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,

[by Thomas Birch]

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.

VOL. III.

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M.DCC.LI.

The fifth Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Contayning,

The Legende of Artegall

Or *of Justice.*

I.

SO oft as I with ſtate of preſent time
The image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freſheſt prime,
And the firſt bloſſome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt thoſe, and theſe which are,
As that, through long continuance of his courſe,
Me ſeemes the world is runne quite out of ſquare,
From the firſt point of his appointed ſourſe;
And being once amiſſe growes daily wourſe and wourſe.

II.

For from the golden age, that firſt was named,
It's now as earſt become a ſtonie one;
And men themſelves, the which at firſt were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of fleſh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardeſt ſtone:
Such as behind their backs (ſo backward bred)
Where thrown by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalione:*
And if then thoſe may any worſe be red,
They into that ere long will be degendered.

III.

Let none then blame me, if in diſcipline
Of vertue and of civill uſes lore,
I doe not forme them to the common line
Of preſent dayes, which are corrupted ſore,
But to the antique uſe, which was of yore,
When good was onely for it ſelfe deſyred,
And all men ſought their owne, and none no more;
When Juſtice was not for moſt meed out-hyred,
But ſimple truth did rayne, and was of all admyred.

IV.

For that, which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cald vice; and that, which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and ſo us'd of all;
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things elſe in time are chaunged quight.
Ne wonder; for the heavens revolution
Is wandred farre from, where it firſt was pight,
And ſo doe make contrarie conſtitution
Of all this lower world, toward his diſſolution.

V. For

V.

For whoſo liſte into the heavens looke,
And ſearch the courſes of the rowling ſpheares,
Shall find, that from the point, where they firſt tooke
Their ſetting forth, in theſe few thouſand yeares
They all are wandred much: that plaine appeares.
For that ſame golden fleecy ram, which bore
Phrixus and *Helle* from their ſtepdames feares,
Hath now forgot, where he was plaſt of yore,
And ſhouldred hath the bull, which fayre *Europa* bore.

VI.

And eke the bull hath with his bow-bent horne
So hardly butted thoſe two twinnes of *Jove*,
That they have cruſht the crab, and quite him borne
Into the great *Nemæan* lions grove.
So now all range, and doe at random rove
Out of their proper places farre away,
And all this world with them amiſs doe move,
And all his creatures from their courſe aſtray,
Till they arrive at their laſt ruinous decay.

VII.

Ne is that ſame great glorious lampe of light,
That doth enlumine all theſe leſſer fyres,
In better caſe, ne keepes his courſe more right,
But is miſcarried with other ſpheres.
For ſince the terme of fourteene hundred yeres,
That learned *Ptolomæe* his hight did take,
He is declyned from that marke of theirs,
Nigh thirtie minutes to the Southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will us quite forſake.

VIII.

And if to thoſe Ægyptian wiſards old,
Which in ſtar-read were wont have beſt inſight,
Faith may be given, it is by them told,
That ſince the time they firſt tooke the ſunnes hight,
Foure times his place he ſhifted hath in ſight,
And twice hath riſen, where he now doth weſt,
And weſted twice, where he ought riſe aright.
But moſt is *Mars* amiſſe of all the reſt,
And next to him old *Saturne*, that was wont be beſt.

IX.

For during *Saturnes* ancient raigne, it's ſayd,
That all the world with goodneſſe did abound:
All loved vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, ne fraud in wight was to be found:
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trompets ſound,
Peace univerſall rayn'd mongſt men and beaſts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Juſtice ſate high ador'd with ſolemne feaſts,
And to all people did divide her dred beheaſts.

X.

Moſt ſacred vertue ſhe of all the reſt,
Reſembling God in his imperiall might;
Whoſe ſoveraine powre is herein moſt expreſt,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with Juſtice hath bedight.
That powre he alſo doth to princes lend,
And makes them like himſelfe in glorious ſight,
To ſit in his owne ſeate, his cauſe to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

XI. Dread

XI.

Dread ſoverayne goddeſſe, that doeſt higheſt ſit
In ſeate of judgement, in th'Almightie's ſtead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doeſt to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furtheſt nations filles with awfull dread,
Pardon the boldneſſe of thy baſeſt thrall,
That dare diſcourſe of ſo divine a read,
As thy great juſtice prayſed over all:
The inſtrument whereof loe here thy *Artegall.*

CANTO I.

Artegall trayn'd in Juſtice lore
Irenaes queſt purſewed,
He doeth avenge on Sanglier
His ladies bloud embrewed.

I.

THOUGH vertue then were held in higheſt price,
In thoſe old times, of which I doe intreat,
Yet then likewiſe the wicked ſeede of vice
Began to ſpring, which ſhortly grew full great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat.
But evermore ſome of the vertuous race
Roſe up, inſpired with heroicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the ſient baſe,
And with ſtrong hand their fruitfull rancknes did deface.

II. Such

II.

Such firſt was *Bacchus*, that with furious might
All th'Eaſt before untam'd did overronne,
And wrong repreſſed, and eſtabliſht right,
Which lawleſſe men had formerly fordonne.
There Juſtice firſt her princely rule begonne.
Next *Hercules* his like enſample ſhewed,
Who all the Weſt with equall conqueſt wonne,
And monſtrous tyrants with his club ſubdewed;
The club of Juſtice dread, with kingly powre endewed.

III.

And ſuch was he, of whom I have to tell,
The champion of true Juſtice, *Artegall.*
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure, which did then befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was, to ſuccour a diſtreſſed dame,
Whom a ſtrong tyrant did unjuſtly thrall,
And from the heritage, which ſhe did clame,
Did with ſtrong hand withhold: *Grantorto* was his name.

IV.

Wherefore the lady, which *Eirena* hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way addreſſe,
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her beſought of gratious redreſſe.
That ſoveraine queene, that mightie empereſſe,
Whoſe glorie is to aide all ſuppliants pore,
And of weake princes to be patroneſſe,
Choſe *Artegall* to right her to reſtore;
For that to her he ſeem'd beſt ſkild in righteous lore.

V. For

V.

For *Artegall* in juſtice was upbrought
Even from the cradle of his infancie,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire *Aſtræa*, with great induſtrie,
Whileſt here on earth ſhe lived mortallie.
For till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquitie,
Aſtræa here mongſt earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of juſtice them inſtructed well.

VI.

Whiles through the world ſhe walked in this ſort,
Upon a day ſhe found this gentle childe,
Amongſt his peres playing his childiſh ſport:
Whom ſeeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and ſpeaches milde,
To wend with her. So thence him farre ſhe brought
Into a cave from companie exilde,
In which ſhe nourſled him, till yeares he raught,
And all the diſcipline of juſtice there him taught.

VII.

There ſhe him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equitie to meaſure out along,
According to the line of conſcience,
When ſo it needs with rigour to diſpence.
Of all the which, for want there of mankind,
She cauſed him to make experience
Upon wyld beaſts, which ſhe in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppreſſing others of their kind.

VIII. Thus

VIII.

Thus ſhe him trayned, and thus ſhe him taught,
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Untill the ripeneſſe of mans yeares he raught;
That even wilde beaſts did feare his awfull ſight,
And men admyr'd his overruling might;
Ne any livd on ground, that durſt withſtand
His dreadful heaſt, much leſſe him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
When ſo he lift in wrath lift up his ſteely brand.

IX.

Which ſteely brand, to make him dreaded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her ſlight
And earneſt ſearch, where it was kept in ſtore
In *Jove*'s eternall houſe, unwiſt of wight,
Since he himſelfe it us'd in that great fight
Againſt the *Titans*, that whylome rebelled
Gainſt higheſt heaven; *Chryſaor* it was hight;
Chryſaor, that all other ſwords excelled,
Well prov'd in that ſame day, when *Jove* thoſe gyants quelled.

X.

For of moſt perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with adamant amongſt the ſame,
And garniſht all with gold upon the blade
In goodly wiſe, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no leſſe vertue, then of fame.
For there no ſubſtance was ſo firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave, where ſo it came;
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
But wherefoever it did light, it throughly ſhard.

XI. Now

XI.

Now when the world with ſinne gan to abound,
Aſtræa loathing lenger here to ſpace
Mongſt wicked men, in whom no truth ſhe found,
Return'd to heaven, whence ſhe deriv'd her race;
Where ſhe hath now an everlaſting place,
Mongſt thoſe twelve ſignes, which nightly we do ſee
The heavens bright-ſhining baudricke to enchace;
And is the *Virgin*, ſixt in her degree,
And next her ſelfe her righteous ballance hanging bee.

XII.

But when ſhe parted hence, ſhe left her groome
An yron man, which did on her attend
Alwayes, to execute her ſtedfaſt doome,
And willed him with *Artegall* to wend,
And doe what ever thing he did intend.
His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, reſiſtleſſe, without end.
Who in his hand an yron flale did hould,
With which he threſht out falſhood, and did truth unfould.

XIII.

He now went with him in this new inqueſt,
Him for to aide, if aide he chaunſt to neede,
Againſt that cruel tyrant, which oppreſt
The faire *Irena* with his foule miſdeede,
And kept the crowne, in which ſhe ſhould ſucceed.
And now together on their way they bin,
When as they ſaw a ſquire in ſquallid weed,
Lamenting ſore his ſorowfull ſad tyne,
With many bitter teares ſhed from his blubbred eyne.

XIV.

To whom as they approched, they eſpide
A ſorie ſight, as ever ſeene with eye;
An headleſſe ladie lying him beſide,
In her owne bloud all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in diſcolour die.
Much was he moved at that ruefull ſight,
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly;
He aſkt, who had that dame ſo fouly dight;
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

XV.

Ah woe is me, and well away, quoth hee,
Burſting forth teares, like ſprings out of a banke,
That ever I this diſmall day did ſee:
Full farre was I from thinking ſuch a pranke;
Yet little loſſe it were, and mickle thanke,
If I ſhould graunt, that I have doen the ſame,
That I mote drinke the cup, whereof ſhe dranke;
But that I ſhould die guiltie of the blame,
The which another did, who now is fled with ſhame.

XVI.

Who was it then, ſayd *Artegall*, that wrought?
And why? Doe it declare unto me trew.
A knight, ſaid he, if knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in ladie's bloud embrew,
And for no cauſe, but as I ſhall you ſhew.
This day as I in ſolace ſate hereby
With a fayre love, whoſe loſſe I now do rew,
There came this knight, having in companie
This luckleſſe ladie, which now here doth headleſſe lie.

XVII. He,

XVII.

He, whether mine ſeem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me; but I did it denye;
So did the ladies both, as may be knowne:
But he, whoſe ſpirit was with pride upblowne,
Would not ſo reſt contented with his right,
But having from his courſer her downe throwne,
From me reft mine away by lawleſſe might,
And on his ſteed her ſet, to beare her out of ſight.

XVIII.

Which when his ladie ſaw, ſhe follow'd faſt,
And on him catching hold, gan loud to crie
Not ſo to leave her, nor away to caſt,
But rather of his hand beſought to die.
With that his ſword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one ſtroke cropt off her head with ſcorne,
In that ſame place whereas it now doth lie.
So he my love away with him hath borne,
And left me here, both his and mine owne love to morne.

XIX.

Aread, ſayd he, which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?
To hope, quoth he, him ſoone to overtake,
That hence ſo long departed, is but vaine:
But yet he pricked over yonder plaine,
And, as I marked, bore upon his ſhield,
By which it's eaſie him to know againe,
A broken ſword within a bloodie field;
Expreſſing well his nature, which the ſame did wield.

XX.

No ſooner ſayd, but ſtreight he after ſent
His yron page, who him purſew'd ſo light,
As that it ſeem'd above the ground he went;
For he was ſwift as ſwallow in her flight,
And ſtrong as lyon in his lordly might.
It was not long, before he overtooke
Sir *Sanglier*; (ſo cleeped was that knight)
Whom at the firſt he gheſſed by his looke,
And by the other markes, which of his ſhield he tooke.

XXI.

He bad him ſtay, and backe with him retire;
Who full of ſcorne to be commaunded ſo,
The lady to alight did eft require,
Whileſt he reformed that uncivill fo:
And ſtreight at him with all his force did go.
Who mov'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly ſtricken with ſome ſtones throw;
But to him leaping, lent him ſuch a knocke,
That on the ground he laid him like a ſenceleſſe blocke.

XXII.

But ere he could him ſelfe recure againe,
Him in his iron paw he ſeized had,
That when he wak't out of his wareleſſe paine,
He found him ſelfe unwiſt, ſo ill beſtad,
That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
Bound like a beaſt appointed to the ſtall:
The ſight whereof the lady ſore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly ſtayd, and forſt to wend withall.

XXIII. When

XXIII.

When to the place they came, where *Artegall*
By that ſame carefull Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all,
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide;
Who with ſterne countenance and indignant pride
Did aunſwere, that of all he guiltleſſe ſtood,
And his accuſer thereupon deſide:
For neither he did ſhed that ladies bloud,
Nor took away his love, but his owne proper good.

XXIV.

Well did the Squire perceive him ſelfe too weake,
To aunſwere his deſiaunce in the field,
And rather choſe his challenge off to breake,
Then to approve his right with ſpeare and ſhield.
And rather guilty choſe him ſelfe to yield.
But *Artegall* by ſignes perceiving plaine,
That he it was not, which that lady kild,
But that ſtraunge knight, the fairer love to gaine,
Did caſt about by ſleight the truth thereout to ſtraine;

XXV.

And ſayd, Now ſure this doubtfull cauſes right
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,
Or elſe by ordele, or by blooddy fight;
That ill perhaps mote fall to either ſide.
But if ye pleaſe, that I your cauſe decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will ſweare my judgment to abide.
Thereto they both did franckly condiſcend,
And to his doome with liſtfull eares did both attend.

XXVI. Sith

XXVI.

Sith then, ſayd he, ye both the dead deny,
And both the living lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and the living equally
Divided be betwixt you here in ſight,
And each of either take his ſhare aright.
But looke who does diſſent from this my read,
He for a twelve moneths day ſhall in deſpight
Beare for his penaunce that ſame ladies head;
To witneſſe to the worlde, that ſhe by him is dead.

XXVII.

Well pleaſed with that doome was *Sangliere*,
And offred ſtreight the lady to be ſlaine.
But that ſame ſquire, to whom ſhe was more dere,
When as he ſaw ſhe ſhould be cut in twaine,
Did yield, ſhe rather ſhould with him remaine
Alive, then to him ſelfe be ſhared dead;
And rather then his love ſhould ſuffer paine,
He choſe with ſhame to beare that ladies head.
True love deſpiſeth ſhame, when life is cald in dread.

XXVIII.

Whom when ſo willing *Artegall* perceaved;
Not ſo, thou Squire, he ſayd, but thine I deeme
The living lady, which from thee he reaved:
For worthy thou of her doeſt rightly ſeeme.
And you, Sir knight, that love ſo light eſteeme,
As that ye would for little leave the ſame,
Take here your owne, that doth you beſt beſeeme,
And with it beare the burden of deſame;
Your owne dead ladies head, to tell abrode your ſhame.

XXIX. But

XXIX.

But *Sangliere* diſdained much his doome,
And ſternly gan repine at his beheaſt;
Ne would for ought obay, as did become,
To beare that ladies head before his breaſt;
Untill that *Talus* had his pride repreſt,
And forced him, maulgre, it up to reare.
Who when he ſaw it booteleſſe to reſiſt,
He tooke it up, and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden up for feare.

XXX.

Much did that Squire Sir *Artegall* adore,
For his great juſtice, held in high regard;
And, as his Squire, him offred evermore
To ſerve, for want of other meete reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard.
But he thereto would by no meanes conſent;
But leaving him forth on his journey far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely *Talus* went.
They two enough t'encounter an whole Regiment.

