookes and artes of fundry kindes,
 He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepey mindes.

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 PLUTOE's grie-fly dame,
 And curfed heaven, 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 darknesse and dead night ;
 At which COCYTUS quakes, and STYX is put to flight.

XXXVIII.

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
 Legions of sprights, the which like little flyes
 Fluttring about his ever damned hed,
 A-waite whereto their service he applyes,
 To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies :
 Of those he chose out twoo, the falsest twoo,
 And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes ;
 The one of them he gave a message too,
 The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

XXXIX. He

XXXIX.

He making speedy way through sperfed aire,
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
 To MORPHEUS house doth hastily reaire.
 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 rocke tumbling downe,
 And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the fowne
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a fowne :
 No other noyse, nor people's troublous cryes,
 As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard : but carelesse Quiet lyes,
 Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enemyes.

XLII. The

XLII.

The messenger approching to him spake,
 But his waste words returnd to him in vaine :
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
 Whereat he gan to stretch : but he againe
 Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
 As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
 Is toft with troubled sighs 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 lumpish head, with blame
 Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
 Hither, quoth he, me ARCHIMAGO sent,
 He, that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
 He bids thee to him fend, for his intent,
 A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

XLIV.

The God obeyde, and calling forth straght way
 A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
 Deliverd it to him, and downe did lay
 His heaue head, deuoid of carefull 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 haist 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 selfe, for all his wondrous wit,
 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 foundly, void of evil thought,
 And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
 In sort as he him schooled privily :
 And that new creature borne without her dew,
 Full of the maker's guile, 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 hast,
 And coming where the knight in slomber lay,
 The one upon his hardie head him plast,
 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 pleasure's toy.

XLVIII. And

XLVIII.

And ſhe herſelfe, of beautie ſoveraigne Queene,
 Faire VENUS, ſeemde unto his bed to bring
 Her, whom he waking evermore did weene
 To be the chaſteſt flowre, that ay 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 Iō HYMEN, dauncing all around,
 Whilſt freſheſt FLORA her with yuie girlond crown'd.

XLIX.

In this great paſſion of unwonted luſt,
 Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
 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 faigned truth.
 Wringing her hands in womens pitteous wiſe,
 Tho can ſhe weepe, to ſtir up gentle ruth,
 Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

LI.

And said, Ah fir, 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 indifferentlie.

LII.

Your owne deare fake forst me at first to leave
 My father's 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 faith for succour and sure ayd :
 Let me not dye in languor and long teares.
 Why dame, quoth he, what hath ye thus dismayd ?
 What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd ?

LIII.

Love of yourfelfe, she saide, and deare constraint
 Lets me not sleepe, but wast 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 disdainefull spight
 He would not shend, but said, deare dame, I rew,
 That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you grew.

LIV. Assure

LIV.

Affure yourfelfe, it fell not all to ground ;
For all fo deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound ;
Ne let vain feares procure your needlefle smart,
Where caufe is none, but to your reft depart.
Not all content, yet feemd ſhe to appeafe
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words, that could not choſe but pleaſe ;
So flyding 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 wearineſſe of former fight
Having yrockt aſleepe his irkeſome ſpright,
That troublous dreame gan freſhly toſſe his braine,
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight :
But when he ſaw his labour all was vaine,
With that miſformed ſpright he backe returnd againe.

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, & sendeth light from farre,
To all, that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearfull chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that PHOEBUS fiery carre
In haft was climbing up to 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 pains, 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 balefull bookes againe.

III. Estsoones

III.

Eftfoones 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 dayes that ever loofely led,
 Without regard of armes and dreaded fight :
 Those two he tooke, and in a secret bed,
 Covered with darkeness and misdeeming night,
 Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

IV.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull haft
 Unto his guest, who after troublous fights
 And dreames gan now to take more sound repast,
 Whom suddenly he wakes with fearfull frights,
 As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
 And to him calls, Rise, rise, unhappy swaine,
 That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
 Have knit themselves in VENUS shameful chaine ;
 Come see, where your false lady doth her honour 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 lewd embracement :
 Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire,
 The eye of reason was with rage yblent,
 And would have flaine them in his furious ire,
 But hardly was restrained of that aged fire.

VI. Re-

VI.

Returning to his bed in torment great,
 And bitter anguish of his guiltie fight,
 He could not rest, but did his stout hart eat,
 And wast his inward gall with deep despight,
 Yrksome 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 TITHONE's saffron bed,
 Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire,
 And the high hills TITAN discovered,
 The royall virgin shooke of droufy-hed,
 And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
 Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
 And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre;
 Then gan she waile and weepe, to see that woeful stowre.

VIII.

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

IX. But

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 praifd his diuclish arts,
 That had fuch might over true meaning harts :
 Yet refts not fo, but other meanes doth make,
 How he may worke unto her further smarts :
 For her he hated as the hissing fnake,
 And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

X.

He then deuifde himfelfe how to difguife,
 For by his mighty science he could take
 As many formes and fhapes in feeming wife,
 As ever PROTEUS to himfelfe could make :
 Sometime a fowle, fometime a fifh in lake,
 Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
 That of himfelfe he oft for feare would quake,
 And oft would flie away. O who can tell.
 The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magicke fpell ?

XI.

But now seemde beft, the perfon to put on
 Of that good knight, his late beguiled gneft :
 In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
 And filuer fhield, upon his coward brest
 A bloody croffe, and on his craven creft
 A bounch of haire difcolourd diversly :
 Full jolly knight he seemde, and well adreff,
 And when he fate upon his courfer free,
 SAINT GEORGE himfelfe ye would haue deemed him to be.

XII.

But he, the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
 The true SAINT GEORGE, was wandred far away,
 Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare :
 Will was his guide, and grieffe led him astray.
 At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
 A faithlesse SARAZIN all armd to point,
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
 SANS FOY : full large of limbe and every joint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

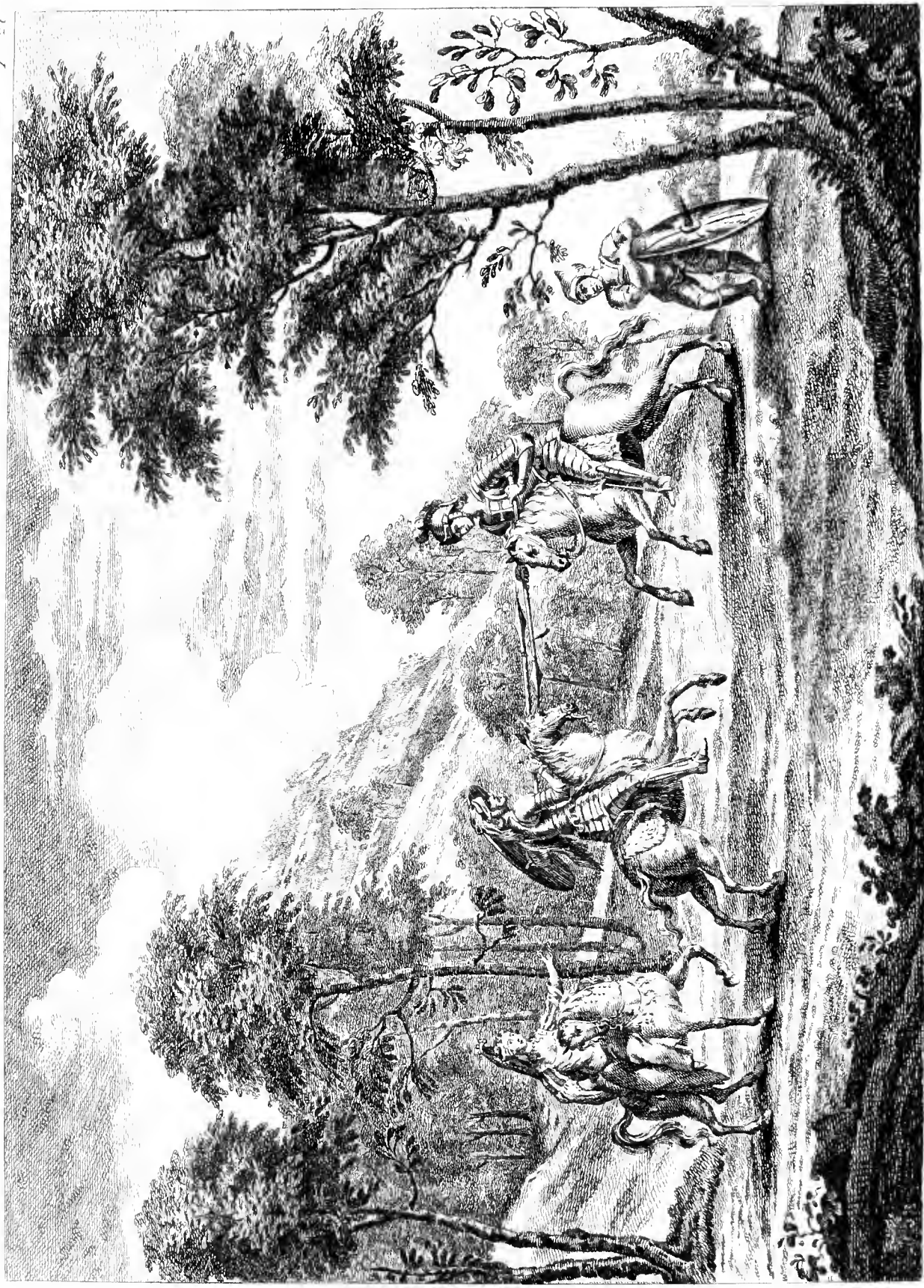
XIII.

He 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
 She wore, with crownes and owches garnished,
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave :
 Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
 With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.

XIV.

With faire disport and courting dalliaunce
 She intertaine her lover all the way :
 But when she saw the knight his speare advance,
 She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
 And bad her knight addressse him to the fray :
 His foe was nigh at hand. He prickt with pride,
 And hope to winne his ladie's hearte that day,
 Forth spurred fast : adowne his courser's side
 The red bloud trickling staid the way, as he did ride.

XV. The



W. Kent del.

The Redcross Knight engaged & vanquished Sir Roy the Lion

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 do stagger, and amazed stand,
 And eke themselves too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Do backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

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
 Do meete, that with terrour of the shocke
 Astonied both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory :
 So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII.

The SARAZIN 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 puiffaunce 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 streames of purple blood new die the verdant fields.

XXVIII.

Curse on that Crosse, quoth then the SARAZIN,
 That keepes thy body from the bitter fit;
 Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
 Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:
 But yet I warne thee now assured fit,
 And hide thy head. Therewith upon his crest
 With rigour so outrageous he smit,
 That a large share it hewd out of the rest, [blest.
 And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairely

XIX.

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
 Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive,
 And at his haughtie 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 soules do fly of men, that live amis.

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 SARAZIN'S shield, signe of the conqueroure.
 Her soon he overtooke, and bad to stay,
 For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

XXI. Shee

XXI.

She turning backe with ruefull countenance,
 Cride, Mercy, mercy, fir, vouchsafe to show
 On silly dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
 And to your mighty will. Her humbleffe low
 In so ritch 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 tell, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.

XXII.

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

XXIII.

He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
 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 honour's staire
 Into the hands of his accursed fone,
 And cruelly was flaine, that shall I ever mone.

XXIV. His

XXIV.

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

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 *Sans foy*,
 The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
 Of one bad fire, whose youngest is *Sans joy*,
 And twixt them both was borne the bloody bold *Sans loy*.

XXVI.

In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
 Now miserable I FIDESSA dwell,
 Craving of you in pittie of my state,
 To do none ill, if please ye not do well.
 He in great passion all this while did dwell,
 More bufying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
 Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell,
 And said, Faire lady, hart of flint would rew
 The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

XXVII. Hence-



Wm. Woodcut, 2nd.

The Redcross Knight & Guisarda retire under two Enchanted Trees

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 cheare the seeming simple maid
 Let fall her eyen, as shamefast, to the earth,
 And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid,
 So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
 And she coy lookes ; so dainty, they say, maketh derth :

XXVIII.

Long time they thus together travelled,
 Till 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 calme shadow far in compasse round :
 The fearefull shepheard often there aghast
 Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
 His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

XXIX.

But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,
 For the coole shade him thither hastily got ;
 For golden PHOEBUS now, ymounted hie,
 From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot
 Hurl'd his beam 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

XXX.

Faire feemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
 With goodly purposes there as they fit,
 And in his falsed fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest wight, that 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 rift there came
 Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

XXXI.

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

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 voyce of damned ghost from LIMBO lake,
 Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
 Both which fraile men do oftentimes mistake,
 Sends to my doubtfull eares these speaches rare,
 And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare ?

XXXIII. Then

XXXIII.

Then groning deep, Nor damnd ghost, quoth he,
 Nor guilefull 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 curfed will to wreake,
 Hath thus transformd, and plapt 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 mishaped thus, as now I see ?
 He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe 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 forcereffe,
 That manv errant knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

XXXV.

In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hot
 The fire of love and joy of chevalree
 First kindled in my brest, it was my lot
 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,
 Like 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 perfon to be at my call.

XXXVII.

So dubly 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 beautie's glorie did excede.
 A rosy girlond was the victors meede ;
 Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
 So hard the discord was to be agreede.
 FRÆLISSA was as faire as faire mote bee,
 And ever false DUESSA seemde as faire as shee.

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX. Then

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 disdaine,
 Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,
 And would have kild her ; but with faigned paine,
 The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold :
 So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

XL.

Then forth I took *DUESSA* for my Dame,
 And in the witch unweening joyd long time,
 Ne ever wist, but that she was the same,
 Till on a day (that day is every prime,
 When witches wont do penance for their crime)
 I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
 Bathing herselfe in origane and thyme :
 A filthy foule old woman I did view,
 That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

XLI.

Her neather partes mishapen, monstruous,
 Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
 But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
 Then woman's shape man would beleve to be.
 Thensforth from her most beastly companie
 I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,
 Soone as appeared safe opportunitie :
 For danger great, if not assur'd decay,
 I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

XLII. The

XLII.

The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare
 Perceiv'd my thought, and drownd in sleepe night,
 With wicked herbes and ointments did besmeare
 My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
 That all my senses were bereaved quight :
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 And by my wretched lover's side me pight,
 Where now enclosed in wooden wals full faste,
 Banisht from living wights, our wearie dayes 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 evil plight.
 Till we be bathed in a living well :
 That is the terme prescribed by the spell.
 O ! how, say he, mote I that well out find,
 That may restore you to your wonted well ?
 Time and sufficed fates to former kind
 Shall us restore, none else from hence may us unbind,

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 found.

XLV. Her

XLV.

Her seeming dead he found 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 eyelids blew
 And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew
 At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheare
 Her up he tooke, too simple and too trew,
 And oft her kist. At length all passed feare,
 He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

Canto III.

*Forfaken Truth long seekes her love,
 And makes the Lyon mylde,
 Marres blind Denotions mart, & fals
 In hand of leachour vylde.*

I.

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollownesse,
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t'unworthy wretchednesse
 Thro' envie's snares, or fortune's freakes unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightnesse blind,
 Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,
 Which I do owe unto all womankind,
 Feele my hart perft with so great agonie
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

II. And

II.

And now it is empaffioned fo deepe
 For faireft UNAES fake, of whom I fing,
 That my fraile eyes thefe lines with teares do fteepe,
 To thinke, how ſhe through guilefull handeling,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight divorced in deſpaire,
 And her due loves deriv'd to that vile witches ſhare.

III.

Yet ſhe, moſt faithfull Ladie, all this while,
 Forfaken, wofull, ſolitarie mayd,
 Farre from all people's preafe, as in exile,
 In wilderneſſe and waſtfull deſerts ſtrayd,
 To ſeeke her knight, who, ſubtilly betrayd
 Through that late viſion, which th'enchaunter wrought,
 Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and waſtneſſe wide him daily fought ;
 Yet wiſhed tydings none of him unto her brought.

IV.

One day nigh wearie of the yrkeſome way,
 From her unhaltie beaſt ſhe did alight,
 And on the graſſe her dainty limbes did lay
 In ſecret ſhadow, farre from all mens fight :
 From her faire head her fillet ſhe undight,
 And laid her ſtole aſide. Her angel's face
 As the great eye of heaven ſhyned bright,
 And made a funſhine in the ſhadie place ;
 Did never mortall eye behold ſuch heavenly grace.

V. It

V.

It fortun'd out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lyon rufhed fuddainly,
 Hunting full greedie after falvage blood :
 Soone as the royall virgin he did fpy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have attonce devour'd her tender corfe :
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloodie rage affwaged with remorse,
 And with the fight amazd, forgot his furious forfe.

VI.

In ftead there of 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 !
 Whofe yeelded pride 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 every beaft in field,
 Quoth fhe, his princely puiffance doth abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prickt, in pittie of my fad eftate :
 But he, my lyon, and my noble Lord,
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her, that him lov'd, and ever moft adord,
 As the God of my life ? Why hath he me abhord ?

VIII. Re-

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 paine,
 Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got againe,
 To seeke her strayed Champion, if she might attaine.

IX.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong gard
 Of her chaste person, and a faithfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
 Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
 And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepard :
 From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,
 And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

X.

Long she thus travelled 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 people's footing was,
 Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore ;
 The same she followes, till at last she has
 A damzell spyde slow footing her before,
 That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

XI. To

XI.

To whom approching she to her gan call,
 To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand ;
 But the rude wench her answerd nought at all :
 She could not heare, nor speak, nor understand ;
 Till seeing by her side the lyon stand,
 With suddaine feare his pitcher down she threw,
 And fled away : for never in that land
 Face of faire ladie she before did view,
 And that dread lyon's 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 say,
 But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
 With quaking hands, and other signes of feare ;
 Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
 Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
 Dame UNA, wearie Dame, and entrance did requere.

XIII.

Which when none yeelded, 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,
 She found them both in darkefome corner pent ;
 Where that old woman day and night did pray
 Upon her beades devoutly penitent ;
 Nine hundred *Pater-nosters* every day,
 And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

XIV.

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

XV.

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

XVI.

Now when ALDEBORAN was mounted hie
 Above the shinie CASSIOPEIA's chaire,
 And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
 One knocked at the dore, and in would fare ;
 He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
 That ready entrance was not at his call ;
 For on his backe a heavy load he bare
 Of nightly stelths and pillage severall,
 Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

XVII. He

XVII.

He was to weete a stout and sturdie 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 cunning sleights in at the window crept.

XVIII.

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

XIX.

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bet,
 Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
 (The lyon frayed them,) him in to let :
 He would no longer stay him to aduize,
 But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
 And entring is ; when that disdainfull beast
 Encountring fierce him suddaine 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 venger's hand,
 Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
 And quite dismembred hath: the thirstie land
 Drunke 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, leaft to themselves the like mishappen might.

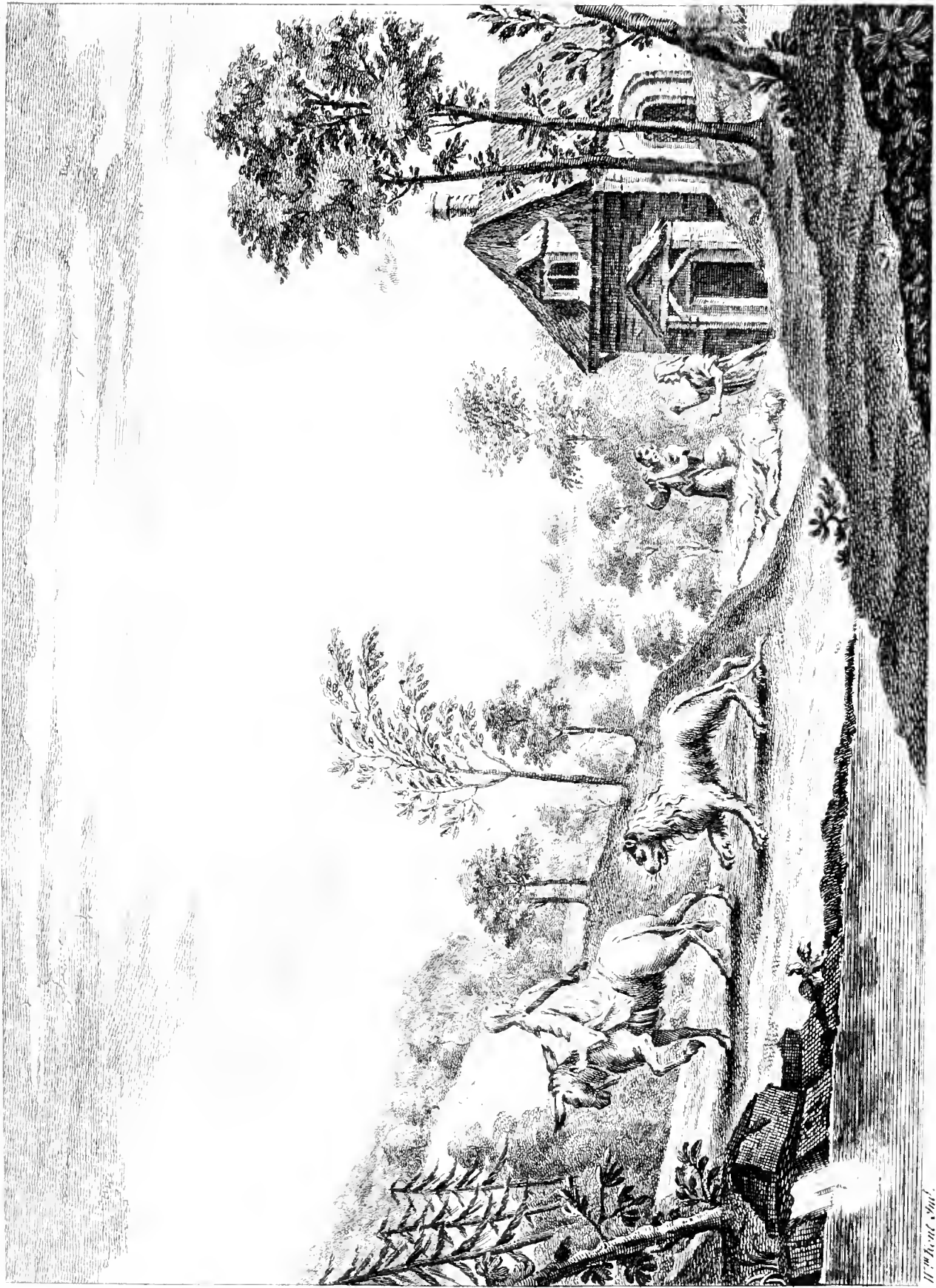
XXI.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
 Up UNA rose, up rose the lyon eke,
 And on their former journey forward pas,
 In wayes unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
 With paines farre passing that long-wandring GREEKE,
 That for his love refused deitie:
 Such were the labours of this lady meeke,
 Still seeking him, that from her still did flie;
 Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nie.

XXII.

Soone as she parted thence, the fearefull twaine,
 That blind old woman and her daughter deare,
 Came forth, and finding KIRKRAPINE there slaine,
 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 ranne like two amazed deare,
 Halfe mad through malice, and revenging will,
 To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

XXIII. Whome



W. H. Hunt del.

Anna's Escape from the Old Woman's House with her Sheep after her Killing Her Knappe

XXIII.

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
 With hollow howling, 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 mischiefs, and long misery
 Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
 And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

XXIV.

But when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
 She backe returned with some labour lost ;
 And in the way, as she did weepe and waile,
 A knight her met in mighty armes embost,
 Yet knight was not for all his bragging boist,
 But subtill ARCHIMAG, that UNA fought
 By traynes into new troubles to have toist :
 Of that old woman tydings he befought,
 If that of such a ladie she could tellen ought.

XXV.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
 And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
 Saying, that harlot she too lately knew,
 That cauld her shed so many a bitter teare,
 And so forth told the story of her feare.
 Much seemed he to mone her helplessechaunce,
 And after for that ladie did inquere ;
 Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce,
 His faire enchanted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

XXVI. Ere

XXXVI.

Ere long he came, where UNA traveild flow,
 And that wilde champion wayting her besyde :
 Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
 Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
 Unto an hill ; from whence when she him spyde,
 By his like seeming shield her knight by name
 She weend it was, and towards him gan ryde :
 Approaching nigh, she wist, it was the same,
 And with faire fearfull humbleffe towards him she came :

XXVII.

And weeping said, Ah ! my long lacked Lord,
 Where have ye bene thus long out of my fight ?
 Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
 Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might,
 That should as death unto my deare hart light :
 For since mine eye your joyous fight did mis,
 My chearfull 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,
 Farre 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 Faerie court of meere goodwill,
 Where noblest knights were to be found on earth :
 The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill
 To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,
 Then I leave you, my liefse, yborn of heavenly berth.

XXIX. And



W. Chen. del.

• A challenge presented by the Redoubt Knight is overcome by him by who kills. Thus, trusty - you

XXIX.

And sooth to say, why I left you so long
 Was for to seeke adventure in strange 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 yeares of sorrow can dispence :
 A dram of sweete is worth a pound of fowre :
 She has forgot, how many a woefull stowre
 For him she late endurd, she speakes no more
 Of past : true is, that true love hath no powre
 To looken backe ; his eyes 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,
 Oft soust in swelling TETHYS saltish teare,
 And long time having tand his tawney hide
 With bluftring breath of heaven, that none can bide,
 And scorching flames of fierce ORIONS hound,
 Soone as the port from farre he has espide,
 His cheerfull whistle merrily doth found, [round,
 And *Nereus* crownes with cups ; his mates him pledge a-
 XXXII. Such

XXXII.

Such joy made UNA, when her knight she found ;
 And eke th'enchauter joyous seemd no lesse
 Then the glad marchant, that does view from ground
 His ship farre come from watrie wilderneffe ;
 He hurles out vows, and NEPTUNE oft doth blesse :
 So forth they past, and all the way they spent
 Discourfing of her dreadfull late distresse,
 In which he askt her, what the lyon ment :
 Who told, her all that fell in journey as she went.

XXXIII.

They had not ridded farre, when they might see
 One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
 Full strongly arm'd, and on a courser free,
 That through his fiercenesse fomed all with sweat,
 And the sharp yron did for anger eat,
 When his hod ryder spurr'd his chauffed side :
 His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
 Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hide,
 And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloudie lines was dide.

XXXIV.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle paire,
 And saw the Red-crosse, which the knight did beare,
 He burnt in fire, and gan estsoones prepare
 Himselfe to battell 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 spurnd his horse with yron heele.

XXXV. But

XXXV.

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce,
 And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare
 Through vainely crossed shield he quite did pierce,
 And had his staggering steede not shronke for feare,
 Through shield and body eke he should him beare:
 Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
 That from his saddle quite he did him beare:
 He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,
 And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

XXXVI.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
 He to him lept, in mind to reave his life,
 And proudly said, Lo there the worthie meed
 Of him, that slew *Sansfoy* with bloudie knife:
 Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
 In peace may passen over *Lethe* lake,
 When mourning altars purged with enemies life,
 The black infernall *Furies* doen aflake:
 Life from *Sansfoy* thou tookst, *Sansloy* shall from the take.

XXXVII.

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
 Till *Una* cride, O hold that heavie hand,
 Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place:
 Enough is, that thy foe does vanquisht stand
 Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand:
 For he is one the truest knight alive,
 Though conquerd now he lie on lowly land,
 And whilest him fortune favourd, faire did thrive
 In bloudie field: therefore of life him not deprive.

XXXVIII.

Her piteous words might not abate his rage,
 But rudely rending up his helmet, would
 Have slaine him straight: but when he sees his age,
 And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,
 His hastie hand he doth amazed hold,
 And halfe ashamed, wondred at the fight:
 For that old man well knew he, though untold,
 In charmes and magicke to have wondrous might,
 Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight:

XXXIX.

And said, Why, *Archimago*, lucklesse fyre,
 What doe I see? What hard mishap is this,
 That hath thee hither 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 sit. Which doen away,
 He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay:

XL.

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

XLI. But

XLI.

But her fierce servant full of kingly awe
 And high disdain, whenas his soveraine dame
 So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
 With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
 And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
 Have reft away with his sharpe-rending clawes:
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
 His corage more, that from his griping pawes
 He hath his shield redeemed, and forth his swerd he drawes.

XLII.

O! then too and feeble was the force
 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 roar'd aloud, whiles life forfooke his stubborne breast.

XLIII.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
 From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
 Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismayd,
 Her selfe a yeelded 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:
 He prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might,

XLIV.

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

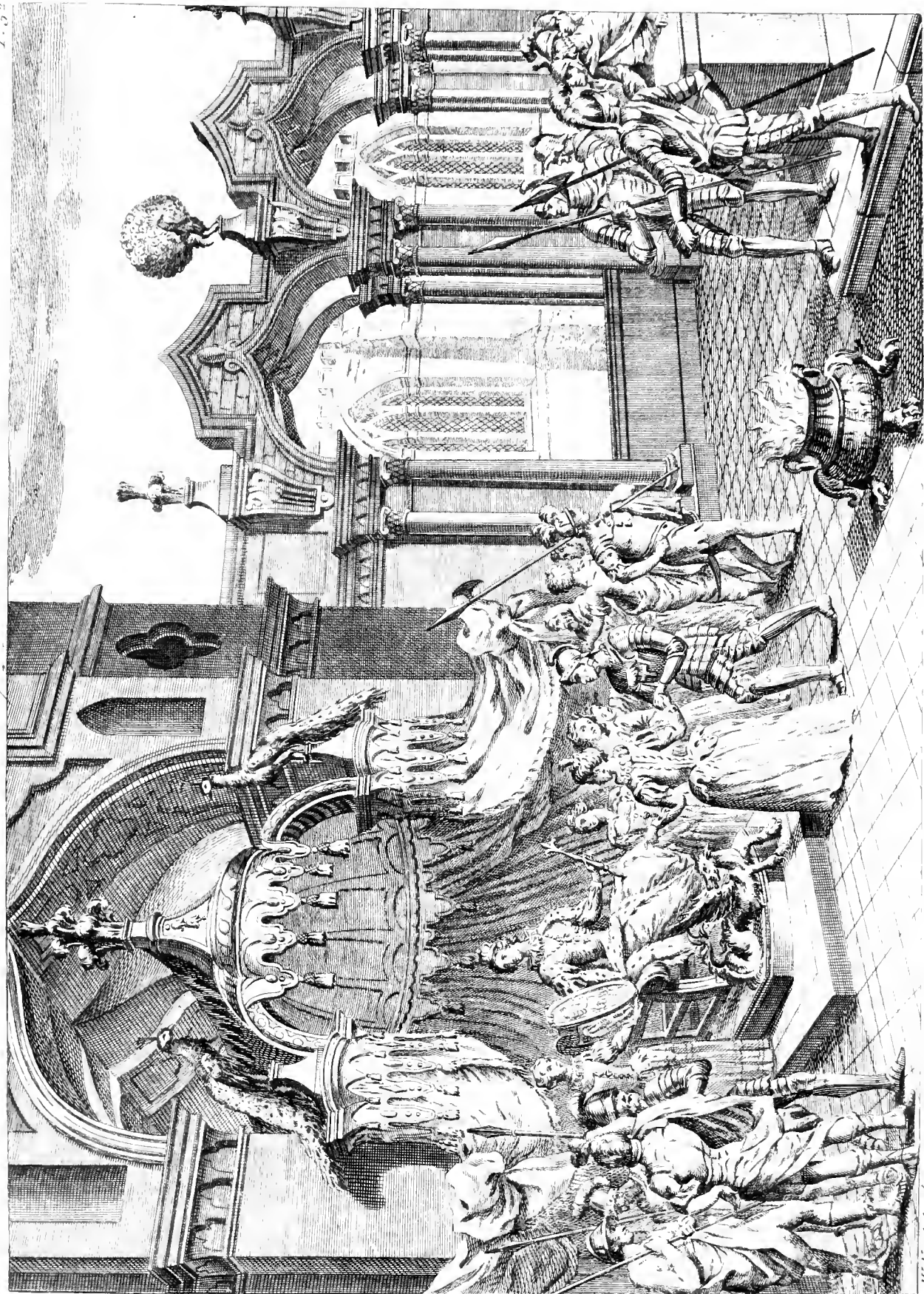
C A N T O IV.

*To sinfull house of Pride Dueffa
 guides the faithfull knight,
 Where brother's death to wreak, Sansjoy
 doth challenge him to fight.*

I.

YOUNG knight, what ever that dost armes professe,
 And through long labours huntest after fame,
 Beware of fraud, beware of fickleneffe,
 In choice, and change of thy deare loved dame,
 Least thou of her beleve too lightly blame,
 And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
 For unto knight there is no greater shame,
 Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
 That doth this *Redcrosse* knight's ensample plainly prove;

II. Who,



The Bridegroom's Knight introduced to the House of the Bride by the Priest

II.

Who, after that he had faire *Una* lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loyaltie,
And false *Duessā* in her sted had borne,
Called *Fidess'*, and so supposd to bee;
Long with her traveild, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnishd;
The house of mightie prince it seemd to bee;
And towards it a broad highway that led,
All bare through people's feet, which thither traveild.

III.

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

IV.

A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laide,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skeye with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted up were many lofty towres,
And goodly galleries farre 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 praises of the workman's wit ;
 But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
 Did on so weake foundation ever fit :
 For on a sandie hill, that still did flit,
 And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
 That every breath of heaven shaked it ;
 And all the hinder parts, that few 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 *Malveni*, who entrance none denide :
 Thence to the hall, which was on every side
 With rich array and costly arras dight :
 Infinite fortes 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 vew
 Their frayle amazed senses did confound :
 In living princes court none ever knew
 Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew ;
 Ne *Persia* selfe, the nurse of pompous pride,
 Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
 Of lordes and ladies stood on every side,
 Which with their presence faire the place much beautifide.

VIII. High

VIII.

High above all a cloth of state was spread,
 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 *Titans* ray,
 In gliftring gold, and peerelesse pretious stone;
 Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
 To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone:

IX.

Exceeding shone, like *Phæbus* fairest childe,
 That did presume his father's fire wayne,
 And flaming mouthes of steeds unwonted wilde
 Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
 Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
 While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
 He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
 And rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen,
 With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

X.

So proud she shynd in her princely state,
 Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne;
 And fitting high, for lowly she did hate;
 Lo underneath her scornfull feete was layne
 A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne,
 And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
 Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
 And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke 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 *Jove*, that high in heaven doth dwell,
 And wield the world, she claymed for her fyre,
 Or if that any else did *Jove* 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 realmes with lawes, but pellicie,
 And strong advizement of six wifards old,
 That with their counfels bad her kingdome did uphold.

XIII.

Soone as the Elsing knight in presence came,
 And false *Duessa* seeming lady faire,
 A gentle husher, *Vanitie* by name,
 Made rowme, and passage for them did prepare :
 So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
 Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
 Making obeyffance, did the cause declare,
 Why they were come her royall state to see,
 To prove the wide report of her great majestee.

XIV. With

XIV.

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
 She thanked them in her disdainefull wise,
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shewe
 Of princeesse worthy, scarce them bad arise.
 Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
 Themselues to setten forth to straungers fight :
 Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise,
 Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
 Their gay attire ; each others greater pride does spight.

XV.

Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,
 Right glad with him to have increast their crew :
 But to *Duess*' each one himselve did paine
 All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew ;
 For in that court whylome heere well they knew :
 Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middlest crowd
 Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
 And that great princeesse too exceeding proud,
 That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

XVI.

Suddein uprifeth from her stately place
 The royall 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 brightnesse brode doth blaze ;
 The heapes of people thronging in the hall
 Do ride each other, upon her to gaze :
 Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes 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 royall rich array,
 Great *Juno*'s golden chaire, the which they fay,
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
 To *Jove*'s high house, through heaven's bras-paved way,
 Drawne of faire Pecoocks, that excell in pride,
 And full of *Argus* eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

XVIII.

But this was drawne of six unequal beafts,
 On which her six sage counsellours did ryde ;
 Taught to obey their bestiall beheafts,
 With like conditions to their kinds applyde :
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
 Was sluggish *Idlenesse*, the nourse of sin ;
 Upon a slouthfull Ass 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 red,
 For of devotion he had little care,
 Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded ;
 Scarfe could he once uphold his heavie hed,
 To looken, whether it were night or day.
 May seeme the wayne was very evill led,
 When such an one had guiding of the way,
 That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

XX. From



From the original

Bride's Procession with 'Siddons's' Gilttony - Satchery, Currier, Curry & Maitland, drove by Satan.



XX.

From worldly cares himfelfe he did esloyne,
 And greatly fhunned manly exercife ;
 From everie worke he chalenged effoyne,
 For contemplation fake : yet otherwife,
 His life he led in lawleffe riotife ;
 By which he grew to grievous malady ;
 For in his luftleffe limbs through evill guife
 A fhaking fever raignd continually :
 Such one was *Idleneffe*, firft of this company.