CANTO

CANTO II.

Artegall heares of Florimell,
Does with the Pagan fight:
Him ſlaies, drownes Lady Momera,
Does race her caſtle quight.

NOUGHT is more honorable to a knight,
Ne better doth beſeeme brave chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redreſſe in ſuch as wend awry.
Whilome thoſe great heroes got thereby
Their greateſt glory, for their rightfull deedes,
And place deſerved with the Gods on hy.
Herein the nobleſſe of this knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for juſtice ſake proceedes.

II.

To which as he now was upon the way,
He chaunſt to meet a dwarfe in haſty courſe;
Whom he requir'd his forward haſt to ſtay,
Till he of tidings mote with him diſcourſe.
Loth was the dwarfe, yet did he ſtay perforſe,
And gan of ſundry newes his ſtore to tell,
As to his memory they had recourſe;
But chiefly of the faireſt *Florimell*,
How ſhe was found againe, and ſpouſde to *Marinell.*

III. For

III.

For this was *Dony*, *Florimels* owne dwarfe,
Whom having loſt (as ye have heard whyleare)
And finding in the way the ſcattred ſcarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare.
But of her health when *Artegall* did heare,
And ſafe returne, he was full inly glad,
And aſkt him where, and when her bridale cheare
Should be ſolemniz'd: for if time he had,
He would be there, and honor to her ſpouſall ad.

IV.

Within three daies, quoth ſhe, as I do here,
It will be at the caſtle of the ſtrond;
What time, if naught me let, I will be there
To do her ſervice, ſo as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond
A curſed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a bridges paſſage by ſtrong hond,
And many errant knights hath there fordonne;
That makes all men for feare that paſſage for to ſhonne.

V.

What miſter wight, quoth he, and how far hence
Is he, that doth to travellers ſuch harmes?
He is, ſaid he, a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deedes of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him ſtill ſupport;
Having great lordſhips got and goodly farmes,
Through ſtrong oppreſſion of his powre extort;
By which he ſtil them holds, and keepes with ſtrong effort.

VI.

And dayly he his wrongs encreaſeth more,
For never wight he lets to paſſe that way,
Over his bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his paſſage-penny pay:
Elſe he doth hold him backe or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of evill guize,
Whoſe ſcalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils the poore in piteous wize;
But he him ſelfe uppon the rich doth tyrannize.

VII.

His name is hight *Pollente*, rightly ſo,
For that he is ſo puiſſant and ſtrong,
That with his powre he all doth overgo,
And makes them ſubject to his mighty wrong;
And ſome by ſleight he eke doth underfong.
For on a bridge he cuſtometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the ſame are many trap-fals pight,
Through which the rider downe doth fall through overſight.

VIII.

And underneath the ſame a river flowes,
That is both ſwift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whom ſo he overthrowes,
All deſtitute of helpe doth headlong fall;
But he him ſelfe, through practiſe uſuall,
Leapes forth into the floud; and there aſſaies
His foe confuſed through his ſodaine fall,
That horſe and man he equally diſmaies,
And either both them drownes, or trayterouſly ſlaies.

IX. Then

IX.

Then doth he take the ſpoile of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwells thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and therewith fill
The coffer of her wicked threaſury;
Which ſhe with wrongs hath heaped up ſo hy,
That many princes ſhe in wealth exceedes,
And purchaſt all the countrey lying ny
With the revenue of her plenteous meedes:
Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deedes.

X.

Thereto ſhe is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and ſilver feete beſide,
That many Lords have her to wife deſired;
But ſhe them all deſpiſeth for great pride.
Now by my life, ſayd he, and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that bridge, whereas he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead. No more he ſpake,
But thitherward forthright his ready way did make.

XI.

Unto the place he came within a while,
Where on the bridge he ready armed ſaw
The Sarazin, awayting for ſome ſpoile.
Who as they to the paſſage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with ſcull all raw,
That paſſage-money did of them require,
According to the cuſtome of their law.
To whom he aunſwered wroth, Loe there thy hire;
And with that word him ſtrooke, that ſtreight he did expire.

XII.

Which when the Pagan ſaw, he wexed wroth,
And ſtreight him ſelfe unto the fight addreſt;
Ne was Sir *Artegall* behinde: ſo both
Together ran with ready ſpeares in reſt.
Right in the midſt, where as they breſt to breſt
Should meete, a trap was letten down to fall
Into the floud: ſtreight leapt the Carle unbleſt,
Well weening, that his foe was falne withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

XIII.

There being both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannouſly flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their whot bloud,
But rather in them kindled choler new.
But there the Paynim, who that uſe well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That oftentimes him nigh he overthrew:
And eke the courſer, whereupon he rad,
Could ſwim like to a fiſh, whiles he his backe beſtrad.

XIV.

Which oddes when as Sir *Artegall* eſpide,
He ſaw no way, but cloſe with him in haſt;
And to him driving ſtrongly downe the tide,
Uppon his iron coller griped faſt,
That with the ſtraint his weſand nigh he braſt.
There they together ſtrove and ſtruggled long,
Either the other from his ſteede to caſt;
Ne ever *Artegall* his griple ſtrong
For any thing wold ſlacke, but ſtill uppon him hong.

XV. As

XV.

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,
In the wide champian of the ocean plaine;
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
The mayſterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
They ſnuf, they ſnort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the ſea, diſturbed with their traine,
Doth frie with ſome above the ſurges hore:
Such was betwixt theſe two the troubleſome uprore.

XVI.

So *Artegall* at length him forſt forſake
His horſes backe, for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy ſwimming him betake.
Eftſoones himſelfe he from his hold unbownd,
And then no ods at all in him he fownd:
For *Artegall* in ſwimming skilfull was,
And durſt the depth of any water ſownd.
So ought each knight, that uſe of perill has,
In ſwimming be expert through waters force to pas.

XVII.

Then very doubtfull was the warres event,
Uncertaine whether had the better ſide;
For both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and throughly tride.
But *Artegall* was better breathed beſide,
And towards th'end grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puiſſance, ne beare him ſelfe upright,
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

XVIII. But

XVIII.

But *Artegall* purſewd him ſtill ſo neare,
With bright Cryſaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a litle reare
Above the brincke, to tread upon the land,
He ſmote it off, that tumbling on the ſtrand
It bit the earth for very fell deſpight,
And gnaſhed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whoſe goodneſſe he deſpaired quight,
Or curſt the hand, which did that vengeance on him dight

XIX.

His corps was carred downe along the Lee,
Whoſe waters with his filthy bloud it ſtayned:
But his blaſphemous head, that all might ſee,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordayned;
Where many years it afterwards remayned,
To be a mirrour to all mighty men,
In whoſe right hands great power is contayned,
That none of them the feeble overren,
But alwaies doe their powre within juſt compaſſe pen.

XX.

That done, unto the caſtle he did wend,
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many, which did her defend;
Of whom he entraunce ſought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blaſphemy deſide,
Beaten with ſtones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to withdraw aſide;
And bad his ſervant *Talus* to invent
Which way he enter might, without endangerment.

XXI. Eſtſoones

XXI.

Eftſoones his page drew to the caſtle gate,
And with his iron flale at it let flie,
That all the warders it did ſore amate,
The which erewhile ſpake ſo reprochfully,
And made them ſtoupe, that looked earſt ſo hie.
Yet ſtill he bet, and bounſt upon the dore,
And thundred ſtrokes thereon ſo hideouſlie,
That all the peece he ſhaked from the flore,
And filled all the houſe with feare and great uprore.

XXII.

With noiſe whereof the lady forth appeared
Upon the caſtle wall, and when ſhe ſaw
The daungerous ſtate, in which ſhe ſtood, ſhe feared
The ſad effect of her neare overthrow;
And gan entreat that iron man below,
To eaſe his outrage, and him faire beſought,
Sith neither force of ſtones, which they did throw,
Nor powr of charms, which ſhe againſt him wrought,
Might otherwiſe prevaile, or make him ceaſe for ought.

XXIII.

But when as yet ſhe ſaw him to proceede,
Unmov'd with praiers, or with piteous thought,
She ment him to corrupt with goodly meede;
And cauſde great ſackes with endleſſe riches fraught,
Unto the battilment to be upbrought,
And powred forth upon the caſtle wall,
That ſhe might win ſome time, though dearly bought;
Whileſt he to gathering of the gold did fall.
But he was nothing mov'd, nor tempted therewithall:

XXIV. But

XXIV.

But ſtill continu'd his aſſault the more,
And layd on load with his huge yron flaile,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maiſter to aſſaile.
Who being entred, nought did then availe
For wight, againſt his powre them ſelves to reare:
Each one did flie; their hearts began to faile,
And hid them ſelves in corners here and there;
And eke their dame halfe dead did hide her ſelf for feare.

XXV.

Long they her ſought, yet no where could they finde her,
That ſure they ween'd ſhe was eſcapt away:
But *Talus*, that could like a limehound winde her,
And all things ſecrete wiſely could bewray,
At length found out, whereas ſhe hidden lay
Under an heape of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire lockes, and fowly did array,
Withouten pitty of her goodly hew,
That *Artegall* him ſelfe her ſeemleſſe plight did rew.

XXVI.

Yet for no pitty would he change the courſe
Of juſtice, which in *Talus* hand did lye,
Who rudely hayld her forth without remorſe,
Still holding up her ſuppliant hands on hye,
And kneeling at his feete ſubmiſſively.
But he her ſuppliant hands, thoſe hands of gold,
And eke her feete, thoſe feete of ſilver trye,
Which ſought unrighteouſneſſe, and juſtice ſold,
Chopt off, and nayld on high, that all might them behold.

XXVII. Her

XXVII.

Her ſelfe then tooke he by the ſclender waſt,
In vaine loud crying, and into the flood
Over the caſtle wall adowne her caſt,
And there her drowned in the durty mud:
But the ſtreame waſht away her guilty blood.
Thereafter all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The ſpoile of peoples evill gotten good,
The which her fire had ſcrapt by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to aſhes, powr'd it downe the brooke.

XXVIII.

And laſtly all that caſtle quite he raced,
Even from the ſole of his foundation,
And all the hewen ſtones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when *Talus* throughly had perfourmed,
Sir *Artegall* undid the evill faſhion,
And wicked cuſtomes of that bridge refourmed.
Which done, unto his former journey he retourned.

XXIX.

In which they meaſur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the ſea they drew;
By which as they did travell on a day,
They ſaw before them, far as they could vew,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whoſe great aſſembly they did much admire.
For never there the like reſort they knew.
So towardes them they coaſted, to enquire
What thing ſo many nations met did there deſire.

XXX.

There they beheld a mighty gyant ſtand
Upon a rocke, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballance in his hand,
With which he boaſted in his ſurquedrie,
That all the world he would weigh equallie,
If ought he had the ſame to counterpoys.
For want whereof he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toys:
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boys.

XXXI.

He ſayd, that he would all the earth uptake,
And all the ſea, devided each from either:
So would he of the fire one ballance make,
And one of th'ayre, without or wind, or wether:
Then would he ballance heaven and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe;
Of all whoſe weight he would not miſſe a fether.
And looke what ſurplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part reſtore the ſame againe.

XXXII.

For why, he ſayd, they all unequall were,
And had encroched upon others ſhare;
Like as the ſea (which plaine he ſhewed there)
Had worne the earth; ſo did the fire the aire,
So all the reſt did others parts empaire.
And ſo were realmes and nations run awry.
All which he undertooke for to repaire,
In ſort as they were formed aunciently;
And all things would reduce unto equality.

XXXIII. There-

XXXIII.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluſter thicke unto his leaſings vaine,
Like fooliſh flies about an hony crocke,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And uncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which when *Artegall* did ſee and heare,
How he miſ-led the ſimple peoples traine,
In ſdeignfull wize he drew unto him neare,
And thus unto him ſpake, without regard or feare:

XXXIV.

Thou that preſum'ſt to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to reſtore,
In ſtead of right me ſeemes great wrong doſt ſhew,
And far above thy forces pitch to ſore.
For ere thou limit what is leſſe or more
In every thing, thou oughteſt firſt to know
What was the poyſe of every part of yore:
And looke then how much it doth overflow,
Or faile thereof, ſo much is more then juſt to trow.

XXXV.

For at the firſt they all created were
In goodly meaſure, by their Maker's might,
And weighed out in ballaunces ſo nere,
That not a dram was miſſing of their right.
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoveable abide,
Hemd in with waters like a wall in ſight;
And they with aire, that not a drop can ſlide:
Al which the heavens containe, and in their courſes guide.

XXXVI.

Such heauenly juſtice doth among them raine,
That every one doe know their certaine bound,
In which they doe theſe many yeares remaine,
And mongſt them all no change hath yet beene found.
But if thou now ſhouldſt weigh them new in pound,
We are not ſure they would ſo long remaine.
All change is perillous, and all chaunce unſound.
Therefore leave off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be aſſur'd they ſhall their courſe retaine.

XXXVII.

Thou fooliſhe elfe, ſaid then the gyant wroth,
Seeſt not how badly all things preſent bee,
And each eſtate quite out of order go'th?
The ſea it ſelfe doeſt thou not plainely ſee
Encroch upon the land there under thee?
And th'earth it ſelfe how daily its increaſt,
By all that dying to it turned be?
Were it not good, that wrong were then ſurceaſt,
And from the moſt, that ſome were given to the leaſt?

XXXVIII.

Therefore I will throw downe theſe mountaines hie,
And make them levell with the lowly plaine:
Theſe towring rocks, which reach unto the skie,
I will thruſt downe into the deepeſt maine,
And as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants, that make men ſubject to their law,
I will ſuppreſſe, that they no more may raine;
And lordings curbe, that commons over-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will draw,

XXXIX. Of

XXXIX.

Of things unſeene how canſt thou deeme aright,
Then anſwered the righteous *Artegall*,
Sith thou miſdeem'ſt ſo much of things in ſight?
What though the ſea with waves continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:
Ne is the earth the leſſe, or loſeth ought;
For whatſoever from one place doth fall,
Is with the tide unto an other brought:
For there is nothing loſt, that may be found, if ſought.

XL.

Likewiſe the earth is not augmented more
By all that dying into it doe fade.
For of the earth they formed were of yore:
How ever gay their bloſſome or their blade
Doe flouriſh now, they into duſt ſhall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
They turne to that, whereof they firſt were made?
All in the power of their great Maker lie:
All creatures muſt obey the voice of the moſt hie.

XLI.

They live, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne ever any asketh reaſon why.
The hils doe not the lowly dales diſdaine;
The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
He maketh kings to ſit in ſoverainty;
He maketh ſubjects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he ſetteth up on hy;
He gives to this, from that he takes away.
For all we have is his: what he liſt doe, he may.

XLII. What

XLII.

Whatever thing is donne, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will withſtand;
Ne any may his ſoveraine power ſhonne,
Ne looſe that he hath bound with ſtedfaſt band.
In vaine therefore doeſt thou now take in hand,
To call to count, or weigh his works anew,
Whoſe counſels depth thou canſt not underſtand,
Sith of things ſubject to thy daily vew
Thou doeſt not know the cauſes, nor their courſes dew.

XLIII.

For take thy ballaunce, if thou be ſo wiſe,
And weigh the winde, that under heaven doth blow;
Or weigh the light, that in the Eaſt doth riſe;
Or weigh the thought, that from man's mind doth flow.
But if the weight of theſe thou canſt not ſhow,
Weigh but one word, which from thy lips doth fall.
For how canſt thou thoſe greater ſecrets know,
That doeſt not know the leaſt thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the ſmall.

XLIV.