XXI.

And by his fide rode loathfome *Gluttony*,
 Deformed creature, on a filthie fwyne :
 His belly was upblowne with luxury ;
 And eke with fatneffe fwollen were his eyne,
 And like a crane his necke was long and fyne,
 With which he swallowd up excessive feaft,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pyne ;
 And all the way, moft like a brutifh beaft,
 He fpued up his gorge, that all did him deteaft.

XXII.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad ;
 For other clothes he could not weare for heat,
 And on his head an yvie girland had,
 From under which faft trickled downe the fwat :
 Still as he rode, he fomewhat ftill did eat,
 And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
 Of which he fupt fo oft, that on his feat
 His dronken corfe he fcarfe upholden can,
 In fhape and life more like a monfter then a man.

XXIII.

Unfit he was for any worldly 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 friend he seldome knew his fo.
 Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
 And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew :
 Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

XXIV.

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*
 Upon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,
 And whally eyes (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 women's fantasy ?

XXV.

In a green 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 wayes, to bait his fleshly hookes.

XXVI. In-

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 joyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and prove,
 If from their loyall loves he might them move;
 Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochfull paine
 Of that fowle 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 greedy *Avarice* by him did ride,
 Uppon a camell loaden all with gold;
 Two iron coffers hong on either side,
 With precious metall full, as they might hold,
 And in his lap an heape of coine he told;
 For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
 And unto hell him selfe for money fold;
 Accursed usury was all his trade,
 And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

XXVIII.

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

XXIX. Most

XXIX.

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

XXX.

And next to him malicious *Envie* rode
 Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
 Betweene his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
 That all the poison ran about the jaw ;
 But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
 At neighbour's wealth, that made him ever sad ;
 For death it was, when any good he saw,
 And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
 But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

XXXI.

All in a kirtle of discoloured fay
 He clothed was, ypaynted full of eyes ;
 And in his bosome secretly there lay
 An hatefull snake, the which his taile uptyes
 In many folds, and mortall sting implies.
 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

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 wit
 He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
 From leprous mouth on all, that ever writ :
 Such one vile *Envie* was, that fiste in row did fit.

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 eyes did hurle forth sparkles 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 stained with blood,
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
 Through unadvised rashnesse woxen wood ;
 For of his hands he had no government,
 Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement :
 But when the furious fit was overpast,
 His cruell facts he often would repent ;
 Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast,
 How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse haft.

XXXV. Full

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

And, after all, upon the wagon beame
 Rode *Sathan*, with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the laesie teme,
 So oft as *Slowtb* 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 cover'd all the land;
 And underneath their feet all scattered lay
 Dead sculs and bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

XXXVII.

So forth they marchen in this goodly 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 fowle *Duesssa*, next unto the chaire
 Of proud *Lucifera*, as one of the traine:
 But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
 Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce vaine,
 Whose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike swaine.

XXXVIII. So

XXXVIII.

So having folaced themselves a fpace,
 With pleaſaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
 They backe returned to the princely place ;
 Whereas an errant knight in armes yceled,
 And heathniſh ſhield, wherein with letters red
 Was writ *Sans foy*, they new arrived find :
 Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy-hed,
 He ſeemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
 And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

XXXIX.

Who, when the ſhamed ſhield of flaine *Sans foy*
 He ſpide with that fame Faery champion's page,
 Bewraying him, that did of late deſtroy
 His eldeſt brother, burning all with rage,
 He to him lept, and that fame envious gage
 Of victor's glory from him ſnacht away :
 But th'Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
 Diſdaind 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 ſwords on hy,
 That with their ſturre they troubled all the traine ;
 Till that great queene, upon eternall paine
 Of high diſpleaſure, that enſewen might,
 Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
 And if that either to that ſhield had right,
 In equall liſts they ſhould the morrow next it fight.

XLI.

Ah dearest dame, quoth then the Paynim bold,
 Pardon the errour of enraged wight,
 Whome great griefe made forget the raines to hold
 Of reason's rule, to see this recreant knight,
 No knight, but treachour full of false despight
 And shamefull treason, who through guile hath flayn
 The prowest knight, that ever field did fight,
 Even stout *Sans foy* (O who can then refrayn?)
 Whose shield he bears renverst, the more to heape 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 sownen by his foe,
 Sownen in bloudie field, and bought with woe:
 That brother's hand shall dearely well requight,
 So be, O queene, your equall favour showe.
 Him litle answerd th'angry Elfin knight;
 He never meant with words, but swords to plead his right;

XLIII.

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledge,
 His cause in combat the next day to try:
 So been they parted both, with harts on edge,
 To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
 That night they pas in joy and jollity,
 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

XLIV.

Now when as darkefome night had all difplayd
 Her coleblacke curtein over brighteft fkye,
 The warlike youtnes on dayntie couches layd
 Did chace away fweet fleepe from fluggifh eye,
 To mufe on meanes of hoped victory.
 But whenas *Morpheus* had with leaden mace
 Arrested all that courtly company,
 Up-rofe *Dueffa* from her refting place,
 And to the Paynim's lodging comes with filent pace :

XLV.

Whom broad awake ſhe finds, in troublous fit,
 Forecaſting, how his foe he might annoy,
 And him amoves with ſpeeches ſeeming fit ;
 Ah deare *Sansjoy*, next deareſt to *Sansfoy*,
 Cauſe of my new grieſe, cauſe of my new joy,
 Joyous, to ſee his image in mine eye,
 And greevd, to thinke how foe did him deſtroy,
 That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye ;
 Lo, his *Fideſſa*, to thy ſecret faith I flye.

XLVI.

With gentle wordes he can her fairely greet,
 And bad ſay on the ſecret of her hart.
 Then ſighing ſoft, I learne, that litle ſweet
 Oft tempred is, quoth ſhe, with lovely dart
 For ſince my breſt was launcht with muchel ſmart
 Of deare *Sansfoy*, I never joyed howre,
 But in eternall woes my weaker hart
 Have waſted, loving him with all my powre,
 And for his ſake have felt full many an heaue ſtowre.

XLVII.

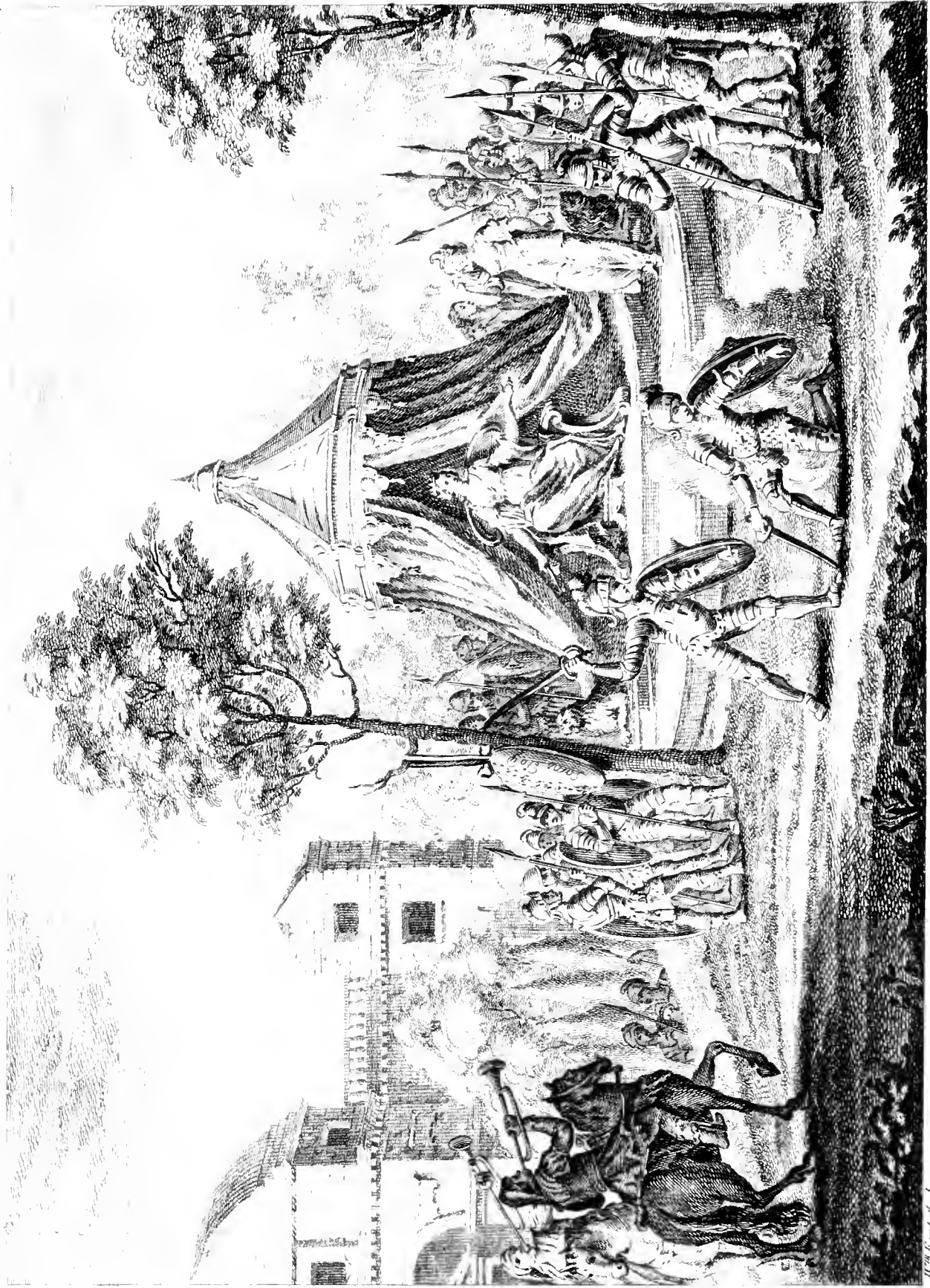
At last when perils all I weened past,
 And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
 Into new woes unweeting I was cast
 By this false faytor, who unworthie ware
 His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare
 Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave.
 Me filly maid away with him he bare,
 And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

XLVIII.

But since fair Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
 And to my loathed life now shewes 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 brother's prayse, to you eke longes his love.
 Let not his love, let not his restlesse spight,
 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 affraid;
 For needlesse feare did never vantage none,
 And helpelesse hap it booteth not to mone.
 Dead is *Sansfoy*, his vitall paines are past,
 Though greeved ghost for vengeance deepe do grone:
 He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,
 And guilty *Elfin* blood shall sacrifice in hast.



Wm. Hunt sculp.

The Redcross Knight subdues Sam, Toy the Sarazin, who is saved by Duepa.

L.

O! but I feare the fickle freakes, quoth shee,
 Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.
 Why dame, quoth he, what oddes can ever bee,
 Where both do 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 whit reck, ne you the like need to reherce.

LI.

But, faire *Fidessa*, sithens fortune's guile,
 Or enemies powre, hath now captiv'd you,
 Returne from whence ye came, and rest awhile
 Till morrow next, that I the elfe subdew,
 And with *Sansfoye's* dead dowry you endew.
 Ay me, that is a double death, she said,
 With proud foes fight my sorrow to renew:
 Where ever yet I be, my secret aid
 Shall follow you. So passing forth the him obaid.

C A N T O V.

*The faithfull knight in equall field
 subdewes his faithless foe,
 Whom false Duessa saves, and for
 his cure to hell does goe.*

I.

THE noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
 And is with child 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 courage 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

II.

At last the golden orientall gate
 Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
 And *Phæbus*, fresh as bridegrome to his mate,
 Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire,
 And hurld his gliftring beames through gloomy aire.
 Which when the wakeful elfe perceivd, streight way
 He started up, and did him selfe prepaire,
 In sun-bright armes, and battailous array:
 For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

III.

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
 Where early waite him many a gazing eye,
 To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
 There many minstrales maken melody,
 To drive away the dull melancholy,
 And many bards, that to the trembling chord
 Can tune their timely voyces cunningly,
 And many chroniclers, that can record
 Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a lord,

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 fetcht from furthest *Ynd*,
 To kindle heat of corage privily:
 And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
 T'observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are affynd.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII. So

VIII

So th'one for wrong, the other strives for right:
 As when a Gryfon, feild to pray,
 A dragon fiers encountreth in the fight,
 Through widest ayre making his yello way,
 That would his rightfull ravine rend away:
 With hideous horror both together fnyght,
 And fouce so fore, that thence the heavens affray:
 The wise southfayer seeing so sad fight,
 Th'amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortall 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 hart did grow,
 Seeing the gor'd wounds 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 brother's shield, which hong thereby:
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
 And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull fyre,
 Does thou fit wayling by black Stygian lake,
 Whilest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,
 And sluggish german doest thy forces flake
 To after-send his foe, that may him overtake?

XI. With

XI.

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

XII.

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake,
Out of his swooning 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 bee,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoope upon his knee;
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee :

XIII.

And to him said, Goe now, proud Miscreant,
Thy self thy message doe 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 loe a darksome 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 *Duess*a from her place arose,
 And to him running said, O prowest knight,
 That ever Ladie to her love did chose,
 Let now abate the terror of your might,
 And quench the flame of furious despight,
 And bloudie 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 greedie eye
 He fought all round about, his thirsty blade
 To bathe in bloud 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 feene:
 Which she accepts, with thankes, and goodly gree,
 Greatly advancing his gay chevalree.
 So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
 Whom all the people follow with great glee,
 Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
 That all the ayre it fills, and flies to heaven bright.

XVII. Home

XVII.

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed,
 Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
 To falue his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
 In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
 And softly gan embalme on every side.
 And all the while most heavenly melody
 About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
 Him to beguile of grieffe and agony;
 And all the while *Duessá* wept full bitterly.

XVIII.

As when a wearie traveller, that strayes
 By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed *Nile*,
 Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
 Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,
 Which, in false grieffe hyding his harmefull guile,
 Doth weepe full fore, and sheddeth tender teares;
 The foolish man, that pitties all this while
 His mournfull plight, is swallow'd up unwares,
 Forgetfull of his own, that mindes another's cares.

XIX.

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

XX.

Where griesly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
 That *Phœbus* chearefull face durst never vew,
 And in a foule blacke pitchie mantle clad,
 She findes forth comming from her darkefome mew,
 Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
 Before the dore her yron charet stood,
 Alreadie harnessed for journey new;
 And coleblacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
 That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood.

XXI.

Who when she saw *Duessa* funny bright,
 Adornd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
 She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
 And th' unacquainted light began to feare:
 For never did such brightnesse there appeare,
 And would have backe retyred to our cave,
 Untill the witche's speach she gan to heare,
 Saying, yet, O thou dreaded Dame, I crave
 Abide, till I have told the message, which I have.

XXII.

She stayd, and foorth *Duessa* gan proceede,
 O thou most auncient Grandmother of all,
 More old then *Jove*, whom thou at first didst breede,
 Or that great house of Gods cælestial,
 Which wast begot in *Dæmogorgon's* 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 *Sans-joy* doth sleepe in deadly shade.

XXIII. And

XXIII.

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
 The bold *Sans-foy* shrink 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 *Aveugle's* sonnes so evill heare?
 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 darknesse 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 faire light deface.
 Her feeling speeches some compassion moved
 In hart, and chaunge in that great mother's face:
 Yet pittie in her hart was never proved
 Till then ; for evermore she hated, never loved :

XXV.

And said, Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
 The fall of famous children borne of mee,
 And good successes, which their foes enfew:
 But who can turue the streame of deffinee,
 Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
 Which fast is tyde to *Jove's* eternal 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

XXVI.

Yet shall they not escape so freely all ;
 For some shall pay the price of others guilt :
 And he, the man, that made *Sans-foy* to fall,
 Shall with his owne bloud price that he hath split.
 But what art thou, that telst of nephews kilt?
 I, that do seeme not I, *Dueffa* am,
 Quoth she, however now in garments gilt,
 And gorgeous gold arayd, I to thee came ;
Dueffa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame.

XXVII.

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
 The wicked witch, saying, In that faire face
 The false resemblance of Deceipt, I wist,
 Did closely lurke ; yet so true-seeming grace
 It carried, that I scarce in darke some place
 Could it discern, though I the mother bee
 Of falshood, and root of *Dueffaes* race.
 O welcome child, whom I have longd to see,
 And now have seen unwares. Lo now I go with thee.

XXVIII.

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
 And with her beares the fowle welfavoured witch:
 Through mirksome aire her readie way she makes.
 Her twyfold teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
 And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,
 Did softly swim away, ne ever stampe,
 Unless she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch ;
 Then foming tarre, their bridles they would champe,
 And trampling the fine element would fiercely rampe.

XXIX. So

XXIX.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
 Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,
 Devoid of outward sense, and native strength,
 Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
 And fight of men, since his late lucklesse fray.
 His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald,
 They binden up so wifely, as they may,
 And handle softly, till they can be heald:
 So lay him in her charet, 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 found,
 With which her yron wheels did them affray,
 And her darke griesly looke them much dismay.
 The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
 With drearie shriekes did also her bewray;
 And hungry wolves continually did howle,
 At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

XXXI.

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
 And brought the heaue corse with easie 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 dreadful *Furies*, which their chains have braft,
 And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

XXXII. By

XXXII.

By that fame way the direful dames doe drive
 Their mournfull charet, fild with rusty blood,
 And down to *Plutoes* house are come bilive:
 Which passing through, on every side them flood
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
 Chattring their yron teeth, and staring wide
 With stonie eyes; and all the hellish brood
 Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
 To gaze on earthly 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 *Pheleton*,
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
 And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
 Curfing high *Jove*, the which them thither sent.
 The house of endlesse pain is built thereby,
 In which ten thousand forts of punishment
 The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

XXXIV.

Before the threshold dreadful *Cerberus*
 His three deformed heads did lay along,
 Curled with thousand adders venemous,
 And lilled forth his bloudie flaming tong:
 At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
 And felly gnarre, untill Daye's enemy
 Did him appease; then downe his tail 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 thirstie *Tantalus* hong by the chin;
 And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhæus joynts were stretched on a gin;
Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by law;
 And fifty sifers 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, uneasie, dolefull, comfortlesse,
 In which sad *Aesculapius* farre apart
 Emprisond was in chaines remedileffe,
 For that *Hippolytus* rent corse he did redresse.

XXXVII.

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
 That wont in charet chace the foming bore;
 He all his Peeres in beauty did surpass,
 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 ears abusd.

XXXVIII.

Who all in rage his sea-god fyre befought,
 Some curf'd vengeance on his sonne to cast:
 From furling gulf two monfsters freight were brought,
 With dread whereof his chafing fteedes aghaft
 Both charct fwift and huntsman overcaft.
 His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
 Was quite difmembred, and his members chaft
 Scattered on every mountaine, as he went,
 That of *Hippolytus* was left no monument.

XXXIX.

His cruell stepdame feeing what was donne,
 Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,
 In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne.
 Which hearing his rash fyre, began to rend
 His haire, and haftie tongue, that did offend:
 Tho gathering up the relicks of his smart
 By *Diane's* meanes, who was *Hippolyt's* friend,
 Them brought to *Aefulape*, that by his art
 Did heale them all againe, and joyned every part.

XL.

Such wondrous science in man's wit to raine
 When *Jove* aviz'd, that could the dead revive,
 And fates expired could renew againe,
 Of endleffe life he might him not deprive,
 But unto hell did thruft him downe alive,
 With flafhing thunderbolt ywounded fore:
 Where long remaining, he did alwaies ftrive
 Himfelfe with falves to health for to reftore,
 And flake the heavenly fire, that raged evermore.

XLI.

There auncient Night arriving, did alight
 From her nigh weary waine, and in her armes
 To *Æsculapius* brought the wounded knight:
 Whom having softly difarayd 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 more raife,
 He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

XLII.

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

XLIII.

Not so, quoth she; but sith that heaven's king
 From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,
 And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
 Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
 Goe to then, O thou far renowned sonne
 Of great *Apollo*, shew thy famous might
 In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
 Great paines, and greater praise, both never to be donne.

XLIV.

Her words prevaild : And then the learned leach
 His cunning hand gan to his wound to lay,
 And all things else, the which his art did teach :
 Which having seene, from thence arose away
 The mother of dread darkenessse, and let stay
Aveugle's sonne there in the leaches cure,
 And backe returning tooke her wonted way
 To runne her timely race, whilst *Phæbus* pure
 In westerne waves his wearie wagon did recure.

XLV.

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

XLVI.

A ruefull fight, as could be seene with eie ;
 Of whom he learned had in secret wise
 The hidden cause of their captivitie,
 How mortgaging their lives to *Covetise*,
 Through waftfull *Pride*, and wanton *Riotise*,
 They were by law of that proud *Tyrannesse*
 Provokt with *Wrath*, and *Envie's* false furmise,
 Condemned to that dongeon mercilesse,
 Where they should live in woe, and die 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 celestiall doome throwne out of dore,
Into an oxe he was transformd of yore.
There also was king *Cræsus*, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great riches store;
And proud *Antiochus*, the which advaunst
His curfed hand gainst God, and on his altars daunst.

XLVIII.

And them long time before great *Nimrod* was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;
And after him old *Ninus* farre did pas
In princely pompe, 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 *Ammon's* fonne be magnifide,
Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.

XLIX.

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

L. Amongst

L.

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
 Proud wemen, vaine; forgetfull of their yoke:
 The bold *Semiramis*, whose fides transfixt
 With sonne's own blade her fowle reproches spoke;
 Faire *Stbenobæa*, that herselfe did choke
 With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;
 High minded *Cleopatra*, that with stroke
 Of aspes sting herselfe did stoutly kill:
 And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon fill.

LI.

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

LII.

Whose case whenas the carefull 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 earely rose, and ere that dawning light
 Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
 He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,
 That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:
 For doubtlesse death ensawd, if any him descryde.

LIII. Scarce

LIII.

Scarfe could he footing find in that fowle way,
 For many corfes, like a great lay-ftall,
 Of murdred men, which therein ftrowed lay,
 Without remorse, or decent funerall:
 Which all through that great Princeffe pride did fall,
 And came to fhamefull end. And them befide
 Forth ryding underneath the caftell wall,
 A donghill of dead carcafes he fpide,
 The dreadfull fpectacle of that fad houfe of *Pride*.

C A N T O VI.

*From lawleffe luft by wondrous grace
 Fayre Una is releaft:
 Whom salvage nation does adore,
 And learnes her wife bebeaft.*

I.

AS when a fhipe, that flies faire under faile,
 An hidden rocke efcaped hath unwares,
 That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
 The marriner yet halfe amazed ftares
 At perill paff, and yet in doubt, ne dares
 To joy at his foole-happie oversight:
 So doubly is diftreft twixt joy and cares
 The dreadleffe courage of this Elfin knight,
 Having efcapt fo fad enfamples in his fight.

II. Yet

II.

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed
 The faire *Duefs*' had forst him leave behind ;
 And yet more sad, that *Una*, his deare dreed,
 Her truth had staind with treason so unkind ;
 Yet crime 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 fierce *Sansloy* did overtake.

III.

Who after *Archimago*'s fowle defeat,
 Led her away into a forrest wilde,
 And turning wrathfull fire to lustfull heat,
 With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
 And made she vassall of his pleasures vilde.
 Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traines,
 Her to perswade, that stubborne fort to yilde :
 For greater conquest of hard love he gaines,
 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 shine, as brightest skye,
 And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

V.

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
 And subtile engines bet from batteree,
 With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
 Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
 And win rich spoile of ranfackt chastitee.
 Ah heavens, that do this hideous act behold,
 And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
 How can ye vengeance just so long withhold,
 And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold?

VI.

The pittcous maiden, carefull, comfortlesse,
 Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
 The last vaine helpe of womens great distresse,
 And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
 That molten starres do drop like weeping eyes;
 And *Phæbus*, flying so most shamefull fight,
 His blushing face in foggy cloud implies,
 And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
 Can now devise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

XI. Such



Thus conducted by Satyrus to Silvanus

W. Hunt del.



XI.

Such fearfull fit affaid her trembling hart,
 Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move she had ;
 The saluage nation feele her secreet smart,
 And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad ;
 Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,
 And rusticke horror all a side 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 doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
 Her single person to their barb'rous truth,
 But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sit,
 Late learnd what harme to hastie trust ensu'th.
 They in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beautie soveraine,
 Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth,
 And all prostrate upon the lowly plaine,
 Do kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance faine.

XIII.

Their harts she gheffeth by their humble guise,
 And yielde her to extremitie of time ;
 So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime :
 They, all as glad as birdes of joyous Prime,
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
 Shouting, and singing all a shepheard's rime,
 And with greene braunches 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 do weare the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleafant Spring.
 So towards old *Sylvanus* they her bring ;
 Who with the noyfe awaked, commeth out,
 To weet the caufe, his weake fteps governing,
 And aged limbs on Cyprefse ftadle ftout,
 And with an yuie twyne his wafte is girt about.

XV.

Far off he wonders, what them makes fo glad,
 Or *Bacchus* merry fruit they did invent,
 Or *Cybele's* franticke rites have made them mad :
 They drawing nigh, unto their God prefent
 That flowre of faith and beautie excellent :
 The God himfelfe vewing that mirrhour rare,
 Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent ;
 His owne faire *Dryope* now he thinkes not faire,
 And *Pholoe* fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

XVI.

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
 And worship her as Goddeffe of the wood ;
 And old *Sylvanus* felfe bethinkes not, what
 To thinke of wight fo faire, but gazing ftood,
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood.
 Sometimes Dame *Venus* felfe he feemes to fee,
 But *Venus* never had fo fober mood ;
 Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to bee,
 But miffeth bow, and shaftes, and bufkins to her knee.

XVII. By

XVII.

By view of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest *Cyparisse*,
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How faire he was, and yet not faire 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 joy,
But pynd away in anguish and felse-wild annoy.

XVIII.

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

XIX.

Glad of such lucke, the lucklesse lucky maid,
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people staid,
To gather breath in many miseries,
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 restraine
From her own worship, they her Assè would worship fane.

XX. It

XX.

It fortun'd a noble warlike knight
 By just occasion to that Forrest came,
 To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
 From whence he tooke his well-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 little did delight.

XXI.

A Satyre's sonne, yborne in forest 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 loose unruly fwayne;
 Who had more joy to raunge the forest wyde,
 And chafe the salvage beast with busie payne,
 Then serve his Ladie's love, and waste in pleasures vayne.

XXII

The forlorne mayd did with love's longing burne,
 And could not lacke her lover's company,
 But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
 And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly,
 And followes other game and venery:
 A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to find,
 And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
 The loyall links of wedlocke did unbind,
 And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

XXIII. So

XXIII.

So long in secret cabin there he held
 Her captive to his sensuall desire,
 Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
 And bore a boy unto that salvage fire;
 Then home he suffred her for to retire,
 For ranfome leaving him the late-borne childe;
 Whom, till to ryper yeares he gan aspire,
 He nourshed up in life and manners wilde,
 Emongst wild beafts and woods, from lawes of men exile.

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-beare's 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 every beaft for feare of him did fly and quake.

XXV.

Thereby so fearlesse, and so fell he grew,
 That his owne fire and maister of his guise
 Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
 And oft for dread of hurt would him advise,
 The angry beafts 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

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 fierce and fell ;
 And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
 Such joy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
 That his beheast they feared, as a tyran's 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 lyoneffe did runne,
 That roaring all with rage, did lowd requere
 Her children deare, whom he away had wonne :
 The lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
 And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

XXVIII.

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
 And turning backe, gan fast to fly away,
 Untill with love revokt from vaine affright,
 She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
 And then to him these womanish words gan say :
 Ah *Satyran*, my dearling, and my joy,
 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

XXIX.

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

XXX.

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

XXXI.

He wondred at her wisedome heavenly rare,
 Whose like in womens wit 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 joyd 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.

O

XXXII. But

XXXII.

But she, all vowd unto the *Redcrosse* 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 wit in secreet counsels spent,
 How to escape. At last in privie wife
 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 behind alone,
 He led away with courage 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 traveld had, when as they far espide
 A weary wight forwandring by the way,
 And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
 To weet of newes, that did abroad betide,
 Or tydings of her knight of the *Redcrosse*.
 But he them spying, gan to turne aside,
 For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse :
 More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

XXXV.

A filly man, in fimple weedes forworne,
 And soild with dust of the long dried way ;
 His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
 And face all tand with scorching funny ray,
 As he had traveild many a fommer's day
 Though boyling sands of *Arabie* and *Ynde* ;
 And in his hand a *Jacobs* staffe, to stay
 His wearie limbs upon ; and eke behind
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

XXXVI.

The knight approaching nigh, of him inquerd
 Tydings 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 croset red.
 Ay me, Deare dame, quoth he, well may I rew
 To tell the sad fight, which mine eies have red ;
 These eyes did see that knight both living, and eke ded.

XXXVII.

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

XXXVIII.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus; I chaunft this day,
 This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
 To see two knights in travell on my way
 (A fory fight) arraung'd in batteill new,
 Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew:
 My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
 To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
 That drunke with blood, yet thrifted after life:
 What more? the *Redcrosse* knight was slain with Paynim knife.

XXXIX.

Ah dearest Lord, quoth she, how might that bee,
 And he the stoutest knight, that ever wonne?
 Ah dearest dame, quoth he, how might I see
 The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?
 Where is, said *Satyrane*, that Paynim's sonne,
 That him of life, and us of joy hath rest?
 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 hast,
 Whiles *Una*, with huge heavinessse opprest,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
 Whereas that *Pagan* proud him selfe did rest,
 In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
 Even he it was, that earst would have supprest
 Faire *Una*; whom when *Satyrane* espide,
 With foule reprochfull words he boldly him deside:

XLI. And

XLI.

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

XLII.

And drawing nigh him said, Ah misborn Elfe,
In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
Another's wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent:
That *Redcrosse* knight, perdie, I never slew;
But had he beene, where earst his armes were lent,
Th'enchauter 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 fiercely 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 bloud adowne their sides did raile;
But floods of bloud could not them fatisfie:
Both hungred after death; both chose to win, or die.

XLIV. So

XLIV.

So long they fight, and fell revenge purfue,
 That fainting each, themselves to breathe let,
 And oft refreshed, battell oft renewe :
 As when two Bores, with rancling malice met,
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
 Till breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
 Where foming wrath, their cruell tusks they whet,
 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 returne, increafing more
 Their puiffant force, and cruell rage attonce,
 With heaped ftrokes more hugely, then before,
 That with their drerie wounds and bloody gore
 They both deformed, scarcely could bee known.
 By this sad *Una*, fraught with anguish sore,
 Led with their noife, which through the aire was thrown,
 Arriv'd, where they in erth their fruitles bloud had sown.

XLVI.

Whom all fo foone as that proud Sarazin
 Espide, he gan revive the memory
 Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted fin,
 And lefte the doubtfull battell haftily,
 To catch her, newly offred to his eye :
 But *Satyran*e with ftrokes him turning, staid,
 And sternely bad him other bufinesse plie,
 Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid :
 Wherewith he, all enrag'd, these bitter speeches said.

XLVII. O

XLVII.

O foolish faerie's sonne, what furie mad
Hath thee incenst, to hast thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better, I that Lady had,
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,
To love another. Lo! then for thine ayd
Here take thy lover's token on thy pate.
So they two fight; the whiles the royall mayd
Fled farre away, of that proud Paynim fore afrayd.

XLVIII.

But that false *Pilgrim*, which that leasng told,
Being in deed old *Archimage*, did stay
In secreet shadow, all this to behold,
And much rejoyced in their bloody fray:
But when he saw the Damsell passe away,
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable case,
And eke this battel's end, will need another place.

C A N T O VII.

*The Redcrosse knight is captive made,
By Gyaunt proud opprest;
Prince Arthur meets with Una, great-
ly with those newes distrest.*

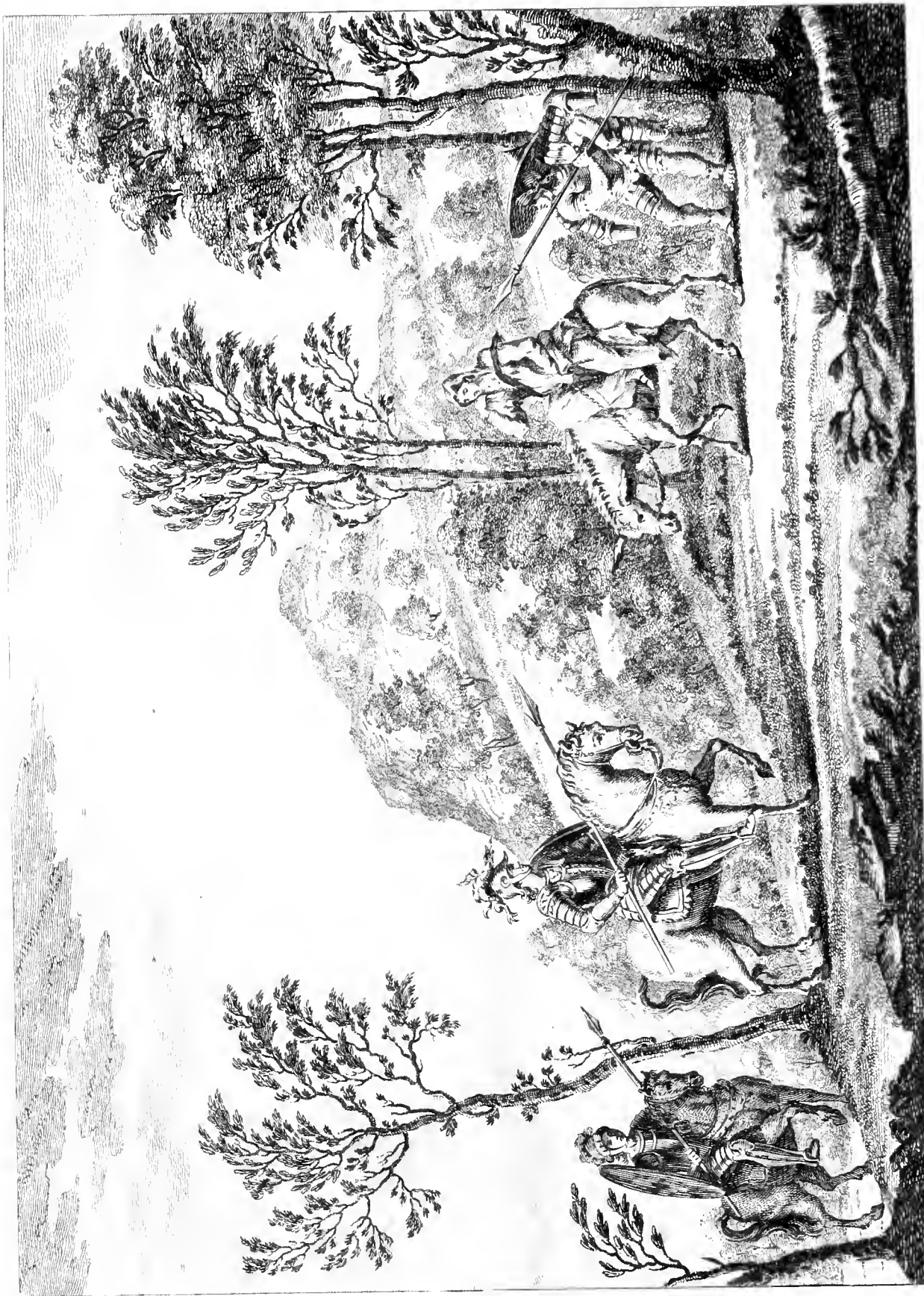
I.

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

II.

Who when, returning from the dreary *Night*,
She fownd not in that perilous house of *Pride*,
Where she had left, the noble *Redcrosse* knight,
Her hoped pray; she would no lenger bide,
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.





Wm. Kent, del.

Prince Arthur acquainted by Una with the Redcross Knight's Captivity.

III.

He feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the chearefull birds of fundry kind
Doe chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind,
The witch approching gan him fairely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnesse unkind,
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words temping faire, soure gall with hony sweet.

IV.

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous 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 *Diane's* favour, as it then befell.

V.

The cause was this: one day, when *Phæbe* fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
Sat downe to rest in midst of the race:
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And bad the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and flow,
And all, that drunke thereof, did faint and feeble grow.

VI.

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,
 And lying downe upon the fandie graile,
 Drunke of the streame, as cleare as cristall glas:
 Eftsoones his manly forces gan to faile,
 And mightie strong was turnd to feeble fraile:
 His chaunged powers at first themselves not felt,
 Till cruddled cold his corage gan assaile,
 And chearefull blood in faintnesse chill did melt,
 Which like a fever fit through all his body 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 sownd,
 Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
 That all the earth for terrour seemd to shake,
 And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe therewith astownd,
 Upstarte lightly from his looser make,
 And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

VIII.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
 With 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 blustering *Æolus* his boasted fire,
 Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspire,
 And filld her hidden caves with stormie yre,
 That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time,
 In which the wombes of women doe expire,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime,
 Puft up with emptie wind, and filld with sinfull crime.

X.

So grown 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 mother's bowelles, and it made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

XI.

That when the knight he spyde, he gan advance
 With huge force and insupportable mayne,
 And towards him with dreadfull fury prounce;
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
 Did to him pace, sad battaile to darrayne,
 Disarmd, disgrast, and inwardly dismayde,
 And eke so faint in every joynt 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 mercielesse,
 That could have overthrowne a stony towre,
 And were not heavenly grace, that him did bleffe,
 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 villein's powre,
 That with the wind it did him overthrow,
 And all his fences stound, 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 bullet round, ordaind to kill,
 Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
 With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
 That none can breathe, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smok,
 That th' onely 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 battered quight,
 Untill *Duess*a loud to him gan crye;
 O great *Orgoglio*, greatest under skye,
 O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake;
 Hold for my sake, and do him not to dye,
 But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
 And me thy worthy meed unto thy Leman take.

XV.

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
 To gayne so goodly guerdon, as she spake :
 So willingly she came into his armes,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take,
 And was possessed of his newfound make.
 Then up he tooke the flombred fencelesse 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 *Duessu* was his deare,
 And highly honourd in his haughtie eye ;
 He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
 And triple crowne set on her head full hie,
 And her endowd with royall majestye :
 Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
 And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
 A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome 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 heads out budding ever new,
 Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew :
 But this fame monster much more ugly was ;
 For seven great heads out of his body grew,
 An yron brest, and backe of scaly bras,
 And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did shine as glas.

XVIII. His

XVIII.

His taylor was stretched out in wondrous length,
 That to the house of heavenly gods it raught,
 And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
 The everburning lamps from thence it braught,
 And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught;
 And underneath his filthy feet did tread
 The sacred things, and holy heasts foretaught.
 Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head
 He set the false *Duessa*, for more aw and dread.

XIX.

The wofull Dwarf, which saw his maister's 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 ruefull monuments of heavineffe,
 And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

XX.

He had not travaild long, when on the way
 He wofull Ladie, wofull *Una* met,
 Fast flying from that 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 tydings spake,
 She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
 And lively breath her sad brest did forsake,
 Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

XXI. The

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 rubb her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
 And everie tender part does tosse and turne :
 So hardly he the flitted life does win
 Unto her native prison to retourne :
 Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne.

XXII.

Ye dreary instruments of dolefull fight,
 That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
 Why do ye lenger feed on loathed light,
 Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
 Sith cruell fates the carefull threeds unfould,
 The which my life and love together tide ?
 Now let the stony dart of senselesse cold
 Perce to my hart, and pas through every side,
 And let eternall night so sad fight from me hide.

XXIII.

O lightsome day, the lampe of highest *Jove*,
 First made by him men's wandring wayes to guyde,
 When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove,
 Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
 And shut up heaven's 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 feeled up with death shall have their deadly meed.

XXIV. Then

XXIV.

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground ;
 But he her quickly reared up againe ;
 Thrife did she sinke adowne in deadly fownd,
 And thrife he her reviv'd with busie paine :
 At last when life recover'd had the raine,
 And over-wrestled his strong enimie,
 With foltring tongue, and trembling every vaine,
 Tell on, quoth she, the wofull tragedie,
 The which these reliques sad present unto mine eie.

XXV.

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

XXVI.

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,
 The subtile traines of *Archimago* old ;
 The wanton loves of false *Fidessa* faire,
 Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold ;
 The wretched paire transformd to treen mold ;
 The house of *Pride*, and perills round about ;
 The combat, which he with *Sansjoy* did ho'd ;
 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 *Redrosse*;
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 Dwarf the way to her affynd:
And evermore in constant carefull mind
She fed her wound with fresh renewed bale;
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and low adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

XXIX.

At last she chanced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
Together with his Squire, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined farre away,
Like glauncing light of *Phæbus* brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of Steele endanger may:
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most precious 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 leffer 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 pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

XXXI.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bred;
 For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spread
 His golden wings; his dreadfull hideous hed,
 Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,
 That suddaine horror to faint harts did show;
 And scaly taylor was stretcht adowne his backe full low.

XXXII.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
 A bunch of haire discolour'd diversly,
 With sprinckled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity,
 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 every 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 soone consumed beene ;
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massie entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

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

XXXVI.

Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceeds,
 For he, that made the fame, 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 Faerie Queene it brought
 To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if fought.

XXXVII.

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire,
 His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
 Whose harmeful head, thrice 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 bit,
 Who under him did amble as the aire,
 And chaufft, that any on his backe should sit ;
 The yron rowels into frothy fume he bit.

XXXVIII.

Whenas this knight nigh to the Ladie drew,
 With lovely court he gan her entertaine ;
 But when he heard her aunswers loth, he knew
 Some secreet sorrow did her heart diftaine ;
 Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
 Faire feeling words he wifely gan display,
 And for her humour fitting purpose faine,
 To tempt the cause itselke for to bewray ;
 Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words she gan to say.

XXXIX. What

XXXIX.

What world's delight, or joy of living speach
Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deepe,
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creepe,
And in my heart his yron arrow steepe,
Scone as I thinke upon my bitter bale:
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keepe,
Then rip up grieffe, where it may not availe;
My last left comfort is, my woes to weepe and waile.

XL.

Ah! Lady deare, quoth then the gentle knight,
Well may I weene, 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 helpe, who never would his hurts impart.

XLI.

O! but, quoth she, great grieffe will not be tould,
And can more easly 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 breedes despaire.
Despaire breedes 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

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 inquire the secrets of my grieffe;
 Or that your wisedome will direct my thought;
 Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe:
 Then heare the storie sad, which I shall tell you brieffe.

XLIII.

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes have seene
 The laughing stocke of fortune's mockeries,
 Am th' onely daughter of a King and Queene,
 Whose parents deare, whilst 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 *Gebon's* golden waves doe wash continually.

XLIV.

Till that their cruell curfed enemy,
 An huge great Dragon, horrible in fight,
 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 jawes to fall,
 He forst to castle strong to take their flight,
 Where fast embard in mightie brasen wall,
 He has them now foure years besiegd to make them thrall.

XLV. Full

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 hard 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 pitteous pray of his fierce crueltie have bin.

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

It was my chance, (my chance 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 witnesse am) in many a cruell fight ;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII. And

XLVIII.

And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
 His byting sword, and his devouring speare,
 Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
 Can speake his prowess, that did earst you beare,
 And well could rule: now he hath left you heare,
 To be the record of his ruefull losse,
 And of my dolefull difaventurous deare:
 O heavie record of the good *Redcrosse*,
 Where have ye left your lord, that could so well you tossè?

XLIX.

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

L.

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

LI.

At last by subtile sleights she him betraid
 Unto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall,
 Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
 Unwares surpris'd, and with mightic mall
 The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
 Whose fall did never foe before behold ;
 And now in darkefome dungeon, wretched thrall,
 Remediless, 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 wene, 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 cheareleffe spright ;
 So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever right.

C A N T O VIII.

*Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
 Brings Arthur to the fight :
 Who slayes the Gyant, 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 weaknesse, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
 Else should this *Redcrosse* knight in bands have dyde,
 For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thither guide.

II.

They sadly traveld thus, untill they came
 Nigh to a castle builded strong and hie:
 Then cryde the Dwarfe, Lo! yonder is the same,
 In which my Lord, my liege, doth lucklesse lie,
 Thrall to that Gyant's hatefull tyrannie:
 Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.
 The noble knight alighted by and by
 From loftie steed, and bad the Ladie 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 towards that castle-wall;
 Whose gates he found fast shut, ne living wight
 To warde the same, nor answer commers call.
 Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
 Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold,
 And tassells 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 sound,
 But trembling feare did feele in every vaine;
 Three miles it might be easie heard around,
 And Ecchoes three answerd it selfe againe:
 No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull traine
 Might once abide the terror of that blast,
 But presently was voide and wholly vaine:
 No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
 But with that percing noise flew open quite, or braft.

V.

The same before the Geant's gate he blew,
 That all the castle quaked from the ground,
 And every dore of freewill open flew:
 The Gyant selfe dismaied with that sound,
 Where he with his *Duessa* dalliance found,
 In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
 With staring countenance sterne, as one astound,
 And staggering steps, to weet, what fuddein stowre
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

VI.

And after him the proud *Duessa* came,
 High mounted on her many-headed beaft,
 And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
 And every head was crowned on his creast,
 And bloudie mouthed with late cruell feast.
 That when the knight beheld, his mightie shield
 Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
 And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild;
 And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

As when almightie *Jove* 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 dreriment,
 Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
 The fierce threeforked engin making way,
 Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
 And all that might his angry passage stay,
 And shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay.

X. His



Wm. Woodcut & Co. Lith.

Prince Arthur slays the Giant Cryogafin & releases the Duke's daughter - Knight

X.

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

XI.

Dismaied with so desperate deadly wound,
 And eke impatient of unwonted paine,
 He loudly brayd with beastly yelling found,
 That all the fields rebellowed againe,
 As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
 An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
 Do for the milkie mothers want complaine,
 And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
 The neighbour woods around with hollow murmur ring.

XII.

That when his deare *Duess*a heard, and saw
 The evill 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 heads like flaming brands.
 But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
 Encountring fierce with single sword in hand,
 And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

XIII. The

XIII.

The proud *Dueffa*, full of wrathfull spight,
 And fierce 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 courageous swaine
 To her yeeld passage, gainst his Lord to goe,
 But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
 And with his bodie 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 despeyre did many thereof sup,
 And secreet poylon through their inner parts,
 Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts ;
 Which after charmes and some enchauntments fayd,
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts ;
 Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quayd,
 And all his senses were with suddeine dread dismayd.

XV.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
 Who on his neck his bloodie clawes did feize,
 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 enterprife ;
 For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
 To see his loved Squire into such thraldome brought.

XVI.

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

XVII.

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
 That to have heard, great horror would have bred,
 And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long traine,
 Through great impatience of his grieved hed
 His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
 Would have cast downe, and trod in durty myre,
 Had not the Gyant soone her succoured ;
 Who, all enrag'd with smart and franticke yre,
 Came hurtling in full fierce, 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 rigour smites,
 That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow :
 The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low :
 What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow ?

XIX. And

XIX.

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
 Did loofe his vele by chaunce, and open flew:
 The light whereof, that heaven's light did pas,
 Such blazing brightnesse through the aier threw,
 That eye mote not the fame endure to vew.
 Which when the Gyant spyde with staring eye,
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
 His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye,
 For to have flaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

XX.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
 At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
 Became starke blind, and all his senses 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 Gyant loudly she gan call,
 O! helpe, *Orgoglio*, helpe, or else we perish all.

XXI.

At her so pitteous cry was much amov'd
 Her champion stout, and, for to ayde his friend,
 Againe his wonted angry weapon prov'd;
 But all in vaine: for he has read his end
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
 Themselves in vaine: for since that glauncing fight,
 He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
 As where th' Almighty's lightnin brond does light,
 It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the senses quight.

XXII.

Whom when the Prince to battell new adrest,
 And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,
 His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
 And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
 That downe he tumbled; as an aged tree,
 High growing on the top of rocky clift,
 Whose hartstrings with keene Steele nigh hewen be,
 The mightie trunk halfe rent, with ragged rift,
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearfull 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 heaueie make,
 And yields it selfe unto the victour's 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 monstrous mas
 Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

XXV.

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

XXVI.

The royall Virgin, which beheld from farre,
 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 joyous cheare him thus bespake;
 Faire branch of nobleffe, flowre of chevalrie,
 That with your worth the world amazed make,
 How shall I quite the paines, ye suffer for my sake?

XXVII.

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

XXVIII. But

XXVIII.

But sith the heavens and your faire handeling
Have made you maister of the field this day,
You fortune maister eke with governing,
And well begun end all so well, I pray,
Ne let that wicked woman scape away ;
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all :
O! heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call.

XXIX.

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire,
That scarlot whore to keepen carefully ;
Whiles he himselfe with greedie great desire
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 answeere 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 failed 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 fashion his untoward pace,
 For as he forward moovd his footing old,
 So backward still was turnd his wrincled face,
 Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
 This was the auncient keeper of that place,
 And foster father of the Gyant dead ;
 His name *Ignaro* did his nature right ahead.

XXXII.

His reverend haire and holy gravitee
 The knight much honor, 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 fame knight was layd,
 Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puiffaunce fell
 Had made his captive thrall ; againe he sayd,
 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 fire, it seemes thou hast not red,
 How ill it fits with that fame silver hed,
 In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
 But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
 With nature's pen, in ages grave degree,
 Ahead in graver wise, what I demaund of thee.

XXXIV. His

XXXIV.

His answere likewise was, he could not tell.
Whose fencelesse speach, and doted ignorance
When as the noble Prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach
Those keys, 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 presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

XXXVI.

And there beside of marble stone was built
An altare, carv'd with cunning imagery,
On which trew Christians bloud was often spilt,
And holy Martyrs often doen to dy,
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 heare their piteous mone.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

Through every rowme he fought, and every bowre,
 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 balefull darkeness bound?
 For now three Moones have changed thrice their hew,
 And have beene thrice hid underneath the ground,
 Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew;
 O! welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew.

XXXIX.

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

XL.

But nether darkeness fowle, nor filthy bands,
 Nor noyous smell his purpose could withhold,
 (Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
 But that with constant zeale, and courage 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 ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

XLI.

His sad dull eyes, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
 Could not endure th' unwonted funne to view;
 His bare thin checkes 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 bowres
 Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
 Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres
 Decayd, and all his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

XLII.

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

XLIII. But

XLIII.

But welcome now, my Lord, in wele or woe,
 Whose prefence I have lackt too long a day;
 And fye on Fortune mine avowed foe,
 Whose wrathfull wreakes them felves do now alay;
 And for thefe wronges fhall treble penaunce pay
 Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe.
 The chearelefle man, whom sorrow did difmay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his grieve;
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

XLIV.

Faire Lady, then faid that victorious knight,
 The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
 Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
 Best muficke breeds delight in loathing eare:
 But th' only good, that growes of paffed feare,
 Is to be wife, and ware of like agen.
 This daye's enfample hath this leffon deare
 Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
 That bliffe may not abide in ftate of mortall men.

XLV.

Henceforth, Sir knight, take to you wonted ftrength,
 And maifter thefe mishaps with patient might;
 Loe! where your foe lyes ftretch in monftrous length,
 And loe that wicked woman in your fight,
 The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,
 Now in youre powre, to let her live, or die.
 To doe her die, quoth *Una*, were despight,
 And fhame t'avenge fo weake an enemy;
 But spoile her of her fcarlot robe, and let her fly.

XLVI. So

XLVI.

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

XLVII.

Her craftie 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 fowre breath abhominably fineld ;
Her dried dugs, like 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 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 foxe's taile, with dong all fowly dight ;
And eke her feete most monstrous were in fight ;
For one of them was like an Eagle's claw,
With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight ;
The other like a Beare's 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 fight
 Of fowle *Duesssa*, 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 wayes unknowne.

L.

She flying fast from heaven's hated face,
 And from the world, that her discovered wide,
 Fled to the wastfull wilder nesse apace,
 From living eyes her open shame to hide,
 And lurkt in rocks and caves long unespide.
 But that faire crew of knights and *Una* faire
 Did in that castle afterwards abide,
 To rest them selves, and weary powres repaire,
 Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.

C A N T O IX.

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

I.

O Goodly golden chaine, 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 *Redcrosse* knight from bands.

II.

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

III.

Faire virgin, said the Prince, ye me require
A thing without the compafs of my wit :
For both the lignage and the certain Sire,
From which I sprong, from me are hidden yit.
For all so soone as life did me admit
Into this world, and shewed heaven's light,
From mother's pap I taken was unfit :
And freight delivered to a Faery knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

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 hore,
 From whence the river *Dee*, as silver cleene,
 His tomling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
 There all my dayes he traird me up in vertuous lore.

V.

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

VI.

Well worthy impe, said then the Lady gent,
 And Pupill fit for such a Tutour's hand.
 But what adventure, or what high intent
 Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
 Aread, Prince *Arthur*, crowne of martiall band.
 Full hard it is, quoth he, to read aright
 The course of heavenly cause, or understand
 The secreet meaning of th' eternall might,
 That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of living wight.



Prince Arthur educated by Simon D. Horton

W. Woodcut



VII.

For whither he, through fatall 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 behest,
Me hither brought by wayes yet never found ;
You to have helpt I hold my felfe yet blest.
Ah courteous knight, quoth she, what secret wound
Could ever find, to grieve the gentlest hart on ground ?

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X. That

X.

That idle name of love, and lover's life,
 As losse of time, and vertue's enemy,
 I ever scornd, and joyd to stirre up strife,
 In middest of their mournfull Tragedy,
 Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
 And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent :
 Their God himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
 Shot many a dart at me with fierce 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 sound,
 But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
 Or unawares at disavantage found :
 Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly ground :
 And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
 And boastes, in beautie's chaine not to be bound,
 Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
 And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most despight.

XII.

Ensample make of him your hableffe joy,
 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 jollitæ
 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: For

XIII.

For wearied with my sports, I did alight
From loftie fteed, and downe to sleepe me layd ;
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet faire displayd :
Whiles every fence the humour sweet embayd,
And flombring foft my hart did fteale away,
Me feemed, by my fide a royall Mayd
Her daintie limbes full foftly down did lay :
So faire a creature yet faw never funny day.

XIV.

Moft goodly glee and lovely blandifhment
She to me made, and bad me love her deare ;
For dearly fure her love was to me bent,
As, when juft time expired, fhould appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart fo ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like words did ever heare,
As fhe to me delivered all that night ;
And at her parting fad, She Queene of Faeries hight.

XV.

When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And nought but preffed gras where fhe had lye,
I forrowed all fo much, as earft I joyd,
And wafhed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divine ;
From that day forth I caft in carefull mind,
To feeke her out with labour, and long tyne,
And never vowd to reft, till her I find ;
Nine monethes I feeke in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbind.

XVI. Thus

XVI.

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,
 And change of hue great passion did bewray ;
 Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
 And hide the smoke, that did his fire display,
 Till gentle *Una* thus to him gan say ;
 O happy Queene of Faeries, that hast found,
 Mongst many, one, that with his prowess may
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound :
 True Loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground.

XVII.

Thine, O! then, said the gentle *Redcrosse* knight,
 Next to that Ladie's love, shal be the place,
 O fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,
 Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
 Was firmest fixt in mine extremest case.
 And you, my Lord, the patron of my life,
 Of that great Queene may well gaine worthie grace ;
 For onely worthy you through prowess priefe,
 If living man mote worthie be, to be her lief.

XVIII.

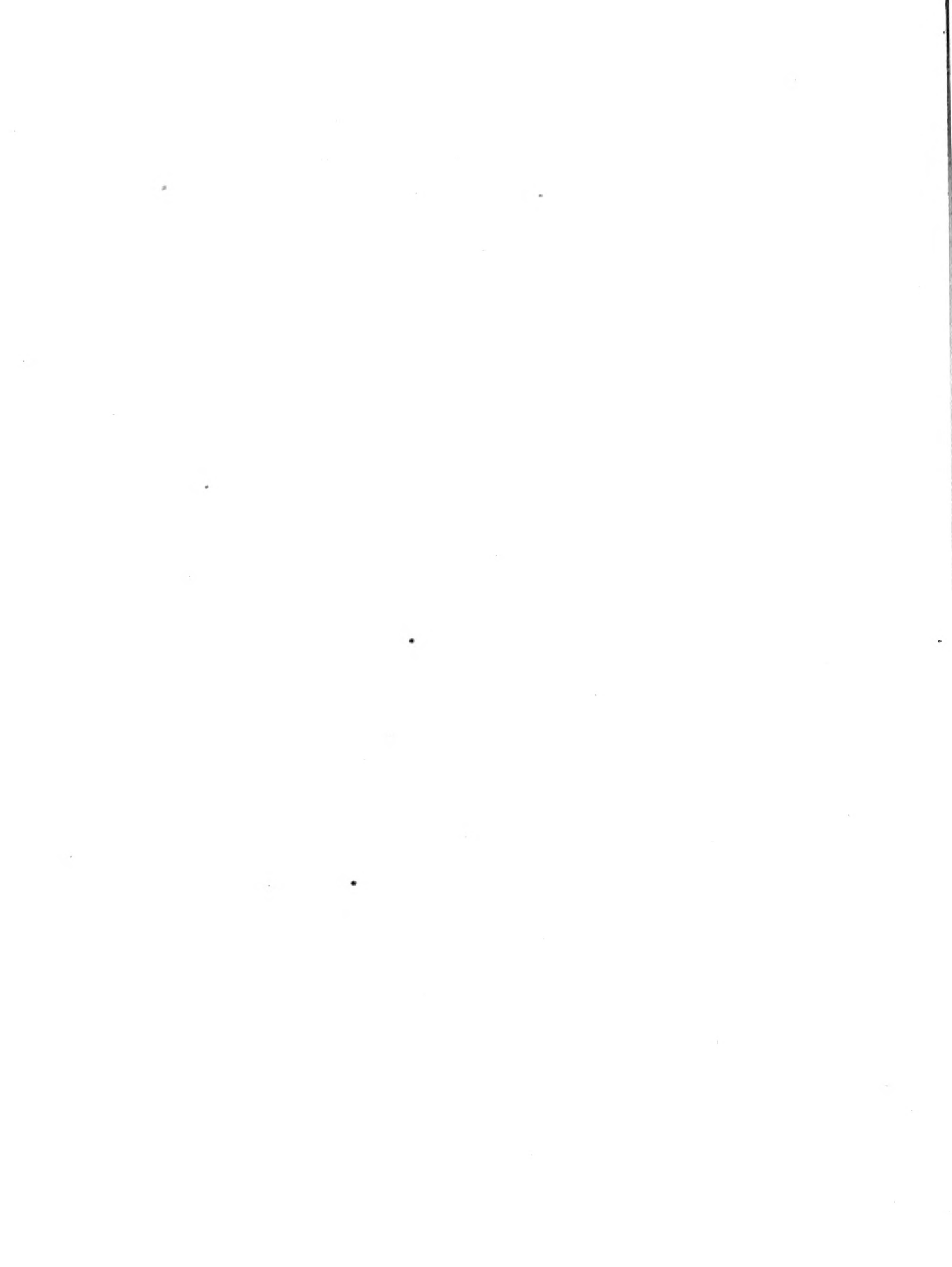
So diversly discoursing of their loves,
 The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
 And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves,
 With fresh desire his voyage to pursue :
 Als *Una* earnd her travaill to renew.
 Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
 And love establish each to other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

XIX. Thus



Prince Arthur, the Redcross Knight, and Una.

W. H. Woodcut



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 wound could heale incontinent :
Which to requite, the *Redcrosse* knight him gave
A booke, wherein his Saviour's testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave ;
A worke of wondrous grace, and able soules to save.

XX.

Thus beene they parted, *Arthur* on his way
To seeke his love, and th'other for to fight
With *Una*'s 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 pursue,
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 traveild, lo ! they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other grievely thing, that him aghast.
Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behind ;
Als flew his steed, as he his bands had brafft,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
As he had beene a fole of *Pegasus* his kind.

XXII.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
 To be unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
 Upstaring stiffe, dismayd with uncouth dread;
 Nor drop of bloud in all his face appeares,
 Nor life in limbe; and, to increase his feares,
 In fowle reproch of knighthood's faire degree,
 About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
 That with his gliftring armes does ill agree;
 But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

XXIII.

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

XXIV.

He answerd nought at all, but adding new
 Feare to his first amazment, staring wide
 With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow hew,
 Astonisht stood, as one, that had aspide
 Infernall furies, with their chaines untide.
 Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake
 The gentle knight, who nought to him replide,
 But trembling every joynt did inly quake,
 And soltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to shake.

XXV. For

XXV.

For God's deare love, Sir knight, do 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 bloud-frosen hart emboldened bee,
But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach ;
Yet forst, at last he made through silence fuddein 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 from 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 chaunft (would I had never chaunft !)
With a faire knight to keepen companee,
Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himselfe advaunft
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,
But not so happie as mote happie 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 joyd to see her lover languish and lament.

XXVIII.

From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that villen (God from him me bleffe!)
 That curfed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
 A man of hell, that calls himselfe *Despaire*;
 Who first us greets, and after faire 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 die, to stint all further strife:
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

XXX.

With which sad instrument of hastie death,
 That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
 A wide way made to let forth living breath.
 But I more fearefull, or more luckie wight,
 Dismayd with that deformed dismall fight,
 Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
 Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
 Whose like infirmitie like chaunce may beare:
 But God you never let his charmed speaches heare.

XXXI.



The Redoubt Knight over ruled by his pair but timely saved by Una

H. Kent sculp.

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

Certes, said he, hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treachour's art have heard and tride;
And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guide.
I, that hight *Trevisan*, quoth he, will ride,
Against my liking, backe, to doe you grace:
But not for gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For lever had I die, then see his deadly face.

XXXIII.

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Farre underneath a craggie cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, drearie, like a greedie grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Farre from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did waile and howle.

XXXIV.

XXXIV.

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
 Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
 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 stay, and comforted in feare.

XXXV.

That darkefome cave they enter, where they find
 That cursed man, low fitting on the ground,
 Musing full sadly in his fullein mind;
 His griefie lockes, long growen, and unbound,
 Difordred hong about his shoulders round,
 And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
 Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
 His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
 Were shronke into his jawes, 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 rustie knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
 The wofull tale, that *Trevisan* had told,
 When as the gentle *Redcrosse* knight did vew,
 With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold,
 Him to avenge, before his bloud were cold,
 And to the villein said, Thou damned wight,
 The author of this fact, we here behold,
 What justice can but judge against thee right,
 With thine owne bloud to price his bloud, here shed in fight.

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX.

Who travels by the wearie wandring way,
 To come unto his wished home in haste,
 And meets 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 neighbour's good,
 And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast,
 Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
 Upon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

XL.

He there does now enjoy eternall rest
 And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
 And further from it daily wandereft.
 What if some little paine the passage have,
 That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter wave?
 Is not short paine well borne, that brings 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 said, The terme of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it:
 The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
 Nor leave his stand, untill his captaine bed.
 Who life did limit by almightie doome,
 Quoth he, knowes best the termes establihed;
 And he, that points the centonell his roome,
 Doth license him depart at found 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 certain date.
 Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
 That holds the world in his still chaunging state;
 Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?
 When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor why.

XLIII. The

XLIII.

The lenger life I wote the greater fin ;
 The greater fin, the greater punishment :
 All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,
 Through strife and bloud-shed, and avengement,
 Now prayfd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent.
 For life must life, and bloud must bloud 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 doe no further goe, no further stray,
 But here lie downe, and to thy rest betake,
 Th'ill to prevent, that life enfewen may.
 For what hath life, that may it loved make,
 And gives not rather cause it to forsake ?
 Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
 Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake ;
 And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
 All which, and thousands more do make a loathsome life.

XLV.

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

XLVI.

Why then doeſt thou, O man of fin, deſire
 To draw thy dayes forth to their laſt degree?
 Is not the meafure of thy finfull hire
 High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
 Againſt the day of wrath, to burden thee?
 Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde
 Thou falſed haſt thy faith with perjuree,
 And fold thy ſelfe to ſerve *Dueſſa* vilde,
 With whom in all abuſe thou haſt thyſelfe defilde?

XLVII.

Is not he juſt, that all this doth behold
 From higheſt heaven, and beares an equall eie?
 Shall he thy fins up in his knowledge fold,
 And guiltie be of thine impietie?
 Is not his lawe, Let every finner die:
 Die ſhall all fleſh? What then muſt needs be donne,
 Is it not better to doe willinglie,
 Then linger, till the glaſſe be all out ronne?
 Death is the end of woes: die ſoone, O faerie's ſonne.

XLVIII.

The knight was much enmoved with his ſpeach,
 That as a ſword's point through his hart did perſe,
 And in his conſcience made a ſecret breach,
 Well knowing true all, that he did reherſe,
 And to his freſh remembrance 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 Miscreaunt
 Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
 Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
 And hellish anguish did his soule assaile,
 To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaille,
 He shewd him painted in a table plaine
 The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
 And thousand feends, that doe them endlesse paine
 With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

L.

The fight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
 That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
 And ever-burning wrath before him laid,
 By righteous sentence of th' Almighty's law :
 Then gan the villain him to overcrow,
 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 due to him, that had provokt God's ire.

LI.

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

LII.

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

LIII.

Come, come away, fraile, feely, fleshly wight ;
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
 Ne divelish thoughts difmay thy constant spright.
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part ?
 Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chofen art ?
 Where justice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
 The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
 Arife, Sir knight, arife, and leave this curfed place.

LIV.

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

C A N T O X.

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

I.

WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight.
Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is God's, 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 sinews woxen weake and raw,
Though long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloudie 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

III.

There was an auncient house not farre away,
 Renownd throughout the world for sacred lore,
 And pure unspotted life: so well they say
 It governd was, and guided evermore,
 Through wifedome of a matrone grave and hore ;
 Whose onely joy was to relieve the needs
 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 *Celia* men did her call, as thought
 From heaven to come, or thither to arise,
 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 *Charissa* 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

VI.

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin,
 But entred in a spacious court they see,
 Both plaine, and pleasant to be walked in,
 Where them does meet 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 behaviour hee
 Did labour lively to expresse the fame,
 And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

VII.

There fairely them receives a gentle Squire,
 Of mild demeanure, and rare courtesee,
 Right cleanly clad in comely fad attire;
 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 true, and eke unfained sweet,
 As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

VIII.

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,
 That aged Dame, the Ladie of the place,
 Who all this while was busie 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 joy unwonted inly sweld,
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld:

IX. And

IX.

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

X.

Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
 Here in this place, or any other wight,
 That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,
 That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right :
 All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
 With many rather for to go 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 owne decay ?

XI.

Thy felfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
 O matrone sage, quoth she, I hither came,
 And this good knight his way with me addrest,
 Led with thy prayfes and broad-blazed fame,
 That up to heaven is blowne. The auncient Dame
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
 And entertheynd them both, as best became,
 With all the court'fies, that she could devise,
 Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wife.

XII. Thus,

XII.

Thus, as they gan of fondry things devise,
Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise,
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight,
Like funny beames threw from her cristall face,
That could have dazd the rash beholder's sight,
And round about her head did shine like heaven's 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 horror made to all, that did behold;
But she no whit did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke that was both signd and seald with blood,
Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be understood.

XIV.

Her younger Sifter, that *Speranza* hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
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 heaven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

Y

XV. They

XV.

They seeing *Una*, towards her gan wend,
 Who them encounters with like courtesie ;
 Many kind speeches they betwene them spend,
 And greatly joy each other for to see:
 Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
 They turne them selves at *Unae's* 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 sifter deare,
 The deare *Charissa*, where is she become ?
 Or wants she health, or busie is elfewhere ?
 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 fore,
 But thank be God, and her encrease so evermore.

XVII.

Then said the aged *Cælia*, Deare dame,
 And you, good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle,
 And labors long, through which ye hither 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 led
 Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
 Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bed ;
 His name was meeke *Obedience* rightfully ared.

XVIII. Now

XVIII.

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
 And bodies were refresh't with due repast,
 Faire *Una* gan *Fidelia* faire request,
 To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaſte,
 That of her heavenly learning he might taſte,
 And heare the wiſedom of her words diuine.
 She graunted, and that knight ſo much agraste,
 That ſhe him taught ceſtiall diſcipline,
 And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them ſhine.

XIX.

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

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII.

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

XXIII.

And came to *Cælia* 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 straightway 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 soule-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat, to tell his grief :
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heaue spright,
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply reliefe
Of salues and med'cines, which had passing priefe,
And thereto added words of wondrous might :
By which to ease he him recured brieft,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

XXV.

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

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

XXVII.

And bitter *Penance*, with an yron whip,
 Was wont him once to disple every day :
 And sharpe *Remorse* his hart did pricke and nip,
 That drops of bloud thence like a well did play ;
 And sad *Repentance* used to embay
 His blamefull body in salt water fore,
 The filthy blots of sinne to wash away.
 So in short space they did to health restore
 The man, that would not live, but earst lay at deathe's dore.

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 paine and anguish fore ;
 Yet all with patience wisely she did beare ;
 For well she wist, his crime could else be never cleare.

XXIX.

Whom thus recover'd by wife *Patience*
 And trew *Repentance*, they to *Una* brought ;
 Who, joyous of his cured conscience,
 Him dearely kist, and fairely 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 faire *Una* brought this unacquainted guest.

XXX.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love, but *Cupid's* 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 sports, that joyd 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 faire,
Whose passing price unneath was to be told;
And by her fyde there sate a gentle paire
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvorie chaire.

XXXII.

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

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

She was right joyous of her just request,
 And taking by the hand that Faerie's sonne,
 Gan him instruct in every good behest,
 Of love, and righteoufnesse, and well to donne;
 And wrath, and hatred warely to shonne,
 That drew on men God's hatred, and his wrath,
 And many foules in dolours had fordonne:
 In which when him she well instructed hath,
 From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

XXXIV.

Whercin his weaker wandring steps to guide,
 An auncient matrone she to her does call,
 Whose sober lookes her wifdome well descride:
 Her name was *Mercie*, well knowne over all
 To be both gracious, and eke liberall:
 To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
 To lead aright, that he should never fall
 In all his wayes through this wide worlde's 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.

XXXVI.

Estfoones unto an holy Hospitall,
 That was fore by the way, she did him bring,
 In which seven Bead-men, that had vowed all
 Their life to service of high heaven's king,
 Did spend their dayes in doing godly thing:
 Their gates to all were open evermore,
 That by the wearie way were travelling,
 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 God's sake his dewty was to entertaine.

XXXVIII.

The second was as Almner of the place;
 His office was, the hungry for to feed,
 And thirsty give to drinke, a worke of grace:
 He feard not once him selfe to be in need,
 Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breede:
 The grace of God he layd up still in store,
 Which, as a stocke, he left unto his feede;
 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 custodie,
 In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
 The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,
 But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,
 And naked nature seemely to aray ;
 With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
 The images of God in earthly clay ;
 And if that no spare clothes to give he had,
 His owne coate he could cut, and it distribute glad.

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII. The

XLII.

The fixt had charge of them now being dead,
 In seemely fort their corfes to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
 That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
 They might appeare, when he their foules shall save.
 The wondrous workemanship of God's owne mould,
 Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
 Ah dearest God! me graunt, I dead be not defould.

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

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

XLV.

There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to rest,
 That to the rest more able he might bee:
 During which time, in every good behest
 And godly worke of almes and charitee,
 She 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 lye,
 That day and night said his devotion,
 Ne other worldly busines did apply.
 His name was heavenly *Contemplation*;
 Of God and goodness was his meditation.

XLVII.

Great grace that old man to him given had;
 For God he often saw from heaven's height;
 All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
 Yet wondrous quick and persant was his spright,
 As Eagle's eye, that can behold the Sunne:
 That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
 That his frayle thighes nigh wearie and fordonne,
 Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,
 With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
 As hoarie 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 keepe his body low and chaste.

XLIX.

Who, when these two approching he aspide,
 At their first presence grew aggrieved 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 everliving fire,
 Whereof the keys are to thy hand behight
 By wife *Fidelia*? She doth thee require,
 To shew it to this knight, according his desire:

LI. Thrife-

LI.

Thrice-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 thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
 In heavenly throne, where thousand Angels shine?
 Thou doest the prayers of the righteous sead
 Present before the majestic divine,
 And his avenging wrath to clemencie 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 Faerie's sonne,
 That never leads the traveller astray,
 But after labours long, and sad delay,
 Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse bliss.
 But first thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
 And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

LIII.

That done, he leads him to the highest Mount;
 Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
 That bloud-red billowes like a walled front
 On either side disparted with his rod,
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
 Dwelt fortie dies upon; where writ in stone
 Which 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 he,
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 renown'd,
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

LV.

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little 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 Citie 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 heaven, in gladsome companee,
And with great joy into that Citie wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her loftie 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 sinfull guilt
 With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
 On curfed tree, of that unspotted lam,
 That for the finnes of all the world was kilt :
 Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam,
 More deare 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 *Faerie Queene* doth dwell,
 The fairest Citie was, that might be seene ;
 And that bright towre all built of cristall clene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing, that was :
 But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene ;
 For this great Citie that does far surpas,
 And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of glas.

LIX.

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

LX. And

LX.