Therewith the Gyant much abaſhed ſayd;
That he of little things made reckoning light,
Yet the leaſt word, that ever could be layd
Within his ballaunce, he could way aright.
Which is, ſayd he, more heavy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the falſe or elſe the trew?
He anſwered, that he would try it ſteight,
So he the words into his ballaunce threw,
But ſtreight the winged words out of his ballaunce flew.

XLV. Wroth

XLV.

Wroth wext he then, and ſayd, that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.
But he could juſtly weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, ſayd *Artegall*, let it be tride,
Firſt in one ballaunce ſet the true aſide.
He did ſo firſt; and then the falſe he layd
In th'other ſcale; but ſtill it downe did ſlide,
And by no meane could in the weight be ſtayd.
For by no meanes the falſe will with the truth be wayd.

XLVI.

Now take the right likewiſe, ſayd *Artegale*,
And counterpeiſe the ſame with ſo much wrong.
So firſt the right he put into one ſcale;
And then the Gyant ſtrove with puiſſance ſtrong
To fill th'other ſcale with ſo much wrong.
But all the wrongs, that he therein could lay,
Might not it peiſe; yet did he labour long,
And ſwat, and chauf'd, and proved every way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe way.

XLVII.

Which when he ſaw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almoſt would his balances have broken:
But *Artegall* him fairely gan aſſwage,
And ſaid; Be not upon thy balance wroken:
For they doe nought but right or wrong betoken.
But in the mind the doome of right muſt bee;
And ſo likewiſe of words, the which be ſpoken,
The eare muſt be the ballance, to decree
And judge, whether with truth or falſhood they agree.

XLVIII. But

XLVIII.

But ſet the truth and ſet the right aſide,
For they with wrong or falſhood will not fare;
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or elſe two falſes, of each equall ſhare;
And then together doe them both compare.
For truth is one, and right is ever one.
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone.
But right ſate in the middeſt of the beame alone.

XLIX.

But he the right from thence did thruſt away,
For it was not the right, which he did ſeeke;
But rather ſtrove extremities to way,
Th'one to diminiſh, th'other for to eeke;
For of the meane he greatly did miſleeke.
Whom when ſo lewdly minded *Talus* found,
Approching nigh unto him cheeke by cheeke.
He ſhouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing, in the ſea him dround.

L.

Like as a ſhip, whom cruel tempeſt drives
Upon a rock with horrible diſmay,
He ſhattered ribs in thouſand peeces rives,
And ſpoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does makes her ſelfe misfortunes piteous pray.
So downe the cliffe the wretched Gyant tumbled;
His battred ballances in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
So was the high aſpyring with huge ruine humbled.

LI. That

LI.

That when the people, which had there about
Long wayted, ſaw his ſudden deſolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining, to ſtir up civill faction,
For certaine loſſe of ſo great expectation.
For well they hoped to have got great good;
And wondrous riches by his innovation.
Therefore reſolving to revenge his blood,
They roſe in armes, and all in battell-order ſtood.

LII.

Which lawleſſe multitude him comming too,
In warlike wiſe, when *Artegall* did vew,
He much was troubled, ne wiſt what to doo,
For loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
In the baſe blood of ſuch a raſcall crew;
And otherwiſe, if that he ſhould retire,
He fear'd leaſt they with ſhame would him purſew.
Therefore he *Talus* to them ſent, t'inquire
The cauſe of their aray, and truce for to deſire.

LIII.

But ſoone as they him nigh approching ſpide,
They gan with all their weapons him aſſay,
And rudely ſtroke at him on every ſide:
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought diſmay.
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a ſwarm of flies them overthrew;
Ne any of them durſt come in his way,
But here and there before his preſence flew,
And hid themſelves in holes and buſhes from his vew.

LIV.

As when a Falcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of ducks, foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismayd with dreadful sight
Of deth, the which them almost overtooke,
Doe hide themselves from her astonying looke,
Amongst the flags aud covert round about.
When *Talus* saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that rascall rout,
To *Artegall* he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

CANTO

CANTO III.

The ſpouſals of faire Florimell,
where turney many knights:
There Braggadochio is uncas'd
in all the ladies ſights.

I.

AFTER long ſtormes and tempeſts overblowne,
The ſunne at length his joyous face doth cleare:
So when as fortune all her ſpight hath ſhowne,
Some bliſsfull houres at laſt muſt needes appeare:
Elſe ſhould affiicted wights oft-times deſpeire.
So comes it now to *Florimel*, by tourne,
After long ſorrowes ſuffered whyleare,
In which captiv'd ſhe many moneths did mourne,
To taſt of joy, and to wont pleaſures to retourne.

II.

Who being freed from *Proteus* cruell band
By *Marinel*, was unto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land;
Where he her ſpous'd, and made his joyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide;
And ſolemne feaſts and giuſts ordaind therefore.
To which there did reſort from every ſide
Of lords and ladies infinite great ſtore;
Ne any knight was abſent, that brave courage bore.

III.

To tell the glorie of the feaſt that day,
The goodly ſervice, the devicefull ſights,
The bridegroomes ſtate, the brides moſt rich aray,
The pride of ladies, and the worth of knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an herauld, not for me:
But for ſo much as to my lot here lights,
That with this preſent treatiſe doth agree,
True vertue to advance, ſhall here recounted bee.

IV.

When all men had with full ſatietie
Of meates and drinkes their appetites ſuffiz'd,
To deedes of armes and proofe of chevalrie
They gan themſelves addreſſe, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
And firſt of all iſſu'd Sir *Marinell*,
And with him ſixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To challenge all in right of *Florimell*,
And to maintaine, that ſhe all others did excell.

V.

The firſt of them was hight Sir *Orimont*,
A noble knight, and tride in hard aſſayes,
The ſecond had to name Sir *Belliſont*,
But ſecond unto none in proweſſe prayſe;
The third was *Brunell*, famous in his dayes;
The fourth *Ecaſtor*, of exceeding might;
The fift *Armeddan*, ſkild in lovely layes;
The ſixt was *Lanſack*, a redoubted knight:
All ſixe well ſeene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

VI And

VI.

And them againſt came all that liſt to giuſt,
From every coaſt and countrie under ſunne:
None was debard, but all had leave that luſt.
The trumpets ſound; then all together ronne.
Full many deedes of armes that day were donne,
And many knights unhorſt, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet litle loſt or wonne:
But all that day the greateſt prayſe redounded
To *Marinell*, whoſe name the heralds loud reſounded.

VII.

The ſecond day, ſo ſoon as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With divers fortune fit for ſuch a game,
In which all ſtrove with perill to winne fame.
Yet whether ſide was victor note be gheſt:
But at the laſt the trompets did proclame
That *Marinell* that day deſerved beſt.
So they diſparted were, and all men went to reſt.

VIII.

The third day came, that ſhould due tryall lend
Of all the reſt, and then this warlike crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There *Marinell* great deeds of armes did ſhew,
And through the thickeſt like a lyon flew;
Raſhing off helmes, and ryving plates aſonder,
That every one his daunger did eſchew.
So terribly his dreadfull ſtrokes did thonder,
That all men ſtood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

IX. But

IX.

But what on earth can alwayes happie ſtand?
The greater proweſſe greater perils find.
So farre he paſt amongſt his enemies band,
That they have him encloſed ſo behind,
As by no meanes he can himſelf outwind.
And now perforce they have him priſoner taken;
And now they doe with captive bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forſaken,
Unleſſe ſome ſuccour had in time him overtaken.

X.

It fortun'd whyleſt they were thus ill beſet,
Sir *Artegall* into the Tilt-yard came,
With *Braggadocchio*, whom he lately met
Upon the way, with that his ſnowy dame.
Where when he underſtood by common fame,
What evill hap to *Marinell* betid,
He much was mov'd at ſo unworthie ſhame,
And ſtreight that boaſter prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his ſhield with him, to be the better hid.

XI.

So forth he went, and ſoone them over hent,
Where they were leading *Marinell* away,
Whom he aſſayld with dreadleſſe hardiment,
And forſt the burden of their prize to ſtay.
They were an hundred knights of that array;
Of which th'one halfe upon himſelfe did ſet,
Th'other ſtayd behind to gard the pray.
But he ere long the former fiftie bet;
And from th'other fiftie ſoone the priſoner fet.

XII. So

XII.

So backe he brought Sir *Marinell* againe ;
Whom having quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together joyned might and maine,
To ſet afreſh on all the other crew,
Whom with ſore havocke ſoone they overthrew,
And chaced quite out of the field, that none
Againſt them durſt his head to perill ſhew.
So were they left lords of the field alone :
So *Marinell* by him was reſcu'd from his fone.

XIII.

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe,
To *Braggadocchio* did his ſhield reſtore :
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there cloſe with him in pretious ſtore
That his falſe ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trompets ſound, and judges roſe,
And all theſe knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall, to liſten whoſe
The honour of the prize ſhould be adjudg'd by thoſe.

XIV.

And thether alſo came in open ſight
Fayre *Florimell*, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every knight,
And beſt to him, to whom the beſt ſhould fall.
Then for that ſtranger knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they ſhould the girlond yield ;
Who came not forth : but for Sir *Artegall*
Came *Braggadocchio*, and did ſhew his ſhield,
Which bore the Sunne brode blazed in a golden field.

XV. The

XV.

The ſight whereof did all with gladneſſe fill:
So unto him they did addeeme the priſe
Of all that tryumph. Then the trompets ſhrill
Don *Braggadochio*'s name reſounded thriſe:
So courage lent a cloke to cowardiſe.
And then to him came fayreſt *Florimell*,
And goodly gan to greet his brave empriſe,
And thouſand thankes him yeeld, that had ſo well
Approv'd that day, that ſhe all others did excell.

XVI.

To whom the boaſter, that all knights did blot,
With proud diſdaine did ſcornefull anſwere make;
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne dear ladie's ſake,
Whom on his perill he did undertake,
Both her and eke all others to excell:
And further did uncomely ſpeaches crake.
Much did his words the gentle ladie quell,
And turn'd aſide for ſhame to heare, what he did tell.

XVII.

Then forth he brought his ſnowy *Florimele*,
Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beſide,
Covered from people's gazement with a vele.
Whom when diſcovered they had thoroughly eide,
With great amazement they were ſtupefide;
And ſaid, that ſurely *Florimell* it was,
Or if it were not *Florimell* ſo tride,
That *Florimell* her ſelfe ſhe then did pas.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

XVIII. Which

XVIII.

Which when as *Marinell* beheld likewiſe,
He was therewith exceedingly diſmayd;
Ne wiſt he what to thinke, or to deviſe,
But like as one, whom feends had made affrayd,
He long aſtoniſht ſtood, ne ought he ſayd,
Ne ought he did, but with faſt fixed eies
He gazed ſtill upon that ſnowy mayd;
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true *Florimell* he did ſurmize.

XIX.

As when two ſunnes appeare in th' azure skye,
Mounted in *Phœbus* charet fierie bright,
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lampes of flaming light,
All that behold ſo ſtraunge prodigious ſight,
Not knowing natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright:
So ſtood Sir *Marinell*, when he had ſeene
The ſemblant of this falſe by his faire beauties Queene.

XX.

All which when *Artegall*, who all this while
Stood in the preaſſe cloſe covered, well advewed,
And ſaw that boaſters pride and graceleſſe guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth iſſewed,
And unto all himſelfe there open ſhewed,
And to the boaſter ſaid; Thou loſell baſe,
That haſt with borrowed plumes thy ſelfe endewed,
And others worth with leaſings doeſt deface,
When they are all reſtor'd, thou ſhalt reſt in diſgrace.

XXI.

That ſhield, which thou doeſt beare, was it indeed,
Which this dayes honour ſav'd to *Marinell*;
But not that arme, nor thou the man, I reed,
Which didſt that ſervice unto *Florimell.*
For proofe ſhew forth thy ſword, and let it tell,
What ſtrokes, what dreadfull ſtoure it ſtird this day:
Or ſhew the wounds, which unto thee befell;
Or ſhew the ſweat, with which thou diddeſt ſway
So ſharpe a battell, that ſo many did diſmay.

XXII.

But this the ſword, which wrought thoſe cruell ſtounds,
And this the arme, the which that ſhield did beare,
And theſe the ſignes, (ſo ſhewed forth his wounds)
By which that glory gotten doth appeare.
As for this ladie, which he ſheweth here,
Is not, I wager, *Florimell* at all;
But ſome fayre Franion, fit for ſuch a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.
For proofe whereof, he bad them *Florimell* forth call.

XXIII.

So forth the noble ladie was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honor and all comely grace:
Whereto her baſhfull ſhamefaſtneſſe ywrought
A great increaſe in her faire bluſhing face;
As roſes did with lillies interlace.
For of thoſe words, the which that boaſter threw,
She inly yet conceived great diſgrace.
Whom when as all the people ſuch did vew,
They ſhouted loud, and ſignes of gladneſſe all did ſhew.

XXIV. Then

XXIV.

Then did he ſet her by that ſnowy one,
Like the true ſaint beſide the image ſet,
Of both their beauties to make paragone,
And triall, whether ſhould the honor get.
Streight way ſo ſoone as both together met,
Th'enchaunted damzell vaniſht into nought;
Her ſnowy ſubſtance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remayned ought,
But th'emptie girdle, which about her waſt was wrought.

XXV.

As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire
Hath in a watry cloud diſplayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All ſuddeinly, ere one can looke aſide,
The glorious picture vaniſheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did this ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it betray.

XXVI.

Which when as all, that preſent were, beheld,
They ſtricken were with great aſtoniſhment,
And their faint harts with ſenſeleſſe horrour queld,
To ſee the thing, that ſeem'd ſo excellent,
So ſtolen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became, none underſtood.
And *Braggadocchio* ſelfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his deſpeyring mood,
That like a lifeleſſe corſe immoveable he ſtood.

XXVII.

But *Artegall* that golden belt uptooke,
The which of all her ſpoyle was only left;
Which was not hers, as many it miſtooke,
But *Florimell's* owne girdle, from her reft,
While ſhe was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monſter, which did her compell
To perils great; which he unbuckling eft,
Preſented to the fayreſt *Florimell*;
Who round about her tender waſt it fitted well.

XXVIII.

Full many ladies often had aſſayd,
About their middles that faire belt to knit;
And many a one ſuppos'd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till *Florimell* about her faſtned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans waſt
By any ſkill or labour it would ſit,
Unleſſe that ſhe were continent and chaſt,
But it would loſe or breake, that many had diſgraſt.

XXIX.

Whileſt thus they buſied were bout *Florimell*,
And boaſtfull *Braggadochio* to defame,
Sir *Guyon*, as by fortune then befell,
Forth from the thickeſt preaſſe of people came,
His own good ſteed, which he had ſtolne, to clame;
And th'one hand ſeizing on his golden bit,
With th'other drew his ſword: for with the ſame
He meant the thiefe there deadly to have ſmit:
And had he not bene held, he nought had fayld of it.

XXX. There-

XXX.

Thereof great hurly burly moved was
Throughout the hall, for that ſame warlike horſe.
For *Braggadochio* would not let him pas;
And *Guyon* would him algates have perforſe,
Or it approve upon his carrion corſe.
Which troublous ſtirre when *Artegall* perceived,
He nigh them drew to ſtay th'avengers forſe,
And gan inquire, how was that ſteed bereaved,
Whether by might extort, or elſe by ſlight deceaved.

XXXI.

Who all that piteous ſtorie, which befell
About that woful couple, which were ſlaine,
And their young bloodie babe, to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horſe purloyned was by ſubtill traine;
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight.
But he for nought could him thereto conſtraine.
For as the death he hated ſuch deſpight,
And rather had to loſe, then trie in armes his right.

XXXII.