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

LXI.

Then seek this path, that I to thee presage,
 Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
 Then peaceably thy painfull pilgrimage
 To yonder fame *Hierusalem* do bend,
 Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
 For thou emongst those Saints, whom thou dost see,
 Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
 And patrone: thou Saint *George* shall 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 attained, 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 turn againe
 Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse are ;
 But let me here for aye in peace remaine,
 Or streight way on that last long voyage fare,
 That nothing may my present hope empare.
 That may not be, said he, ne maist thou yit
 Forgo that royal maides bequeathed care,
 Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
 Till from her curfed foe thou have her freely quit.

LXIV.

Then shall I soone, quoth he, so God me grace,
 Abet that virgin's cause disconsolate,
 And shortly backe returne unto this place,
 To walke this way in Pilgrim's poore estate.
 But now aread, old father, why of late
 Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
 Whom all a Faerie's 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* kings, that have with mightie hand,
 And many bloudie battailes fought in place,
 High reard their royall throne in *Britaine* land.
 And vanquisht them, unable to withstand :
 From thence a Faerie thee unweeting rest,
 There as thou sleptst in tender swadling band,
 And her base Elfin brood there for thee left :
 Such men do Chaungelings call, so chaungd by Faeries theft.

LXVI.

LXVI.

Thence she thee brought into this Faerie 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 ploughman's state to byde,
 Whereof *Georgos* he thee gave to name;
 Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
 To Faery court thou cam'st to seeke for fame,
 And prove thy puiffaunt armes, as seemes thee best became.

LXVII.

O holy Sire, quoth he, how shall I quight
 The many favours I with thee have found,
 That hast my name and nation red aright,
 And taught the way, that does to heaven bound?
 This said, adowne he looked to the ground,
 To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne,
 Through passing brightnesse, which did quite confound
 His feeble fence, and too exceeding shyne:
 So darke are earthly things compar'd to things divine.

LXVIII.

At last when as himselfe he gan to find,
 To *Una* back he cast him to retire;
 Who him awaited still with pensive mind.
 Great thanks and goodly meed to that good fire
 He thence departing gave for his paines hire.
 So came to *Una*, who him joyd to see,
 And, after little rest, gan him desire,
 Of her adventure mindfull for to bee:
 So leave they take of *Cælia*, and her daughters three.

C A N T O 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* faire,
To thinke of those her captive parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdome to repaire:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie words 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 heaven behold the tedious toyle, ye for me take.

II.

Now are we come unto my native foyle,
And to the place, where all our perils dwell;
Here haunts that feend, and does his dayly spoyle:
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell.
The sparke of noble courage 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

III.

And pointing forth, lo! yonder is, said she,
The brazen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisoned be,
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose fight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all I do espie
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare,
That, O my Parents! might I happily,
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery.

IV.

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,
And seemd uneach to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadfull dragon they espide,
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 descride
Those gliftring armes, that heaven with light did fill,
He roud himselfe full blith, and hastned them untill.

V.

Then bad the knight his Lady yede aloof,
And to an hill her selfe withdraw aside,
From whence she might behold that battaille's proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descride:
She him obeyd, and turnd a little wide.
Now, O! thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,
Faire ympe of *Phæbus*, and his aged bride,
The Nourse of time, and everlasting fame,
That warlike hands ennoblest with immortall name.

VI.

O! gently come into my feeble brest,
 Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
 And hartes of great Heroës doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled courage may awage.
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to fownd,
 The God of warre with his fierce equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so fownd,
 And scared nations doest with horror sterne aftownd.

VII.

Faire Goddesse, lay that furious fit aside,
 Till I of warres and bloody *Mars* do sing,
 And Briton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedide,
 Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,
 That with their horrour heaven and earth did ring,
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse:
 But now a while let downe that haughtie string,
 And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

VIII.

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

IX.

And over all with braſen ſcales was armd,
Like plated cote of ſteele, ſo couch'd neare,
That nought mote perce, ne might his corſe be harm'd
With dint of ſword, nor puſh of pointed ſpeare;
Which, as an Eagle, ſeeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So ſhaked he, that horrour was to heare;
For as the clashing of an armour bright,
Such noyſe his rouzed ſcales did ſend unto the knight.

X.

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

XI.

His huge long tayle, wound up in hundred foldes,
Does overſpred his long bras-ſcally backe,
Whoſe wreathed boughts when ever he unfoldes,
And thick entangled knots adown does flacke,
Beſpotted as with ſhields of red and blacke,
It ſweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lacke;
And at the point two ſtinges in-fixed arre,
Both deadly ſharpe, that ſharpeſt ſteele exceeden farre.

XII. But

XII.

But stings and sharpest steele did far exceed
 The sharpnesse of his cruell 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 drawes.
 But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
 Does tremble; for his deepe devouring jawes
 Wide gaped, like the grievely mouth of hell,
 Through which into his darke abyffe all ravin fell.

XIII.

And that more wondrous was, in either jaw
 Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
 In which yet trickling bloud and gobbets raw
 Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
 That fight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
 Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
 A cloud of smothering smoke and sulphur 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 shields,
 Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre;
 As two broad Beacons, set in open fields,
 Send forth their flames farre 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 farre within, as in a hollow glade,
 Those glaring lampes were set, that made a dreadfull shade.

XV. So

XV.

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
 Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
 And often bounding on the brused gras,
 As for great joyance of his newcome gwest.
 Eftfoones he gan advaunce his haughtie crest,
 As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare,
 And shoke his scales to battell readie drest;
 That made the *Redcrosse* knight nigh quake for feare,
 As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

XVI.

The knight gan fairely couch his steadie speare,
 And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:
 The pointed steele arriving rudely theare,
 His harder hide would nether perce, nor bight,
 But glauncing by forth 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 taylor, that horse and man to ground did rush.

XVII.

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
 And fresh encounter towards him adrest:
 But th' idle 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,
 Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
 And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
 The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
 Her flitting partes, and element unsound,
 To beare so great a weight: he cutting way
 With his broad sayles, about him soared round;
 At last low stouping, with unweldie sway,
 Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

XIX.

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
 So farre as Ewghen bow a shaft may fend,
 Till struggling strong did him at last constraîne,
 To let them downe before his flightes end:
 As hagarde hauke presuming to contend
 With hardie fowle, above his hable might,
 His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend,
 To trusse the pray too heavie for his flight;
 Which comming downe to ground, does free it selfe by fight.

XX.

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
 The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
 In his bras-plated body to emboffe,
 And three mens strength unto the stroke 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

XXI.

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

XXII.

The steely head stucke fast still in his flesh,
 Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
 And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
 A gushing river of blacke gorie 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 hideous tayle then hurled he about,
 And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
 Of his froth-somy steed, whose courage stout
 Striving to loose the knot, that fast him tyes,
 Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
 That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
 To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
 From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
 For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd:

XXIV.

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

XXV.

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

XXVI.

Then full of grieffe and anguish vehement,
 He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
 And from his wide devouring oven sent
 A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard,
 Him all amazd, and almost made affeard:
 The scorching flame fore swunged all his face,
 And through his armour all his bodie feard,
 That he could not endure so cruell cace,
 But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

XXVII.

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 poysoned garment did enchaunt
 With *Centaure's* blood, and bloudie 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.

Faint, 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 sturdie sterne about to weld,
 And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

XXIX.

It fortun'd, as faire it then befell,
 Behind 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 curfed Dragon got
 That happie 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

XXX.

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

XXXI.

Now gan the golden *Phæbus* for to sleepe
 His fierie face in billowes of the west,
 And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
 Whiles from their journall labours they did rest,
 When that infernall monfter, having kest
 His wearie foe into that living well,
 Can high advance 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 Ladie saw from farre,
 Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
 As weening that the sad end of the warre,
 And gan to highest God entirely pray,
 That feared chance from her to turne away:
 With folded hands and knees full lowly bent
 All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay
 Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
 But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII. The

XXXIII.

The morrow next gan early to appeare,
 That *Titan* rose to runne his daily race ;
 But early ere the morrow next gan reare
 Out of the sea faire *Titan's* 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 upstarte brave
 Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay,
 As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean wave,
 Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
 And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay,
 Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
 His newly budded pineons to assay,
 And merveiles at himselfe, still 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 sight,
 And doubted, whether his late enemy
 It were, or other new supplied knight.
 He, now to prove his late renewed might,
 High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
 Upon his crested scalpe so fore did smite,
 That to the scull a yawning wound it made :
 The deadly dint his dulled senses 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 :
 Else never could the force of fleshly arme,
 Ne molten mettall in his bloud 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 Lyons 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 yeelden it was faine ;
 Ne ought his sturdie strokes might stand afore,
 That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

XXXIII.

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

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 loose the farre infixed sting:
 Which when in vaine he tryde with strugeling,
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty sting
 Of his huge taile he quite a fonder cleft;
 Five joynts thereof he hewd, and but the stump him left.

XL.

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

XLI.

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist yet, how his talants to unfold;
 For harder was from *Cerberus* greedie jaw
 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 trustie sword he cald to his last aid,
 Wherewith he fiercely did his foe affaile,
 And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
 That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;
 As sparckles from the andvile use to fly,
 When heavie hammers on the wedge are swaid;
 Therewith at last he forst him to unty
 One of his grasping fecte, him to defend thereby.

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

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

XLV. The

XLV.

The heate whercof, 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 entrailes did expire.
 It chaunft (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
 As he recoyled 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 rosie red,
 As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,
 Whereof great vertues over all were red :
 For happie life to all, which thereon fed,
 And life eke everlasting did befall :
 Great God it planted in that blessed sted
 With his almightie 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 found,
 Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
 Till that dread Dragon all did overthrow.
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
 Whereof who so did eat, eftsoones did know
 Both good and ill : O mournfull memory !
 That tree through one man's 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 daintie deare, which on the ground still fell,
 And overflowed all the fertill plaine,
 As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
 Life and long health that gracious ointment gave;
 And deadly woundes could heale, and reare againe
 The senselesse corse appointed for the grave:
 Into that same he fell; which did from death him save.

XLIX.

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

L.

When gentle *Una* saw the second fall
 Of her deare knight, who wearie of long fight,
 And faint through losse of blood, mov'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 fetetic gan devoutly pray;
 And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

LI.

The joyous day gan early to appeare,
And faire *Aurora* from the dewy bed
Of aged *Tibone* gan her selfe to reare,
With rosie cheeks, for shame as blushing red ;
Her golden lockes for haste were loofcly shed
About her eares, when *Una* her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred ;
From heaven high to chase the chearelesse darke,
With merry note her loud salutes the mounting larke.

LII.

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

LIII.

And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outragious pride ;
Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksome hollow maw,
And back retyrd, his life-blood forth with ali did draw.

LIV.

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
 That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift ;
 So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
 Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift ;
 So downe he fell, as an huge rockie 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 masse it seemd ;
 And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
 Durst 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 joyous end :
 Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
 That had atchievd so great a conquest by his might.

C A N T O XII.

*Faire Una to the Redcrosse knight
 Betrouthed is with joy :
 Though false Duessa, it to barre,
 Her false sleightes doe imploy.*

1. Behold

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 fairely to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms, that may offend.
There this faire virgin wearie of her way
Must landed be, now at her journeye's end:
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

II.

Scarfely had *Phæbus* in the glooming East
Yet harnessed his fire-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme,
Unto the watchman on the castle wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull beast did deeme,
And to his Lord and Ladie lowd gan call,
To tell, how he had seene the Dragon's fatall fall.

III.

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

IV. Then

IV.

Then gan triumphant trumpets found on hie,
 That sent to heaven the ecchoed report
 Of their new joy, and happie victorie
 Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
 Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
 To him assembled with one full consort,
 Rejoycing 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 ground,
 And sad habiliments right well besene;
 A noble crew about them waited round
 Of sage and sober Peres, all gravely gound:
 Whom farre before did march a goodly band
 Of tall young men, all habile armes to found,
 But now they laurell braunches bore in hand;
 Glad signe of victorie 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 laurell 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 do grow,
 When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light:
 And in their handes sweet timbrels all upheld on hight.

VII. And

VII.

And them before, the fry of children young
 Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
 And to the maydens founding tymbrels fung
 In well attuned notes a joyous lay,
 And made delightfull musicke all the way,
 Untill they came, where that faire virgin stood:
 As faire *Diana*, in fresh sommer's day,
 Beholds her Nymphes, enraung'd in shadie 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,
 Themselves to ground with gracious humbleffe bent,
 And her ador'd by honorable name,
 Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame:
 Then on her head they fet a girlond greene,
 And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game;
 Who in her selfe-semblance well besene,
 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 gazd upon with gaping wonderment:
 But when they came, where that dead Dragon lay,
 Strecth on the ground in monstrous large extent,
 The fight with idle feare did them dismay,
 Ne durst approach him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

X.

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

XI.

One mother, whenas her foolehardie chyld
 Did come too neare, and with his talants play.
 Halfe dead through feare her litle babe revyld,
 And to her goffips 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 spread of land.

XII.

Thus flocked all the folke him round about,
 The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
 Being arrived, where that champion stout
 After his foes defeasance did remaine,
 Him goodly greetes, and faire does entertaine,
 With princely gifts of yvorie and gold,
 And thousand thanks him yeelds for all his paine:
 Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
 Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

XIII. And

XIII.

And after to his Pallace he them brings,
 With fhaumes, and trompets, and with clarions sweet;
 And all the way the joyous people fings,
 And with their garments frowes the paved ftreet:
 Whence mounting up, they find purveyance meet
 Of all, that royall Princes court became,
 And all the floore was underneath their feet
 Befpred with cofly fcarlot of great name,
 On which they lowly fitting purpofe frame.

XIV.

What needs me tell their feaft and goodly guize,
 In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
 What needs of daintie difhes to devize,
 Of comely fervices, or courtly traïne?
 My narrow leaves cannot in them containe
 The large difcourfe of royall Princes ftate:
 Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine:
 For th' antique world exceffe and pride did hate;
 Such proud luxurious pompe is fwollen up but late.

XV.

Then when with meats and drinkes of every kinde
 Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
 That auncient Lord gan fit occafion finde,
 Of ftraunge adventures, and of perils fad,
 Which in his travell him befallen had,
 For to demaund of his renowned gueft:
 Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance fad,
 From point to point, as is before exprefst,
 Difcourft his voyage long, according his request.

XVI.

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

XVII.

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

XVIII.

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

XIX. Unhappy

XIX.

Unhappy falles that hard necessitie,
 Quoth he, the troubler of my happie peace,
 And vowed foe of my felicitie;
 Ne I against the same can justly preace:
 But since that band ye cannot now release,
 Nor doen undo; (for vowes may not be vaine)
 Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
 Ye then shall hither backe returne againe,
 The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twain.

XX.

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

XXI.

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

XXII. So

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 journey 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 beautie's 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 dayly with himselfe in place,
 Did wonder much at her celestial sight:
 Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

XXIV.

So fairely dight, when she in presence came,
 She to her Sire 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 said,
 With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
 Came running in, much like a man dismaid,
 A messenger with letters, which his message said.

XXV. All

XXV.

All in the open hall amazed stood,
 At fuddeinneffe of that unwarie fight,
 And wondred at his breathleffe haftie mood :
 But he for nought would stay his paffage right,
 Till faft before the king he did alight ;
 Where falling flat, great humbleffe he did make,
 And kift the ground, whereon his foot was pight ;
 Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
 Which he difclofing, red thus, as the paper fpake.

XXVI.

To thee, moft mighty king of *Eden* faire,
 Her greeting fend, in thefe fad lines adreff,
 The wofull daughter and forfaken heire
 Of that great Emperour of all the Weft ;
 And bids thee be advized for the beft,
 Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
 Of wedlocke to that new unknownen gueft ;
 For he already plighted his right hand
 Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII.

To me fad mayd, or rather widow fad,
 He was affiaunced long time before,
 And facred pledges he both gave, and had,
 Falfc erraunt knight, infamous, and forfwore :
 Witneffe the burning altars, which he fwore,
 And guiltie heavens of his bold perjury,
 Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
 Yet I to them for judgement juft do fly,
 And them conjure t'avenge this shamefull injury.

XXVIII. There-

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

Fidessa.

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

XXX.

What meane these bloudie vowes, and idle threats,
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mind?
 What heavens? what altars? what enraged heats
 Here heaped up with termes of love unkind,
 My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bind?
 High God be witnessse, that I guiltlesse ame:
 But if your selfe, Sir knight, ye faultie find,
 Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
 With crime do not it cover, but disclose the same.

XXXI. To

XXXI.

To whom the *Redcrosse* 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 loyalty 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 found
Of this false woman, that *Fidessa* hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground,
Most false *Duessa*, royall richly dight,
That easie was t' inveigle weaker fight :
Who by her wicked arts, and wylie skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
 This craftie messenger with letters vaine,
 To worke new woe and improvided scath,
 By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
 Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
 Of this false footman, clokt with simpleness,
 Whom 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 traitor false, and bound him strait;
 Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
 As chained beare, whom cruell dogs do bait,
 With idle 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 Prince's wrath was pacifide,
 He gan renew the late forbidden banes,
 And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde,
 With sacred rites and voves for ever to abyde.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

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

XXXIX.

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

XL.

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

XLI.

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

XLII.

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

THE
SECOND BOOKE
OF THE
FAERIE QUEENE.

The second Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Contayning

The Legende of Sir *Guyon*, or *Of
Temperance.*

I.

RIGHT well I wote, most mighty Soveraine,
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' aboundance of an idle braine
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of just memory;
Sith none, that breatheth living aire, does know,
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet no where shew,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

II. But

II.

But let that man with better fence advize,
 That of the world least part to us is red :
 And dayly 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 veffell measured
 The *Amazon's* huge river, now found trew ?
 Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did ever vew ?

III.

Yet all these were, when no man did them know,
 Yet have from wifest 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 feene ?
 What if within the Moone's faire shining spheare,
 What if in every other starre unfeene,
 Of other worldes he happily should heare ?
 He wonder would much more ; yet such to some appears.

IV.

Of faerie lond yet if he more inquire
 By certaine signes here set in fundry place
 He may it find ; ne let him then admire,
 But yield his fence to be too blunt and bace,
 That n'ote without an hound fine footing trace,
 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 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 else could not endure those beames bright,
 But would be dazled with exceeding light.
 O! pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care
 The brave adventures of this faery knight,
 The good Sir *Guyon*, gratiouſly to heare,
 In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

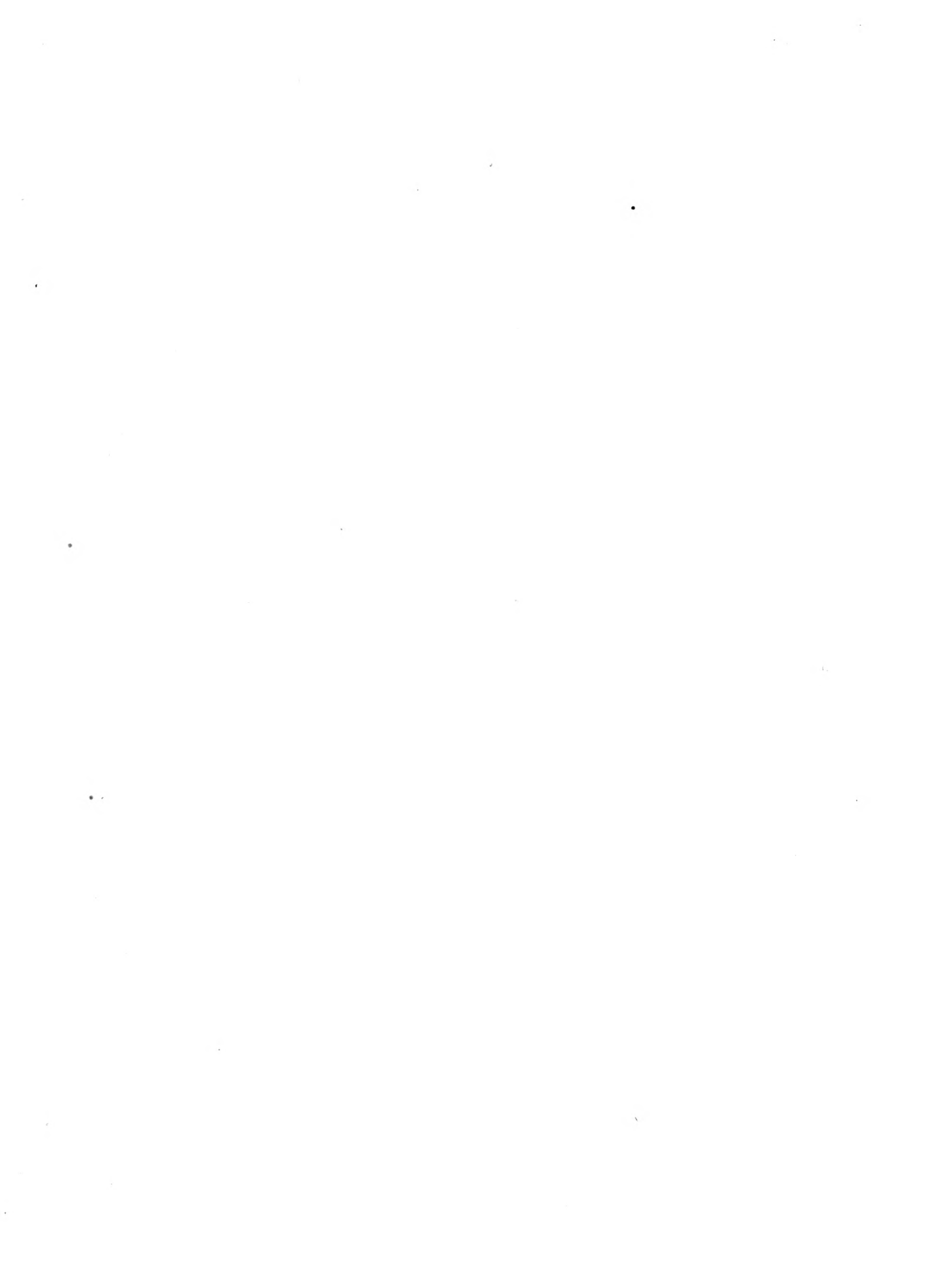
C A N T O I.

*Guyon by Archimage abuſd,
 The Redcroſſe knight awaytes ;
 Findes Mordant and Amavia ſlaine
 With pleaſure's poisoned baytes.*

I.

THAT cunning Architec̄t of cancred guile,
 Whom Princes late diſpleaſure left in bands,
 For falſed letters and ſuborned wile,
 Soone as the *Redcroſſe* knight he underſtands
 To beene departed out of *Eden* lands,
 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 left, himſelfe eſcaped cleene.

II. And





Wm. Kent del.

• Arigayem with his Palmer friends. Howard. slain in Luana just captured.

II.

And forth he fares full of malicious mind,
 To worken mischief and avenging woe,
 Where ever he that godly knight may find,
 His onely hart-fore, and his onely foe,
 Sith *Una* now he algates must forgoe,
 Whom his victorious hands did earst restore
 To native crowne and kingdome late ygoe;
 Where she enjoys fure peace for evermore,
 As wether-beaten ship arriv'd on happie shore.

III.

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

IV.

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay,
 With cunning traines him to entrap unwares,
 And privie spials plaft in all his way,
 To weete what course he takes, and how he fares;
 To ketch him at a vantage in his snares.
 But now so wise and wary was the knight
 By trial of his former harmes and cares,
 That he descride, and shonned still his flight:
 The fish, that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

V.

Nath'lesse, th' Enchaunter would not spare his paine,
 In hope to win occasion to his will;
 Which when he long awaited had in vaine,
 He chaungd his mind from one to other ill;
 For, to all good he enemy was still.
 Upon the way him fortun'd to meet,
 Faire marching underneath a shady hill,
 A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meet,
 That from his head no place appeared to his feet.

VI.

His carriage was full comely and upright,
 His countenaunce demure and temperate;
 But yet so sterne and terrible in fight,
 That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate:
 He was an Elfin borne of noble state,
 And mickle worship in his native land;
 Well could he tourney, and in lifts debate,
 And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huon's* hand,
 When with king *Oberon* he came to Faerie land.

VII.

Him als accompanyd upon the way
 A comely Palmer, clad in black attire,
 Of ripest yeares, and haire 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 seem'd to be a sage and sober fire,
 And ever with slowe pace the knight did lead,
 Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to tread.

VIII. Such

VIII.

Such when as *Archimago* them did view,
 He weened well to worke some uncouth wile;
 Eftsoones untwisting his deceptfull clew,
 He gan to weave a web of wicked guile,
 And with faire countenance and flattring stile
 To them approching, thus the Knight bespake:
 Faire sonne of *Mars*, that seeke with warlike spoile,
 And great atch'ev'ments, great your selfe to make,
 Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.

IX.

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
 And bade tell on the tenor of his plaint;
 Who, feigning then in every limbe to quake,
 Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint,
 With piteous mone his percing speech gan paint;
 Deare ladie, how shall I declare thy cace,
 Whom late I left in langourous constraint!
 Would God thy selfe now present were in place,
 To tell this ruefull tale; thy fight 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 ribauld with vile lust advaunst,
 Layd first his filthy hands on virgin cleene,
 To spoile her daintie corse so faire and sheene,
 As on the earth, great mother of us all,
 With living eye more faire was never seene,
 Of chastitie and honour virginall:
 Witnesse ye heavens, whom she in vaine to helpe did call.

XI.

How may it be, said then the knight halfe wroth,
 That knight should knight-hood ever so have shent?
 None but that saw, quoth he, would weene for troth,
 How shamefully that Maid he did torment.
 Her looser golden locks he rudely rent,
 And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe sword,
 Against her snowy breast he fiercely bent,
 And threatned death with many a bloudie word;
 Tongu hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhord.

XII.

There with, 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, said he, be found,
 Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?
 That shall I shew, said he, as sure as hound
 The stricken deare doth challenge by the bleeding wound.

XIII.

He staid not lenger talke, but with fierce ire,
 And zealous haft, away is quickly gone
 To seeke that Knight, where him that craftie Squire
 Supposd to be. They do arrive anone,
 Where fate a gentle Lady all alone,
 With garments rent, and haire discheveled,
 Wringing her hands, and making piteous mone;
 Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
 And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

XIV. The

XIV.

The knight approaching nigh, thus to her said,
Faire Ladie, through foule sorrow ill bedight,
Great pittie is to see you thus dismaid,
And marre the blossom of your beautie bright:
For thy appease your grieffe and heavy plight,
And tell the cause of your conceived paine:
For if he live, that hath you doen despight,
He shall you doe due recompence againe,
Or else 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 seene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with sorrow had transfixt beene :

XVI

Till her that Squire bespake, Madame, my liefse,
For God's 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 is 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 appease
Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secreet ease.

XVII

Eftsoone ſhe ſaid, Ah gentle truſtie Squire,
 What comfort can I wofull wretch conceive?
 Or why ſhould ever I henceforth deſire,
 To ſee faire heavens face, and life not leave,
 Sith that falſe traytour did my honour reave?
 Falſe traytour certes, ſaid the Faerie knight,
 I read the man, that ever would deceave
 A gentle Ladie, or her wrong through might:
 Death were too little paine for ſuch a foule deſpight.

XVIII

But now, faire Ladie, comfort to you make,
 And read, who hath ye wrought this ſhamefull plight,
 That ſhort revenge the man may overtake,
 Where ſo he be, and ſoone upon him light.
 Certes, ſaid 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 bloudie Croſſe, that quartred all the field.

XIX

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

XX. Nathleſſe

XX

Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
 And fairely quite him of th'imputed blame,
 Else be ye sure he dearely shall abyde,
 Or make you good amendment for the same:
 All wrongs have mends, but no amends of shame.
 Now therefore, Ladie, rise out of your paine,
 And see the salving of your blotted name.
 Ful 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 feene,
 But under simple shew and semblant plaine
 Lurkt false *Duessa* secretly unfeene,
 As a chaste Virgin, that had wronged beene.
 So had false *Archimago* her disguisd,
 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 wildernesse,
 Lurking in rockes and caves farre under ground,
 And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse,
 To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse,
 Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
 And borrowd beautie spoyld. Her nathelless
 Th'enchauter finding fit for his intents,
 Did thus reveest, and deckt with due 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 grieffe him overcame,
 To see the *Redcrosse* thus advaunced 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* guides an uncouth way
 Through woods & mountaines, till they came at last
 Into a pleafant 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 unlast,
 Himfelse refreshing with the liquid cold,
 After his travell long, and labours manifold.

XXV.

Loe yonder he, cride *Archimage* alowd,
 That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew;
 And now he doth himfelse in secreet shrowd,
 To flie the vengeance for his outrage dew;
 But vaine: for ye shall dearely do him rew,
 So God ye speed, and fend you good successe;
 Which we farre off will here abide to vew,
 So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
 That streight against that knight his speare he did addresse.

XXVI. Who

XXVI.

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

XXVII.

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

XXVIII.

But when he heard him speake, streight way he knew
His error, and himselfe inclyning sayd,
Ah deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you,
But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
Whose hastie hand so farre from reason strayd,
That almost it did haynous violence
On that faire image of that heavenly Mayd,
That decks and armes your shield with faire defence:
Your court'fie takes on you another's due offence.

XXIX.

So bene they both attone, and doen upreare
 Their bevers bright, each other for to greet;
 Goodly comportance each to other beare,
 And entertaine themſelves with court'fies meet.
 Then ſaid the *Redcroſſe* 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 governaunce,
 Great cauſe, I weene, yor guided, or ſome uncouth chaunce.

XXX.

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

XXXI.

So can he turne his earneſt unto game,
 Through goodly handling and wiſe temperance.
 By this his aged guide in preſence came,
 Who ſoone as on that knight his eye did glance,
 Eſt ſoones of him had perfect cognizance,
 Sith him in faerie court he late avizd;
 And ſaid, faire ſonne, God give you happy chance,
 And that deare Croſſe upon your ſhield devizd,
 Wherewith about all knights ye goodly ſeeme aguizd.

XXXII. Joy

XXXII.

Joy may you have, and everlasting fame
Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly registers above the Sunne,
Where you a Saint with Saints your feat have wonne.
But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
Must now anew begin like race to ronne:
God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy warke,
And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke.

XXXIII.

Palmer, him answered the *Redcrosse* knight,
His be the praise, that this atchiev'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might.
More then goodwill to me attribute nought:
For all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next enfewes,
Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought,
That home ye may report thrife happie 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 steedie staffe did point his way:
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From fowle intemperance he ofte did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hastie steps to stray.

XXXV. In

XXXV.

In this faire wize they traveild long yfere,
 Through many hard affayes, which did betide,
 Of which he honour still away did beare,
 And spred his glorie through all countries 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 if that carelesse heavens, quoth she, despise
 The doome of just revenge, and take delight
 To see sad pageants 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 bee,
 That long captived soules from wearie thraldome free.

XXXVII.

But thou, sweete Babe, whom frowning froward fate
 Hath made sad witnesse of thy father's fall,
 Sith heaven 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

XXXVIII.

With that a deadly shriek she forth did throw,
 That through the wood echoed againe,
 And after gave a groan 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 she does feele.
 Brayes out her latest breath, and up her eyes doth seele.

XXXIX.

Which when that warrior heard, dismounting straight
 From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
 And soone arrived, where that sad pourtraict
 Of death and labour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick,
 In whose white alabaster brest did stick
 A cruell knife, that made a grieously wound,
 From which forth gusht a stream of gorebloud thick,
 That all her goodly garments stained around,
 And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassie ground,

XL.

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
 Beside a bubbling fountaine low she lay,
 Which she 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, instead of sorrow dew;
 For in her streaming blood he did embay
 His litle hands, and tender joints embrew;
 Pitiful spectacle, as ever eye did vew.

XLI.

Befides them both, upon the foiled gras
 The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
 Whose armour all with blood besprinckled was;
 His ruddie lips did smile, and rosy red
 Did paint his chearfull cheekes, yet being ded:
 Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,
 Now in his freshest flowre of lustiehed,
 Fit to inflame faire Lady with love's 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 senses seemd bereft attone:
 At last his mightie ghost gan deepe to grone,
 As Lion, grudging in his great disdaine,
 Mournes inwardly, and makes to him selfe mone,
 Till ruth and frail affection did constrain
 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 floudgate 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 she gan to breath out living aire.

XLIV. Which

XLIV.

Which he perceiving greatly gan reioice,
 And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
 Is meetest med'cine, tempred with sweete voice;
 Ay me, deare Lady, which the image art
 Of ruefull pittie, and impatient smart,
 What direfull chance, armd with avenging fate,
 Or curfed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
 Thus soule 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 drery death did fit, as sad
 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 her selfe, 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 funke 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 grieve unfold,
 And tell the secrete of your mortall smart;
 He oft finds present helpe, who does his grief impart.

XLVII.

Then casting up a deadly looke, full low
 She figh'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 let a wearie wretch from her dew rest,
 And trouble dying soule's tranquiltee.

Take not away now got, which none would give to me.

XLVIII.

Ah! far be it, said he, deare dame, fro mee,
 To hinder soule from her desired rest,
 Or hold sad life in long captivitee;
 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 compasse your reliefe,
 Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your grieve,

XLIX.

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
 As heaven accusing guiltie 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 uneth
 My tongue can tell, so farre all sense they pas:
 Loe! this dead corpe, that lies here underneath,
 The gentlest knight, that ever on green gras
 Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mordant was:

L. 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 heavens just with equall brow
 Vouchsafed to behold us from above.
 One day when him high courage did emmove,
 As wont ye knights to seeke adventures wilde,
 He pricked forth, his puiffaunt force to prove,
 Me then he left enwombed of his childe,
 This luckles childe, whom thus ye see with bloud defild.

LI.

Him fortun'd (hard fortune, ye may ghesse)
 To come, where vile *Acrasia* does wonne,
Acrasia, a false enchaunteresse,
 That many errant knights hath foule fordonne:
 Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne
 And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is;
 Faire Sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne
 The curf'd land, where many wend amis,
 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 drunken 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 frailtie breed)
 Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
 Weake wretch I wrapt my selfe in Palmer's weed,
 And cast to seeke him forth through danger and great dread.

LIII. Now

LIII.

Now had fayre *Cynthia* by even tournes
 Full measured three quarters of her yeare,
 And thrise three times 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 helpe at need. So deare thee, babe, I bought,
 Yet nought too dear I deemd, while fo my dear I fought.

LIV.

Him fo I fought, and fo at last I found,
 Where him that witch had thralld to her will,
 In chaines of lust and lewd desyres ybound,
 And fo transformed from his former skill,
 That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;
 Till through wise handling and faire governance,
 I him recured to a better will,
 Purged from drugs of foule intemperance:
 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 deceivd;
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 journey drive,
 Till comming to this well, he stoupt to drinke:
 The charme fulfilled, dead suddenly he downe did sincke.

LVI. Which

LVI.

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

LVII.

Then turning to his Palmer said, Old fyre,
 Behold the image of mortalitie,
 And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre,
 When raging passion with fierce tyrannie
 Robs reason of her due regalitie,
 And makes it servant 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 temperance, said he, with golden squire
 Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
 Nether to melt in pleasure's whot desire,
 Nor fry in hartlesse grieffe and dolefull tene.
 Thise happie 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 commen Inne of rest;
 But after death the tryall is to come,
 When best shall be to them, that lived best:
 But both alike, when death hath both supprest,
 Religious reverence doth buriall teene,
 Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest:
 For all so great shame after death I weene,
 As selfe to dycn 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 embrace,
 Then covering with a clod their closed eye,
 They lay therein those corpes 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 knight's sword out of his sheath he drew,
 With which he cut a locke of all their heare,
 Which medling with their bloud 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 paine,
 If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbear,
 Till guiltie blood her guerdon doe obtaine:
 So shedding many teares, they closd the earth againe.



C A N T O II.

*Babe's bloody hands may not be clensd ;
The face of golden Meane ;
Her sisters two extremities
Strive her to banish cleane.*

I.

THUS when Sir Guyon, with his faithfull guide,
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 pleafance and bold blandishment
Gan smile on them, that rather ought to weepe,
As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deepe
In that knight's hart, and wordes with bitter teares did steepe.

II.

Ah! lucklesse babe, borne under cruell starre,
And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
Full litle weeneft thou, what sorrowes are
Left thee for portion of thy livelihood ;
Poore Orphane 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 wee
Into this life with woe, and end with miseree.

III.

Then soft himselfe inclyning on his knee
 Downe to that well, did he the water weene
 (So love does loath disdainfull nicitee)
 His guiltie hands from bloudie 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 bloudie seene ;
 The which him into great amaz'ment drove,
 And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

IV.