Which *Artegall* well hearing, though no more
By law of armes there neede ones right to trie,
As was the wont of warlike knights of yore,
Then that his foe ſhould him the field denie,
Yet further right by tokens to deſcrie,
He aſkt, what privie tokens he did beare.
If that ſaid, *Guyon*, may you ſatisfie,
Within his mouth a black ſpot doth appeare,
Shapt like a horſes ſhoe, who liſt to ſeeke it there.

XXXIII. Where-

XXXIII.

Whereof to make due tryall, one did take
The horſe in hand, within his mouth to looke;
But with his heeles ſo ſorely he him ſtrake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That never word from that day forth he ſpoke.
Another, that would ſeeme to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered hedſtall tooke;
But by the ſhoulder him ſo ſore he bit,
That he him maymed quite, and all his ſhoulder ſplit.

XXXIV.

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that *Guyon* ſelfe unto him ſpake,
And called *Brigadore* (ſo was he hight)
Whoſe voice ſo ſoone as he did undertake,
Eftſoones he ſtood as ſtill as any ſtake,
And ſuffred all his ſecret marke to ſee:
And when as he him nam'd, for joy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friſkt, and flong aloft, and louted low on knee.

XXXV.

Thereby Sir *Artegall* did plaine areed,
That unto him the horſe belong'd, and ſayd;
Lo there, Sir *Guyon*, take to you the ſteed,
As he with golden ſaddle is arayd;
And let that loſell, plainely now diſplayd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an horſe have gayned.
But the proud boaſter gan his doome upbrayd,
And him revil'd, and rated, and diſdayned,
That judgement ſo unjuſt againſt him had ordayned.

XXXVI. Much

XXXVI.

Much was the knight incenſt with his lewd word,
To have revenged that his villeny;
And thriſe did lay his hand upon his ſword,
To have him ſlaine, or dearely doen aby.
But *Guyon* did his choler pacify,
Saying, Sir knight, it would diſhonour bee
To you, that are our judge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on ſuch a carle as hee:
It's puniſhment enough that all his ſhame doe ſee.

XXXVII.

So did he mitigate Sir *Artegall*,
But *Talus* by the backe the boaſter hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Upon him did inflict this puniſhment.
Firſt he his beard did ſhave, and fowly ſhent:
Then from him reft his ſhield, and it renverſt,
And blotted out his armes with falſhood blent,
And himſelfe baffuld, and his armes unherſt,
And broke his ſword in twaine, and all his armour ſperſt.

XXXVIII.

The whiles his guilefull groome was fled away:
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie;
Who overtaking him did diſaray,
And all his face deform'd with infamie,
And out of court him ſcourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood ſhame,
And armes diſhonour with baſe villanie,
From all brave knights be baniſht with defame:
For oft their lewdnes blotteth good deſerts with blame.

XXXIX. Now

XXXIX.

Now when theſe counterfeits were thus uncaſed
Out of the foreſide of their forgerie,
And in the ſight of all men cleane diſgraced,
All gan to jeſt and gibe full merilie
At the remembrance of their knaverie.
Ladies can laugh at ladies, knights at knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of braverie
He them abuſed, through his ſubtill ſlights,
And what a glorious ſhew he made in all their ſights.

XL.

There leave we them in pleaſure and repaſt,
Spending their joyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking uſurie of time forepaſt,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for ſuch ladies and ſuch lovely knights :
And turne were here to this faire furrowes end
Our wearie yokes, to gather freſher ſprights,
That when as time to *Artegall* ſhall tend,
We on his firſt adventure may him forward ſend.

CANTO IV.

Artegall dealeth right betwixt
two brethren that doe ſtrive;
Saves Terpine from the gallow tree,
and doth from death reprive.

I.

WHO ſo upon him ſelfe will take the skill
True juſtice unto people to divide,
Had neede have mightie hands, for to fulfill
That, which he doth with righteous doome decide,
And for to maiſter wrong and puiſſant pride.
For vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong-doers juſtice to deride,
Unleſſe it be perform'd with dreadleſſe might.
For powre is the right hand of juſtice truely hight.

II.

Therefore whylome to knights of great empriſe
The charge of juſtice given was in truſt,
That they might execute her judgments wiſe,
And with their might beat downe licentious luſt,
Which proudly did impugne her ſentence juſt.
Whereof no braver preſident this day
Remaines on earth, preſerv'd from iron ruſt
Of rude oblivion, and long times decay,
Then this of *Artegall*, which here we have to ſay.

III.

Who having lately left that lovely payre
Enlincked faſt in wedlockes loyall bond,
Bold *Marinell* with *Florimell* the fayre,
With whom great feaſt and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the caſtle of the Strond,
To follow his adventures firſt intent,
Which long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his aſſiſtance went,
But that great yron groome, his gard and government.

IV.

With whom as he did paſſe by the ſea ſhore,
He chaunſt to come, whereas two comely ſquires,
Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,
But ſtirred up with different deſires,
Together ſtrove, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beſide two ſeemely damzells ſtood,
By all meanes ſeeking to aſſwage their ires,
Now with faire words; but words did little good: (mood.
Now with ſharpe threats; but threats the more increaſt their

V.

And there before them ſtood a coffer ſtrong,
Faſt bound on every ſide with iron bands,
But ſeeming to have ſuffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt upon the ſands,
Or being carried farre from forraine lands.
Seemd that for it theſe ſquires at ods did fall,
And bent againſt them ſelves their cruell hands.
But evermore thoſe damzells did foreſtall
Their furious encounter, and their fierceneſſe pall.

VI. But

VI.

But firmely fixt they were, with dint of ſword,
And battailes doubtfull proofe their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them fortune would juſtify.
So ſtood they both in readineſſe, thereby
To joyne the combate with cruell intent;
When *Artegall*, arriving happily,
Did ſtay a while their greedy bickerment,
Till he had queſtioned the cauſe of their diſſent.

VII.

To whom the elder did this aunſwere frame;
Then weete ye, Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our ſire, *Mileſio* by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two ilands, which ye there before you ſee
Not farre in ſea; of which the one appeares
But like a little mount of ſmall degree;
Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
As that ſame other iſle, that greater bredth now beares.

VIII.

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this devouring ſea, that naught doth ſpare,
The moſt part of my land hath waſht away,
And thrown it up unto my brothers ſhare:
So his encreaſed, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
That further mayd, hight *Philtera* the faire,
With whom a goodly doure I ſhould have got,
And ſhould have joyned bene to her in wedlocks knot.

IX.

Then did my younger brother *Amidas*
Love that ſame other damzell, *Lucy* bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her vertue was the dowre, that did delight.
What better dowre can to a dame be hight?
But now when *Philtra* ſaw my lands decay,
And former livelod fayle, ſhe left me quight,
And to my brother did ellope ſtreightway:
Who taking her from me, his owne love left aſtray.

X.

She ſeeing then her ſelfe forſaken ſo,
Through dolorous deſpaire, which ſhe conceyved,
Into the ſea her ſelfe did headlong throw,
Thinking to have her griefe by death bereaved.
But ſee how much her purpoſe was deceaved:
Whileſt thus amidſt the billowes beating of her
Twixt life and death, long to and fro ſhe weaved,
She chaunſt unwares to light upon this coffer,
Which to her in that daunger hope of life did offer.

XI.

The wretched mayd, that earſt deſir'd to die,
When as the paine of death ſhe taſted had,
And but halfe ſeene his ugly viſnomie,
Gan to repent, that ſhe had beene ſo mad,
For any death to chaunge life though moſt bad:
And catching hold of this ſea-beaten cheſt,
The lucky pylot of her paſſage ſad,
After long toſſing in the ſeas diſtreſt,
Her weary barke at laſt uppon mine iſle did reſt.

XII. Where

XII.

Where I by chaunce then wandring on the ſhore
Did her eſpy, and through my good endevour
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned ſore
Her to have ſwallow'd up, did helpe to ſave her.
She then in recompence of that great favour,
Which I on her beſtowed, beſtowed on me
The portion of that good, which fortune gave her,
Together with her ſelfe in dowry free;
Both goodly portions, but of both the better ſhe.

XIII.

Yet in this coffer, which ſhe with her brought,
Great threaſure ſithence we did finde contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and ſo it thought:
But this ſame other damzell ſince hath fained,
That to her ſelfe that treaſure appertained;
And that ſhe did tranſport the ſame by ſea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But ſuffred cruell ſhipwracke by the way.
But whether it be ſo or no, I cannot ſay.

XIV.

But whether it indeede be ſo or no,
This doe I ſay, that what ſo good or ill
Or God or fortune unto me did throw,
Not wronging any other by my will,
I hold mine owne, and ſo will hold it ſtill.
And though my land he firſt did winne away,
And then my love (though now it little skill,)
Yet my good lucke he ſhall not likewiſe pray;
But I will it defend, whilſt ever that I may.

XV. So

XV.

So having ſayd, the yonger did enſew;
Full true it is, what ſo about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt us doth ſtand,
But for this threaſure throwne uppon his ſtrand;
Which well I prove, as ſhall appeare by triall,
To be this maides, with whom I faſtned hand,
Known by good markes, and perfect good eſpeciall,
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall.

XVI.

When they thus ended had, the knight began;
Certes your ſtrife were eaſie to accord,
Would ye remit it to ſome righteous man.
Unto yourſelfe, ſaid they, we give our word,
To bide what judement ye ſhall us afford.
Then for aſſuraunce to my doome to ſtand,
Under my foote let each lay downe his ſword,
And then you ſhall my ſentence underſtand.
So each of them layd downe his ſword out of his hand.

XVII.

Then *Artegall* thus to the younger ſayd;
Now tell me, *Amidas*, if that ye may,
Your brothers land, the which the ſea hath layd
Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By what good right doe you withhold this day?
What other right, quoth he, ſhould you eſteeme,
But that the ſea it to my ſhare did lay?
Your right is good, ſayd he, and ſo I deeme,
That what the ſea unto you ſent, your owne ſhould ſeeme.

XVIII. Then

XVIII.

Then turning to the elder thus he ſayd;
Now, *Bracidas*, let this likewiſe be ſhowne.
Your brothers threaſure, which from him is ſtrayd,
Being the dowry of his wiſe well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?
What other right, quoth he, ſhould you eſteeme,
But that the ſea hath it unto me throwne?
Your right is good, ſayd he, and ſo I deeme,
That what the ſea unto you ſent, your owne ſhould ſeeme.

XIX.

For equall right in equall things doth ſtand,
For what the mighty ſea hath once poſſeſt,
And plucked quite from all poſſeſſors hand,
Whether by rage of waves, that never reſt,
Or elſe by wracke, that wretches hath diſtreſt,
He may diſpoſe by his imperiall might,
As thing at randon left, to whom he liſt.
So *Amidas*, the land was yours firſt hight,
And ſo the threaſure yours is, *Bracidas*, by right.

XX.

When he his ſentence thus pronounced had,
Both *Amidas* and *Philtra* were diſpleaſed:
But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad.
And on the threaſure by that judgment ſeaſed.
So was their diſcord by this doome appeaſed,
And each one had his right. Then *Artegall*,
When as their ſharp contention he had ceaſed,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old queſt, the which him forth did call.

XXI. So

XXI.

So as he travelled uppon the way,
He chaunſt to come, where happily he ſpide
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his courſe he haſtily applide,
To weete the cauſe of their aſſemblaunce wide.
To whom when he approched neare in ſight,
(An uncouth ſight) he plainely then deſcride
To be a troupe of women warlike dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

XXII.

And in the midſt of them he ſaw a knight,
With both his hands behinde him pinnoed hard,
And round about his necke an halter tight,
As ready for the gallow tree prepard:
His face was covered, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was, uneath was to deſcry;
And with full heavy heart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the ſoule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands ſo baſe a death ſhould dy.

XXIII.

But they like tyrants, mercileſſe the more,
Rejoyced at his miſerable caſe,
And him reviled, and reproched ſore
With bitter taunts, and termes of vile diſgrace.
Now when as *Artegall*, arriv'd in place,
Did aſke what cauſe brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to ſwarme apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to have wrought unwares ſome villanous aſſay.

XXIV. But

XXIV.

But he was ſoone aware of their ill minde,
And drawing backe deceived their intent;
Yet though him ſelfe did ſhame on womankinde
His mighty hand to ſhend, he *Talus* ſent
To wrecke on them their follies hardyment:
Who with few ſowces of his yron flale,
Diſperſed all their troupe incontinent,
And ſent them home to tell a piteous tale
Of their vain proweſſe, turned to their proper bale.

XXV.

But that ſame wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be ſo quit:
Him *Talus* tooke out of perplexitie,
And horrour of fowle death for knight unfit,
Who more then loſſe of life ydreaded it;
And him reſtoring unto living light,
So brought unto his lord, where he did ſit,
Beholding all that womaniſh weake fight;
Whom ſoone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight:

XXVI.

Sir *Turpine*, hapleſſe man, what make you here?
Or have you loſt your ſelfe, and your diſcretion,
That ever in this wretched caſe ye were?
Or have ye yeelded you to proude oppreſſion
Of womens powre, that boaſt of mens ſubjection?
Or elſe what other deadly diſmall day
Is falne on you, by heavens hard direction,
That ye were runne ſo fondly far aſtray,
As for to lead your ſelfe unto your owne decay?

XXVII.

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with ſhame, and partly with diſmay,
That all aſtoniſht he him ſelfe did find,
And little had for his excuſe to ſay,
But onely thus; Moſt hapleſſe well ye may
Me juſtly terme, that to this ſhame am brought,
And made the ſcorne of knighthod this ſame day.
But who can ſcape, who his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of heavens will ſurpaſſeth humaine thought,

XXVIII.

Right true: but faulty men uſe oftentimes
To attribute their folly unto fate,
And lay on heaven the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, Sir *Turpine* ne let you amate
Your miſery, how fell ye in this ſtate.
Then ſith ye needs, quoth he, will know my ſhame,
And all the ill, which chaunſt to me of late,
I ſhortly will to you rehearſe the ſame,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

XXIX.

Being deſirous (as all knights are woont)
Through hard adventures deeds of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report, that farre abrode did fly,
That a proud Amazon did late defy
All the brave knights, that hold of Maidenhead,
And unto them wrought all the villany,
That ſhe could forge in her malicious head,
Which ſome hath put to ſhame, and many done be dead.

XXX. The

XXX.

The cauſe, they ſay, of this her cruell hate
Is for the ſake of *Bellodant* the bold,
To whom ſhe bore moſt fervent love of late,
And woed him by all the wayes ſhe could:
But when ſhe ſaw at laſt, that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne unto her will,
She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
And for his ſake vow'd to doe all the ill,
Which ſhe could doe to knights, which now ſhe doth fulfill.

XXXI.

For all thoſe knights, the which by force or guile
She doth ſubdue, ſhe fowly doth entreate.
Firſt ſhe doth them of warlike armes deſpoile,
And cloth in womens weedes: And then with threat
Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To ſpin, to card, to ſew, to waſh, to wring;
Ne doth ſhe give them other thing to eat,
But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
Them to diſable from revenge adventuring.

XXXII.

But if through ſtout diſdaine of manly mind,
Any her proud obſervance will withſtand,
Uppon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She cauſeth them be hang'd up out of hand;
In which condition I right now did ſtand.
For being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that baſe ſervice of her band,
I rather choſe to die in lives deſpight,
Then lead that ſhamefull life, unworthy of a knight.

XXXIII.

How hight that Amazon, ſayd *Artegall?*
And where, and how far hence does ſhe abide?
Her name, quoth he, they *Radigund* doe call,
A princeſſe of great powre, and greater pride,
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,
And ſundry battels, which ſhe hath atchieved
With great ſucceſſe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is believed;
Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it prieved.

XXXIV.

Now ſure, ſayd he, and by the faith, that I
To maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not reſt, till I her might doe trie,
And venge the ſhame, that ſhe to knights doth ſhow.
Therefore Sir *Turpine* from you lightly throw
This ſqualid weede, the patterne of diſpaire,
And wend with me, that ye may ſee and know,
How fortune will your ruin'd name repaire,
And knights of maidenhead, whoſe praiſe ſhe would empaire.

XXXV.

With that, like one, that hopeleſſe was repryv'd
From deaths dore, at which he lately lay,
Thoſe yron fetters, wherewith he was gyv'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that Amazone,
Which was from thence not paſt a mile or tway:
A goodly city, and a mighty one,
The which of her owne name ſhe called *Radegone.*

XXXVI. Where

XXXVI.

Where they arriving, by the watchmen were
Deſcried ſtreight, who all the city warned,
How that three warlike perſons did appeare,
Of which the one him ſeem'd a knight all armed,
And th'other two well likely to have harmed.
Eftſoones the people all to harneſſe ran,
And like a ſort of bees in cluſters ſwarmed:
Ere long their Queene her ſelfe, arm'd like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

XXXVII.

And now the knights being arrived neare,
Did beat uppon the gates to enter in,
And at the porter, ſkorning them ſo few,
Threw many threats, if they the town did win,
To teare his fleſh in peeces for his ſin.
Which when as *Radigund* there comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bad that ſtreight the gates ſhould be unbard,
And to them way to make, with weapons well prepard.

XXXVIII.

Soone as the gates were open to them ſet,
They preſſed forward, entraunce to have made;
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a ſharpe ſhowre of arrowes, which them ſtaid,
And better bad adviſe, ere they aſſaid
Unknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all that rout uppon them rudely laid,
And heaped ſtrokes ſo faſt on every ſide,
And arrowes haild ſo thicke, that they could not abide.

XXXIX. But

XXXIX.

But *Radigund* her ſelfe, when ſhe eſpide
Sir *Terpin*, from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruel dole amongſt her maides davide,
T'avenge that ſhame, they did on him commit,
All ſodainely enflamd with furious fit,
Like a fell lioneſſe at him ſhe flew,
And on his head-peece him ſo fiercely ſmit,
That to the ground him quite ſhe overthrew,
Diſmayd ſo with the ſtroke, that he no colours knew.

XL.

Soone as ſhe ſaw him on the ground to grovell,
She lightly to him leapt, and in his necke
Her proud foote ſetting, at his head did levell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreake,
And his contempt, that did her judgment breake.
As when a beare hath ſeiz'd her cruell clawes
Upon the carkaſſe of ſome beaſt too weake,
Proudly ſtands over, and a while doth pauſe,
To heare the piteous beaſt pleading her plaintiffe cauſe.

XLI.

Whom when as *Artegall* in that diſtreſſe
By chaunce beheld, he left the bloudy ſlaughter,
In which he ſwam, and ranne to his redreſſe.
There her aſſayling fiercely freſh, he raught her
Such an huge ſtroke, that it of ſence diſtraught her:
And had ſhe not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her mother of a daughter.
Nathleſſe for all the powre ſhe did apply,
It made her ſtagger oft, and ſtare with ghaſtly eye.

XLII. Like

XLII.

Like to an eagle in his kingly pride,
Soring through his wide empire of the aire,
To weather his brode ſailes, by chaunce hath ſpide
A goſhauke, which hath ſeized for her ſhare
Uppon ſome fowle, that ſhould her feaſt prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her bylive,
That with his ſouce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

XLIII.

But ſoone as ſhe her ſence recover'd had,
She fiercely towards him her ſelfe gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath and ſdeignfull pride half mad;
For never had ſhe ſuffred ſuch deſpight.
But ere ſhe could joyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maides about her flockt ſo faſt,
That they diſparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far a ſunder caſt:
But mongſt the reſt the fight did untill evening laſt.

XLIV.

And every while that mightie yron man,
With his ſtrange weapon, never wont in warre,
Them ſorely vext, and courſt, and overran,
And broke their bowes, and did their ſhooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to aſſault, nor once approach him nie,
But like a ſort of ſheepe diſperſed farre
For dread of their devouring enemie,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

XLV. But

XLV.

But when as daies faire ſhinie beame, yclowded
With fearfull ſhadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beaſt in quiet reſt be ſhrowded,
Bold *Radigund* with ſound of trumpe on hight,
Cauſd all her people to ſurceaſe from fight,
And gathering them unto her cities gate,
Made them all enter in before her ſight,
And all the wounded, and the weake in ſtate,
To be convayed in, ere ſhe would once retrate.

XLVI.

When thus the field was voided all away,
And all things quieted, the elfin knight,
Weary of toile and travell of that day,
Cauſd his pavillion to be richly pight
Before the city gate, in open ſight;
Where he him ſelfe did reſt in ſafety,
Together with Sir *Terpin*, all that night:
But *Talus* uſde in times of jeopardy
To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

XLVII.

But *Radigund* full of heart-gnawing griefe,
For the rebuke, which ſhe ſuſtain'd that day,
Could take no reſt, ne would receive reliefe,
But toſſed in her troublous minde, what way
She mote revenge that blot, which on her lay.
There ſhe reſolvd, her ſelfe in ſingle fight
To try her fortune, and his force aſſay,
Rather then ſee her people ſpoiled quight,
As ſhe had ſeene that day a diſadventerous fight.

XLVIII. She

XLVIII.

She called forth to her a trusty mayd,
Whom she thought fittest for that businesse,
Her name was *Clarin*, and thus to her sayd;
Goe damzell quickly, doe thyselfe addresse,
To doe the message, which I shall expresse:
Goe thou unto that stranger Faery knight,
Who yeester day drove us to such distresse,
Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,
And try in equall field, whether hath greater might.

XLIX.

But these conditions doe to him propound,
That if I vanquishe him, he shall obay
My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
And so will I, if me he vanquish may,
What ever he shall like to doe or say.
Goe streight, and take with thee, to witnesse it,
Sixe of thy fellowes of the best aray,
And beare with you both wine and juncates fit,
And bid him eate: henceforth he oft shall hungry sit.

L.

The damzell streight obayd, and putting all
In readinesse, forth to the town-gate went,
Where sounding loud a trumpet from the wall,
Unto those warlike knights she warning sent.
Then *Talus* forth issuing from the tent,
Unto the wall his way did feareless take,
To weeten what that trumpets sounding ment:
Where that same damzell lowdly him bespake,
And shew'd, that with his lord she would emparlaunce make.

LI.

So he them ſtreight conducted to his lord,
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their meſſage word by word:
Which he accepting well, as he could weete,
Them fairely entertaynd with curt'ſies meete,
And gave them gifts and things of deare delight.
So backe againe they homeward turnd their feete.
But *Artegall* him ſelfe to reſt did dight,
That he mote freſher be againſt the next daies fight.

CANTO

CANTO V.

Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is ſubdewed by guile:
He is by her empriſoned,
But wrought by Clarin's wile.

I.

SO ſoone as day, forth dawning from the Eaſt,
Nights humid curtaine from the heavens withdrew,
And early calling forth both man and beaſt,
Commanded them their daily workes renew,
Theſe noble warriors, mindefull to purſew
The laſt daies purpoſe of their vowed fight,
Them ſelves thereto preparde in order dew;
The knight, as beſt was ſeeming for a knight,
And th'Amazon, as beſt it likt her ſelfe to dight;

II.

All in a Camis light of purple ſilke
Woven uppon with ſilver, ſubtly wrought,
And quilted uppon ſatin white as milke,
Trayled with ribbands diverſly diſtraught,
Like as the workeman had their courſes taught;
Which was ſhort tucked for light motion
Up to her ham, but when ſhe liſt, it raught
Downe to her loweſt heele, and thereuppon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

III.

And on her legs ſhe painted buſkins wore,
Baſted with bends of gold on every ſide,
And mailes betweene, and laced cloſe afore:
Uppon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her ſhoulder hung her ſhield, bedeckt
Uppon the boſſe with ſtones, that ſhined wide,
As the faire moone in her moſt full aſpect,
That to the moone it mote be like in each reſpect.

IV.

So forth ſhe came out of the citty gate,
With ſtately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzels, that did waite
Upon her perſon for her ſure defence,
Playing on ſhaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their ſound did reach unto the heavens hight.
So forth into the field ſhe marched thence,
Where was a rich pavilion ready pight,
Her to receive, till time they ſhould begin the fight.

V.

Then forth came *Artegall* out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and firſt the liſts did enter:
Soone after eke came ſhe, with fell intent,
And countenance fierce, as having fully bent her,
That battels utmoſt triall to adventer.
The liſts were cloſed faſt, to barre the rout
From rudely preſſing to the middle center;
Which in great heapes them circled all about,
Wayting, how fortune would reſolve that dangerous dout.

VI. The

VI.

The trumpets ſounded, and the field began;
With bitter ſtrokes it both began and ended.
She at the firſt encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if ſhe had intended
Out of his breaſt the very heart have rended:
But he, that had like tempeſts often tride,
From that firſt flaw him ſelfe right well defended.
The more ſhe rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hewd, ſhe foynd, ſhe laſht, ſhe laid on every ſide.

VII.

Yet ſtill her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at laſt to win advantage new;
Yet ſtill her crueltie increaſed more,
And though powre faild, her courage did accrew,
Which fayling, he gan fiercely her purſew.
Like as a ſmith, that to his cunning feat
The ſtubborn metall ſeeketh to ſubdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great yron ſledge doth ſtrongly on it beat:

VIII.

So did Sir *Artegall* upon her lay,
As if ſhe had an yron andvile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the ſunny ray,
Out of her ſteely armes were flaſhing ſeene,
That all on fire ye would her ſurely weene.
But with her ſhield ſo well her ſelfe ſhe warded,
From the dread daunger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life ſhe ſafely garded:
But he that helpe from her againſt her will diſcarded.

IX. For

IX.

For with his trenchant blade at the next blow
Halfe of her ſhield he ſhared quite away,
That halfe her ſide it ſelfe did naked ſhow,
And thenceforth unto daunger opened way.
Much was ſhe moved with the mightie ſway
Of that ſad ſtroke, that halfe enrag'd ſhe grew,
And like a greedy beare unto her pray,
With her ſharpe cemitare at him ſhe flew,
That glauncing downe his thigh, the purple bloud forth drew.

X.

Thereat ſhe gan to triumph with great boaſt,
And to upbrayd that chaunce, which him misfell,
As if the prize ſhe gotten had almoſt,
With ſpightfull ſpeaches, fitting with her well;
That his great hart gan inwardly to ſwell
With indignation, at her vaunting vaine,
And at her ſtrooke with puiſſance fearefull fell;
Yet with her ſhield ſhe warded it againe,
That ſhattered all to peeces round about the plaine.

XI.

Having her thus diſarmed of her ſhield,
Uppon her helmet he againe her ſtrooke,
That downe ſhe fell uppon the graſſie field,
In ſenceleſſe ſwoune, as if her life forſooke,
And pangs of death her ſpirit overtooke.
Whom when he ſaw before his foote proſtrated,
He to her lept with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her ſunſhynie helmet ſoone unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced.

XII. But

XII.

But when as he diſcovered had her face,
He ſaw his ſenſes ſtraunge aſtoniſhment,
A miracle of natures goodly grace,
In her faire viſage voide of ornament,
But bath'd in bloud and ſweat together ment;
Which in the rudeneſſe of that evill plight
Bewrayd the ſignes of feature excellent:
Like as the moone, in foggie winters night,
Doth ſeeme to be her ſelfe, though darkned be her light.

XIII.

At ſight thereof his cruell minded hart
Empierced was with pitifull regard,
That his ſharpe ſword he threw from him apart,
Curſing his hand, that had that viſage mard:
No hand ſo cruell, nor no hart ſo hard,
But ruth of beautie will it mollifie.
By this upſtarting from her ſwoone, ſhe ſtar'd
A while about her with confuſed eye;
Like one, that from his dreame is waken ſuddenlye.

XIV.

Soone as the knight ſhe there by her did ſpy,
Standing with emptie hands all weaponleſſe,
With freſh aſſault upon him ſhe did fly,
And gan renew her former cruelneſſe:
And though he ſtill retyr'd, yet natheleſſe
With huge redoubled ſtrokes ſhe on him layd;
And more increaſt her outrage mercileſſe,
The more that he with meeke intreatie prayd,
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to have ſtayd.

XV. Like

XV.

Like as a puttocke having ſpyde in ſight
A gentle faulcon ſitting on an hill,
Whoſe other wing, now made unmeete for flight,
Was lately broken by ſome fortune ill;
The fooliſh kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beate upon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle ſtoups her troubling ſtill:
Even ſo did *Radigund* with bootleſſe paine
Annoy this noble knight, and ſorely him conſtraine.

XVI.

Nought could he do, but ſhun the dred deſpight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward ſtill retyre,
And with his ſingle ſhield, well as he might,
Beare off the burden of her raging yre;
And evermore he gently did deſyre,
To ſtay her ſtrokes, and he himſelfe would yield;
Yet nould ſhe hearke, ne let him once reſpyre,
Till he to her delivered had his ſhield,
And to her mercie him ſubmitted in plaine field.

XVII.

So was he overcome, not overcome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord;
Yet was he juſtly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that ſpake ſo wareleſſe word,
To be her thrall, and ſervice her afford.
For though that he firſt victorie obtayned,
Yet after by abandoning his ſword,
He wilfull loſt, that he before attayned.
No fayrer conqueſt then that with goodwill is gayned.

XVIII. Tho'

XVIII.

Tho' with her ſword on him ſhe flatling ſtrooke,
In ſigne of true ſubjection to her powre,
And as her vaſſall him to thraldome tooke.
But *Terpine* borne to a more unhappy howre,
As he, on whom the luckleſſe ſtarres did lowre,
She cauſd to be attacht, and forthwith led
Unto the crooke, t'abide the balefull ſtowre,
From which he lately had through reſkew fled:
Where he full ſhamefully was hanged by the hed.

XIX.

But when they thought on *Talus* hands to lay,
He with his yron flaile amongſt them thondred,
That they were fayne to let him ſcape away,
Glad from his companie to be ſo ſondred;
Whoſe preſence all their troups ſo much encombred
That th'heapes of thoſe, which he did wound and ſlay,
Beſides the reſt diſmayd, might not be nombred:
Yet all that while he would not once aſſay,
To reſkew his owne lord, but thought it juſt t'obay.

XX.

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And cauſed him to be diſarmed quight,
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
In ſtead whereof ſhe made him to be dight
In womans weedes, that is to manhood ſhame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
Inſtead of curiets and baſes fit for fight.

XXI.

So being clad, ſhe brought him from the field,
In which he had been trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was ſield
With moniments of many knights decay,
By her ſubdewed in victorious fray :
Among the which ſhe cauſd his warlike armes
Be hangd on high, that mote his ſhame bewray ;
And broke his ſword, for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to ſtirre up battailous alarmes.

XXII.

There entred in, he round about him ſaw
Many brave knights, whoſe names right well he knew,
There bound t'obay that Amazon's proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his bigge hart loth'd ſo uncomely vew.
But they were forſt through penury and pyne,
To doe thoſe workes, to them appointed dew :
For nought was given them to ſup or dyne,
But what their hands could earn by twiſting linnen twyne.

XXIII.

Amongſt them all ſhe placed him moſt low,
And in his hand a diſtaffe to him gave,
That he thereon ſhould ſpin both flax and tow ;
A ſordid office for a mind ſo brave,
So hard it is to be a womans ſlave.
Yet he it tooke in his own ſelfes deſpight,
And thereto did himſelfe right well behave,
Her to obay, ſith he his faith had plight,
Her vaſſall to become, if ſhe him wonne in fight.

XXIV. Who

XXIV.