He wist not whether blot of foule offence
 Might not be purgd with water, nor with bath ;
 Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
 Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
 To shew how fore bloodguiltinesse he hat'h ;
 Or that the charme and venim, which they druncke,
 Their bloud with secret filth infected hath,
 Being diffused through the senselesse truncke,
 That through the great contagion direful deadly stuncke.

V.

Whom thus at gaze the Palmer gan to bord
 With goodly reason, and thus faire bespake ;
 Ye bene right hard amated, gracious Lord,
 And of your ignorance great mervell make,
 Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake.
 But know, that secret vertues are infused
 In every fountain, and in every 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 fource indewd
 By great dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
 Their welheads spring, and are with moisture deawd ;
 Which feedes each living plant with liquid sap,
 And filles with flowres faire *Florae's* painted lap :
 But other some by gift of later grace,
 Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
 Had vertue poured into their waters bace
 And thenceforth were renownd, 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 woods with bow and shaftes did raunge,
 The hartlesse hind and robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
 And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
 Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
 And chaced her, that fast from him did fly ;
 As hind from her, so she fled from her enemy.

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 teares, 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 heads,
 As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
 Yet cold 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 her selfe unstayned hath been tryde.

X.

From thence it comes, that this babe's bloody hand
 May not be clenfd with water of this well:
 Ne certes, Sir, strive you it to withstand,
 But let them still be bloody, as befell,
 That they his mother's innocence may tell,
 As she bequeathd in her last testament;
 That as a sacred symbole it may dwell
 In her sonne's 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 father's armes with bloud 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 there.
 By other accident, that earst befell,
 He is convaide, but how or where, here fits not tell.

XII. Which

XII.

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

XIII.

Therein three sisters dwelt of fundry fort,
 The children of one fire by mothers three ;
 Who dying whylome did divide this fort
 To them by equall shares in equall fee :
 But strifull mind, and diverse 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,
 Faire marching forth in honorable wize,
 Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

XV. She

XV.

She led him vp into a goodly bowre,
 And comely courted with meet modestie,
 Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
 Was lightnesse feene, or loofer 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 loofer heares
 Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

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,
 Accourting each her frend with lavish fest:
 They were two knights of perelesse puiffaunce,
 And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
 Which to these Ladies love did countenance,
 And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to aduance.

XVII.

He, that made love unto the eldest Dame,
 Was hight Sir *Hudlibras*, an hardy man;
 Yet not so good of deedes, as great of name,
 Which he by many rash adventures wan,
 Since errant armes to few he first began:
 More huge in strength, then wise in workes he was,
 And reason with fool-hardize over ran;
 Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
 And was, for terrour more, all armd in shyning bras.

XVII. But

XVIII.

But he, that lov'd the youngest, was *Sans-loy*,
 He, that faire *Una* late fowle outraged,
 The most unruly, and the boldest boy,
 That ever warlike weapons managed,
 And to all lawlesse lust encouraged,
 Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might:
 Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
 By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right:
 He now this ladie's champion chose for love to fight.

XIX.

These two gay knights, vovd to so diverse loves,
 Each other does envie with deadly hate,
 And dayly 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 knightes and ladies forth right angry far'd,
 And fercely unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

XX.

But ere they could procede unto the place,
 Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
 And cruel combat joynd in middle space:
 With horrible assault, and furie fell,
 They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life to quell,
 That all on uprore from her fettlede feat
 The house was rayfd, 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

XXI.

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
 To weet, what dreadfull thing was there in hand ;
 Where when as two brave knightes in bloody fight
 With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
 His sunbroad sheild about his wrest he bond,
 And shyning blade unsheatd, with which he ran
 Unto that stead, their strife to underfond ;
 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 travciler 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 wearie traveliere,
 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 shields to hew and cut ;
 But still when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
 With heavie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

XXIV. As

XXIV.

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
 Whom raging windes, threatning to make the pray
 Of the rough rockes, do diversly diseafe,
 Meets two contrary billowes by the way,
 That her on either side do fore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy grave ;
 She 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 warriors he dismade :
 Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and payes,
 Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade,
 Before, behind, and round about him layes :
 So double was his paines, so double be his prayse.

XXVI.

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
 Three combats joyne in one, and to darraine
 A triple warre with triple enmitee,
 All for their Ladies froward love to gaine,
 Which gotten was but hate. So love does raine
 In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre ;
 He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
 And yet his peace is but continuall jarre :
 O miserable men, that to him subejct are !

XXVII.

Whilſt thus they mingled were in furious armes,
 The fair *Medina* with her treſſes torne,
 And naked breſt, in pittie of their harmes,
 Emongſt them ran, and falling them beſorne,
 Befought them by the womb, which them had borne,
 And by the loves, which were to them moſt deare,
 And by the knighthood, which they ſure had ſworne,
 Their deadly cruell diſcord to forbear,
 And to her juſt conditions of faire peace to heare.

XXVIII.

But her two other ſiſters ſtanding by
 Her lowd gainſaid, and both her champions bad
 Purſew the end of their ſtrong enmity,
 As ever of their loves they would be glad.
 Yet ſhe, with pittie words and counſell ſad,
 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 ſpeeches, which ſhe ſpoke.

XXIX.

Ah puiſſaunt Lords, what curſed evill ſpright,
 Or fell *Erinnys*, in your noble harts,
 Her helliſh brond hath kindled with deſpight,
 And ſtir'd you up to worke your wilfull ſmarts?
 Is this the joy of armes? Be theſe the parts
 Of glorious knighthood, after bloud to thruſt,
 And not regard dew right and juſt deſarts?
 Vaine is the vaunt, and victory unjuſt,
 That more to mighty hands then rightfull cauſe doth truſt.

XXX. And

XXX.

And were their rightfull cause of difference,
 Yet were not better, faire it to accord,
 Then with bloudguiltinesse to heap offence,
 And mortal vengeance joyne to crime abhord?
 O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefest Lord:
 Sad be the fights, and bitter fruites of warre,
 And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword;
 Ne ought the prayse of prowesse more doth marre,
 Then fowle revenging rage, and base contentious jarre.

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 prayse exceeds:
 Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
 By which she triumphes over ire 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 suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
 That down they let their cruell weapons fall,
 And lowly did abase their loftie crests
 To her faire presence, and discrete behests.
 Then she began a treatie 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 wearie sweate and bloody toile,
 She them besought, during their quiet treague,
 Into her lodging to repaire awhile,
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
 They soon 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 fair 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 seconde sister grutch,
 And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
 The inner garment fret, not th' utter touch;
 One thought their cheare too litle, th' other thought too much.

XXXV.

Elissa (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 scould, and frownd with froward countenance,
 Unworthy of faire ladies comely governaunce.

XXXVI. But

XXXVI.

But young *Perissa* was of other mind,
 Full of disport, still laughing, loofely light,
 And quite contrary to her sisters kind ;
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
 But poured out in pleasure and delight ;
 In wine and meats she flowd above the bancke,
 And in excessse exceeded her owne might ;
 In sumptuous tire she joyd her selfe to prancke,
 But of her love too lavish (litle have she thancke.)

XXXVII.

Fast by her side did sit the bold *Sans-loy*,
 Fit mate for such a mincing mineon,
 Who in her loofeneffe tooke exceeding joy ;
 Might not be found a franker franion,
 Of her lewd parts to make companion :
 But *Huddibras*, more like a malecontent,
 Did see and grieve at his bold fashior ;
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
 Yett still he sat, and inly did him selfe torment.

XXXVIII.

Betwixt them both the faire *Medina* fate
 With sober grace, and goodly carriage:
 With equall measure she did moderate
 The strong extremities of their outrage :
 That froward paire she ever would asswage,
 When they would strive dew reason to exceed ;
 But that same froward twaine would accourage,
 And of her plenty adde unto their need :
 So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed.

XXXIX. Thus

XXXIX.

Thus fairely shee attempered her feast,
 And pleasd them all with meete fatietie:
 At last when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
 She *Guyon* deare besought of curtesie,
 To tell from whence he came through jeopardie,
 And whether now on new adventure bound.
 Who with bold grace, and comely gravitie,
 Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
 From lofty siege began these words aloud to found.

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 soveraigne powre, 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 scene;
 As morning Sunne, her beames dispredden cleare,
 And in her faire face peace, and mercy doth appeare.

XLI.

In her the richeffe of all heavenly grace
 In chiefe degree are heaped up on hye:
 And all that else this world's enclofure bace
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
 Adornes the person of her Majestye;
 That men beholding so great excellence,
 And rare perfection in mortalitie,
 Doe her adore with sacred reverence,
 As th'idol of her maker's great magnificence.

XLII.

To her I homage and my service owe,
 In number of the noblest knights on ground ;
 Amongst 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 solemne feast she wontes to make
 The day that first doth lead the yeare around ;
 To which all knights of worth and courage bold
 Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be told.

XLIII.

There this old Palmer shewd him selfe 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 crav'd redresse. My Soveraine,
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and joyes
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
 Eftsoones devisd redresse for such annoyes ;
 Me all unfit for so great purpose she employes.

XLIV.

Now hath faire *Phebe* with her silver face
 Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather world,
 Sith last I left that honorable place,
 In which her royall presence is inrolde ;
 Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
 Till I that false *Acrafa* have wonne ;
 Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to be told,
 I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
 Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne.

XLV. Tell

XLV.

Tell on, faire Sir, said she, that dolefull tale,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pittie such unhappy bale,
And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine:
Ill by ensample good doth often gayne.
Then forward he his purpose gan purfow,
And told the storie of the mortall payne,
Which *Mordant* and *Amavia* did rew ;
As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately vew.

XLVI.

Night was far spent, and now in *Ocean* deepe
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steepe,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make ;
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake,
Those guesstes beguiled did beguile 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.



Brigadeiro brought to him by Belphoe

W. H. Smith's Engraving

C A N T O III.

*Vaine Braggadochio, getting Guyon's
Horse, is made the scorne
Of knight hood trew, and is of faire
Belphæbe fowle forlorne.*

I.

S O O N E as the morrow faire with purple beames
Disperst the shadowes of the mistie night,
And *Titan* playing on the eastern streames,
Gan cleare the deawy ayre with springing light,
Sir *Guyon* mindfull of his vow yplight,
Uprose from drowisie couch, and him addrest
Unto the journey, which he had behight:
His puiffaunt armes about his noble brest,
And many-folded shield he bound about his wrest.

II.

Then taking *congé* of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her conjure,
In 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 memorie of that daye's rath,
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: helpelesse what may it boot
 To fret for anger, or for grieffe to mone?
 His Palmer now shall foot no more alone:
 So-fortune wrought, as under green-woods 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 whyles a losell 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 kind
 A pleasing vaine of glory vaine did find,
 To which his flowing tounge and troublous spright
 Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclind,
 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 jollitie
 And of him selfe great hope and helpe conceiv'd,
 That puffed up with smoke of vanitie
 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 gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
 Estsoones to court he cast t'advance his first degree,

VI. And

VI.

And by the way he chaunced to espy
 One fitting idle on a funny bancke,
 To whom avaunting in great bravery,
 As peacocke, that his painted plumes doth prancke,
 He smote his courser in the trembling flancke,
 And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:
 The feely man feeing him ryde so rancke,
 And ayne at him, fell flat 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 faire,
 And with big thundring voyce revyld him lowde;
 Vile caytive, vassall of dread and despaire,
 Unworthie of the commune breathed aire,
 Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
 And doest not unto death thy selfe prepaire?
 Dye, or thy selfe 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.
 Ah wretch, quoth he, thy destinies withstand
 My wrathfull will, and do for mercy call.
 I give thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
 And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee.
 The miser threw him selfe, 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 liege-man gan to wexe more bold,
 And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
 In his owne kind he gan him felfe 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 idle humour with fine flattery,
 And blow the bellowes to his fwelling vanity.

X.

Trompart, fit man for *Braggadocchio*,

To serue at court in view of vaunting eye ;
 Vaineglorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
 In his light winges, is lifted up to skye :
 The scorne of knighthood and true chevalrye,
 To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
 And noble worth, to be aduanced hye :
 Such prayse is shame ; but honour, vertue's meed,
 Doth beare the fairest flowre in honourable feed.

XI.

So forth they pas, a well comforted paire,
 Till that at length with *Archimage* they meet ;
 Who seeing one, that shone in armour faire,
 On goodly courser thundring with his feet,
 Eftsoones supposed him a person meet,
 Of his revenge to make the instrument :
 For since the *Redcrosse* knight he erst did weet,
 To beene with *Guyon* knit 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 hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
 And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee
 Of that despight, never to wearen none:
 That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.

XIII.

Th'enchauter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
 And weened well ere long his will to win,
 And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt:
 Tho to him louting lowly did begin
 To plaine of wronges, which had committed bin
 By *Guyon*, and by that false *Redcrosse* knight,
 Which two, through treason and deceiptfull gin,
 Had slaine Sir *Mordant*, and his lady bright:
 That mote him honour win, to wreake so foule despight.

XIV.

Therewith all suddainly he seemed enragd,
 And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,
 As if their lives had in his hand beene gagd;
 And with stiffe force shaking his mortall lance,
 To let him weete his doughtie valiaunce,
 Thus said; Old man, great sure shall 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,

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 do purvay
 Your selfe of sword before that bloody day ;
 For they be two the prowest knights on ground,
 And oft approv'd in many hard assay ;
 And eke of surest steele, that may be found,
 Do arme your selfe against that day, them to confound.

XVI.

Dotard, said he, let be thy deepe advise ;
 Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
 And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
 Else never should thy judgement be so fraile,
 To measure manhood by the sword or maile.
 Is not enough fowre quarters of a man,
 Withouten sword or shield, an host to quaile ?
 Thou litle wotest, what 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 who so would contend
 With either of those knights on even coast,
 Should need of all his armes, him to defend ;
 Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,
 When *Braggadocchio* said ; Once I did sweare,
 When with one sword seven knightes I brought to end,
 Thenceforth in battell never sword to beare,
 But it were that, which noblest knight on earth doth weare.

XVIII. Perdy,

XVIII.

Perdy, Sir knight, said then th'enchauter blive,
 That shall I shortly purchase to your hond :
 For now the best and noblest knight alive
 Prince *Arthur* is, that wones in Faerie lond ;
 He hath a sword, that flames like burning brond.
 The fame, by my devise, 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 suddain vanished out of his sight :
 The Northern wind 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 espie
 Tract of his foot ; then dead through great affright
 They both nigh were, and each bad other flie ;
 Both fled attonce, 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 their haire on end does reare :
 Yet both do strive their fearfulnesse to faine.
 At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
 Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
 And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

XXI. Est

XXI.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rufh,
 With noyfe whereof he from his loftie fteed
 Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bufh,
 To hide his coward head from dying dreed.
 But *Trompart* ftootly ftayd to taken heed
 Of what might hap. Eftfoone there ftepped forth
 A goodly ladie clad in hunters weed,
 That feemd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her ftately portance borne of heavenly birth.

XXII.

Her face fo faire, as flefh it feemed not,
 But heavenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,
 Cleare as the fkye, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
 And in her cheekes the vermeill red did fhew
 Like rofes in a bed of lillies fhed,
 The which ambrofiall odours from them threw,
 And gazers fenfe with double pleasure fed,
 Hable to heale the ficke, aud to revive the ded.

XXIII.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th' heavenly maker's light,
 And darted fyrie beames out of the fame,
 So paffing perfant, and fo wondrous bright,
 That quite bereav'd the rafh beholders fight:
 In them the blinded god his luftfull fire
 To kindle oft affayd, but had no might;
 For with dreed majestie, and awfull ire,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched bafe defire.

XXIV. Her

XXIV.

Her ivorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
 Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
 And write the battles of his great godhed:
 All good and honour might therein be red;
 For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
 Sweet words, 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 belgards, and amorous retrate,
 And every one her with a grace endowes;
 And every one with meeknesse to her bowes.
 So glorious mirrhour of celestially grace,
 And foveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
 How shall fraile pen describe her heavenly face,
 For feare through want of skill her beautie 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 silken Camus lylly whight,
 Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
 Which all above besprinckled was throughout
 With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
 Like twinkling starres, and all the skirt about
 Was hemd with golden fringe.

XXVII.

Below her ham her weed did somewhat traine,
 And her streight legs most bravely were embayld
 In gilden buskins of costly cordwaine,
 All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
 With curious antickes, and full faire aumayld :
 Before they fastned were under her knee
 In a rich jewell, and therein entrayld
 The ends of all the knots, that none might see,
 How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee.

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 herself would grace ;
 But with the woodie Nymphes when she did play,
 Or when the flying libbard she did chace,
 She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

XXIX.

And in her hand a sharp bore-speare she held,
 And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
 Stuft with Steele-headed dartes, wherewith she queld
 The saluage beastes in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
 Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
 Her daintie paps ; which, like young fruit in May,
 Now litle gan to swell, and being tidd,
 Through her thin weed their places only figuide.

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 wide dispred
 And low behinde her backe were scattered :
 And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
 As through the flourishing Forrest rash she fled,
 In her rude haire 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 seek her game : Or as that famous Queene
 Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
 The day that first of *Priame* she was seene,
 Did shew her selfe in great triumphant joy,
 To succour the weake state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

XXXII.

Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* her did vew,
 He was dismayed in his coward minde,
 And doubted, whether he himselfe should shew,
 Or fly away, or bide alone behind :
 Both feare and hope he in her face did find,
 When she at last him spying thus bespake ;
 Hayle, Groome ; didst not thou see a bleeding hind,
 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 found 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 goodlyhed forgive it mee,
 To weete, which of the Gods I shall thee name,
 That unto thee due worship I may rightly frame.

XXXIV.

To whom she thus, but ere her words ensawd,
 Unto the bush her eye did suddain glaunce,
 In which vaine *Braggadocchie* was mewd,
 And saw it stirre ; she left her percing launce,
 And towards gan a deadly shaft advaunce,
 In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
 Out crying, O ! what ever heavenly powre,
 Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre.

XXXV.

O ! stay thy hand, for yonder is no game,
 For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercize,
 But loe my lord, my liege, whose warlike name
 Is farre renownd through many bold emprize ;
 And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.
 She staid : with that he crawld 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 secreet cave,
For dread of soaring 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 foule disfigured
Prowdly to prune, and set 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 fits 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 honour have purfewd
Through deedes of armes and prowesse martiall ;
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.

XXXVIII.

To whom he thus, O ! fairest under skie,
True 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
Throughout the world, wher so they might be found,
Endevoring my dreaded name to raise
Above the Moone, that fame may it resound
In her eternall tromp, with laurell girlond cround.

XXXIX. But

XXXIX.

But what art thou, O ladie, which doest raunge
 In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,
 And doest not it for joyous court exchange,
 Emongst thine equall peres, where happie blis
 And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
 There thou maist love, and dearely loved bee,
 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.

Who so in pompe of proud estate, quoth she,
 Does swim, and bathes him selfe in courtly blis,
 Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
 And in oblivion ever buried is:
 Where ease abounds, yt's eath to do amis;
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
 Behaves with cares, cannot so easie mis.
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind
 Who seekes with painfull toile, shal honor soonest find.

XLI.

In woods, in waves, in warres she wons to dwell,
 And will be found with perill and with paine;
 Ne can the man, that moulds in idle cell,
 Unto her happy mansion attaine:
 Before her gate high God did sweate ordaine,
 And wakefull watches ever to abide:
 But easie is the way, and passage plaine
 To pleasure's pallace; it may soon be spide,
 And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

XLII.

In Princes court—The rest she would have said,
 But that the foolish man, filld with delight
 Of her sweet wordes, that all his sense dismayd,
 And with her wondrous beautie ravishd quight,
 Gan burne in filthie lust, and leaping light,
 Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
 With that the swarving backe, her javelin bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menace :
 So turned her about, and fled away apace.

XLIII.

Which when the Peasant saw, amazd he stood ;
 And grieved at her flight ; yet durst he not
 Pursue her steps, through wild unknowen wood :
 Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shot,
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgot :
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vaine,
 But turning said to *Trompart*, What foule blot
 Is this to knight, that Ladie should againe
 Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud disdain ?

XLIV.

Perdy, said *Trompart*, let her passe 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 apall
 My feeble courage, and my heart oppresse,
 That yet I quake and tremble over all.
 And I, said *Bruggadochio*, thought no lesse,
 When first I heard her horne sounde with such ghastrinesse.

XLV.

For from my mother's wombe this grace I have,
 Me given by eternall destinie,
 That earthly thing may not my courage brave
 Dismay with feare, or cause on foote to flie,
 But either hellish feends, or powres on hie :
 Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,
 Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,
 I hid myselfe from it, as one affeard ;
 But when I other knew, myselfe 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 got, and gan to ride,
 As one unfit therefore, that all might see
 He had not trayned bene in chevalree.
 Which well that valiaunt courser did discerne ;
 For he despyd to tread in dew degree,
 But chaufd and foamd, with courage fierce and sterne,
 And to be easd of that base burden still diderne.

C A N T O IV.

*Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
And stops Occasion :
Delivers Phedon, and therefore
By Strife is rayld upon.*

I.

IN brave purfuit 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, feemes a science
Proper to gentle blood ; some others faine
To menage fteeds, as did this vaunter ; but in vaine.

II.

But he, the rightfull owner of that fteed,
Who well could menage and fubdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that blacke Palmer, his moft trusty guide ;
Who fuffred not his wandring feete to flide :
But when ftrong paffion, or weake flefhlineffe,
Would from the right way feeke to draw him wide,
He would, through temperance and ftedfaftneffe,
Teach him the weak to ftrengthen, and the ftrong fuppreffe.

III.

It fortun'd, forth faring on his way,
 He saw from farre, or seem'd for to see
 Some troublous uprore or contentious fray ;
 Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.
 A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
 Drew by the haire along upon the ground
 A handsome stripling with great crueltee,
 Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wound,
 That cheekes with teares, and sides with bloud did all abound.

IV.

And him behind 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 loofly hong unrold,
 But all behind 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 tongue did walke
 In foule reproch, and termes of vile bespight,
 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 go upright ;
 Ne any evill 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 force,
 His mightie hands did on the madman lay,
 And pluckt him backe ; who all on fire streight way,
 Against him turning all his fell intent,
 With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
 And smot, and bit, 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 governance it well to guide :
 But when the franticke fit inflamd his spright,
 His force was vaine, and strooke more often wide,
 Then at the aimed marke, which he had eide :
 And oft himselfe he chaunst to hurt unwares,
 Whilst reason, blent through passion, nought descride ;
 But as a blindfold bull at randon fares, (cares.
 And where he hits, nought knowes, and whom he hurts, nought

VIII.

His rude assault and rugged handeling
 Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
 In faire defence and goodly menaging
 Of armes was wont to fight, yet nathemoe
 Was he abashed now not fighting so,
 But more enfierced through his currish play,
 Him sternely grypt, and haling to and fro,
 To overthrow him strongly did assay,
 But overthrew him selfe unwares, and lower lay.

IX.

And being downe, the villein fore did beat,
 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 emboyling in his haughtie hart,
 Knit 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 overthroe.
 That same is *Furor*, cursed cruell wight,
 That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe ;
 And that same hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the root of all wrath and despight,

XI.

With her, who so will raging *Furor* tame,
 Must first begin, and well her amenge :
 First her restraine from her reprochfull blame,
 And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage
 Her franticke sonne, and kindles his courage ;
 Then when she is withdrawne, or strong withstood,
 It's eath his idle furie to asswage,
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood ;
 The bankes are overflowne, when stopped is the flood.

XII. There-

XII.

Therewith Sir *Guyon* left his first emprife,
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 nathelesse he did her still torment,
And catching hold of her ungratious tong,
Thereon an yron lock did fasten firme and strong,

XIII.

Then when as 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 note stirre. Then gan her sonne to flie
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake ;
But *Guyon* after him in hast did hie,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitie.

XIV.

In his strong armes he stifly him embraste,
Who him gainstiving, nought at all prevaild ;
For all his power was utterly defaste,
And furious fits at earst quite weren quaild :
Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slacke.
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 racke.

XV. With

XV.

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
 And hundred knots, that did him fore constraîne :
 Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind,
 And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine :
 His burning eyen, whom bloudie strakes did staine,
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fire,
 And more for ranck despight, then for great paine,
 Shakt his long locks, colourd like copper-wire,
 And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

XVI.

Thus when as *Guyon Furor* had captivd,
 Turning about he saw that wretched Squire,
 Whom that mad man of life nigh late deprivd,
 Lying on ground, all soild with blood and mire :
 Whom when as he perceived to respire,
 He gan to comfort, and his woundes to dresse.
 Being at last recurd, he gan inquire,
 What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
 And made that caitives thrall, the thrall of wretchednesse.

XVII.

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
 Faire Sir, quoth he, what man can shun the hap,
 That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse ?
 Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
 The man most warie in her whelming 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

XVIII.

It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the fourse
 Of all my sorrow, and of these sad teares,
 With whom from tender dug of commune nurse
 Attonce I was upbrought, and est when yeares
 More ripe us reason lent to chose our peares,
 Ourselves in league of vowed love we knit:
 In which we long time without gealous feares,
 Or faultie thoughts, continewd, as was fit;
 And, for my part I vow, dissembled not a whit.

XIX.

It was my fortune, commune to that age,
 To love a ladie faire of great degree,
 The which was borne of noble parentage,
 And set in highest feat of dignitee,
 Yet seemd no lesse to love, then lovd to be.
 Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull 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, hight *Philemon*, I did partake
 Of all my love and all my privitie;
 Who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,
 And gracious to that ladie, as to mee,
 Ne ever wight, that mote so welcome bee,
 As he to her, withouten blot or blame;
 Ne ever thing, that she could thinke 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 ladie to my spoufe had wonne;
 Accord of friendes, consent of parents sought,
 Affiance made, my happineffe begonne,
 There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
 Which mariage make; that day too farre did seeme:
 Most joyous man, on whom the shining sunne
 Did shew his face, myself I did esteeme,
 And that my falsse friend did no lesse joyous deeme.

XXII.

But ere that wished day his beame disclofd,
 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 ladie, whom I had to me assynd,
 Had both distaind her honorable blood,
 And eke the faith, which she to me did bynd;
 And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should fynd.

XXIII.

The gnawing anguish and sharpe gelosy,
 Which his sad speach infixd in my brest,
 Ranckled so fore, and festred inwardly,
 That my engreeved mind could find no rest,
 Till that the truth thereof I did outwrest,
 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

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 darksome inner bowre
 Her oft to meete; which better to approve,
 He promised to bring me at that houre,
 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 defart,
 Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have blent,
 And staynd their prayfes with thy least good part;
 Ne should fair *Claribell*, with all her art,
 Though she thy lady be, approach thee neare:
 For prooffe thereof, this evening, as thou art,
 Aray thy selfe in her most gorgeous geare,
 That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

XXVII.

The maiden, proud through prayse, and mad through love,
 Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe arayd;
 The whiles to me the treachour did remove
 His craftie engin, and, as he had sayd,
 Me leading, in a secreet 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 *Claribellae's* clothes. Her proper face
 I not discerned in that darke some shade,
 But weend it was my love, with whom he playd.
 Ah God! what horroure and tormenting grieve
 My hart, my handes, mine eyes, and all assayd!
 Me leifer were ten thousand deathes priefe,
 Then wounde of gealous worme, and shame of such repriefe.

XXIX.

I home returning, fraught with fowle despight,
 And chawing vengeaunce all the way I went,
 Soone as my loathed love appeard in fight,
 With wrathfull hand I flew 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

XXX.

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
 And hellish fury all enragd, I fought
 Upon my selfe that vengeable despight
 To punish: yet it better first I thought,
 To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought.
 To *Philemon*, false faytour *Philemon*,
 I cast to pay, that I so dearely bought;
 Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
 And washt away his guilt with guiltie potion.

XXXI.

Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
 To losse of love adjoyning losse of frend,
 I meant to purge both with a third mischief,
 And in my woes beginner it to end:
 That was *Pryene*; she did first offend,
 She last should smart: with which cruell intent,
 When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
 She fled away with ghastly dreriment,
 And I pursewing 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 grieve and furie 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, fore 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, gealofie, grieve, love this squire have layd thus low.

XXXV.

Wrath, gealofie, grieve, love do thus expell :
 Wrath is a fire, and gealofie a weede,
 Grieve is a flood, and love a monster fell ;
 The fire of sparkes, the weede of litle seede,
 The flood of drops, the monster filth did breede :
 But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus delay ;
 The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweed,
 The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away :
 So shall wrath, gealofie, grieve, love dye and decay.

XXXVI. Un-

XXXVI.

Unlucky squire, said *Guyon*, sith thou hast
Falne into mischiefe through intemperaunce,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
And guide thy wayes with warie governaunce,
Leaft worse betide thee by some later chaunce.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin:
Pbedon 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 runing towards hastily,
Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
Which mingled all with sweate did dim his eye.
He soone approached, panting, breathlesse, whot,
And all so soyld, that none could him descry;
His countenance was bold, and bashed not
For *Guyon's* lookes, but scornefull eyglance at him shot.

XXXVIII.

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

XXXIX. When

XXXIX.

When he in presence came, to *Guyon* first
 He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
 Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
 For feare of further harme, I counsell thee ;
 Or bide the chaunce at thine owne jeopardy.
 The knight at his great boldnesse wondered,
 And though he scorn'd his idle vanitie,
 Yet mildly him to purpose answered ;
 For not to grow of nought he it conjectured.

XL.

Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
 Yielded by him, that held it forcibly.
 But whence should come that harme, which thou dost seeme
 To threat to him, that mindes his chaunce t'abye ?
 Perdy, said 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 hight he then, said *Guyon*, and from whence ?
Pyrochles is his name, renowned farre
 For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
 Full oft approvd in many a cruell warre,
 The brother of *Cymochles*, both which arre
 The sonnes of old *Acrates* and *Despight*,
Acrates sonne of *Pblegeton* and *Jarre* ;
 But *Pblegeton* is sonne of *Herebus* and *Night* ;
 But *Herebus* sonne of *Æternitie* is hight.

XLII.

So from immortall race he does proceede,
 That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
 Drad for his derring do, and bloody deed ;
 For all in bloud and spoile is his delight.
 His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right,
 That matter make for him to worke upon,
 And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
 Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
 Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion.

XLIII.

His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,
 Said he ; but whither with such hasty flight
 Art thou now bound ? 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 hainous crueltie :
 Hard is his hap, that first fals in his jeopardie.

XLIV.

Mad man, said then the Palmer, that does seeke
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife ;
 Shee comes unfought, and shonned followes eke.
 Happy, who can abstaine, when Rancor rife
 Kindles Revenge, and threats his rusty knife ;
 Woe never wants, where every cause is caught,
 And rash *Occasion* makes unquiet life.
 Then loe, where bound she fits, whom thou hast fought.
 Said *Guyon*, let that message to thy Lord be brought.

XLV. That

XLV.

That when the varlet heard and saw, streight way
He waxed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,
That knights and knighthood doest with shame upbray,
And shewst th'ensample of thy childish might,
With filly weake old woman thus did fight.
Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou gott,
And stoutly prov'd thy puissance here in fight ;
That shall *Pyrochles* well requite, I wot,
And with thy bloud abolish so reprochfull blot.

XLVI.

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with ire and vengeable despight ;
The quivering Steele his aymed end wel knew,
And to his brest it selfe intended right :
But he was wary, and ere it empight
In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atweene,
On which it feizing, no way enter might,
But backe rebounding, 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 Furor's chayne unbinds,
Of whom sore hurt, for his Revenge,
Atin Cymochles finds.*

I.

WH O ever doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,
Then stubborne perturbation to the same ;
To which right well the wise do give that name,
For it the goodly peace of stayed mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclame :
His owne woes authour, who so bound it findes,
As did *Pyrochles*, and it wilfully unbindes.

II.

After that varlet's flight, it was not long,
Ere on the plain fast pricking *Guyon* spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That, as the funny 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 ire,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly fire.

III.

Approching nigh, he never stayd to greeete,
 Ne chaffar words, prowde courage to provoke,
 But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete
 The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke ;
 And fairly couching his steele-headed speare,
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke ;
 It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare
 To thinke, such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare ;

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, bit 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 courage chose
 To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent,
 And shund the marke, at which it should be ment,
 Thereby thine armes seeme strong, but manhood fraile :
 So hast thou oft with guile thine honor blent :
 But litle may such guile thee now availe,
 If wanted force and fortune do not me much faile.

VI. With

VI.

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
 At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
 Of his sevenfolded 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 soule 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 disarm;e;
 Yet there the steele stayd not, but inly bate
 Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

VIII.

Deadly dismayd with horror of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;
 Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
 But added flame unto his former fyre,
 That wel nigh molt his hart in raging yre;
 Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
 Or strike, or hurtle round in warlike gyre,
 Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufgard,
 But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell 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 yeilded passage to his cruell knife.
 But *Guyon*, in the heat of all his strife,
 Was warie wise, and closely did awayt
 Avauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife ;
 Sometimes a thwart, sometimes he strook him strayt,
 And falsed oft his blowes, t'illude him with such bayt.

X.

Like as a lyon, whose imperiall power
 A prow'd rebellious unicorne defies,
 T'avoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
 Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies,
 And when him running in full course he spies,
 He slips aside ; the whiles that furious beast
 His precious horne, fought of his enemies,
 Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
 But to the mighty victour yields a bounteous feast.

XI.

With such faire flight him *Guyon* often fayld,
 Till at the last all breathlesse, wearie, faint
 Him spying, with fresh onset he assayld,
 And kindling new his courage seeming queint,
 Strooke him so hugely, that through great constraint
 He made him floup perforce unto his knee,
 And do unwilling worship to the Saint,
 That on his shield depainted he did see ;
 Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

XII. Whom

XII.

Whom *Guyon* seeing stoup, pursewed 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 ground made him full low to lye;
 Then on his brest his victour foote he thrust;
 With that he cryde, Mercy, do me not dye,
 Ne deeme thy force by fortune's doome unjust,
 That hath, maugre her spight, thus low me laid in dust.

XIII.

Eftsoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* stayd,
 Tempering the passion with advizement flow,
 And maistring might on enemy dismayd;
 For th'equall dye of warre he well did know:
 Then to him said, Live and allegaunce owe
 To him, that gives thee life and libertie,
 And henceforth by this daye's ensample trow,
 That hasty wroth and heedlesse hazardie
 Do breede repentaunce late, and lasting infamie.

XIV.

So up he let him rise, who with grim looke
 And count'nance sterne upstanding, gan to grind
 His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke
 His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
 Knotted in bloud and dust, for grieve of mind,
 That he in ods of armes was conquered;
 Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
 That him so noble knight had maistered,
 Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

XV. Which

XV.

Which *Guyon* marking faid, Be nought agriev'd,
 Sir knight, that thus ye now subdew'd arre:
 Was never man, who most conquestes atchiev'd,
 But sometimes had the worfe, and loft by warre,
 Yet fhortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre:
 Losse is no fhame, nor to be lesse then foe,
 But to be leffer then himfelfe doth marre
 Both loofer's lot, and victour's prayfe alfoe.
 Vaine others overthrowes, who felfe doth overthrowe.

XVI.

Fly, O *Pyrochles*, fly the dreadfull warre,
 That in thy felfe thy leffer partes do move,
 Outrageous anger, and woe-working jarre,
 Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring love;
 Those, those thy foes, those warriors far remove,
 Which thee to endleffe bale captived lead.
 But fith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
 Of curtesie to mee the caufe aread,
 That thee against me drew with fo impetuous dread.

XVII.

Dreadleffe, faid he, that fhall I foone declare:
 It was complaind, that thou hadst done great tort
 Uuto an aged woman, poore and bare,
 And thrall'd her in chaines with ftrong effort,
 Voide of all succour and needfull comfort:
 That ill befemes thee, fuch as I thee fee,
 To worke fuch fhame. Therefore I thee exhort,
 To change thy will, and fet *Occafion* free,
 And to her captive fonne yield his first libertee.

XVIII. Thereat

XVIII.

Thereat Sir *Guyon* smile ; And is that all,
 Said he, that thee so fore displeas'd hath ?
 Great mercy fure, for to enlarge a thrall,
 Whose freedom shall thee turne to greatest scath.
 Nath'lesse now quench thy whot 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 her selfe untyde,
 Before her sonne could well affoyled bee,
 She to her use returnd, and streight defyde
 Both *Guyon* and *Pyrochles* : th'one, said hee,
 Bycause he wonne ; the other, because he
 Was wonne : So matter did she make of nought,
 To stir up strife, and do them disagree :
 But soone as *Furor* was enlargd, she fought
 To kindle his quencht fire, 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,

Whiles *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 be wroke
 Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blam'd
 For suffering such abuse, as knighthood sham'd,
 And him disabled quite. But he was wise,
 Ne would with vaine 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 *Furor's* might,
 That he his foe has hurt, and wounded fore,
 And him in bloud and durt deformed quight.
 His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
 Now brought to him a flaming fire-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 villein wex so fiers and strong,
 That nothing might sustaine his furious forse;
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along
 Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
 And fowly battered his comely corse,
 That *Guyon* much disdeign'd so loathly fight.
 At last he was compeld to cry perforce,
 Help, O Sir *Guyon*, helpe, most noble knight,
 To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

XXIV. The

XXIV.