Whohad him ſeene, imagine mote thereby,
That whylome hath of *Hercules* bene told,
How for *Iolas* ſake he did apply
His mightie hands, the diſtaffe vile to hold,
For his huge club, which had ſubdew'd of old
So many monſters, which the world annoyed;
His lyons skin chaungd to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting warres, he only joyed
In combats of ſweet love, and with his miſtreſſe toyed.

XXV.

Such is the crueltie of womenkynd,
When they have ſhaken off the ſhamefaſt band,
With which wiſe nature did them ſtrongly bynd,
T'obay the heaſts of mans well ruling hand,
That then all rule and reaſon they withſtand,
To purchaſe a licentious libertie.
But vertuous women wiſely underſtand,
That they were borne to baſe humilitie,
Unleſſe the heavens them lift to lawfull ſoveraintie.

XXVI.

Thus there long while continu'd *Artegall*,
Serving proud *Radigund* with true ſubjection;
How ever it his noble hart did gall,
T'obay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election:
But having choſen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time, the warlike Amazon,
Whoſe wandring fancie after luſt did raunge,
Gan caſt a ſecret liking to this captive ſtraunge.

XXVII.

Which long concealing in her covert breſt,
She chaw'd the cud of lovers carefull plight;
Yet could it not ſo thoroughly digeſt,
Being faſt fixed in her wounded ſpright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would ſhe not thereto yeeld free accord,
To ſerve the lowly vaſſall of her might,
And of her ſervant make her ſoverayne lord:
So great her pride, that ſhe ſuch baſeneſſe much abhord.

XXVIII.

So much the greater ſtill her anguiſh grew,
Through ſtubborne handling of her love-ſicke hart;
And ſtill the more ſhe ſtrove it to ſubdew,
The more ſhe ſtill augmented her owne ſmart,
And wyder made the wound of th'hidden dart.
At laſt when long ſhe ſtruggled had in vaine,
She gan to ſtoupe, and her proud mind convert
To meeke obeyſance of loves mightie raine,
And him entreat for grace, that had procur'd her paine.

XXIX.

Unto her ſelfe in ſecret ſhe did call
Her neareſt handmayd, whom ſhe moſt did truſt,
And to her ſaid, *Clarinda*, whom of all
I truſt alive, ſith I thee foſtred firſt;
Now is the time, that I untimely muſt
Thereof make tryall, in my greateſt need:
It is ſo hapned, that the heavens unjuſt,
Spighting my happie freedome, have agreed,
To thrall my looſer life, or my laſt bale to breed.

XXX. With

XXX.

With that ſhe turn'd her head, as halfe abaſhed,
To hide the bluſh, which in her viſage roſe,
And through her eyes like ſudden lightning flaſhed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion roſe:
But ſoone ſhe did her countenance compoſe,
And to her turning, thus began againe;
This griefes deepe wound I would to thee diſcloſe,
Thereto compelled through hart-murdring paine,
But dread of ſhame my doubtfull lips doth ſtill reſtraine.

XXXI.

Ah my deare dread, ſaid then the faithfull mayd,
Can dread of ought your dreadleſſe hart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death diſmayd,
And dare even deathes moſt dreadfull face behold?
Say on, my ſoveraine ladie, and be bold;
Doth not your handmayds life at your feet lie?
Therewith much comforted, ſhe gan unfold
The cauſe of her conceived maladie,
As one, that would confeſſe, yet faine would it denie.

XXXII.

Clarin, ſayd ſhe, thou ſeeſt yond Fayry Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne brave mind
Subjected hath to my unequall might;
What right is it, that he ſhould thraldome find,
For lending life to me a wretch unkind;
That for ſuch good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I caſt, how I may him unbind,
And by his freedome get his free goodwill;
Yet ſo, as bound to me he may continue ſtill.

XXXIII. Bound

XXXIII.

Bound unto me, but not with ſuch hard bands
Of ſtrong compulſion, and ſtreight violence,
As now in miſerable ſtate he ſtands;
But with ſweet love and ſure benevolence,
Voide of malitious minde, or fowle offence.
To which if thou canſt win him any way,
Without diſcoverie of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meede of him it purchaſe may,
And eke with gratefull ſervice me right well apay.

XXXIV.

Which that thou mayſt the better bring to pas,
Loe here this ring, which ſhall thy warrant bee,
And token true to old *Eumenias*,
From time to time, when thou it beſt ſhall ſee,
That in and out thou mayſt have paſſage free.
Goe now, *Clarinda*, well thy wits adviſe,
And all thy forces gather unto thee;
Armies of lovely lookes, and ſpeeches wiſe,
With which thou canſt even *Jove* himſelfe to love entiſe.

XXXV.

The truſtie mayd, conceiving her intent,
Did with ſure promiſe of her good indevour
Give her great comfort, and ſome harts content.
So from her parting, ſhe thenceforth did labour
By all the meanes ſhe might, to curry favour
With th'elfin knight, her ladies beſt beloved;
With daily ſhew of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the markewhite of his hart ſhe roved,
And with wide glauncing words, one day ſhe thus him proved:

XXXVI. Un-

XXXVI.

Unhappie knight, upon whoſe hopeleſſe ſtate
Fortune, envying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell heavens have heapt an heavy fate;
I rew, that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In ſad deſpaire, and all thy ſenſes ſwowned
In ſtupid ſorow, ſith thy juſter merit
Might elſe have with felicitie bene crowned:
Looke up at laſt, and wake thy dulled ſpirit,
To thinke how this long death thou mighteſt diſinherit.

XXXVII.

Much did he marvell at her uncouth ſpeach,
Whoſe hidden drift he could not well perceive;
And gan to doubt, leaſt ſhe him ſought t'appeach
Of treaſon, or ſome guilefull traine did weave,
Through which ſhe might his wretched life bereave.
Both which to barre, he with his anſwere met her;
Faire damzell, that with ruth, as I perceave,
Of my miſhaps, art mov'd to wiſh me better,
For ſuch your kind regard, I can but reſt your detter.

XXXVIII.

Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no leſſe beſeeming well, to beare
The ſtorme of fortunes frowne, or heavens threat,
Then in the ſunſhine of her countenance cleare
Timely to joy, and carrie comely cheare.
For though this cloud have now me overcaſt,
Yet doe I not of better times deſpeyre;
And, though unlike, they ſhould for ever laſt,
Yet in my truthes aſſurance I reſt fixed faſt.

XXXIX. But

XXXIX.

But what ſo ſtonie mind, ſhe then replyde,
But if in his owne powre occaſion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wyde,
And to his fortunes helpe make readie way?
Unworthy ſure, quoth he, of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke purſew, if he attaine it may.
Which ſpeaches ſhe applying to the ſcope
Of her intent, this further purpoſe to him ſhope.

XL.

Then why doeſt not, thou ill advized man,
Make meanes to win thy libertie forlorne,
And try if thou, by faire entreatie, can
Move *Radigund?* who though ſhe ſtill have worne
Her days in warre, yet, weete thou, was not borne
Of beares and tygres, nor ſo ſalvage mynded,
As that, albe all love of men ſhe ſcorne,
She yet forgets, that ſhe of men was kynded:
And ſooth oft ſeene, that proudeſt harts baſe love hath blynded.

XLI.

Certes, *Clarinda*, not of cancred will,
Sayd he, nor obſtinate diſdainefull mind,
I have forbore this duetie to fulfill:
For well I may this weene, by that I find,
That ſhe a Queene, and come of princely kynd,
Both worthie is for to be ſewd unto,
Chiefely by him, whoſe life her law doth bynd,
And eke of powre her owne doome to undo,
And als of princely grace to be inclyn'd thereto.

XLII. But

XLII.

But want of meanes hath beene mine onely let
From ſeeking favour, where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your ſelfe ſhould reſt for ever bound,
And readie to deſerve, what grace I found.
She feeling him thus bite upon the bayt,
Yet doubting leaſt his hold was but unſound,
And not well faſtened, would not ſtrike him ſtrayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leaſure to awayt.

XLIII.

But fooliſh mayd, whiles, heedleſſe of the hooke,
She thus oft times was beating off and on,
Through ſlipperie footing, fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confuſion;
For ſeeking thus to ſalve the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceipts owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to caſt affection,
Conceived cloſe in her beguiled hart,
To *Artegall*, through pittie of his cauſeleſſe ſmart.

XLIV.

Yet durſt ſhe not diſcloſe her fancies wound,
Ne to himſelfe, for doubt of being ſdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her miſtreſſe ſhold have knowledge gayned,
But to her ſelfe it ſecretly retayned,
Within the cloſet of her covert breſt:
The more thereby her tender hart was payned.
Yet to awayt fit time ſhe weened beſt,
And fairely did diſſemble her ſad thoughts unreſt.

XLV.

One day her ladie, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her ſome tydings good,
Touching her loves ſucceſſe, her lingring ſmart.
Therewith ſhe gan at firſt to chaunge her mood,
As one adaw'd, and half confuſed ſtood;
But quickly ſhe it overpaſt, ſo ſoone
As ſhe her face had wypt, to freſh her blood:
Tho gan ſhe tell her all, that ſhe had donne,
And all the wayes ſhe ſought, his love for to have wonne:

XLVI.

But ſayd, that he was obſtinate and ſterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine:
Ne would be taught with any termes, to lerne
So fond a leſſon, as to love againe.
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abridged dayes in dolour waſt,
Then his foes love or liking entertaine:
His reſolution was both firſt and laſt,
His bodie was her thrall, his hart was freely plaſt.

XLVII.

Which when the cruell Amazon perceived,
She gan to ſtorme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell deſpight, which ſhe conceived,
To be ſo ſcorned of a baſe-born thrall,
Whoſe life did lie in her leaſt eye-lids fall;
Of which ſhe vowd with many a curſed threat,
That ſhe therefore would him ere long forſtall.
Natheleſſe when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, and mildly gan entreat.

XLVIII. What

XLVIII.

What now is left, *Clarinda?* what remaines,
That we may compaſſe this our enterprize?
Great ſhame to loſe ſo long employed paines,
And greater ſhame t'abide ſo great miſprize,
With which he dares our offers thus deſpize.
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gratious mercie by this wize,
I will a while with his firſt folly beare,
Till thou have tride againe, and tempted him more neare.

XLIX.

Say, and do all, that may thereto prevaile;
Leave nought unpromiſt, that may him perſwade,
Life, freedom, grace, and gifts of great availe,
With which the Gods themſelves are mylder made:
Thereto adde art, even womens witty trade,
The art of mightie words, that men can charme;
With which in caſe thou canſt him not invade,
Let him feele hardneſſe of thy heavie arme:
Who will not ſtoupe with good, ſhall be made ſtoupe with harme.

L.

Some of his diet doe from him withdraw;
For I him find to be too proudly fed.
Give him more labour, and with ſtreighter law,
That he with worke may be forwearied.
Let him lodge hard, and lie in ſtrawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
Cold yron chaines, with which let him be tide;
And let, what ever he deſires, be him denide.

LI.

When thou haſt all this doen, then bring me newes
Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a lover,
But like rebell ſtout, I will him uſe.
For I reſolve this ſiege not to give over,
Till I the conqueſt of my will recover.
So ſhe departed, full of griefe and ſdaine,
Which inly did to great impatience move her.
But the falſe mayden ſhortly turn'd againe
Unto the priſon, where her hart did thrall remaine.

LII.

There all her ſubtill nets ſhe did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit diſplay;
In which ſhe meant him wareleſſe to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly ſhe wrought her crafts aſſay,
That both her ladie, and her ſelfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce ſhe did betray:
But moſt the knight, whom ſhe with guilefull call
Did caſt for to allure, into her trap to fall.

LIII.

As a bad nurſe, which fayning to receive
In her owne mouth the food, ment for her chyld,
Withholdes it to her ſelfe, and doeth deceive
The infant, ſo for want of nourture ſpoild:
Even ſo *Clarinda* her owne dame beguyld
And turn'd the truſt, which was in her affyde,
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld
Her inward breſt, and in her entrayles fryde,
The more that ſhe it ſought to cover and to hyde.

LIV. For

LIV.

For comming to this knight ſhe purpoſe fayned,
How earneſt ſuit ſhe earſt for him had made
Unto her Queene, his freedom to have gained,
But by no meanes could her thereto perſwade;
But that, in ſtead thereof, ſhe ſternely bade
His miſerie to be augmented more,
And many yron bands on him to lade.
All which nathleſſe ſhe for his love forbore:
So praying him t'accept her ſervice evermore.

LV.

And more then that, ſhe promiſt that ſhe would,
In caſe ſhe might finde favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hould.
The Fayrie, glad to gaine his libertie,
Can yeeld great thankes for ſuch her curteſie,
And with faire words, fit for the time and place,
To feede the humour of her maladie;
Promiſt, if ſhe would free him from that caſe,
He wold, by all good means he might, deſerve ſuch grace.

LVI.

So daily he faire ſemblant did her ſhew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind,
To his owne abſent love to be untrew:
Ne ever did deceiptfull *Clarin* find
In her falſe hart, his bondage to unbind;
But rather how ſhe mote him faſter tye.
Therefore unto her miſtreſſe moſt unkind
She daily told, her love he did defy,
And him ſhe told, her dame his freedome did denye.

LVII. Yet

LVII.

Yet thus much friendſhip ſhe to him did ſhow,
That his ſcarſe diet ſomewhat was amended,
And his worke leſſened, that his love mote grow:
Yet to her dame him ſtill ſhe diſcommended,
That ſhe with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remayned,
Of both beloved well, but little frended;
Untill his owne true love his freedome gayned,
Which in another Canto will be beſt contayned.

CANTO

CANTO VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart
of Artegals mishap:
She goes to seeke him, Dolon meetes,
who seekes her to entrap.

I.

SOME men, I wote, will deeme in *Artegall*
Great weakneſſe, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding ſo himſelfe a wretched thrall,
To th' inſolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praiſe doth fowly ſpill.
But he, the man, that ſay or doe ſo dare,
Be well adviz'd, that he ſtand ſtedfaſt ſtill;
For never yet was wight ſo well aware,
But he at firſt or laſt was trapt in womens ſnare.

II.

Yet in the ſtreightneſſe of that captive ſtate,
This gentle knight himſelfe ſo well behaved,
That notwithſtanding all the ſubtill bait,
With which thoſe Amazons his love ſtill craved,
To his owne love his loyaltie he ſaved:
Whoſe character in th' Adamantine mould
Of his true hart ſo firmly was engraved,
That no new loves impreſſion ever could
Bereave it thence: ſuch blot his honour blemiſh ſhould.

III. Yet

III.

Yet his owne love, the noble *Britomart*,
Scarſe ſo conceived in her jealous thought,
What time ſad tydings of his balefull ſmart
In womans bondage *Talus* to her brought;
Brought in untimely houre, ere it was ſought.
For after that the utmoſt date, aſſynde
For his returne, ſhe waited had for nought,
She gan to caſt in her miſdoubtful mynde
A thouſand feares, that love-ſicke fancies faine to fynde.

IV.

Sometime ſhe feared, leaſt ſome hard miſhap
Had him misfalne in his adventrous queſt;
Sometime leaſt his falſe foe did him entrap
In traytrous traine, or had unwares oppreſt:
But moſt ſhe did her troubled mynd moleſt,
And ſecretly afflict with jealous feare,
Leaſt ſome new love had him from her poſſeſt;
Yet loth ſhe was, ſince ſhe no ill did heare,
To thinke of him ſo ill: yet could ſhe not forbeare.

V.

One while ſhe blam'd her ſelfe; another while
She him condemn'd, as truſtleſſe and untrew:
And then, her griefe with errour to beguile,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before ſhe had not counted trew.
For houres but dayes; for weekes, that paſſed were,
She told but moneths, to make them ſeeme more few:
Yet when ſhe reckned them, ſtill drawing neare,
Each hour did ſeeme a moneth, and every moneth a yeare.