The knight was greatly moved at his plaint,
 And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
 Till that the Palmer, by his grave restraint,
 Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse;
 And said, Dear sonne, thy causelesse ruth repress;
 Ne let thy stout hart melt in in pittie vayne:
 He, that his sorow fought through wilfulnesse,
 And his foe fettred would release agayne,
 Deserves to taste his follie's fruit, repented payne.

XXV.

Guyon obeyd; so him away he drew
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to pursue.
 But rash *Pyrochles* varlet, *Atin* hight,
 When late he saw his lord in heavy plight,
 Under Sir *Guyon's* puissaunt stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in fight,
 Fled 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 vile *Acrasia*, that with vaine delightes,
 And idle pleasures in her *Bowre of Blisse*,
 Docs charme her lovers, and the feeble sprights
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes:
 Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,
 And horribly mishapes with ugly fightes,
 Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes,
 And darksom dens, where *Titan* his face never shewes.

XXVIII.

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* sojourning,
 To serve his leman's love; for he by kind
 Was given all to lust and loose living,
 When ever his fiers hands he free mote find:
 And now he has pourd out his idle mind
 In dauntie delices, and lavish joyes,
 Having his warlike weapons cast behind,
 And flowes in pleasures and vaine pleasing toyes,
 Mingled emongst loose ladies and lascivious boyes.

XXIX.

And over him, art striving to compaire
 With nature, did an arber greene dispred,
 Framed of wanton yvie, flouing faire,
 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 mild *Zephyrus* emongst them blew,
 Did breath out bounteous sinels, and painted colors shew:

XXX. And

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 a sleepe, that by it lay.
 The wearie traveiler, wandering 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 paine, and wypt away his toylsom sweat.

XXXI.

And on the other fyde a pleasaunt grove
 Was shot up high, full of the stately tree,
 That dedicated is t' *Olympicke Jove*,
 And to his sonne *Hercides*, whenas hee
 Gaynd in *Nemea* goodly victoree.
 Therein the mery birdes of every sort
 Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonie;
 And made emongst them selves a sweet confort,
 That quickned the dull spright with muscally comfort.

XXXII.

There he him found all carelesly displayd
 In secret shadow from the sunny ray,
 On a sweet bed of lillies softly layd,
 Amidst a flocke of damzells fresh and gay,
 That round about him dissolute did play
 Their wanton follies, and light meriment;
 Every of which did loofely display
 Her upper parts 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 sweete 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 yeild 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 steepe,
 And his fraile eye with spoyle of beautie feedes;
 Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe,
 Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe,
 To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
 Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe:
 So he them deceives, deceivd in his deceit,
 Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

XXXV.

Atin arriving there, when him he spide
 Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
 Fiercely approching, to him lowdly cride,
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 haughty conquests wonne?
 Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

XXXVI. Then

XXXVI.

Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,
 He said ; up, up, thou womanish weake knight,
 That here in ladie's lap entombed art,
 Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
 And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despight,
 Whiles sad *Pyrochles* lies on senselesse 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 joyes 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 hastie to arise. As one affright
 With hellish feends, or *Furies* mad uprore,
 He then uprose, inflamd with fell despight,
 And called for his arms ; 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 vowd, to beene avenged that day
 (That day it selfe him seemed all too long)
 On him, that did *Pyrochles* deare dismay :
 So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
 And *Atin* aie him pricks with spurs of shame and wrong.

C A N T O. VI.

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

I.

A

Harder ! for she learne continence
In joyous pleasures, then in grievous paine :
For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
So strongly, that unethes 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 refraine ;
Yet vertue vauntes in both her victories,
And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maisteries.

II.

Whom bold *Cymochles* travelling 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



W. Kent sculp.

Guyon leaves the Palace & crosses the Alle. Lake with Phœbia



III.

And therein fate a ladie fresh and faire,
 Making sweet solace to her selfe alone ;
 Sometimes she sung, as loud as larke in aire,
 Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breth 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 jolliment.

IV.

Which when farre off *Cymochles* heard, and saw,
 He loudly cald to such, as were aboard,
 The little bark unto the shore to draw,
 And him to ferrie over that deepe ford :
 The merry marriner unto his word
 Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
 Turnd to the shore, where that fame 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 spheres the liquid skie,
 Withouten oare or pilot it to guide,
 Or winged canvas with the wind to flie ;
 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

VI.

And all the way, the wanton damzell found
 New merth, her passenger to entertaine :
 For she in pleasant purpose did abound,
 And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,
 Of which a store-house did with her remaine,
 Yet seemed, nothing well they her became ;
 For all her wordes she drownd with laughter vaine,
 And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
 That turned all her pleasance 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 gaudie girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
 About her necke, or rings of rushes plight ;
 Sometimes to doe him laugh, she would assay
 To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
 Or to behold the water worke, and play
 About her litle 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 sovenaunce,
 Nor care of vow'd revenge, and cruell fight,
 But to weake wench did yeeld his martiall might.
 So easie was to quench his flamed mind
 With one sweet drop of sensuall delight :
 So easie is t'appease the stormie wind
 Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind.

IX. Diverse

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 cot she daily practised.
 Vaine man, said she, that wouldest be reckoned
 A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
 Of *Pbædria* (for so my name is red)
 Of *Pbædria*, thine owne fellow-servaunt ;
 For thou to serve *Acrasia* thy selfe doest vaunt.

X.

In this wide inland sea, that hight by name
 The *Idle Lake*, my wandring ship I row,
 That knowes her port, and tether 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 loud thundring *Jove*
 Can change 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 paire issewing on the shore
 Disburdned 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 chosen plot of fertile land,
 Emongst wide waves set, like a litle nest,
 As if it had, by Nature's cunning hand,
 Bene choisely picked out from all the rest,
 And laid forth for ensample of the best :
 No daintie flowre or herbe, that growes on ground,
 No arboret with painted blossomes drest,
 And smelling sweete, but there it might be found,
 To bud out faire, and throwe her sweete smels al around.

XIII.

No tree, whose braunches did not bravely spring ;
 No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not fit :
 No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing ;
 No song but did containe a lovely dit :
 Trees, braunches, birds, and songs were framed fit,
 For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
 Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake wit
 Was overcome of thing, that did him please ;
 So pleased did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

XIV.

Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
 With false delights, and filld with pleasures vaine,
 Into a shady dale she soft him led,
 And laid him downe upon a grassie plaine ;
 And her sweet selfe, without dread or disdain,
 She set beside, laying his head disarmd
 In her loose lap, it softly to sustaine,
 Where soone he flumbred, fearing not be harmd,
 The whiles with a love lay she thus him sweetly charmd.

XV. Behold,

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 blossome 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.

The lilly, ladie of the flowring field,
 The flowre-deluce, her lovely paramoure,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,
 And soone leave off this toylesome wearie stoure.
 Loe, loe how brave she decks her bounteous boure,
 With silken curtens and gold coverlets,
 Therein to throwd her sumptuous belamour,
 Yet neither spinnes nor cards, ne cares nor frets,
 But to her mother Nature all her care she lets.

XVII.

Why then doest thou, O man, that of them all
 Art Lord, and eke of nature Soveraine,
 Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
 And waste thy joyous howres in needelesse paine,
 Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
 What bootes it all 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 eyes did steepe,
 That nothing should him hastily awake:
 So she him left, and did herselfe betake
 Unto her boat againe, with which she cleft
 The slouthfull wave of that great grieſly lake;
 Soone she that island farre behind her left,
 And now is come to that same place, where first she weſt.

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, she ſoone to hond
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,
 With his ſad guide; him ſelfe she tooke aboard,
 But the *Blacke Palmer* ſuffred ſtill to ſtand,
 Ne would for price or prayers once affoord,
 To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

XX.

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
 Yet being entred, might not backe retyre;
 For the flit barke, obeying to her mind,
 Forth launched quickly, as she did deſire,
 Ne gave him leave to bid that aged ſire
 Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted courſe
 Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
 Whom nether wind out of their ſeat could forſe,
 Nor timely tides did drive out of their ſluggiſh courſe.

XXI. And

XXI.

And by the way, as was her wonted guize,
Her merry fit she freshly gan to reare,
And did of joy and jollitie devize,
Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare :
The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake ;
But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
Her dalliance he despis'd, and follies did forsake.

XXII.

Yet she still followed her former stile,
And said and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleasant Ile,
Where sleeping late she left her other knight.
But whenas *Guyon* of that land had fight,
He wist him selfe amisse, and angry said ;
Ah Dame, perdie ye have not doen me right,
Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obaid :
Me litle needed from my right way to have straid.

XXIII.

Fair Sir, quoth she, be not displeas'd at all ;
Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call :
The sea is wide, and 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 jest.

XXIV. But

XXIV.

But he halfe discontent mote nathelſſe
 Himſelfe appeaſe, and iſſewd forth on ſhore:
 The joyes whereof, and happy fruitfulneſſe,
 Such as he ſaw, the gan him lay before;
 And all though pleatant, 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 bird did ſweetly ſing,
 And told that gardin's pleaſures in their caroling.

XXV.

And ſhe more ſweete, then any bird on bough,
 Would oftentimes enought them beare a part,
 And ſtrive to paſſe (as ſhe could well enough)
 Their native muſicke by her ſkilfull art:
 So did ſhe all, that might his conſtant hart
 Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
 And drowne in diſſolute delights apart,
 Where noyſe of armes, or vew of martiall guiſe
 Might not revive deſire of knightly exercize.

XXVI.

But he was wiſe, and warie of her will,
 And ever held his hand upon his hart:
 Yet would not ſeeme ſo rude, and thewed ill,
 As to deſpiſe ſo courteous ſeeming part,
 That gentle ladie did to him impart,
 But fairely 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

XXVII.

And now by this *Cymochles* howre was spent,
 That he awoke out of his idle dreame,
 And shaking off his drowzie dreriment,
 Gan him avize, how ill did him beseme,
 In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
 And quench the brond of his conceived ire.
 Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
 Ne staied for his damzell to inquire,
 But marched to the strond, their passage to require.

XXVIII.

And in the way he with Sir *Guyon* met,
 Accompanyde with *Phædria* the faire :
 Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
 Crying, Let be that ladie debonaire,
 Thou recreant knight, and soone thy selfe prepare
 To battell, if thou meane her love to gaine :
 Loe, loe alreadie how the fowles in aire
 Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtaine
 Thy carcasse for their pray, the guerdon of thy paine.

XXIX.

And therewithall he fiercely at him flew,
 And with importune outrage him assayld ;
 Who soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,
 And him with equall value countervayld :
 Their mightie strokes their haberjeons 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 streme adown their giambeux falles.

XXX. *Cymochles,*

XXX.

Cymochles, that had never met before
 So puiffant foe, with envious despight
 His proud prefumed force increased more,
 Disdeigning to be held fo long in fight ;
 Sir *Guyon* grudging not fo much his might,
 As thofe unknighly raylings, which he fpoke,
 With wrathfull fire his corage kindled bright,
 Thereof devising fhortly to be wroke,
 And doubling all his powres, redoubled every froke.

XXXI.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunft,
 And both attonce their huge blowes downe did fway ;
Cymochles fword on *Guyon's* fhield yglaunft,
 And thereof nigh one quarter fheard away ;
 But *Guyon's* angry blade fo fierce did play
 On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* fhone,
 That quite it clove his plumed creft in tway,
 And bared all his head unto the bone ;
 Wherewith aftonifht ftill he ftood, as fenfeleffe ftone.

XXXII.

Still as he ftood, faire *Phædria*, that beheld
 That deadly daunger, foone atweene them ran,
 And at their feet her felfe moft humbly feld,
 Crying with pitteous voyce, and count'nance wan ;
 Ah well away, moft noble lords, how can
 Your cruell eyes endure fo pitteous fight,
 To fhed your lives on ground? Wo worth the man,
 That firft did teach the curfed fteel to bight
 In his owne flefh, and make way to the living fpright,

XXXIII. If

XXXIII.

If ever love of ladie did empierce

Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place,
 Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce,
 And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
 Both yeeld, to stay your deadly strife a space.
 They stayd awhile ; and forth she gan proceed ;
 Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
 That am the author 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 kind of battell, nor these armes
 Are meet, the which doe men in bale to serve,
 And dolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes :
 Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes :
 Another warre and other weapons I
 Doe love, where love does give his sweete alarmes,
 Without bloudshed, and where the enemy

Does yield unto his foe a pleasant victory.

XXXV.

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmitie

The famous name of knighthood fowly shend ;
 But lovely peace, and gentle amitie,
 And in amours the passing howres to spend,
 The mightie martiall handes doe most commend ;
 Of love they ever greater glory bore,
 Then of their armes : *Mars* is *Cupidoe's* friend,
 And is for *Venus* loves renowned more,

Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

XXXVI.

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They, though full bent
 To prove extremities of bloudie 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 clemencie in gentle hart.
 Now after all was caast, the Faery knight
 Besought that damzell suffer him depart,
 And yield him readie passage to that other part.

XXXVII.

She no lesse glad, then he desirous, was
 Of his departure thence; for of her joy
 And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
 A foe of folly and immodest toy,
 Still solemne fad, or still disdainfull coy,
 Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
 That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
 Troubled with terrour and unquiet jarre,
 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 gladsome *Guyon* salied forth to land,
 And to that damzell thankes gave for reward.
 Upon that shore he spyed *Atin* stand,
 There by his maister left, when late he far'd
 In *Phædria's* flit barke over that perlous shard.

XXXIX. Well

XXXIX.

Well could he him remember, fith of late
 He with *Pyrochles* sharp debatement made;
 Streight gan he him revile, and bitter rate,
 As shepheard's curre, that in darke eveninge's shade
 Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade:
 Vile miscreant, said he, whither dost thou flie
 The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?
 What coward hand shall doe thee next to die,
 That art thus foully fled from famous enemye?

XL.

With that he stiffely shooke his steelehead dart:
 But sober *Guyon* hearing him so raile,
 Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
 Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
 And passed fairely forth. He turning taile,
 Backe to the stromd retyrd, and there still stayd,
 Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
 The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd
 The hastie 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 idle flood.

XLII.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,
 How without stop or stay he fiercely left,
 And deepe himfelfe beducked in the same,
 That in the lake his loftie crest was fteept,
 Ne of his fafetie feemed care he kept,
 But with his raging armes he rudely flafht
 The waves about, and all his armour fwept,
 That all the bloud and filth away was wafht,
 Yet ftill he bet the water, and the billows dafht.

XLIII.

Atin drew nigh, to weet, what it mote bee ;
 For much he wondred at that uncouth fight ;
 Whom fhould he, but his own deare lord, there fee,
 His owne deare lord *Pyrochles*, in fad plight,
 Readie to drowne him felfe for fell defpight ?
 Harrow now out, and well away, he cryde ;
 What difmall day hath lent this curfed light,
 To fee my lord fo deadly damnifyde !
Pyrochles, O *Pyrochles*, what is thee betyde ?

XLIV.

I burne, I burne, I burne, then lowde he cryde ;
 O how I burne with implacable fire !
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming fyde,
 Nor fea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,
 Nothing but death can doe me to respire.
 Ah be it, faid he, from *Pyrochles* farre,
 After purfewing death once to require,
 Or think, that ought thofe puiffant hands may marre :
 Death is for wretches borne under unhappy ftarre.

XLV. *Perdie*,

XLV.

Perdie, then is it fit for me, said he,
 That am, I weene, most wretched man alive,
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And dying daily, daily 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 leapt, his lord to ayd,
 (So love the dread of daunger doth despise)
 And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
 From drowning. But more happie he, then wife,
 Of that sea's nature did him not avise.
 The waves thereof so flow and sluggish were,
 Engroft with mud, which did them foule agrise,
 That every weightie thing they did upbeare,
 Ne ought mote ever siake downe to the bottom there.

XLVII.

Whiles thus they strugled in that idle wave,
 And strove in vaine, the one him seife to drowne,
 The other both from drowning for to save,
 Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
 Whose hoarie locks great gravities did crowne,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
 By fortune came, led with the troublous sowne:
 Where drenched deepe he fownd in that dull ford
 The careful servant, striving with his raging lord.

XLVIII. Him

XLVIII.

Him *Atin* spying, knew right well of yore,
 And lowdly cald, Helpe, 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 wondred fore,
 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 hellish furie hath at earst thee hent?
 Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
 Yet never in this straunge astonishment.
 These flames, these flames, he cryde, do 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 hee,
 Ne can be quencht, within my secreet bowels bee.

L.

That cursed man, that cruell feend of hell,
Furor, oh *Furor* hath me thus bedight:
 His deadly wounds within my livers swell,
 And his whot fire burnes in mine entrailes bright,
 Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
 Sith late with him I batteil vaine would bofte,
 That now I weene *Jove's* dreaded thunder light
 Does scorch not halfe so fore, nor damned ghoſte
 Inflaming *Phlegeton* does not so felly roste.

LI. Which

LI.

Which when as *Archimago* heard, his grieffe
 He knew right well, and him attonce difarnd ;
 Then fearcht his fecret wounds, and made a priefe
 Of every place, that was with brufing harmd,
 Or with the hidden fire too inly warm'd.
 Which doen, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
 And evermore with mightie fpels them charmd,
 That in fhort fpace he has them qualifyde,
 And him reftor'd to health, that would have algates dyde.

C A N T O VII.

*Guyon finds Mamon in a delve,
 Sunning his threasure bore:
 Is by him tempted, and led downe
 To see his fecret store.*

I.

AS Pilot well expert in perilous wave,
 That to a ftedfaft ftarre his courfe hath bent,
 When foggy miftes, or cloudy tempefts 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 maifters of his long experiment,
 And to them does the fteddy helme apply,
 Bidding his winged veffell fairely forward fly.

II.

So *Guyon* having lost his trustie guide,
 Late left beyond that *Idle Lake*, proceedes
 Yet on his way, of none accompanide ;
 And evermore himselfe with comforte feedes
 Of his owne vertues, and prayse-worthie deedes.
 So long he yode, yet no adventure found,
 Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes :
 For still he traveild through wide wastful ground,
 That nought but desert wildernesse shewd all around.

III.

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
 Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heaven's light,
 Whereas he fitting 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 eyes were beard,
 His head and beard with snot were ill bedight,
 His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have been seard
 In smithes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes appeard.

IV.

His iron coate, all overgrowne with rust,
 Was underneath enveloped with gold,
 Whose glistring gloffe darkned with filthy dust,
 Well yet appeared, to have beene of old
 A worke of rich entayle, and curious mould,
 Woven with antickes and wild imagery :
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
 And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
 And covetous desire with his huge threasury.

V. And

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 *Mulciber's* devouring element;
 Some others were new driven, and distent
 Into great ingoes, and to wedges square;
 Some in round plates withouten moniment:
 But most were stampt, and in their metall bare
 The antique shapes of kings and kefars straunge 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 fight,
 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 himfelfe 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 wealth doest hide apart
 From the worlde's eye, and from her right usaunce?
 Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
 In great disdaine, he answerd, Hardy else,
 That darest vew my direfull countenaunce,
 I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,
 To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

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 envye.
 Riches, renowme, and principality,
 Honour, estate, and all this worlde's good,
 For which men swinck and sweate incessantly,
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth have their eternal brood.

IX.

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
 At thy commaund lo all these mountaines bee ;
 Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew
 All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
 Ten times so much be numbred, francke and free.
Mammon, said he, thy godheade's vaunt is vaine,
 And idle offers of thy golden fee :
 To them, that covet such eye-glutting gaine,
 Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertaine.

X.

Me ill befits, that in der-doing armes,
 And honours suit, my vowed dayes do spend,
 Unto thy bounteous baytes, and pleasant charmes,
 With which weake men thou witchest, to attend :
 Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
 And low abase the high heroicke spright,
 That joyes 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

XI.

Vaine glorious elfe, said he, doest not thou weet,
 That money can thy wantes at will supply ;
 Shields, steeds, 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 in dust doth ly ?
 And him, that raignd, into his rowme thrust downe,
 And whom I lust, do heape with glory and renowme ?

XII.

All otherwise, said he, I riches read,
 And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse ;
 First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
 And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
 Leaving behind them grieffe and heavinesse.
 Infinite mischiefes of them do arize,
 Strife, and debate, bloudshed, and bitternesse,
 Outrageous wrong, and hellish 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 bloud pourd oft on ground,
 The crowned often flaine, 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'ft thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull 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* vexing 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.

Indeede, quoth he, through fowle intemperaunce,
 Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise:
 But would they thinke, with how small allowaunce
 Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice,
 Such superfluities they would despise,
 Which with sad cares empeach our native joyes:
 At the well-head the purest streames arise:
 But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,
 And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave accloyes.

XVI.

The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
 Found no defect in his Creatour's grace,
 But with glad thankes, and unreproved truth,
 The gifts of soveraigne bounty did embrace:
 Like Angels life was then mens happy cace.
 But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
 Abuse her plenty, and fat swolne encrease
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
 The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

XVII. Then

XVII.

Then gan a curfed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with Steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With sacrilege to dig. Therein he found
Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftfoones he did compound ;
Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.

XVIII.

Sonne, said he then, let be thy bitter scorne,
And leave the rudenesse of that antique age
To them, that liv'd therein 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 surplufage ;
If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse :
But thing refused, do not afterward accuse.

XIX.

Me list not, said the elfin knight, receive
Thing offred, till I know it well begot ;
Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereave
From rightfull owner by unrighteous lot,
Or that bloodguiltinesse or guile them blot.
Perdy, quoth he, yet never eye did vew,
Ne tong did tell, ne hand these handled not,
But safe I have them kept in secreet mew,
From heaven's sight, and powre of all which them pursue.

XX. What

XX.

What secret place, quoth he, can safely hold
 So huge a masse, and hide from heaven's eye?
 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 thicke covert he him led, and found,
 A darkefome way, which no man could descry,
 That deep descended through the hollow ground,
 And was with dread and horrour compassed around.

XXI.

At length they came into a larger space,
 That stretcht itfelfe into an ample plaine,
 Through which a beaten broad highway did trace,
 That streight did lead to *Pluto's* griesly raine:
 By that waye's side there sat eternall 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 consort there fate,
 Cruell Revenge, and rancorous despight,
 Difloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate,
 But gnawing Gealofie out of their fight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
 And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place, where safe he shroud him might,
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye.
 And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

XXIII. And

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 clift,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint a sunder could have rift;
Which having ended, after him she flyeth swift.

XXIV.

All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
By whom they passing, spake unto them nought.
But th'elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last him to a litle dore he brought,
That to the gate of hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adjoining, ne them parted nought:
Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
That did the house of Richeffe from hell-mouth divide.

XXV.

Before the dore sat felse-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 suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approch, albe his drowfie den were next;
For next to Death is Sleepe to be compard:
Therefore his house is unto his annex;
Here Sleep, there Richeffe, and hell-gate then both betwext.

XXVI. So

XXVI.

So soone as *Mammon* there arriv'd, the dore
 To him did open, and afforded way;
 Him followed eke *Sin* *saye* evermore,
 Ne darkeneffe him, ne danger might dismay.
 Soone as he enterd was, the dore streight way
 Did shut, and from behind it forth there leapt
 An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
 The which with monstrous face behind him stept,
 And ever, as he went, dew watch upon him kept.

XXVII.

Well hoped he, 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 eye-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 do him dye,
 And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes
 If ever he transgrest the fatal *Stygian* lawes:

XXVIII.

That house's forme within was rude and strong,
 Like an huge cave, hewne out of rocky clift,
 From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hong,
 Embost with massy gold of glorious gift,
 And with rich metall loaded every rift,
 That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat;
 And over them *Arachne* high did lift
 Her cunning web, and spred her subtile net,
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more blacke then jet.

XXIX. Both

XXIX.

Both rooffe, and floore, and walls were all of gold,
 But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darknesse, that none could behold
 The hew thereof: for vew of cherefull day
 Did never in that house it selfe 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 towne was nothing to be seene,
 But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
 All bard with double bends, that none could weene
 Them to efforce by violence or wrong:
 On every side they placed were along.
 But all the ground with sculs was scattered,
 And dead mens bones, which round about were flong,
 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 shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
 As eie of man did never see before,
 Ne ever could within one place be found,
 Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
 Could gathered be through all the world around,
 And that above were added to that under ground.

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 ranfacke did intend.
 Then *Mammon*, turning to that warriour, said ;
 Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end,
 To which all men doe ayme, rich to be made :
 Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid.

XXXIII.

Certes, said he, I n'ill thine offred grace,
 Ne to be made so happy do intend :
 Another blis before mine eyes I place,
 Another happines, another end.
 To them, that list, these base regards 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 did grate,
 And griev'd, so long to lacke his greedy pray ;
 For well he weened, that so glorious baite
 Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay :
 Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
 More light then culver in the faulcon's 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

XXXV.

Thence forward he him led, 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 fornaces all burning bright;
By every fornace many feends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in fight,
And every feend his busie paines applide,
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride.

XXXVI.

One with great bellows gathered filling aire,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repaire
With yron tongs, and sprinckled oft the same
With liquid waves, fiers *Vulcan's* rage to tame,
Who maistring them renewd his former heat;
Some found 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,
Glittering in armes and battailous aray,
From their whot work they did themselves withdraw
To wonder at the sight; for till that day
They never creature saw, that came that way.
Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fire,
And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame, he would retire,
Till that him thus bespake their soveraigne lord and fire.

XXXVIII.

Behold, thou Faerie's 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 worlde's good:
 Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
 Avise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
 Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.

XXXIX.

Suffise it then, thou Money God, quoth hee,
 That all thine idle 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 worldlings vile abuse ;
 But give me leave to follow mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeas'd, yet no'te he chuse,
 But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise,
 And thence him forward led, 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 wait
 A sturdy villein, striding stiffe and bold,
 As if the highest God desie he would.
 In his right hand an iron club he held,
 And he himselfe was all of golden mould,
 Yet had both life and sence, and well could wield
 That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

XLI.

Disdayne he called was, and did disdaine
 To be so cald, and who so did him call:
 Sterne was his looke, and full of stomache vaine,
 His portance terrible, and his 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 fit emong blacke fiendes, then men to have his place.

XLII.

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
 That with their brightnesse made the darknesse light,
 His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
 And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
 Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
 Till *Mammon* did his hasty hand withhold,
 And counfeld him abstaine from perilous fight:
 For nothing might abash the villein bold,
 Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

XLIII.

So having him with reason pacifide,
 And the fiers earle commaunding to forbear,
 He brought him in. The rowme was large and wide,
 As it some gyeld or solemne temple weare:
 Many great golden pillours did upbeare
 The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne,
 And every pillour decked was full deare
 With crownes, and diademes, and titles vayne,
 Which mortall princes wore, whiles they on earth did rayne.

XLIV. A route

XLIV.

A route of people thus assembled were,
 Of every fort and region under skye,
 Which with great desire preaced to draw nere
 To th'upper part, where was advanced hye
 A stately siege of verigne majestye,
 And thereon sat upon an gorgeous gay,
 And richly clad in robes of royaltye,
 That never earthly prince in such aray
 His glory did enhaunce and pompous pride display.

XLV.

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
 That her broad beautie's beam great brightnes threw
 Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
 Yet was not that same her owne native hew,
 But wrought by art and counterfitted thew,
 Thereby more lovers unto her to call:
 Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and vew
 She by creation was, till she did fall:
 Thenceforth she fought for helps to cloke her crime withall.

XLVI.

There as in gliftring glory she did fit,
 She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
 Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
 And lower part did reach to lowest hell,
 And all that preace did round about her swell,
 To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
 To climbe aloft, and others to excell:
 That was *Ambition*, rash desire to ftye,
 And every lincke thereof a step of dignity.

XLVII. Some

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 wayes for themselves prepard.
 Those, that were up themselves, kept others low;
 Those, that were low themselves, held others hard,
 Ne suffred them rise or greater grow,
 But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.

XLVIII.

Which whenas *Guyon* saw, he gan inquire,
 What meant that preace about that ladie's throne.
 And what she was, that did so high aspire.
 Him *Mammon* answered, that goodly one,
 Whom all that folke, with such contention,
 Do flocke about, my deare, my daughter is:
 Honour and Dignitie from her alone
 Deriued are, and all this worldes blis,
 For which ye, Men, do strive: few get, but many mis.

XLIX.

And faire *Philotome* she rightly hight,
 The fairest wight, that wonneth under skye,
 But that this darksome neather world her light
 Doth dim with horror and deformity,
 Worthie of Heaven and hye felicity,
 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 shee may thee advance for workes and merites just.

L.

Gramercy, *Mammon*, said the gentle knight,
 For so great grace and offered high estate ;
 But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
 Unworthy match for such immortall mate
 My selfe 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 knig

LI.

Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath ;
 Yet forcing it to faine, him forth thence led
 Through griefly shadowes by a beaten path,
 Into a gardin goodly garnished
 With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be red :
 Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
 Throwes forth to men, sweet and well favoured ;
 But direfull deadly blacke, both leafe and bloom,
 Fit to adorne the dead, and decke the dreery toomb.

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 *Sammitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
 Which, with th'unjust *Atheniens* made to dy
 Wife *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
 Pourd out his life, and last Philosophy
 To the fair *Critias*, his dearest bellamy.

LIII. The

LIII.

The *Gardin of Proserpina* this hight ;
 And in the midst thereof a silver feat,
 With a thick arber goodly over dight,
 In which she often usd from open heat
 Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
 With braunches broad dispred and body great,
 Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
 And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

LIV.

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold ;
 On earth like never grew, ne living wight
 Like ever saw, but they from hence were fold ;
 For those, which *Hercules* with conquest bold
 Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
 And planted there did bring forth fruit of gold :
 And those, with which th' *Eubæan* young man 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 the *Idæan* ladies disagreed,
 Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
 And had of her faire *Helen* for his meed,
 That many noble *Greekes* and *Trojans* made to bleed.

LVI.

The warlike elfe much wondred at this tree,
 So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground,
 And his broad braunches, laden with rich see,
 Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
 Of this great garden, 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 waile and weepe.

LVII.

Which to behold, he clomb up to the banke,
 And looking downe, saw many damned wights
 In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stanke,
 Plonged continually of cruell sprights,
 That with their piteous cryes, and yelling shrights,
 They made the further shore resounden wide:
 Emongst the rest of those same ruefull fights
 One curfed creature he by chaunce espide,
 That drenched lay full deepe, under the garden side.

LVIII.

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,
 Yet gaping still, as coveting to drinke
 Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,
 And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
 To reach the fruit, which grew upon the brinke:
 But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth
 Did fly abacke, and made him vainely swinke:
 The whiles he sterv'd with hunger, and with drouth
 He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

LIX. The

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 curfed of all creatures under skye,
 Lo *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
 Of whom high *Jove* 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 drink to mee.

LX.

Nay, nay, thou greedie *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 curfed wretch aloud to cry,
 Accusing highest *Jove* and gods ingrate,
 And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
 As authour of unjustice, there to let him dye.

LXI.

He lookt a little further, and espyde
 Another wretch, whose carcase deepe was drent
 Within the river, which the same did hyde;
 But both his hands, most filthy feculent,
 Above the water were on high extent,
 And saynd to wash themselves incessantly,
 Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
 But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
 So lost his labour vaine and idle industry.

LXII.

The knight him calling asked, who he was ;
 Who, lifting up his head, him answerd thus :
 I *Pilate* am, the falsest Judge, alas !
 And most unjust, that by unrighteous
 And wicked doome, to Jewes despiteous
 Delivered up the Lord of life to die,
 And did acquite a murderer felonous ;
 The whiles my handes I washt in puritie,
 The whiles my soule was soyld with foule iniquitie.

LXIII.

Infinite moe tormented in like paine
 He there beheld, too long here to be told :
 Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaine,
 For terrour of the tortures manifold,
 In which the damned soules he did behold,
 But roughly him bespake : Thou fearfull foole,
 Why takest not of that same fruite of gold,
 Ne fittest downe on that same silver stoole,
 To rest thy wearie person in the shadow coole.

LXIV.

All which he did, to doe him deadly fall,
 In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt ;
 To which if he inclined had at all,
 That dreadfull feend, which did behinde him wayt,
 Would have him rent in thousand peeces strayt :
 But he was warie wise in all his way,
 And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,
 Ne suffred lust his safetie to betray ;
 So goodly did beguile the guiler of his pray,

XLV. And

LXV.

And now he has so long remained there,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
For want of food, and sleepe, which two upbeare,
Like mighty pillours, this fraile life of man,
That none without the same endure can.
For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began :
For thy great *Mammon* fairely he besought,
Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

LXVI.

The God, though loth, yet was constrained t'obay,
For longer 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 aire into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might.
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.

C A N T O VIII.

*Sir Guyon layd in fwowne is by
Acrates sonnes despoild;
Whom Arthur soone hath reskewed,
And Paynim brethren foild.*

AND is there care in heaven? and is their love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures bace,
That may compassion of their evill 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 purfuivant,
Against foule feendes to aide 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



Wheat and.

Gwyn being in a dream his Guardian Angel directs the soldier to seek him.



III.

During the while, that *Guyon* did abide

In *Mammon's* house, the Palmer, whom whyleare
That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
By further searh had passage found elfewhere,
And being on his way, approched neare,
Where *Guyon* lay in traunce, when suddenly
He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,
Come hither, hither, O! come hastily,
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

IV.

The Palmer lent his eare 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 sunne his threasury :
There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
In senselesse dreame ; which sight at first him fore aghast.

V.

Beside his head there sat a faire young man,
Of wondrous beautie, 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 *Phæbus* face adorn'd with funny rayes,
Divinely shone ; and two sharpe winged sheares,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jayes,
Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie wayes.

VI. Like

VI.

Like as *Cupido* on *Idæan* hill,
 When having laid his cruell bow away,
 And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
 The world with murdrous spoils, and bloudie 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 herself through sleepe beguild to bee ;
 The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

VII.

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
 Through feare and wonder, that he nought could say,
 Till him the child bespoke, Long lackt, alas!
 Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard affay,
 Whiles deadly fit thy pupill doth dismay :
 Behold this heavie fight, thou reverend Sire,
 But dread of death and dolour doe away ;
 For life ere long shall to her home retire,
 And he, that breathlesse seemes, shall corage bold respire.

VIII.

The charge, which God doth unto me arret,
 Of his deare safety, I to thee commend,
 Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget
 The care thereof myfelfe 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, estfoones he gan display
 His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

IX.

The palmer seeing his left empty place,
 And his flow eyes beguiled of their sight,
 Woxe fore affraid, and standing still a space,
 Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight;
 At last him turning to his charge behight,
 With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try,
 Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
 He much rejoyst, and courd it tenderly,
 As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

X.

At last he spide, where towards him did pace
 Two Paynim knights, all armd as bright as skie,
 And them beside an aged fire did trace,
 And farre before a light-foot 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 dearely vowd,
 Where ever that on ground they mote him fynd;
 False *Archimage* provokt their corage prowde,
 And stryfull *Atin* in their stubborne mynd
 Coles of contention and whot vengeaunce tynd.
 Now bene they come, whereas the palmer fate,
 Keeping that slombred corse to him assynd;
 Well knew they both his person, sith of late
 With him in bloudie armes they rashly did debate.

XII.

Whom when *Pyrochles* saw, inflam'd with rage,
 That fire he foule bespake, Thou dotard vile,
 That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
 Abandon soone, I read, the caitive spoile
 Of that fame outcast carcas, that ere while
 Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
 And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;
 Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
 To prove he lived ill, that did thus foully dye.

XIII.

To whom the palmer fearlesse answered;
 Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame,
 Thus for to blot the honor of the dead,
 And with foule cowardize his carcasse shame,
 Whose living hands immortalizd his name.
 Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
 And envie base, to barke at sleeping fame:
 Was never wight, that treason of him told;
 Your self 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 seeest or hearst. But well I wote,
 That of his puiffaunce tryall made extreeme;
 Yet gold all is not, that doth golden seeme,
 Ne all good knights, that shake well speare and shield.
 The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
 And then due praise, or due reproch them yield:
 Bad therefore I him deeme, that thus lies dead on field.

XV. Good

XV.

Good or bad, gan his brother fierce reply,
 What doe I recke, sith that he dyde entire?
 Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
 The greedy hunger of revenging ire,
 Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
 Yet since no way is left to wreake my spight,
 I will him reave of armes, the victor's hire,
 And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
 For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

XVI.