VI. But

VI.

But when as yet ſhe ſaw him not returne,
She thought to ſend ſome one to ſeeke him out;
But none ſhe found ſo fit to ſerve that turne,
As her own ſelfe, to eaſe her ſelfe of dout.
Now ſhe deviz'd amongſt the warlike rout
Of errant knights, to ſeeke her errant knight;
And then againe reſolv'd to hunt him out
Amongſt looſe ladies, lapped in delight:
And then both knights envide, and ladies eke did ſpight.

VII.

One day, when as ſhe long had ſought for eaſe
In every place, and every place thought beſt,
Yet found no place, that could her liking pleaſe,
She to a window came, that opened Weſt,
Towards which coaſt her love his way addreſt.
There looking forth, ſhe in her heart did find
Many vaine fancies, working her unreſt;
And ſent her winged thoughts, more ſwift then wind,
To beare unto her love the meſſage of her mind.

VIII.

There as ſhe looked long, at laſt ſhe ſpide
One comming towards her with haſty ſpeede:
Well weend ſhe then, ere him ſhe plaine deſcride,
That it was one ſent from her love indeede.
Who when he nigh approcht, ſhe mote arede,
That it was *Talus*, *Artegall* his groome;
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede;
Ne would ſhe ſtay, till he in place could come,
But ran to meete him forth, to know his tidings ſomme.

IX.

Even in the dore him meeting, ſhe begun;
And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare at once, and hath he loſt or wun?
The yron man, albe he wanted ſence
And ſorrowes feeling, yet with conſcience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And ſtood ſtill mute, as one in great ſuſpence,
As if that by his ſilence he would make
Her rather read his meaning, then him ſelfe it ſpake.

X.

Till ſhe againe thus ſayd; *Talus*, be bold,
And tell whatever it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.
To whom he thus at length; The tidings ſad,
That I would hide, will needs, I ſee, be rad.
My lord, your love, by hard miſhap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully beſtad.
Ay me, quoth ſhe, what wicked deſtinie?
And is he vanquiſht by his tyrant enemie?

XI.

Not by that tyrant, his intended foe;
But by a tyranneſſe, he then replide,
That him captived hath in hapleſſe woe.
Ceaſe, thou bad newes-men, badly doeſt thou hide
Thy maiſters ſhame, in harlots bondage tide.
The reſt myſelf too readily can ſpell.
With that in rage ſhe turn'd from him aſide,
Forcing in vaine the reſt to her to tell,
And to her chamber went like ſolitary cell.

XII. There

XII.

There ſhe began to make her monefull plaint
Againſt her knight, for being ſo untrew;
And him to touch with falſhoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did ſhe blame her ſelfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a ſtraungers love ſo light,
Whoſe life and manners ſtraunge ſhe never knew;
And evermore ſhe did him ſharpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

XIII.

And then ſhe in her wrathfull will did caſt,
How to revenge that blot of honour blent;
To fight with him, and goodly die her laſt:
And then againe ſhe did her ſelfe torment,
Inflicting on her ſelfe his puniſhment.
A while ſhe walkt, and chauft; a while ſhe threw
Her ſelfe uppon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did ſhe not lament with loude alew,
As women wont, but with deepe ſighes, and ſingulfs few.

XIV.

Like as a wayward childe, whoſe ſounder ſleepe
Is broken with ſome fearfull dreames affright,
With froward will doth ſet himſelfe to weepe;
Ne can be ſtild for all his nurſes might,
But kicks, and ſquals, and ſhriekes for fell deſpight;
Now ſcratching her, and her looſe locks muſuſing;
Now ſeeking darkeneſſe, and now ſeeking light;
Then craving ſucke, and then the ſucke refuſing:
Such was this ladies fit, in her loves fond accuſing.

XV.

But when ſhe had with ſuch unquiet fits
Her ſelfe there cloſe affiicted long in vaine,
Yet found no eaſement in her troubled wits,
She unto *Talus* forth return'd againe,
By change of place ſeeking to eaſe her paine;
And gan enquire of him, with mylder mood,
The certaine cauſe of *Artegalls* detaine;
And what he did, and in what ſtate he ſtood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

XVI.

Ah well away! ſaid then the yron man,
That he is not the while in ſtate to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by ſtrong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now undoo.
Sayd I not then, quoth ſhee, erwhile aright,
That this is things compacte betwixt you two,
Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
Since that he was not forſt, nor overcome in fight?

XVII.

With that he gan at large to her dilate
The whole diſcourſe of his captivance ſad,
In ſort as ye have heard the ſame of late.
All which when ſhe with hard enduraunce had
Heard to the end, ſhe was right ſore beſtad,
With ſodaine ſtounds of wrath and griefe attone:
Ne would abide, till ſhe had aunſwere made,
But ſtreight herſelf did dight, and armour don;
And mounting to her ſteed, bad *Talus* guide her on.

XVIII. So

XVIII.

So forth ſhe rode uppon her ready way,
To ſeeke her knight, as *Talus* her did guide:
Sadly ſhe rode, and never word did ſay,
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aſide,
But ſtill right downe, and in her thought did hide
The felneſſe of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that woman's pride,
Which had her lord in her baſe priſon pent,
And ſo great honour with ſo fowle reproch had blent:

XIX.

So as ſhe thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunſt to meete toward th'even-tide
A knight, that ſoftly paced on the plaine,
As if himſelfe to ſolace he were faine.
Well ſhot in yeares he ſeem'd, and rather bent
To peace, then needleſſe trouble to conſtraine,
As well by view of that his veſtiment,
And by his modeſt ſemblant, that no evill ment.

XX.

He comming neare, gan gently her ſalute
With courteous words, in the moſt comely wize;
Who though deſirous rather to reſt mute,
Then termes to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then ſhe kindneſſe would deſpize,
She would her ſelfe diſpleaſe, ſo him requite.
Then gan the other further to devize
Of things abrode, as next to hand did light,
And many things demaund, to which ſhe anſwer'd light.

XXI. For

XXI.

For little luſt ſhe had to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare, that mote delightfull bee;
Her mind was whole poſſeſſed of one thought,
That gave none other place. Which when as hee
By outward ſignes, as well he might, did ſee,
He liſt no lenger to uſe lothfull ſpeach,
But her beſought to take it well in gree,
Sith ſhady dampe had dimd the heavens reach,
To lodge with him that night, unles good cauſe empeach.

XXII.

The championeſſe, now ſeeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld unto his good requeſt,
And with him went without gaine-ſaying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by Weſt,
His dwelling was, to which he him addreſt;
Where ſoone arriving they received were
In ſeemely wiſe, as them beſeemed beſt:
For he their hoſt them goodly well did cheare,
And talk't of pleaſant things, the night away to weare.

XXIII.

Thus paſſing th'evening well, till time of reſt,
Then *Britomart* unto a bowre was brought;
Where groomes awayted her to have undreſt.
But ſhe ne would undreſſed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes, though he her much beſought.
For ſhe had vow'd, ſhe ſayd, not to forgo
Thoſe warlike deedes, till ſhe revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong upon a mortal foe;
Which ſhe would ſure performe, betide her wele or wo.

XXIV. Which

XXIV.

Which when their hoſt perceiv'd, right diſcontent
In mind he grew, for feare leaſt by that art
He ſhould his purpoſe miſſe, which cloſe he ment:
Yet taking leave of her, he did depart.
There all that night remained *Britomart*,
Reſtleſſe, recomfortleſſe, with heart deepe grieved,
Not ſuffering the leaſt twinckling ſleepe to ſtart
Into her eye, which th'heart mote have relieved,
But if the leaſt appear'd, her eyes ſhe ſtreight reprieved.

XXV.

Ye guilty eyes, ſayd ſhe, the which with guyle
My heart at firſt betrayd, will ye betray
My life now to, for which a little whyle
Ye will not watch? falſe watches, well away,
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Unto your loſſe: and now needes will ye ſleepe?
Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye ſleepe? Ah wake, and rather weepe,
To thinke of your nights want, that ſhould yee waking keepe.

XXVI.

Thus did ſhe watch, and weare the weary night
In waylfull plaints, that none was to appeaſe;
Now walking ſoft, now ſitting ſtill upright,
As ſundry chaunge her ſeemed beſt to eaſe.
Ne leſſe did *Talus* ſuffer ſleepe to ſeaze
His eye-lids ſad, but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great diſeaſe;
Like to a ſpaniell wayting carefully,
Leaſt any ſhould betray his lady treacherouſly.

XXVII. What

XXVII.

What time the native belman of the night,
The bird, that warned *Peter* of his fall,
Firſt rings his ſilver bell t'each ſleepy wight,
That ſhould their minds up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noiſe below the hall.
All ſodainely the bed, where ſhe ſhould lie,
By a falſe trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome, and by and by
The loft was rayſd againe, that no man could it ſpie.

XXVIII.

With ſight whereof ſhe was diſmayd right ſore,
Perceiving well the treaſon, which was ment:
Yet ſtirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would enſue of that event.
It was not long before ſhe heard the ſound
Of armed men, comming with cloſe intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull ſtound
She quickly caught her ſword, and ſhield about her bound.

XXIX.

With that there came unto her chamber dore
Two knights, all armed ready for to fight,
And after them full many other more,
A raskall rout, with weapons rudely dight.
Whom ſoone as *Talus* ſpide by glims of night,
He ſtarted up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his threſher ready keight.
They ſeeing that, let drive at him ſtreight way,
And round about him preace in riotous aray.

XXX. But

XXX.

But ſoone as he began to lay about
With his rude yron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed knights, and eke unarmed rout:
Yet *Talus* after them apace did plie,
Where ever in the darke he could them ſpie;
That here and there like ſcattred ſheepe they lay.
Then backe returning, where his dame did lie,
He to her told the ſtory of that fray,
And all that treaſon there intended did bewray.

XXXI.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning,
To be avenged for ſo fowle a deede,
Yet being forſt to abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heede,
Leaſt any more ſuch practiſe ſhould proceede.
Now mote ye know (that which to *Britomart*
Unknowen was) whence all this did proceede,
And for what cauſe ſo great miſchievous ſmart
Was ment to her, that never evill ment in hart.

XXXII.

The goodman of this houſe was *Dolon* hight,
A man of ſubtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had bene a knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much leſſe honour by that warlike kinde
Of life; for he was nothing valorous,
But with ſlie ſhiftes and wiles did underminde
All noble knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to ſhame by treaſon treacherous.

XXXIII.

He had three ſonnes, all three like fathers ſonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compaſſe wonnes:
The eldeſt of the which was ſlaine erewhile
By *Artegall*, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was *Guizor*, whoſe untimely fate
For to avenge, full many treaſons vile
His father *Dolon* had deviz'd of late
With theſe his wicked ſons, and ſhewd his cankred hate.

XXXIV.

For ſure he weend, that this his preſent gueſt
Was *Artegall*, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he gheſt,
Which ſtill was wont with *Artegall* remaine;
And therefore ment him ſurely to have ſlaine.
But by Gods grace, and her good heedineſſe,
She was preſerved from their traytrous traine.
Thus ſhe all night wore out in watchfulneſſe,
Ne ſuffred ſlothfull ſleepe her eyelids to oppreſſe.

XXXV.

The morrow next, ſo ſoone as dawning houre
Diſcovered had the light to living eye,
She forth yſſew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t'avenge that villany
On that vilde man, and all his family:
And comming down to ſeeke them, where they wond,
Nor ſire, nor ſonnes, nor any could ſhe ſpie:
Each rowme ſhe ſought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for feare, but whether, neither kond.

XXXVI. She

XXXVI.

She ſaw it vaine to make there lenger ſtay,
But tooke her ſteede, and thereon mounting light,
Gan her addreſſe unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that ſhe ſaw there preſent in her ſight
Thoſe two falſe brethren, on that perillous bridge,
On which *Pollente* with *Artegall* did fight.
Streight was the paſſage like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needes fall over the lidge.

XXXVII.

There they did thinke them ſelves on her to wreake:
Who as ſhe nigh unto them drew, the one
Theſe vile reproches gan unto her ſpeake;
Thou recreant falſe traytor, that with lone
Of armes haſt knighthood ſtolne, yet knight art none,
No more ſhall now the darkeneſſe of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone,
But with thy bloud thou ſhalt appeaſe the ſpright
Of *Guizor*, by thee ſlaine, and murdred by thy ſlight.

XXXVIII.

Strange were the words in *Britomartis* eare;
Yet ſtayd ſhe not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous bridge ſhe came, and there
Talus deſir'd, that he might have prepared
The way to her, and thoſe two loſels ſcared.
But ſhe thereat was wroth, that for deſpight
The glauncing ſparkles through her bever glared,
And from her eies did flaſh out fiery light,
Like coles, that through a ſilver cenſer ſparkle bright.

XXXIX.

She ſtayd not to adviſe which way to take;
But putting ſpurres unto her fiery beaſt,
Thorough the midſt of them ſhe way did make.
The one of them, which moſt her wrath increaſt,
Upon her ſpeare ſhe bore before her breaſt,
Till to the bridges further end ſhe paſt,
Where falling downe, his challenge he releaſt:
The other over ſide the bridge ſhe caſt
Into the river, where he drunke his deadly laſt.

XL.

As when the flaſhing Levin haps to light
Upon two ſtubborne oakes, which ſtand ſo neare,
That way betwixt them none appeares in ſight;
The engin fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th'one from the earth, and through the aire doth beare;
The other it with force doth overthrow,
Uppon one ſide, and from his rootes doth reare.
So did the championeſſe thoſe two there ſtrow,
And to their ſire their carcaſſes left to beſtow.

CANTO

CANTO VII.

Britomart comes to Isis Church,
Where shee strange visions sees:
She fights with Radigund, her slaies,
And Artegall thence frees.

I.

NOUGHT is on earth more sacred or divine,
That Gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue, that doth right define:
For th' heavens themselves, whence mortall men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of highest Jove, who doth true justice deale
To his inferiour Gods, and evermore
Therewith containes his heavenly Common-weale:
The skill whereof to princes hearts he doth reveale.

II.

Well therefore did the antique world invent,
That justice was a God of soveraine grace,
And altars unto him, and temples lent,
And heavenly honours in the highest place;
Calling him great *Osyris*, of the race
Of th'old Ægyptian kings, that whylome were;
With fained colours shading a true case:
For that *Osyris*, whilest he lived here,
The justest man alive, and truest did appeare.

III. His

III.

His wife was *Isis*, whom they likewise made
A Goddesse of great powre and soverainty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of justice, which is Equity,
Whereof I have to treat here presently.
Unto whose temple when as *Britomart*
Arrived, she with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part.

IV.

There she received was in goodly wize
Of many priests, which duely did attend
Uppon the rites and daily sacrifize,
All clad in linen robes with silver hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd,
They wore rich mitres shaped like the moone,
To shew, that *Isis* doth the moone portend;
Like as *Osyris* signifies the sunne;
For that they both like race in equall justice runne.

V.

The Championesse them greeting as she could,
Was thence by them into the temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did behold,
Borne uppon stately pillours, all dispred
With shining gold, and arched over hed,
She wondred at the workemans passing skill,
Whose like before she never saw nor red;
And thereuppon long while stood gazing still,
But thought, that she thereon could never gaze her fill.

VI. Thence-

VI.

Thenceforth unto the idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of ſilver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of ſilver twine.
Uppon her head ſhe wore a crowne of gold,
To ſhew, that ſhe had powre in things divine;
And at her feete a crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

VII.