Faire Sir, said then the palmer suppliant,
 For knighthood's love, do not so foule a deed,
 Ne blame your honour 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 spide, 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 farre space
 Th'enchauter by his armes and amenaunce,
 When under him he saw his Lybian steed to prounce.

XVIII.

And to those brethren said, rise, rise by live,
 And unto battel doe your selves addresse;
 For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,
 Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and nobilesse,
 That hath to Paynim knights wrought gret distresse,
 And thousand Sar'zins foully donne to dye.
 That word so deepe did in their harts impresse,
 That both eftsoones upstarte furiously,
 And gan themselves prepare to battell 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 *Braggadocchio* vaine:
 So would I, said th'enchauter, glad and faine
 Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend;
 Or ought that else your honour might maintaine,
 But that this weapons powre I well have kend
 To be contrary to the worke, which ye intend.

XX.

For that same knight's owne sworde 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 *Medæwart*,
 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 hellish *Styx*, which hidden vertue to it gave.

XXI. The

XXI.

The vertue is, that neither steele nor stone
 The stroke thereof from entrance may defend ;
 Ne ever may be used by his sone,
 Ne forst 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 it would deceive thy labour, 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 beleeeve for troth,
 That I can carve with this inchaunted brond
 His lord's owne flesh. Therewith out of his hand
 That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
 And *Guyon's* shield about his wrest he bond ;
 So readie dight, fierce battaile to assay,
 And match his brother proud in battailous aray.

XXIII.

By this that straunger knight in presence came,
 And goodly salued them ; who nought againe
 Him answered, as courtesie became,
 But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdain,
 Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine :
 Then turning to the palmer, he gan spy
 Where at his feete, with sorrowfull demaine
 And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
 In whose dead face he red great magnanimity.

XXIV. And

XXIV.

Said he then to the palmer ; Reverend fyre,
 What great misfortune hath betid this knight ?
 Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
 Or did he fall by treason, or by fight ?
 How ever, sure I rew his pitteous plight.
 Not one, nor other, said the palmer grave,
 Hath him befallne, but cloudes of deadly night
 A while his heavie eylids cover'd have,
 And all his senses drowned in deepe senselesse wave.

XXV.

Which, those same cruel foes, that stand hereby,
 Making advantage, to revenge their spight,
 Would him disarme, and treaten shamefully,
 Unworthy usage of redoubted knight.
 But you, faire Sir, whose honorable fight
 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 praise of knighthood is foule 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 courage seene,
 That in advauntage would his puiffaunce boast :
 Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most.
 May be, that better reason will asswage
 The rash revenger's heat. Words well disposd
 Have secret powre, t'appease inflamed rage ;
 If not, leave unto me thy knight's last patronage.

XXVII. Tho

XXVII.

Tho turning to those brethren, thus bespoke,
 Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might,
 It seemes, just wronges to vengeance 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 challenge of your right,
 But for this carkasse pardon I entreat,
 Whom fortune hath alreadie laid in lowest seat,

XXVIII.

To whom *Cymochles* said, For what art thou,
 That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
 The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now,
 On this vile body from to wreake my wrong,
 And make his carkasse as the outcast dong?
 Why should not that dead carrion satisfie
 The guilt, which if he lived had thus long,
 His life for due revenge should deare abide?
 The trespasse still doth live, albe the person die.

XXIX.

Indeed, then said the prince, the evill donne
 Dyes not, when breath the bodie 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 strenghtly God doth judge. 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*

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 then 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 Lord's life did assure.

XXXI.

Yet was the force so furious and so fell,
 That horse and man it made to reele aside,
 Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his fell;
 For well of yore he learned had to ride,
 But full of anger fiercely to him cride;
 False traitour miscreant, thou broken hast
 The law of armes, to strike foe undefide,
 But thou thy treason's fruit, I hope, shalt taste
 Right sowre, and feele the law, the which thou hast defast

XXXII.

With that his balefull speare he fiercely bent
 Against the Pagan's brest, and therewith thought
 His cursed life out of her lodge have rent:
 But ere the point arrived, where it ought,
 That seven fold shield, which he from *Guyon* brought,
 He cast betwene to ward the bitter stound:
 Through all those foldes the steelehead passage wrought,
 And through his shoulder pierst; wherwith to ground
 He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

XXXIII. Which

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 ;
 Else mote it needes downe to his manly brest
 Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossest,

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 himselfe 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 side
 With hideous strokes, and importable powre,
 That forced him his ground to traverse wide,
 And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre :
 For in his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
 Their strokes did raine, yet did he never quaile,
 Ne backward shrinke, but as a stedfast towre,
 Whom foe with double battry doth affaile,
 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 poinant 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 lance, 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,
 Cursing his Gods, and him selfe 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, curse on thy cruell hond,
 That twise hath sped; 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 asunder, further way
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte,
 The which dividing with importune sway,
 It feizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

XXXIX. Wyde

XXXIX.

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
 Red as the rose, thence gushed grievously,
 That when the Paynim 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 ward 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 *Guyon's* sword he lightly to him raught,
 And said, Faire sonne, great God thy right hand blesse,
 To use that sword, so wisely as it ought.
 Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,
 When as againe he armed felt his hond ;
 Then like a lyon, which hath long time saught
 His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
 Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then vexeth 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* twise so many fold ;
 Then backe againe turning his busie hond,
 Them both at once 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 warie 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 forrest quakes to heare him rore :
 So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his soemen twaine,
 That neither could his mightie puissance sustaine.

XLIII.

But ever at *Pyrochles* when he smit,
 Who *Guyon's* shield cast ever him before ;
 Whereon the Faery Queene's pourtract was writ,
 His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,
 And his deare hart the picture gan adore,
 Which oft the Paynim sav'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 when *Cymochles* saw the fowle reproch,
 Which them appeached, prickt with guilty 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 hauberk 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

XLV.

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharpe regret,
 He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
 That it empierst the Pagan's burganet,
 And cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade
 Into his head, and cruell passage made
 Quite through his braine. He tombling downe on ground,
 Breathd 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 courage did appeare,
 But as a man, whom hellish feendes have frayd,
 Long trembling still he stood; 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 deed why liv'st thou lenger day?

XLVII.

With that all desperate, as loathing light,
 And with revenge desiring soone to dye,
 Assembling all his force and utmost might,
 With his owne sword he fierce at him did flye,
 And strooke, and foynd, and lashed outrageously,
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew
 The prince, with patience 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 cloudes, as things affrayd, before him flye ;
 But all so soone as his outrageous powre
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to showre,
 And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
 Now all attonce their malice forth do poure ;
 So did Sir *Guyon* beare himself in fight,
 And suffred rash *Pyrochles* waste his idle might,

XLIX.

At last when as the Sarazin perceiv'd,
 How that straunge sword refusd to serve his neede,
 But when he stroke most strong, the dint deceivd,
 He slong it from him, and devoyd of dread
 Upon him lightly leaping without heed,
 Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
 Thinking to overthrow 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 Eagle's claw,
 That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
 Still waites for death with dread and trembling aw :
 So he now subject to the victour's 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 despisd to dye.

LI. But

LI.

But full of princely bounty and great mind,
 The conquerour nought cared him to slay,
 But casting wrongs and all revenge behind,
 More glory thought to give life, then decay,
 And said, Paynim, this is thy dismall day;
 Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miscreaunce,
 And my trew liegeman yield thy selfe for ay,
 Life will I graunt thee for thy valiaunce,
 And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my sovenaunce.

LII.

Foole, said the pagan, I thy gift defye,
 But use thy fortune, as it doth befall,
 And say, that I not overcome do dye,
 But in despight of life for death do call.
 Wroth was the prince, and sory yet withall,
 That he so wilfully refused grace;
 Yet fith 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 Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awakt,
 Life having maistered her fencelesse foe;
 And looking up, when as his shield he lakt,
 And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
 But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
 Had lost, he by him spide, right glad he grew,
 And saide, Deare fir, whom wandring to and froe
 I long have lackt, I joy thy face to vew;
 Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro me drew.

LIV. But

LIV.

But read, what wicked hand hath robbed mee
 Of my good sword and shield? The Palmer, glad
 With so fresh hew uprising him to see,
 Him answered; Faire sonne, be no whit sad
 For want of weapons, they shall soone be had.
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
 Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,
 Whose carcases 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, Faire Sir, what need
 Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,
 To bind their doers, to receive their meed?
 Are not all knights by oath bound to withstand
 Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?
 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 Temperance, in which
doth sober Alma dwell,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straunger
knightes to flight compell.*

I.

OF all God's workes, which doth this world 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 growes a monster, and incontinent
Doth loose his dignitie and native grace.
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

II.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The *Briton* prince recovering his stolne sword,
And *Guyon* his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in faire accord,
Till him the prince with gentle court did bord;
Sir knight, mote I of you this court'sie read,
To weet why on your shield so goodly scord
Beare ye the picture of that ladie's head?
Full lively is the semblaunt though the substance dead.

III.

Faire Sir, said he, if in that picture dead
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew,
 What mote ye weene, if the trew lively-head
 Of that most glorious visage ye did vew?
 But if the beautie of her mind ye knew,
 That is her bountie, and imperiall powre,
 Thousand times fairer then her mortal hew,
 O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,
 And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

IV.

She is the mighty Queene of *Faerie*,
 Whose faire retrait I in my shield do beare ;
 She is the flowre of grace and chaffitie,
 Throughout the world renowmed far and neare,
 My liefe, my liege, my soveraigne, my deare,
 Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
 And with her light the earth enlumines cleare ;
 Far reach her mercies, and her prayfes farre,
 As well in state of peace, as puiffaunce in warre.

V.

Thrise happy man, said then the *Briton* knight,
 Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiance
 Have made thee foldier of that princeffe bright,
 Which with her bounty and glad countenance
 Doth bleffe her servants, and them high advance.
 How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,
 By faithfull service and meete amenance,
 Unto such blisse? Sufficient were that hire
 For losse of thousand lives, to dye at her desire.

VI. Said

VI.

Said *Guyon*, Noble lord, what meed so great,
 Or grace of earthly prince so foveraine,
 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 favour high be reckoned
 As *Arthogall*, and *Sopby* now beene honored.

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 all my powre and might.
 Seven times the sunne with his lamp-burning light
 Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse,
 Sith of that goddesse I have fought the fight,
 Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
 Heaven doth to me envy, and fortune favourlesse.

VIII.

Fortune, the foe of famous chevifaunce,
 Seldome, said *Guyon*, yields to vertue aide,
 But in her way throwes mischief and mischaunce,
 Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.
 But you, faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,
 But constant keepe the way, in which ye stand;
 Which were it not, that I am else delaid
 With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
 I labour would to guide you through all Faery land.

IX.

Gramercy Sir, said he, but mote I weete,
 What straunge adventure do 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 *Phæbus* gan decline in hast
 His weary wagon to the western vale,
 Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plast
 Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale,
 Which choosing for that evening's hospitale,
 They thither marcht; but when they came in sight,
 And from their sweaty coursers did avale,
 They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
 And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight.

XI.

Which when they saw, they weened fowle reproch
 Was to them doen, their entrance to forstall,
 Till that the Squire gan nigher to approch,
 And wind his horne under the castle-wall,
 That with the noise 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 entrance did desire.

XII. Fly

XII.

Fly fly, good knights, said he, fly fast away ;
 If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should ;
 Fly fast, and save your selves 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 hould :
 Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,
 And many good knights flaine, that have us fought to save.

XIII.

Thus as he spoke, loe ! with outrageous cry
 A thousand villeins round about them swarmd
 Out of the rockes and caves adjoyning nye,
 Vile caytive 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 fire warmd.
 Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed steares,
 Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe upstanding heares.

XIV.

Fierfly at first those knights they did affaile,
 And drove them to recoile ; but when againe
 They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,
 Unhable their encounter to sustaine ;
 For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
 Those champions broke on them, that forst them fly,
 Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shepheards swaine
 A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye,
 With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

XV. A while

XV.

A while they fled, but soone returnd againe
 With greater fury, then before was found ;
 And evermore their cruell Capitaine
 Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them round,
 And overrun to tread them to the ground.
 But soone the knights with their bright-burning blades
 Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,
 Hewing and flashing at their idle shades ;
 For though they bodies seeme, yet substance from them fades.

XVI.

As when a swarme of Gnats at eventide
 Out of the fennes of Allan do arise,
 Their murmuring small trampets founden 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 injuries,
 Till the fierce Northerne wind with bluftring 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 perilous paine,
 And combrous conflict, which they did sustaine,
 Came to the ladie's eare, which there did dwell,
 She forth issued with a goodly traine
 Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
 And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

XVIII. *Alma*

XVIII.

Alma she called was, a virgin bright,
 That had not yet felt *Cupide's* wanton rage,
 Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle knight,
 And many a lord of noble parentage,
 That fought with her to lincke in marriage :
 For she was faire, as faire mote ever bee,
 And in the flowre now of her freshest age ;
 Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
 That even heaven rejoyced 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 loose 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 she entertaind those noble knights,
 And brought them up into her castle-hall ;
 Where gentle court and gracious delight
 She to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
 Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall :
 There when they rested had a season dew,
 They her besought of favour speciall,
 Of that faire Castle to afford them vew ;
 She 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 *Ægyptian* 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, soemine,
 Th'other immortall, perfect, masculine,
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
 Proportioned equally by seven and nine ;
 Nine was the circle set in heaven's 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 open to their friendes, and closed to their foes.

XXIV. Of

XXIV.

Of hewen stone the porch was fairely wrought,
 Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
 Then jet or marble far from *Ireland* brought;
 Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
 Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine.
 And over it a faire 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 due regard;
 Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
 Bablers of folly, and blazers of crime.
 His larumbell might lowd and wide be hard,
 When cause requird, but never out of time;
 Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

XXVI.

And round about the porch on every side
 Twise sixteene warders sat, all armed bright
 In glistring steele, and strongly fortifide:
 Tall yeomen seemed they, and of great might,
 And were enraunged ready still for fight.
 By them as *Alma* passed with her guesstes,
 They did obeyfaunce, as beseemed right,
 And then again returned to their restes:
 The porter eke to her did lout with humble gestes.

XXVII.

Thence she them brought into a stately hall,
 Wherein were many tables faire dispred,
 And ready dight with drapets festivall,
 Against the viaundes should be ministrred.
 At th' upper end there fate, yclad in red
 Downe to the ground, a comely personage,
 That in his hand a white rod menaged;
 He steward was, hight *Diet*; ripe of age,
 And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

XXVIII.

And through the hall there walked to and fro
 A jolly yeoman, marshall of the fame,
 Whose name was *Appetite*; he did bestow
 Both guesstes and meate, when ever in they came,
 And knew them how to order without blame,
 As him the steward bad. They both attone
 Did dewty to their lady, as became;
 Who passing by, forth led her guesstes anone
 Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for niceness none.

XXIX.

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,
 With many raunges reard along the wall;
 And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence
 The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
 There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
 Upon a mighty fornace, burning whot,
 More whot then *Ætn'*, or flaming *Mongiball*;
 For day and night it brent, ne ceased not,
 So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

XXX. But

XXX.

But to delay the heat, leaft by mifchaunce
 It might breake out, and fet the whole on fire,
 There added was, by goodly ordinaunce,
 An huge great paire of bellowes, which did ftire
 Continually, and cooling breath inftire.
 About the caudron many cookes accoyld,
 With hookes and ladles, as need did require ;
 The whiles the viandes in the veffel boyld,
 They did about their bufineffe fwat, and forely toyld.

XXXI.

The maifter cooke was cald *Concoction*,
 A carefull man, and full of comely guife :
 The kitchin clerke, that hight *Digestion*,
 Did order all th' achates in feemely wife,
 And fet them forth, as well he could devife.
 The reft had feverall offices affind ;
 Some to remove the fcum, as it did rife ;
 Others to beare the fame away did mind ;
 And others it to ufe according to his kind.

XXXII.

But all the liquour, which was fowle and wafte,
 Not good nor ferviceable elfe for ought,
 They in another great round veffell plaft,
 Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought ;
 And all the reft, that noyous was, and nought,
 By fecret wayes, that none might it efpy,
 Was clofe convoid, and to the back-gate brought,
 That cleped was *Port Efquline*, whereby
 It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

XXXIII.

Which goodly order, and great workman's skill
 Whenas those knights beheld, with rare delight
 And gazing wonder they their minds did fill ;
 For never had they seen so straunge a fight.
 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 jolly paramoure,
 The which them did in modest wife amate,
 And each one fought his lady to aggrate :
 And eke emongst them litle *Cupid* playd
 His wanton sports, being returned late
 From his fierce warres, and having from him layd
 His cruel bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

XXXV.

Diverse delights they found them selves to please ;
 Some sung in sweet confort, some laught for joy,
 Some plaid with strawes, some idly sat at ease ;
 But other some could not abide to toy,
 All pleasaunce was to them grieve and annoy :
 Thi fround, 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

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
 Themselves to court, and each a damfcell chose :
 The prince by chaunce did on a lady light,
 That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
 But somewhat sad, and solemne eke in fight,
 As if some 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 manner sayd,
 Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismayd,
 And your faire beautie doe with sadnesse spill ?
 Lives any, that you hath thus ill apayd ?
 Or doen your love, or doen you lacke your will ?
 What ever be the cause, it sure beseemes you ill.

XXXVIII.

Faire Sir, said she halfe in disdainefull wife,
 How is it, that this word in me ye blame,
 And in your selfe doe not the same advise ?
 Him ill beseemes another's 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 behind,
 That have twelve months fought one, yet no where can her find.

XXXIX. The

XXXIX.

The prince was inly moved at her speach,
 Well weeting trew, what she had rashly told,
 Yet with faire semblaunt fought to hide the breach,
 Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
 Now seeming flaming hot, now stony cold.
 Tho turning soft aside, he did inquire
 What wight she was, that poplar braunch did hold:
 It answered was, her name was *Prayse-desire*,
 That by well doing fought to honour to aspire.

XL.

The whiles the *Faerie* knight did entertaine
 Another damsell of that gentle crew,
 That was right faire, and modest of demaine,
 But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew:
 Straunge was her tyre, and all her garment blew,
 Close round about her tuckt with many a plight:
 Upon her fist the bird, which shoneth vew,
 And keepes in coverts close from living wight,
 Did sit, as yet asham'd, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

XLI.

So long as *Guyon* with her commoned,
 Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
 And ever and anone with rosie red
 The bashfull bloud her snowy cheekes did dye,
 That her became, as polisht yvory,
 Which cunning craftesman's hand hath overlayd
 With faire vermilion or pure castory.
 Great wonder had the knight, to see the mayd
 So straungely passioned, and to her gently sayd:

XLII. Faire

XLII.

Faire damzell, seemeth by your troubled cheare,
 That either me too bold ye weene, this wife
 You to molest, or other ill to feare,
 That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
 From whence it doth, as cloud from sea, arise.
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray ;
 But if ought else, that I mote not devise,
 I will, if please you it discure, assay,
 To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

XLIII.

She answer'd nought, but more abasht for shame
 Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
 The flashing bloud 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 *Shamefastnesse* it selfe is shee.

XLIV.

Thereat the elfe did blush in privitee,
 And turn'd 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 ladie thence away them fought,
 To vew her castle's other wondrous frame.
 Up to a stately turret she them brought,
 Ascending by ten steps of alabaster wrought.

XLV. That

XLV.

That turret's 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 *Hector*'s bloud by cruell *Greekes* was spilt.

XLVI.

The rooffe hereof was arched over head,
 And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
 Two goodly beacons, fet in watches stead,
 Therein gave light, and flamd continually:
 For they of living fire most subtilly
 Were made, and fet in silver fockets 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 maker's might?

XLVII.

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
 This part's great workemanship, and wondrous powre,
 That all this other world's worke doth excell,
 And likest is unto that heavenly towre,
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
 Therein were diverse rowmes, and diverse 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

XLVIII.

Not he, whom *Greece*, the nourse of all good arts,
 By *Phæbus* doome, the wisest thought alive,
 Might be compar'd to this by many parts ;
 Nor that fage *Pylian* fyre, which did survive
 Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
 By whose advise old *Priam's* cittie fell,
 With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.
 These three in these three roomes did fundry dwell,
 And counselled faire *Alma*, how to governe well.

XLIX.

The first of them could things to come foresee ;
 The next could of things present best advize ;
 The third things past could keepe in memoree,
 So that no time nor reason could arize,
 But that the same could one of these comprize.
 For thy the first did in the forepart sit,
 That nought mote hinder his quicke prejudize :
 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 fundry colours, in the which were writ
 Infinite shapes of things 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 doe flit ;
 Infernall hags, *Centaurs*, feendes, *Hippodames*,
 Apes, lyons, eagles, owles, fooles, lovers, children, dames.

LI.

And all the chamber filled was with flyes,
 Which buzzed all about, and made such sound,
 That they encombred all men's eares and eyes,
 Like many swarmes of bees assembled round,
 After their hives with honny do abound.
 All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
 Devices, dreames, opinions unfound,
 Shewes, visions, sooth-fayes, and prophecies;
 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* sat in th' house of agonyes.

LIII.

Whom *Alma* having shewed to her guesstes,
 Thence brought them to the second roome, 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 judgments, and of decretals;
 All artes, all science, all philosophy,
 And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

LIV.

Of those that roome was full, and them among
 There fate a man of ripe and perfect age,
 Who did them meditate all his life long,
 That, through continuall practise and usage,
 He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.
 Great pleasure had those straunger knights, to see
 His goodly reason, and grave personage,
 That his disciples both desired to bee ;
 But *Alma* thence them led to th'hindmost roome of three.

LV.

That chamber seemed ruinous and old,
 And therefore was removed farre behind,
 Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
 Right firme and strong, though somewhat they declind ;
 And therein fate an old oldman, halfe blind,
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
 Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
 And recompensd him with a better scorse :
 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 else, 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 *Affaracus*, and *Inachus* divine.

LVII.

The yeares of *Nestor* nothing were to his,
 Ne yet *Mathusalem*, though longest liv'd ;
 For he remembered 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 hang'd about with rolles,
 And old records from auntient times deriv'd,
 Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolles,
 That were all worne-eaten, and full of canker holes.

LVIII.

Amidst them all he in a chaire was set,
 Tossing and turning them withouten end ;
 But for he was unable them to fet,
 A litle boy did on him still attend,
 To reach, whenever he for ought did fend ;
 And oft when things 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 proprietis.

LIX.

The knights there entring, did him reverence dew,
 And wondred at his endlesse exercise ;
 Then as they gan his librarie to vew,
 And antique registers for to avise,
 There chaunced to the prince's hand to rize
 An auncient booke , hight *Briton monuments*,
 That of this land's first conquest did devize,
 And old division into regiments,
 Till it reduced was to one man's governments.

LX.

Sir *Guyon* chaunft eke on another booke,
 That hight *Antiquitie* of *Faerie* lond;
 In which whenas he greedily did looke,
 Th' ofspring of Elves and Faeries there he fond,
 As it delivered was from hond to hond:
 Whereat they burning both with fervent fire,
 Their countrey's auncestry to understond,
 Crav'd leave of *Alma*, and that aged fire,
 To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.

C A N T O. X.

*A chronicle of Briton kings,
 From Brute to Uther's 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 enterprife? (ground
 Or who shall lend me wings, with which from
 My lowly verse may loftily arise,
 And lift it selfe unto the highest skies?
 More ample spirit, then hitherto was wount,
 Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestries
 Of my most dreaded Sovereigne I recount,
 By which all earthly Princes she doth farre surmount.

II.

Ne under Sunne, 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 it selfe stretch forth to heaven's hight,
 And all the world with wonder overspred ;
 A labour huge, exceeding farre my might :
 How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
 Conceive such soveraine glory, and great bountihed ?

III.

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,
 Or rather worthy of great *Phæbus* rote,
 Whereon the ruines of great *Offa* hill,
 And triumphes of *Phlegræan Jove* he wrote,
 That all the Gods admird his loftie note.
 But if some relish of that heavenly lay
 His learned daughters would to me report,
 To decke my song withall, I would affay,
 Thy name, O soveraine queene, to blazon farre away.

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 mightie 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 man's booke they were in order told.

V.

The land, which warlike *Britons* now possesse,
 And therein have their mightie empire rayfd,
 In antique times was salvage wildernesse,
 Unpeopled, unmanurd, unprov'd, unprayfd,
 Ne was it island then, ne was it payfd
 Amid the *Ocean* waves, ne was it fought
 Of merchants farre, for profits therein prayfd;
 But was all desolate, and of some thought
 By sea to have been 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 unheedie wrecke and rash decay,
 For safety's sake that same 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 farre in land a salvage nation dwelt
 Of hideous giants, and false beastly men,
 That never tasted grace, nor goodnesse felt,
 But like wild beastes lurking in loathsome den,
 And flying fast as roebucke through the fen,
 All naked without shame, or care of cold,
 By hunting and by spoiling lived then;
 Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
 That sonnes of men amaz'd their sternnesse to behold.

VIII. But

VIII.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begot,
 Uneath is to assure; uneath to wene
 That monstrous error, which doth some affot,
 That *Dioclesian's* fiftie 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 Giants and such dreadful wights,
 As farre exceeded men in their immeasurd might.

IX.

They held this land, and with their filthinesse
 Polluted this same gentle foyle long time;
 That their owne mother loathd their beastlinesse,
 And gan abhorre her brood's unkindly crime,
 All were they borne of her owne native slime;
 Until that *Brutus*, anciently deriv'd
 From royall stocke of old *Affarac's* line,
 Driven by fatall error, here arrivd,
 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 battels with his salvage sone;
 In which he them defeated evermore,
 And many Giants left on groning flore,
 That well can witnessse yet unto this day
 The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the gore
 Of mighty *Goëmot*, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

XI. And

XI.

And eke that ample pit, yet farre renownd
 For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of grownd ;
 Into the which returning 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 meed of these great conquests by them got,
Corineus had that Province utmost west
 To him assigned for his worthy lot,
 Which of his name and memorable gest
 He called *Cornewaile*, yet so call'd best ;
 And *Debon's* shayre was that is *Devonshire* :
 But *Canute* had his portion from the rest,
 The which he call'd *Cannium*, for his hire ;
 Now *Cantium*, which *Kent* we commonly inquire.

XIII.

Thus *Brute* this realme unto his rule subdewd,
 And raigned long in great felicity,
 Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eschewd,
 He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
 Borne of faire *Inogene* of *Italy* ;
 Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
 And *Lochrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.
 At last ripe age bad him surrender late
 His life, and long good fortune unto finall fate.

XIV.

Lochrine was left the foveraine Lord of all ;
 But *Albanact* had all the Northerne part,
 Which of him felfe *Albania* he did call ;
 And *Camber* did poffeffe the Westerne quart,
 Which *Severne* now from *Logris* doth depart :
 And each his portion peaceably enjoyd,
 Ne was there out outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
 That once their quiet government annoyd,
 But each his paines to others profit ftill employd.

XV.

Untill a nation ftraung, with vilage fwart,
 And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
 Which through the world then fwarmd 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 themfelves through all the North difplay :
 Untill that *Lochrine*, for his realme's defence,
 Did head againft them make, and ftong munificence.

XVI.

He them encountred, a confused rout,
 Foreby the river, that whylome was hight
 The auncient *Abus*, where with courage ftout
 He them defeated in victorious fight,
 And chafte fo fiercely after fearefull flight,
 That forft their chiefetain, for his fasetie's fake,
 (Their chiefetaine *Humber* named was aright,)
 Unto the mighty ftream he to betake,
 Where he an end of battell and of life did make.

XVII. The

XVII.

The king returned proud of victorie,
 And insolent wox through unwonted ease,
 That shortly he forgot the jeopardie,
 Which in his land he lately did appease,
 And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
 He lov'd faire ladie *Estrild*, lewdly lov'd,
 Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
 That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remov'd,
 From *Guendolene* his wife, though alwayes faithful prov'd.

XVIII.

The noble daughter of *Corineus*
 Would not endure to be so vile disdaind,
 But gathering force, and courage valorous,
 Encountred him in battell 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 her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,
 Begotten by her kingly paramoure,
 The faire *Sabrina*, almost dead with feare,
 She there attached, farre from all succoure;
 The one she flew 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 disloyali love did fall.

XX.

Then for her sonne, which she to *Locrin* bore,
 (*Madan* was young, unmeet the rule to sway,
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
 Till ryper yeares he raught, and stronger stay :
 During which time her powre she did display
 Through all this realme, the glorie of her fex,
 And first taught men a woman to obay :
 But when her sonne to man's estate did wex,
 She it surrentred, ne her selfe 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 conformed 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 happie man in his first dayes he was,
 And happie 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 praise, and chevalrous desire :
 Those Germans did subdue all *Germany*,
 Of whom it hight ; but in the end their fire
 With soule repulse from *Faauunce* was forced to retire.

XXIII. Which

XXIII.

Which blot his sonne succeeding in his feat,
 The second *Brute*, the second both in name,
 And eke in semblance of his puissance 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 sundrie spoiles she hath bene ransacked.

XXIV.

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
 And let the marsh of *Estham bruges* 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 Scuth guiridh it mote seeme to bee,
 But rather y Scuth gogh, signe of sad crueltee.

XXV.

His sonne king *Leill*, by father's labour long,
 Enjoyd 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 warres 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 mollifyde their stubborne harts.

XXVI.

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boyling bathes at *Cairbadon*,
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
 And in their entrailles, full of quick brimston,
 Nourish the flames, which they warmd upon,
 That to their people wealth they forth do well,
 And health to forreine 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 raind,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were well uptraine
 In all that seemed fit 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
 Inquird, which of them most did love her parentage.

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 behov'd,
 Whose simple answere, wanting colours faire
 To paint it forth, him to displeasance mov'd :
 That in his crown he counted her no haire,
 But twixt the other twaine his kingdome whole did shaire.

XXIX. So

XXIX.

So wedded th'one to *Maglan* king of Scots,
 And th'other to the king of *Cambria*,
 And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lots :
 But without dowre the wife *Cordelia*
 Was sent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
 Their aged fyre, thus eafed of his crowne,
 A private life led in *Albania*
 With *Gonorill*, long had in great renowne,
 That nought him griev'd to bene from rule depofed downe.

XXX.

But true it is, that when the oyle is fpent,
 The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away ;
 So when he had refign'd his regiment,
 His daughter gan despife his drouping day,
 And wearie wax of his continuall ftay.
 Tho to his daughter *Regan* he repayrd,
 Who him at firft well ufed every way ;
 But when of his departure fhe defpayrd,
 Her bountie fhe abated, and his cheare empayrd.

XXXI.

The wretched man gan then avize too late,
 That love is not, where moft it is profest,
 Too truly tryde in his extreemest ftate ;
 At laft resolv'd likewise to prove the reft,
 He to *Cordelia* him felfe adreffed,
 Who with entire affection him receav'd,
 As for her fire and king her feemed beft ;
 And after all an army ftrong fhe leav'd,
 To war on thofe, which him had of his realme bereav'd.

XXXII. So

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 sifter's children, woxen strong,
 Through proud ambition against her rebeld,
 And overcommen kept in prison long,
 Till wearie of that wretched life, her selfe she hong.

XXXIII.

Then gan the bloudie brethren both to raine:
 But fierce *Cundab* 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 woodie hills did fly,
 Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him flew;
 Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

XXXIV.

His sonne *Rivall* his dead roome did supply,
 In whose sad time bloud did from heaven raine:
 Next great *Gurgustus*, then faire *Cæcily*,
 In constant peace their kingdomes did containe;
 After whom *Lago*, and *Kinmarke* did raine,
 And *Gorbogud*, till farre in yeares he grew:
 Till his ambitious sonnes unto them twaine
 Arraught the rule, and from their father drew,
 Stout *Ferrex* and sterne *Porrex* him in prison threw.

XXXV. But

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 forreine might,
 Made warre on him, and fell him selfe 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 ended *Brutus* sacred progeny,
 Which had seven hundred yeares this scepter borne,
 With high renowme, and great felicity.
 The noble braunch from th'antique stocke was torne
 Through discord, and the royall 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 affaires,
 Who stird with pittie of the stressed plight
 Of this sad realme, cut into sundry thaires
 By such, as claymd themselves *Brute's* rightfull haire,
 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 allies,
 This of *Alban* newly nominate,
 And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,
 He overthrew though his owne valiaunce ;
 Whose countries he redus'd to quiet state,
 And shortly brought to civill 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 highway,
 The churches part, and ploughman's portion,
 Restraining stealth, and strong extortion ;
 The gracious *Numa* of great *Britany* :
 For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
 By strength was wielded without policy :
 Therefore he first wone crowne of gold for dignity.

XL.

Dorwallo dyde (for what may live for ay?
 And left two sonnes, of pearlesse prowesse both ;
 That sacked *Rome* too dearly did assay,
 The recompence of their perjur'd oth,
 And ranfackt *Greece* well tryde, when they were wroth :
 Besides subjected *Fraunce* and *Germany*,
 Which yet their prayfes speake, all be they loth,
 And inly tremble at the memory
 Of *Brennus* and *Belinus*, kings of *Britany*.

XLI.

Next them did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* sonne,
 In rule succede, and eke in father's praise;
 He Easterland subdewd, and Denmarke wonne,
 And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
 The which was dew in his dead father's daies:
 He also gave to fugitives of *Spayne*,
 Whom he at sea found wandring from their waies,
 A feate in *Ireland* safely to remayne,
 Which they should hold of him, as subject to *Britayne*.

XLII.

After him raigned *Guitheline* his hayre,
 The justest man and trewest in his daies,
 Who had to wife dame *Mertia* the fayre,
 A woman worthy of immortall prayse,
 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 *Ægerie*, 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 outragious,
 And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
 And mightie deedes, should matched have the best:
 As well in that same field victorious
 Aganst 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 successively by turnes did raine;
 First *Gorboman*, a man of virtuous life;
 Next *Archigald*, who for his proud disdain
 Deposed was from pryncedome soveraine,
 And pitteous *Elidure* put in his sted;
 Who shortly it to him restord againe,
 Till by his death he it recovered;
 But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him dithronized.

XLV.

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
 Till they outraigned had their utmost date,
 And then therein reseized was againe,
 And ruled long with honorable state,
 Till he surrendred realme and life to fate.
 Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd
 By dew successe, and all their nephewes late,
 Even thrise 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 moniments of his great good:
 The ruin'd wals he did reædifye
 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.

LXVII. Whilst

XLVII.

Whilſt they were young, *Caffibalane* their Eme
 Was by the people choſen in their ſted,
 Who on him tooke the royall diademe,
 And goodly well long time it governed,
 Till the proud *Romanes* him diſquieted,
 And warlike *Cæſar*, tempted with the name
 Of this ſweet iſland, never conquered,
 And envying the *Britons* blazed fame,
 (O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

XLVIII.

Yet twiſe they were repulſed backe againe,
 And twiſe renforſt, backe to their ſhips to fly,
 The whiles with bloud 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 ſoyle,
 And envious of Uncle's ſoveraintie,
 Betrayd his countrey unto forreine ſpoyle:
 Nought elſe, but treason, from the firſt this land did ſoyle.

XLIX.

So by him *Cæſar* 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 obay,
 Till *Arthur* all that reckoning defrayd;
 Yet oft the *Briton* kings againſt them ſtrongly ſwayd.

L.

Next him *Tenartius* raignd, then *Kimbeline*,
 What time th' eternall Lord in fleshly flime
 Enwomb'd was, from wretched *Adam's* line,
 To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime :
 O joyous 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 battell fought.
 In which the king was by a treachetour
 Disguis'd flaine, ere any thereof thought :
 Yet ceas'd not the bloody fight for ought ;
 For *Arvirage* his brother's 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 dred of *Romanes*, then was *Arvirage*,
 For which the emperour to him allide
 His daughter *Genuis'* in marriage :
 Yet shortly he renounc'd the vassallage
 Of *Rome* againe, who hither hastily sent
Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
 Forwasted all, till *Genuiffa* gent
 Persuaded him to cease, and her lord to relent.

LIII.

He dyde ; and him succeeded *Marius*,
 Who joyd his dayes in great tranquillity :
 Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
 That first received Christianity,
 The sacred pledge of Christs' 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 isswe dyde,
 Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
 That did her selfe in fundry parts divide,
 And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,
 Whilest *Romanes* dayly did the weake subdew :
 Which seeing, stout *Bunduca* up arose,
 And taking armes, the *Britons* to her drew ;
 With whom she marched streight 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 she 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 courage on the victour serv'd ;
 But being all defeated, save a few,
 Rather then fly, or be captiv'd, her selfe she slew.

LVI. O famous

LVI.

O famous monument of womens prayse!
 Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
 Whom antique history so high doth rayse,
 Or to *Hyppihil*, 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,
 She 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 victous, whom he did subdew.
 Then gan *Carausius* tirannize anew,
 And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,
 But him *Allectus* treacherously slew,
 And tooke on him the robe of emperoure :
 Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but short happy howre :

LVIII.

For *Asclepiodate* him overcame,
 And left inglorious on the vanquisht plaine,
 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 *Lucie's* time,
 Was of the *Britons* first crownd soveraine :
 Then gan this realme renewe her passed prime ;
 He of his name *Coylchester* built of stone and lime.

LIX. Which

LIX.

Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
 With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,
 And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
 Faire *Helena*, the fairest living wight,
 Who in all godly thewes, and goodly prayse,
 Did far excell, but was most famous hight
 For skil in musicke of all in her dayes,
 Aswell in curious instruments, as cunning layes:

LX.

Of whom he did great *Constantine* beget,
 Who afterward was emperour of *Rome*;
 To which whiles absent he his mind did set,
Octavius here lept into his roome,
 And it usurped by unrighteous doome:
 But he his title justifide by might,
 Slaying *Traberne*, and having overcome
 The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:
 So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right.

LXI.

But wanting issew male, his daughter deare,
 He gave in wedlocke to *Maximian*,
 And him with her made of his kingdome heire,
 Who soone by meanes thereof his daughter wan,
 Till murdered by the friends of *Gratian*.
 Then gan the Hunnes and Piets invade this land,
 During the raigne of *Maximinian*;
 Who dying left none heire them to withstand,
 But that they overran all parts with easie hand.

LXII.

The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth
 Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
 With wretched miseries, and woefull ruth,
 Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
 And daily spectacle of sad decay :
 Whom *Roman* warres, which now foure hundred yeares,
 And more had wasted, could no whit dismay ;
 Till by consent of commons and of peares,
 They crownd the second *Constantine* with joyous teares :

LXIII.

Who having oft in battell vanquished
 Those spoilefull *Picts*, and swarming *Easterlings*,
 Long time in peace his realme established,
 Yet oft annoyd with sondry bordragings
 Of neighbour *Scots*, and forrein scatterlings,
 With which the world did in those dayes abound :
 Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
 From sea to sea he heapt a mightie mound,
 Which from *Alcluid* to *Panwelt* did that border bound.

LXIV.

Three sonnes he dying left, all under age ;
 By meanes whereof, their uncle *Vortigere*
 Ufurpt the crowne, during their pupillage ;
 Which th' infant's 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 safetie imployes.

LXV. Two

LXV.

Two brethren were their capitains, which hight
Hengist and *Horfus*, well approv'd in warre,
 And both of them men of renowned might;
 Who making vantage of their civile jarre,
 And of those forreiners, 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 *Hengist* seeming sad for that was donne,
 Received is to grace and new accord,
 Through his faire daughter's face, and flattring word:
 Soone after which, three hundred lords he flew
 Of British blood, all sitting at his bord;
 Whose doefull 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 attaine,
 And here arriving, strongly challenged
 The crowne, which *Vortiger* did long detaine:
 Who flying from his guilt, by them was flaine,
 And *Hengist* eke soone brought to shamefull death.
 Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did raine,
 Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;
 So now entomb'd lies at *Stoneheng* by the heath.

LXVIII.

After him *Uther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
 Succeeding—There abruptly it did end,
 Without full point, or other cesure right,
 As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
 Or th'author selfe could not at least attend
 To finish it. That so untimely breach
 The prince him selfe halfe seemed to offend,
 Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
 And wonder of antiquitic long stopt his speach.

LXIX.

At last quite raviht with delight, to heare
 The royall ofspring of his native land,
 Cryde out, Deare countrey, O how dearely deare
 Ought thy remembraunce, and perpetual band
 Be to thy foster childe, that from thy hand
 Did common breath and nouriture receive !
 How brutish is it not to understand,
 How much to her we owe, that all us gave,
 That gave unto us all, what ever good we have !

LXX.

But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,
 Ne yet has ended ; for it was a great
 And ample volume, that doth far exceed
 My leasure so long leaves here to repeat :
 It told, how first *Prometheus* did create
 A man, of many partes from beasts deryv'd,
 And then stole fire from heven, to animate
 His worke, for which he was by *Jove* depryv'd
 Of life him selfe, and hart-strings of an *Ægle* ryv'd.

LXXI. That

LXXI.

That man so made he call'd *Elfe*, to weet
 Quick, the first author of all elfin kind:
 Who wandring through the world with wearie feet,
 Did in the gardins of *Adonis* find
 A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mind
 To be no earthly wight, but either spright,
 Or angell, th'authour of all woman kind;
 Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
 Of whom all *Faeryes* spring, and fetch their lignage right.

LXXII.

Of these a mightie people shortly grew,
 And puiffaunt kings, which all the world warrayd,
 And to them selves all nations did subdew:
 The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
 Was *Elfn*; him all *India* obeyd,
 And all that now *America* men call:
 Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who layd
Cleopolis foundation first of all:
 But *Elfline* enclofd it with a golden wall.

LXXIII.

His sonne was *Elfnell*, who overcame
 The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloody field:
 But *Elfant* was of most renoumed fame,
 Who all of christall did *Panthea* build:
 Then *Elfar*, who two brethren gyants kild,
 The one of which had two heades, th'other three:
 Then *Elfnor*, who was in magick skild;
 He built by art upon the glassy see
 A bridge of bras, whose sound heaven's thunder seem'd to bee.

LXXIV. He

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 fundry 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 civill rule to kings and states imperiall.

LXXV.

After all these *Elficleos* did rayne,
 The wise *Elficleos* in great majestie,
 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 spoufall, and dominion.

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. Beguyld

LXXVII.

Beguild thus with delight of novelties,
 And naturall desire of countrys state,
 So long they red 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 fairely feasted, as so noble knights she ought.

C A N T O XI.

*The enemies of Temperaunce
 besiege her dwelling place :
 Prince Antbure them repelles, and fowle
 Maleger doth deface.*

I.

WHAT warre so cruel, or what siege so fore,
 As that, which strong affections do apply
 Against the forte of reason evermore,
 To bring the soul into captivity :
 Their force is fiercer through infirmity
 Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
 And exercise most bitter tyranny
 Upon the parts, brought into their bondage :
 No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.

II. But

II.

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld
 His partes to reason's rule obedient,
 And letteth her that ought the sceptor 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,
 Attempred 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 journey him prepar'd:
 With him the palmer eke in habit sad,
 Him selfe addrest to that adventure hard:
 So to the river's side they both together far'd.

IV.

Where them awaited ready at the ford
 The *Ferriman* as *Alma* had behight,
 With his well rigged bote: They go aboard,
 And he estfoones gan launch his barke forthright.
 Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
 And fast the land behind them fled away.
 But let them pas, whiles winde and weather right
 Do 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 guide,
 That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
 That castle to assaile on every side,
 And lay strong siege about it far and wide.
 So huge and infinite their numbers were,
 That all the land they under them did hide;
 So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
 Their visages imprest, when they approched neare.

VI.

Them in twelve troupes their captain did dispart,
 And round about in fittest steades did place,
 Where each might best offend his proper part,
 And his contrary object most deface,
 As every one seem'd meetest in that cace.
 Seven of the same against the castle-gate
 In strong intrenchment he did closely place,
 Which with incessaunt force, and endlesse hate,
 They battered day and night, and entraunce did awate.

VII.

The other five five sundry wayes he set
 Against the five great bulwarkes of that pile,
 And unto each a bulwarke did arret,
 T'assayle with open force or hidden guile,
 In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
 They all that charge did fervently apply,
 With greedie malice and importune toile,
 And planted there their huge artillery,
 With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

VIII.

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
 Of fowle mishapen wights, of which some were
 Headed like owles, with beckes 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 lynce's eyes,
 And every one did bow and arrowes beare:
 All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt envies,
 And covetous aspectes, all cruel enimies,

IX.

Those same against the bulwarke of the *Sight*
 Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
 Ne once did yield it respit day or night,
 But soone as *Titan* gan his head to 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 assignment makes,
 Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,
 Some having heads like harts, some like to snakes,
 Some like wilde bores late rouzd out of the brakes:
 Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies,
 Leafings, backbyttings, and vaigneglorious crakes,
 Bad counfels, prayfes, and false flatteries,
 All those against that fort did bend their batteries.

XI. Like-

XI.

Likewise that same third fort, that is the *Smell*,
 Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd ;
 Whose hideous shapés 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
 Foolish delights and fond abusions,
 Which do that fence besiege with fond illusions.

XII.

And that fourth band, which cruell battry bent
 Against the fourth bulwarke, that is the *Tast*,
 Was, as the rest, a gryfie rablement ;
 Some mouthd like greedy oysteriges, some fast
 Like loathly toades, some fashioned in the wast
 Like swine ; for so deformd is luxury,
 Surfeat, misdiet, and unthriftie wast,
 Vaine feastes, and idle superfluity :
 All those this fence's fort assayle incessantly.

XIII.

But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,
 And fierce of force, is dreadfull to report ;
 For some like snailes, some did like spyders shew,
 And some like ugly urchins thicke and short :
 Cruelly they assayled that fift fort,
 Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
 With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort
 Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
 Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

XIV.

Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull puiffance
 Against that castle restlesse siege did lay,
 And evermore their hideous ordinance
 Upon the bulwarkes cruelly did play,
 That now it gan to threaten neare decay.
 And evermore their wicked capitaine
 Provoked them the breaches to assay,
 Somtimes with threats, somtimes with hope of gaine,
 Which by the ranfack of that peece they should attaine.

XV.

On th'other side, th'assieged castle's ward
 Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
 And many bold repulse, and many hard
 Atchievement wrought with perill and with paine,
 That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine :
 And those two brethren giants did defend
 The walles so stoutly with their sturdie maine,
 That never entrance any durst pretend,
 But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

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 remerciad as the patrone of her life.

XVII. Est-

XVII.

Eftfoones himfelfe in glitterand armes he dight,
 And his well proved weapons to him hent ;
 So taking courteous conge he behight
 Thofe gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
 Faire mote he thee, the prowefst and moft gent,
 That ever brandifhed bright fteele on hye :
 Whom foone as that unruly rablement
 With his gay fquire iffuing did efpy,
 They reard a moft outrageous dreadfull yelling cry :

XVIII.

And therewith all attonce at him let fly
 Their fluttering arrowes, thicke as flakes of fnow,
 And round about him flocke impetuoufly,
 Like a great water flood, that tombling low
 From the high mountaines, threates to overflow
 With fuddein fury all the fertile plaine,
 And the fad husbandman's long hope doth throw
 Adowne the ftream, and all his vowes make vaine,
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may fustaine.

XIX.

Upon his fhield there heaped hayle he bore,
 And with his fword difperft the raskall flockes,
 Which fled a fonder, and him fell before,
 As withered leaves drop from their dried stockes,
 When the wroth Western wind does reave their lockes,
 And underneath him his courageous fteed,
 The fierce *Spumador*, trode them downe like dockes ;
 The fierce *Spumador*, borne of heavenly feed,
 Such as *Laomedon* of *Phæbus* race did breed

XX. Which

XX.

Which fuddeine horroure and confused cry
 When as their captaine heard, in hafte he yode,
 The caufe to weet, and fault to remedy ;
 Upon a tygre fierce and fwift he rode,
 That, as the wind, ran underneath his lode,
 Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground :
 Full large he was of limbe, and fhoulders brode,
 But of fuch fubtile fubftance and unfound,
 That like a ghofte he feem'd, whofe 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 bloudie dide,
 Such as the *Indians* in their quivers hide.
 Thofe could he well direct and ftreight as line,
 And bid them ftrike the marke, which he had eyde,
 Ne was their falve, ne was their 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 dryed rooke ;
 Thereto as cold and drery 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 man's fkull, that feemd a ghafte fight.

XXIII. *Maleger*

XXIII.

Maleger was his name, and after him
 There follow'd fast at hand two wicked hags,
 With hoarie lockes all loose, and visage grim ;
 Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
 And both as swift on foot as chafed stags,
 And yet the one her other legge had lame,
 Which with a staffe, all full of little snags,
 She did support, and *Impotence* her name :
 But th' other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

XXIV.

Soone as the carle from far the prince espyde,
 Gliftring in armes and warlike ornament,
 His beast 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 quick aside
 His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare :
 Whom to pursue, the infant after hide,
 So fast as his good courser could him beare ;
 But labour lost it was, to weene approach him neare.

XXVI. For

XXVI.

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
 That vew of eye could scarce him overtake,
 Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tred ;
 Through hils and dales he speedie way did make,
 Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake,
 And in his flight the villein turn'd his face
 (As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,
 When as the *Russian* him in fight does chace)
 Unto his tyger's taile, and shot at him apace.

XXVII.

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
 Still as the greedy knight unto him drew,
 And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
 That him his foe more fiercely should pursew :
 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 that lame hag, still as abroad he strew
 His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
 And to him brought, fresh battell to renew ;
 Which he espying, cast her to restraine
 From yielding succour to that cursed swaine,
 And her attaching, thought her hands to tye ;
 But soone as him, dismounted on the plaine,
 That other hag did farre away espye
 Binding her sifter, she to him ran hastily ;

XXIX: And

XXIX.

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
 Him backward overthrew, and downe him stayd
 With their rude hands and griefly graplement,
 Till that the villein, comming to their ayd,
 Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd ;
 Full litle wanted, but he had him flaine,
 And of the battell baleful end had made,
 Had not his gentle squire beheld his paine,
 And comen 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 man's state, and life unsound,
 That in assurance it may never stand,
 Till it dissolved be from earthly band.
 Proove be thou, prince, the prowest man alive,
 And noblest borne of all in *Britaine* 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 chiefest lets and authors of his harmes,
 And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
 Least that his lord they should behind invade ;
 The whiles the prince, prickt with reprochfull shame,
 As one awakt out of long slombring shade,
 Reviving thought of glory and of fame,
 United all his powres to purge him selfe from blame.

XXXII.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
 Hath long bene underkept, and down suppressed,
 With murmurous disdain doth iuly 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,
 It now devoures with flames and scorching heat,
 And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

XXXIII.

So mightily the *Briton* prince him rouzd
 Out of his hold, and broke his caitive bands,
 And as a beare, whom hungry cures have touzd,
 Having off-shakt them, and escaped their hands,
 Becomes more fell, and all, that him withstands,
 Treads downe 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 flat lying on the marle.

XXXIV.

Which now him turnd to disadvantage deare,
 For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
 But trust unto his strength and manhood meare,
 Sith now he is farre from his monstrous swarme,
 And of his weapons did him selfe disarme.
 The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
 Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,
 And him so fore smote with his yron mace,
 That groveling to the ground he fell, and filld his place.

XXXV. Well

XXXV.

Well weened he, that field was then his owne,
 And all his labour brought to happie end,
 When suddain up the villein overthrowne
 Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend,
 And gan him selfe to second battell bend,
 As hurt he had not bene. 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 be, or signe of sundry 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 ground he gave, and lightly lept areare :
 Est fierce returning, as a Faulcon faire,
 That once hath failed of her soufe full neare,
 Remounts againe into the open aire,
 And unto better fortune doth her selfe prepaire.

XXXVII.

So brave returning, with his brandisht blade,
 He to the carle him selfe againe addrest,
 And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
 An open passage through his riven brest,
 That halfe the steele behind his back 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 wounde so wide and wonderous,
 That through his carcaffè one might plainly 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 fight,
 Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all :
 He doubted, least it were some magicall
 Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
 Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,
 Or aerie spirite under false pretence,
 Or hellish feend rayfd up through divelish science.

XL.

His wonder farre exceeded reason's reach,
 That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
 And oft of error did him selfe appeach :
 Flesh without bloud, a person without spright,
 Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
 That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
 That could not die, yet seemd a mortall wight,
 That was most strong in most infirmittee ;
 Like did he never heare, like did he never see.

XLI. A while

XLI.

A while 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 victorie assay,
 Or th'utmost issue 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 awayld,
 And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

XLII.

Twixt his two mightie armes him up he snatcht,
 And crusht his carcasse so against his brest,
 That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,
 And th'idle breath all utterly exprest:
 Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
 The lumpish corse unto the senselesse grownd:
 Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
 That backe gaine it did alofte rebownd,
 And gave against his mother earth a groanfull sownd.

XLIII.

As when *Jove's* harnesse-bearing bird from hie
 Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdain,
 The stone-dead quarrey falls so forcible,
 That it rebounds against the lowly plaine,
 A second fall redoubling backe againe.
 Then thought the prince all peril sure was past,
 And that he victor onely did remaine;
 No sooner thought, then that the carle as fast
 Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he downe was cast.

XLIV. Nigh

XLIV.

Nigh his wits ends then woxe th'amazed knight,
 And thought his labour lost and travell vaine,
 Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight:
 Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty maine,
 That whiles he marveild still, did still him paine:
 For thy he gan some other wayes advize,
 How to take life from that dead-living swaine,
 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 beene 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 rayfd him up much stronger then before,
 So soone as he unto her womb did fall.
 Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
 Ne him commit to grave terrestriall.
 But beare him farre from hope of succour usuall.

XLVI.

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
 And having seruzd out of his carrion corse
 The lothfull life, now loofd from sinfull bands,
 Upon his shoulders carried him perforce
 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 carle's dayes, and his owne paines did make

XLVII. Which

XLVII.

Which when those wicked hags from farre did spy,
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
 And th'one of them with dreadfull yelling cry,
 Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
 And having quencht her burning fier-brands,
 Hedlong her felse did cast into that lake:
 But *Impotence*, with her owne wilfull hands,
 One of *Maleger's* curfed darts did take,
 So riv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

XLVIII.

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines;
 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 readie were,
 To take him from his steed full tenderly,
 And eke the fairest *Alma* met him there
 With balme and wine, and costly spicery,
 To comfort him in his infirmity.
 Eftsoones she causd him up to be conveyd,
 And of his armes despoyled easily;
 In sumptuous bed she made him to be layd,
 And all the while his wounds were dressing, by him stayd.

C A N T O XII.

*Guyon, through Palmer's governance,
through passing perils great,
Doth overthrow the bowre of blisse,
and Acrasie defeat.*

I.

NOW gins that goodly frame of temperance
Fairely to rise, and her adorned hed
To pricke of highest praise forth to advance,
Formerly grounded, and fast fettelede
On firme foundation of true bountihed ;
And this brave knight, that for this vertue fights,
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 days 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 roaring farre away they heard,
That all their senses filled with affright,
And streight they saw the rages surges reard
Up to the skies, that them of drowning made affeard.

III. Said

III.

Said then the boteman, Palmer, stere aright,
 And keepe an even cource; for yonder way
 We needes must pas (God do us well acquight,
 That is the *Gulf of Greedinesse*, they say,
 That deepe engorgeth all this worlde's pray:
 Which having swallowd up excessively,
 He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
 And belcheth forth his superfluity,
 That all the seas for feare doe seeme away to fly,

IV.

On th'other side an hideous rock is pight
 On mightie *Magnes* stone, whose craggie clift
 Depending from on high, dreadfull to fight,
 Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
 And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
 On who so cometh nigh; yet nigh it drawes
 All passengers, that none from it can shift:
 For whiles they fly that gulfe's devouring jawes,
 They on this rock are rent, and sunck in helpelesse wawes.

V.

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
 Untill they nigh unto that gulfe arrive,
 Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
 Then he with all his puissance doth strive
 To strike his oares, and mightily doth drive
 The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave,
 Which gaping wide, to swallow them alive
 In th' huge abyffe of his engulping grave,
 Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terror rave.

VI.

They passing by, that grieſly mouth did ſee,
 Sucking the ſeas into his entralles deepe,
 That ſeemd more horrible than hell to be,
 Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* ſteepe,
 Through which the damned ghoſts doen often creepe
 Back to the world, bad livers to torment:
 But nought, that falles into this direfull deepe,
 Ne that approacheth nigh the wide deſcent,
 May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

VII.

On th'other ſide, they ſaw that perilous rocke,
 Threatning it ſelfe on them to ruinate,
 On whoſe ſharpe clifts the ribs of veſſels broke,
 And ſhiver'd ſhips, which had beene wrecked late,
 Yet ſtuck, with carcaſes exanimate
 Of ſuch, as having all their ſubſtance ſpent
 In wanton joyes, and luſtes intemperate,
 Did afterwards make ſhipwracke violent,
 Both of their life, and fame for ever ſowly blent.

VIII.

For thy this hight *The rocke of vile Reproch*,
 A dangerous and deteſtable place,
 To which nor fiſh nor fowle did once approach,
 But yelling meawes, with ſeagulles hoarſe and bace,
 And cormoyraunts, with birds of ravenous race,
 Which ſtill ſat waiting on that waſtfull clift,
 For ſpoyle of wretches, whoſe unhappy cace,
 After loſt credite and conſumed thrift,
 At laſt them driven hath to this deſpairefull drift.

IX.

The Palmer seeing them in safctie past,
 Thus said, Behold th'ensamples in our fights
 Of lustful luxurie and thriftlesse wast:
 What now is left of miserable wights,
 Which spent their looser daies in lewd delights,
 But shame and sad reproch, here to be red,
 By these rent reliques, speaking their ill plights?
 Let all, that live, hereby be counsell'd,
 To shunne *Rocke of Reproch*, and it, as death, to dred.

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 farre off they many islands spy,
 On every side floting the floods emong:
 Then said the knight, Lo! I the land descry;
 Therefore, old Syre, thy course do thereunto apply.

XI.

That may not be, said then the *Ferryman*,
 Least we unweeting hap to be fordonne:
 For those same islands, seeming now and than,
 Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
 But stragglng plots, which to and fro do 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 vew,
 Both faire and fruitfull, and the grownd dispred
 With grassy greene of delectable hew;
 And the tall trees, with leaves apparelled,
 Are deckt with blossomes 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 ever more uncertein and unsure.

XIII.

As th' isle of *Delos* whylome, men report,
 Amid th' *Aegæan* sea long time did stray,
 Ne made for shipping any certeine port,
 Till that *Latona* travelling that way,
 Flying from *Junoe's* wrath and hard affay,
 Of her farre twins was there delivered,
 Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
 Thenceforth it firmly was established,
 And for *Apolloe's* temple highly herried.

XIV.

They to him hearken, as besemeth meete,
 And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
 That one of those same islands, which doe fleet
 In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
 Which seemd so swete and pleasant to the eye,
 That it would tempt a man to touchen three:
 Upon the banck they fitting did espy
 A daintie damsell, dressing of her heare,
 By whom a litle skippet floting did appeare.

XV. She

XV.

She them espying, loud to them did call,
 Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore;
 For she had cause to busie them withall;
 And therewith loudly 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 wihtouten ore,
 From the departing land it launched light,
 And after them did drive with all her power and might:

XVI.

Whom overtaking, she in merry fort
 Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly,
 Now faining dalliance and wanton sport,
 Now throwing forth lewd wordes immodestly;
 Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
 Her to rebuke, for being loose and light:
 Which not abiding, but more scornefully
 Scoffing at him, that did her justly wite,
 She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

XVII.

That was the wanton *Phædria*, which late
 Did ferry him over the *Idle lake*:
 Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
 And all her vaine allurements did forsake,
 When them the wary boteman thus bespake;
 Here now behoveth us well to avyse,
 And of our safetic good heede to take;
 For here before a perlous passage lyes,
 Where many Mermaids haunt, making false melodies.

XVIII. But

XVIII.

But by the way there is a great quicksand,
 And a whirelepoole of hidden jeopardy.
 Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand ;
 For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.
 Scarfe had he said, 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 *Untbriftyhed*.

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 disadventure, or mesprize,
 Her selfe had runne 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 travell 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 funcke, of whom no memorie did stay :
 Whose circling waters rapt with whirling sway,
 Like to a restlesse wheele, still running round,
 Did covet, as they passed by that way,
 To draw their boate within the utmost bound
 Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to have them dround.

XXI. But

XXI.

But th'heedfull boteman strongly forth did stretch
 His brawnie armes, and all his bodie straine,
 That th'utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
 Whiles the dred daunger does behind remaine.
 Suddaine they see from midst of all the maine
 The furging waters like a mountaine rise,
 And the great sea, puft up with proud difdaine,
 To swell above the measure of his guife,
 As threatning to devoure all, that his powre despise.

XXII.

The waves come rolling, and the billows rore
 Outragiously, as they enraged were,
 Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them drive before
 His whirling charot, for exceeding feare :
 For not one pufte of winde there did appeare,
 That all the three thereat woxe much afraid,
 Unweeting, what fuch horreur ftraunge did reare.
 Eftfoones they faw an hideous hoaft arrayd
 Of huge Sea-monfters, fuch as living fence difmayd :

XXIII.

Moft ugly fhapes, and horrible afpects,
 Such as Dame Nature felfe mote feare to fee,
 Or fhame, that ever fhould fo fowle defects
 From her moft cunning hand efaped bee ;
 All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee :
 Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and fea-shouldring Whales,
 Great whirlpooles, which all fifhes make to flee,
 Bright *Scolopendraes*, arm'd with filver fcales,
 Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeafured tayles.

XXIV. The

XXIV.

The dreadfull fish, that hath deserv'd the name
 Of death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew ;
 The grieſly Waſſerman, that makes his game
 The flying ſhips with ſwiftneſſe to purſew ;
 The horrible ſea-fatyre, 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 *Rofmarines* with viſages deforme.

XXV.

All theſe, and thouſund thouſands many more,
 And more deformed monſters thouſand fold,
 With dreadfull noiſe, and hollow rombling rore,
 Came ruſhing in the ſomy waves enrold,
 Which ſeemd 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 ſea's entrall.

XXVI.

Feare nought, then ſaid the Palmer well avizd ;
 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 dreed,
 And draw from on this journey to proceed.
 Tho liſting 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

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 *Guyon* hearing, streight his Palmer had,
 To sterc 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 heart t'affect with fraile infirmity:

XXIX.

To which when she your courage hath inclind
 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 stayd 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,
 Where as those Mermayds dwelt: it was a 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 deceitfull shade.

XXXI.

They were faire ladies, till they fondly striv'd
 With th'*Heliconian* maides for maistry;
 Of whom they overcomen 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 weak travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

XXXII.

So now to *Guyon*, as he passed by,
 Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applide;
 O thou faire sonne of gentle Faery,
 That art in mighty armes most magnifide
 Above all knights, that ever battell tride,
 O turne thy rudder hitherward a while:
 Here may thy storme-bet vessell safely ride;
 This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
 The worlde's sweet In from paine and wearisome turmoyle.

XXXIII. With

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 whistled
 His treble, a straunge kind of harmony ;
 Which *Guyon's* senses softly tickeled,
 That he the boateman bad row easly,
 And let him heare some part of their raremelody.

XXXIV.

But him the Palmer from that vanity
 With temperate advice discounfelled,
 That they it past, and shortly gan descry
 The land, to which their course they leveled ;
 When suddainly a grosse fog overspred
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,
 And heaven's chearefull face enveloped,
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,
 And this great uniuerse seemd one confused mas.

XXXV.

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
 How to direct their way in darkeness wide,
 But feard to wander in that wastefull mist,
 For tumbling 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 oft did smight,
 And fore annoyed, groping in that grieisly night.

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, death's dreadfull messengere,
 The hoars Night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere,
 The lether-winged Bat, day's enemy,
 The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere,
 The whistler shrill, that who so heares, doth dy,
 *The hellish Harpies, prophets of sad destiny :

XXXVII.

All those, and all that else doth horror breed,
 About them flew, and fild their sayles 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 it selfe did plainly show.
 Said then the Palmer, Lo ! where does appeare
 The sacred soile, where all our perils grow ;
 Therefore, Sir knight, your ready armes about you throw.

XXXVIII.

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
 The whiles the nimble boate 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 boate behind did stay.
 They marched fairly forth, of nought ydred,
 Both firmly armd for every hard assay,
 With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

XXXIX. Ere

XXXIX.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
 Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
 As if that hungers point, or *Venus* sting
 Had them enraged with fell furquedry;
 Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
 Untill they came in vew of those wild beasts;
 Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
 And rearing fiercely their upstarting crests,
 Ran towards, to deuoure 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.
 Eftsoones their stubborne courages were queld,
 And high advanced crests 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* whylome 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, whom nothing can persuade,
 And rule the *Furyes*, when they most do rage:
 Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

NLII. Thence

XLII.

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive,
 Whereas the bowre of *Blisse* was situate ;
 A place pickt out by choice of best alive,
 That nature's worke by art can imitate :
 In which what ever in this worldly state
 Is sweete, and pleasing unto living sense,
 Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

XLIII.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
 Aswell their entred guesstes to keepe within,
 As those unruly beasts to hold without ;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin ;
 Nought feard their force, that fortilage to win,
 But wisdom's powre, and temperaunce's 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 seemed a worke of admirable wit ;
 And therein all the famous history
 Of *Jason* and *Medæa* was ywrit ;
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
 His falsed faith, and love too lightly flit,
 The wounded *Argo*, which in venturous peece
 First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowr of *Greece*.

XLV. Ye

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 spent
 With vermell, like the boyes bloud therein shed,
 A piteous spectacle did represent ;
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled ;
 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 thither came : but in the porch there fate
 A comely personage of stature tall,
 And semblaunce pleasing, more than naturall,
 That travellers to him seemd to entize ;
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
 Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercize.

XLVII.

They in that place him *Genius* did call ;
 Not that celestiaall 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 let us oft foresee,
 And oft of secret ill bids us beware :
 That is our selfe, whom though we do not see,
 Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceive to bee.

XLVIII. There-

XLVIII.

Therefore a God him sage antiquit,

Did wisely make, and good *engdistes* call:

But this same was to that quite contrary,

The foe of life, that good eneyes to all,

That secretly doth us procure to fall,

Through guilefull semblaunts, which he makes us see.

He of his garden had the governall,

And pleasure's porter was devizd to bee,

Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

XLIX.

With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,

And strowed round about, and by his side

A mightie mazer bowle of wine was set,

As if it had to him bene sacrificide;

Wherewith all new come guests he gratyficide:

So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by:

But he his idle curtesie defide,

And overthrew his bowle disdainfully,

And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants fly.

L.

Thus being entred, they behold around

A large and spacious plaine, on every side

Strowed with pleasauns, whose faire grassy ground

Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide

With all the ornaments of *Florae's* 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. Thereto

LI.

Thereto the heavens, alwayes joviall,
 Lookt 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 aire with feason moderate
 Gently attempred, and disposd so weil,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesome smell.

LII.

More sweet and holesome, then the pleasant hill
 Of *Rhodope*, on which the nymphe, that bore
 A gyaunt babe, her selfe for grieffe did kill ;
 Or the *Theffalian Temple*, where of yore
 Faire *Darbue Phæbus'* hart with love did gore ;
 Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
 When ever they their heavenly bowres forlore ;
 Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of muses faire ;
 Or *Eden* selfe, if ought with *Eden* mote compaire.

LIII.

Much wondred *Guyon* at the faire aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight
 To sincke into his sense, nor mind affect,
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
 Bridling his will, and maistering his might :
 Till that he came unto another gate,
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With boughs 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 them selves into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered :
 Some deepe empurpled as the *Hyacint*,
 Some, as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,
 Some like faire Emerandes, not yet well ripened.

LV.

And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
 So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
 Which did themselves amongst 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 faire 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 sweld,
 Into her cup she scruzd, with daintie breach
 Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach,
 That so faire wine-pressie 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

LVII.

So she to *Guyon* offred it to tast,
 Who taking it out of her tender hond,
 The cup to ground did violently cast,
 That all in peeces it was broken fond,
 And with the liquor stained all the lond:
 Whereat *Excesse* exceedingly was wroth,
 Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
 But suffred him to passe, all were she loth,
 Who nought regarding her displeasure forward goth.

LVIII.

There the most daintie paradise on ground
 It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none does other's happinesse envye:
 The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
 The dales for shade, the hills 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 other's worke more beautify;
 So differing both in willes, agreed in fine;
 So all agreed through sweete diversity,
 This gardin to adorne with all variety.

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 imagerie
 Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
 Of which some seemd with lively jollitee
 To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
 Whilest others did them selves embay in liquid joyes.

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 be yvie trew.
 Low his lascivious armes adowne did creepe,
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
 Their fleecing flowres they tenderly did steepe,
 Which drops of christall seemd for wantones to weep.

LXII.

Infinitt streames continually did well
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
 The which into an ample laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie;
 That like a little lake it 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

LXIII.

And all the margent round about was fet
 With shady laurell trees, thence to defend
 The funny beames, which on the billowes bet,
 And those, which therein bathed, mote offend.
 As *Guyon* hapned by the fame to wend,
 Two naked damzelles he therein espyde,
 Which therein bathing seemed to contend,
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde
 Their dainty parts from vew of any, which them eyde.

LXIV.

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
 Above the waters, and then downe againe
 Her plong, as over maistered 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 chrifall waves, appeared plaine ;
 Then suddainly both would themselves unhele,
 And th' amorous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele,

LXV.

As that fair starre, the messenger of morne,
 His deawy face out of the sea doth reare ;
 Or as the *Cyprian* goddesse, newly borne
 Of th'ocean's fruitfull froth, did first appeare ;
 Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
 Chrifalline 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

LXVI.

The wanton maidens him espying, stood
 Gazing a while at his unwanted guise ;
 Then th'one her selfe 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 hid underneath, him more desirous made.

LXVII.

With that, the other likewise up arose,
 And her faire lockes which formerly were bownd
 Up in one knot, 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 hid in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
 Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

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 spide the knight to slacke his pace,
 Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
 The secret signes of kindled lust appeare,
 Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
 And to him beckned, to approach more neare,
 And shewd him many fights, that courage cold could reare.

LXIX. On

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 favourites fo nam'd amis :
 When thus the Palmer, Now, Sir, well avise ;
 For here the end of all our traveill is :
 Here wones *Acrasia*, whom we must surprife ;
 Else ſhe will flip away, and all our drift deſpiſe.

LXX.

Eftſoones they heard a moſt melodious ſound,
 Of all they mote delight a daintie eare,
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,
 Save in this Paradife, be heard elſwhere :
 Right hard it was, for wight, which did it heare,
 To read, what manner muſicke that mote bee ;
 For all that pleaſing is to living eare,
 Was there conſorted in one harmonee,
 Birds, voyces, inſtruments, windes, waters, all agree.

LXXI.

The joyous birdes, ſhrouded in chearefull ſhade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempred ſweet ;
 Th'Angelicall ſoft trembling voyces made
 To th'inſtruments divine reſpondence meet ;
 The ſilver founding 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 her selfe now solacing
 With a new lover, whom through forcere
 And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring:
 There she had him now laid a slombering
 In secret shade, after long wanton joyes,
 Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
 Many faire ladies, and lascivious boyes,
 That ever mixt their song with light licentious toys.

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 suck his spright,
 Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
 Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rew'd.

LXXIV.

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
 Ah! see, who so faire thing doest faine to see,
 In springing flowre the image of thy day;
 Ah! see the virgin rose, how sweetly shee
 Doth first peepe forth with bashfull 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 falles away.

LXXV. So

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 decke both bed and bowre,
 Of many a ladie, 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 approvance of his pleasing wordes.
 The constant paire 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 ladie, with her lover lose,
 Whose sleepe 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 alabaster 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'aire more lightly flee.

LXXVIII.

Her snowy brest was bare to readie 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 fiery beames, with which she thrild
 Fraile harts, yet quenched not ; like starry light,
 Which sparckling on the silent waves, does seem more bright

LXXIX.

The young man, sleeping by her, seemd to be
 Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
 That certes it great pitie was to see
 Him his nobilitie so foule deface.
 A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
 Mixed with many sternesse, did appeare,
 Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face,
 And on his tender lips the downy heare
 Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossomes beare.

LXXX.

His warlike armes, the idle 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 advancement tend,
 But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,
 His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend :
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend !

LXXXI. The

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 onely 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 keep her safe and sound ;
 But *Verdant* (so he hight) he soone untyde,
 And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

LXXXIII.

But all those pleasant bowres, and pallace brave,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittilesse ;
 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 banket houses burne, their buildings race,
 And of the fairest late, now made the fowlest place.

LXXXIV.

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad :
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
 Till they 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.

Said he, These seeming beastes are men indeed,
 Whom this enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
 Whylome her lovers, which her lusts did feed,
 Now turned into figures hideous,
 According to their mindes like monstuous.
 Sad end, quoth he, of life intemperate,
 And mournfull meed of joyes delicious :
 But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returned be unto their former state.

LXXXVI.

Streight way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
 And fireight 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 *Grille* by name,
 Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

LXXXVII. Said

LXXXVII.

Said *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 kind
Delights in filth and foule incontinence :
Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and have his hoggish mind ;
But let us hence depart, whilest wether ferves and wind.

The End of the second Book.



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