One foote was ſet uppon the crocodile,
And on the ground the other faſt did ſtand,
So meaning to ſuppreſſe both forged guile,
And open force: and in her other hand
She ſtretched forth a long white ſclender wand.
Such was the goddeſſe; whom when *Britomart*
Had long beheld, her ſelfe uppon the land
She did proſtrate, and with right humble hart
Unto her ſelfe her ſilent prayers did impart.

VIII.

To which the idoll, as it were, inclining,
Her wand did move with amiable looke,
By outward ſhew her inward ſence deſining.
Who well perceiving, how her wand ſhe ſhooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this the day with dampe was overcaſt,
And joyous light the houſe of *Jove* forſooke:
Which when ſhe ſaw, her helmet ſhe unlaſte,
And by the altars ſide her ſelfe to ſlumber plaſte.

IX. For

IX.

For other beds the priefts there ufed none,
But on their mother earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their fides uppon the cold hard ftone,
T'enure themfelves to fufferaunce thereby,
And proud rebellious flefh to mortify.
For by the vow of their religion
They tied were to ftedfaft chaftity,
And continence of life, that all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

X.

Therefore they mote not tafte of flefhly food,
Ne feed on ought, the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine, for wine, they fay, is blood,
Even the bloud of Gyants, which were flaine
By thundring Jove in the Phlegrean plaine,
For which the earth, as they the ftory tell,
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her fonnes, which gainft them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did againft them fwell.

XI.

And of their vitall bloud, the which was fhed
Into her pregnant bofome, forth fhe brought
The fruitfull vine, whofe liquor bloudy red
Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them ftirre up old rebellious thought,
To make new warre againft the Gods againe:
Such is the powre of that fame fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof reftraine,
Ne within reafons rule her madding mood containe,

XII. There

XII.

There did the warlike maide her ſelfe repoſe,
Under the wings of *Iſis* all that night,
And with ſweete reſt her heavy eyes did cloſe,
After that long daies toile and weary plight.
Where whileſt her earthly parts with ſoft delight
Of ſenceleſſe ſleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare unto her heavenly ſpright
A wondrous viſion, which did cloſe implie
The courſe of all her fortune and poſteritie.

XIII.

Her ſeem'd, as ſhe was doing ſacrifize
To *Iſis*, deckt with Mitre on her hed,
And linnen ſtole, after thoſe prieſtes guize,
All ſodainely ſhe ſaw transfigured
Her linnen ſtole to robe of ſcarlet red.
And moon-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold,
That even ſhe her ſelfe much wondered
At ſuch a chaunge, and joyed to behold
Her ſelfe, adorn'd with gems and jewels manifold.

XIV.

And in the midſt of her felicity,
An hideous tempeſt ſeemed from below,
To riſe through all the temple ſodainely,
That from the Altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers ſtrow
Uppon the ground, which, kindled privily,
Into outragious flames unwares did grow,
That all the temple put in jeopardy
Of flaming, and her ſelfe in great perplexity.

XV.

With that the Crocodile, which ſleeping lay
Under the idols feete in fearleſſe bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible diſmay,
As being troubled with that ſtormy ſtowre;
And gaping greedy wide, did ſtreight devoure
Both flames and tempeſt: with which growen great,
And ſwolne with pride of his owne peereleſſe powre,
He gan to threaten her likewiſe to eat;
But that the Goddeſſe with her rod him backe did beat.

XVI.

Tho turning all his pride to humbleſſe meeke,
Him ſelfe before her feete he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to ſeeke:
Which ſhe accepting, he ſo neare her drew,
That of his game ſhe ſoone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a lion of great might;
That ſhortly did all other beaſts ſubdew.
With that ſhe waked, full of fearefull fright,
And doubtfully diſmayd through that ſo uncouth ſight.

XVII.

So thereuppon long while ſhe muſing lay,
With thouſand thoughts feeding her fantaſie,
Untill ſhe ſpide the lampe of lightſome day,
Up-lifted in the porch of heaven hie.
Then up ſhe roſe fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pas;
Whereas the prieſtes ſhe found full buſily
About their holy things for morrow Mas:
Whom ſhe ſaluting faire, faire reſaluted was.

XVIII. But

XVIII.

But by the change of her unchearfull looke,
They might perceive, ſhe was not well in plight;
Or that ſome penſiveneſſe to heart ſhe tooke.
Therefore thus one of them, who ſeem'd in ſight
To be the greateſt and the graveſt wight,
To her beſpake; Sir knight, it ſeemes to me,
That thorough evill reſt of this laſt night,
Or ill apayd, or much diſmayd ye be,
That by your change of cheare is eaſie for to ſee.

XIX.

Certes, ſayd ſhe, ſith ye ſo well have ſpide
The troublous paſſion of my penſive mind,
I will not ſeeke the ſame from you to hide,
But will my cares unfolde, in hope to find
Your aide, to guide me out of errour blind.
Say on, quoth he, the ſecret of your hart:
For by the holy vow, which me doth bind,
I am adjur'd, beſt counſell to impart
To all, that ſhall require my comfort in their ſmart.

XX.

Then gan ſhe to declare the whole diſcourſe
Of all that viſion, which to her appeard,
As well as to her minde it had recourſe.
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-hearted man he fared,
Through great aſtoniſhment of that ſtraunge ſight;
And with long locks up-ſtanding, ſtifly ſtared
Like one adawed with ſome dreadfull ſpright.
So fild with heavenly fury, thus he her behight.

XXI.

Magnificke Virgin, that in queint diſguiſe
Of Britiſh armes doeſt maske thy royall blood,
So to purſue a perillous emprize,
How coulſt thou weene, through that diſguized hood,
To hide thy ſtate from being underſtood?
Can from th'immortall Gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy linage, and thy lordly brood;
They doe thy ſire, lamenting ſore for thee;
They doe thy love, forlorne in womens thraldome, ſee.

XXII.

The end whereof, and all the long event,
They doe to thee in this ſame dreame diſcover.
For that ſame Crocodile doth repreſent
The righteous knight, that is thy faithfull lover,
Like to *Oſyris* in all juſt endever.
For that ſame Crocodile *Oſyris* is,
That under *Iſis* feete doth ſleepe for ever:
To ſhew, that clemence oft in things amis
Reſtraines thoſe ſterne beheſts, and cruell doomes of his.

XXIII.

That knight ſhall all the troublous ſtormes aſſwage,
And raging flames, that many foes ſhall reare,
To hinder thee from the juſt heritage
Of thy ſires Crowne, and from thy countrey deare
Then ſhalt thou take him to thy loved fere,
And joyne in equall portion of thy realme:
And afterwards a ſonne to him ſhalt beare,
That lion-like ſhall ſhew his powre extreame.
So bleſſe thee God, and give thee joyance of thy dreame.

XXIV. All

XXIV.

All which when ſhe unto the end had heard,
She much was eaſed in her troublous thought,
And on thoſe Prieſts beſtowed rich reward;
And royall gifts, of gold and ſilver wrought,
She for a preſent to their Goddeſſe brought.
Then taking leave of them, ſhe forward went,
To ſeeke her love, where he was to be ſought;
Ne reſted till ſhe came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as ſhe was bent.

XXV.

Whereof when newes to *Radigund* was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confuſed in her troublous thought,
But fild with courage and with joyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now ſhe
Had long ſurceaſt, ſhe bad to open bold,
That ſhe the face of her new foe might ſee.
But when they of that yron man had told,
Which late her folke had ſlaine, ſhe bad them forth to hold.

XXVI.

So there without the gate, as ſeemed beſt,
She cauſed her pavillion be pight;
In which ſtout *Britomart* her ſelfe did reſt,
Whiles *Talus* watched at the dore all night.
All night likewiſe, they of the towne, in fright,
Uppon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morrow next, ſo ſoone as dawning of light
Bad doe away the dampe of drouzie ſleepe,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peepe;

XXVII. And

XXVII.

And cauſed ſtreight a trumpet loud to ſhrill,
To warne her foe to battell ſoone be preſt:
Who long before awoke (for ſhe ful ill
Could ſleepe all night, that in unquiet breſt
Did cloſely harbour ſuch a jealous gueſt)
Was to the battell whilome ready dight.
Eftſoones that warrioureſſe with haughty creſt
Did forth iſſue, all ready for the fight:
On th'other ſide her foe appeared ſoone in ſight.

XXVIII.

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the ſtreight conditions to propound,
With which ſhe uſed ſtill to tye her fone;
To ſerve her ſo, as ſhe the reſt had bound.
Which when the other heard, ſhe ſternly frownd
For high diſdaine of ſuch indignity,
And would no lenger treat, but bad them ſound;
For her no other termes ſhould ever tie.
Then what preſcribed were by lawes of chevalrie.

XXIX.

The trumpets ſound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins ſmote;
Ne either ſought the others ſtroke to ſhun,
But through great fury both their ſkill forgot,
And practicke uſe in armes: ne ſpared not
Their dainty parts, which nature had created
So faire and tender, without ſtaine or ſpot,
For other uſes, then they them tranſlated;
Which they now hackt and hewd, as if ſuch uſe they hated.

XXX. As

XXX.

As when a Tygre and a Lioneſſe
Are met at ſpoyling of ſome hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedineſſe:
But firſt the Tygre clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to looſe her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full ſtoutly ſtond:
To which the Lion ſtrongly doth gaineſay,
That ſhe to hunt the beaſt firſt tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it have, where ever ſhe it fond.

XXXI.

Full fiercely layde the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes unmercifully ſore;
Which *Britomart* withſtood with courage ſtout,
And them repaide againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the graſſie flore
Was fild with bloud, which from their ſides did flow,
And guſhed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did ſtrow,
Like fruitleſſe ſeede, of which untimely death ſhould grow.

XXXII.

At laſt proud *Radigund* with fell deſpight,
Having by chaunce eſpide advantage neare,
Let drive at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus upbraiding ſaid; This token beare
Unto the man, whom thou doeſt love ſo deare;
And tell him for his ſake thy life thou gaveſt.
Which ſpitefull words ſhe ſore engriev'd to heare,
Thus anſwerd; Lewdly thou my love depraveſt,
Who ſhortly muſt repent, that now ſo vainely braveſt.

XXXIII. For

XXXIII.

Nath'lesse that stroke so cruell passage found,
That glauncing on her shoulder plate, it bit
Unto the bone, and made a griesly wound,
That she her shield through raging smart of it
Could scarse uphold; yet soone she it requit.
For having force increast through furious paine,
She her so rudely on the helmet smit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud person low prostrated on the plaine.

XXXIV.

Where being layd, the wrathfull Britonesse
Stayd not, till she came to herselfe againe,
But in revenge both of her loves distresse,
And her late vile reproch, though vaunted vaine,
And also of her wound, which sore did paine,
She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.
Which dreadfull sight when all her warlike traine
There present saw, each one of sence bereft
Fled fast into the towne, and her sole victor left.

XXXV.

But yet so fast they could not home retrate,
But that swift *Talus* did the formost win;
And pressing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.
There then a piteous slaughter did begin:
For all that ever came within his reach,
He with his yron flale did thresh so thin,
That he no worke at all left for the leach:
Like to an hideous storme, which nothing may empeach.

XXXVI. And

XXXVI.

And now by this the noble conquereſſe
Her ſelfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though revengefull vow ſhe did profeſſe,
Yet when ſhe ſaw the heapes, which he did make,
Of ſlaughtred carkaſſes, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almoſt rive,
That ſhe his fury willed him to ſlake:
For elſe he ſure had left not one alive,
But all in his revenge of ſpirite would deprive.

XXXVII.

Tho when ſhe had his execution ſtayd,
She for that yron priſon did enquire,
In which her wretched love was captive layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred into all the partes entire.
Where when ſhe ſaw that lothly uncouth ſight,
Of men diſguiz'd in womaniſhe attire,
Her heart gan grudge, for very deepe deſpight
Of ſo unmanly maske, in miſery miſdight.

XXXVIII.

At laſt when as to her owne love ſhe came,
Whom like diſguize no leſſe deformed had,
At ſight thereof abaſht with ſecret ſhame,
She turnd her head aſide, as nothing glad,
To have beheld a ſpectacle ſo bad:
And then too well beleev'd that, which tofore
Jealous ſuſpect as true untruely drad,
Which vaine conceipt now nouriſhing no more,
She ſought with ruth to ſalve his ſad misfortunes ſore.

XXXIX.

Not ſo great wonder and aſtoniſhment
Did the moſt chaſt *Penelope* poſſeſſe,
To ſee her Lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long ſince in dolorous diſtreſſe,
Come home to her in piteous wretchedneſſe,
After long travell of full twenty yeares,
That ſhe knew not his favours likelyneſſe,
For many ſcarres and many hoary heares,
But ſtood long ſtaring on him, mongſt uncertaine feares.

XL.

Ah my deare Lord, what ſight is this, quoth ſhe,
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Thoſe mighty palmes, the which ye wont t'embrew
In bloud of kings, and great hoaſtes to ſubdew?
Could ought on earth ſo wondrous chaunge have wrought,
As to have robde you of that manly hew?
Could ſo great courage ſtouped have to ought?
Then farewell fleſhly force; I ſee thy pride is nought.

XLI.

Thence forth ſhe ſtreight into a bowre him brought,
And cauſd him thoſe uncomely weedes undight,
And in their ſteed for other rayment ſought,
Whereof there was great ſtore, and armours bright,
Which had beene reft from many a noble knight;
Whom that proud Amazon ſubdewed had,
Whileſt fortune favourd her ſucceſſe in fight,
In which when as ſhe him anew had clad,
She was reviv'd, and joyd much in his ſemblance glad.

XLII So

XLII.

So there a while they afterwards remained,
Him to refresh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which space she there as Princess rained,
And changing all that forme of common weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long usurpt; and them restoring
To mens subjection, did true justice deale:
That all they as a Goddesse her adoring,
Her wisedome did admire, and hearkned to her loring.

XLIII.

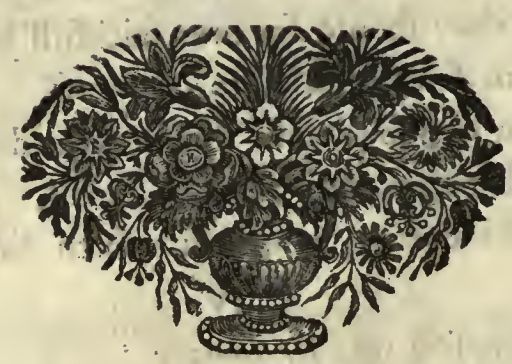
For all those knights, which long in captive shade
Had shrowded bene, she did from thraldome free;
And magistrates of all that city made,
And gave to them great living and large fee:
And that they should for ever faithfull bee,
Made them sweare fealty to *Artegall.*
Who when him selfe now well recur'd did see,
He purposd to proceed, what so befall,
Uppon his first adventure, which him forth did call.

XLIV.

Full sad and sorrowfull was *Britomart*
For his departure, her new cause of griefe;
Yet wisely moderated her owne smart,
Seeing his honor, which she tendred chiefe,
Consisted much in that adventures priefe.
The care whereof, and hope of his successe
Gave unto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womanish complaints she did represse,
And tempred for the time her present heavinesse.

XLV.

There ſhe continu'd for a certaine ſpace,
Till through his want her woe did more increaſe:
Then hoping, that the change of aire and place
Would change her paine, and ſorrow ſomewhat eaſe,
She parted thence, her anguish to appeaſe.
Meane while her noble lord Sir *Artegall*
Went on his way, ne ever howre did ceaſe,
Till he redeemed had that lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.



CANTO

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure and Sir Artegall
Free Samient from feare:
They ſlay the Soudan, drive his wife
Adicia to deſpaire.

I.

NOUGHT under heaven ſo ſtrongly doth allure
The ſence of man, and all his minde poſſeſſe,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigour to repreſſe,
And mighty hands forget their manlineſſe;
Drawne with the powre of an heart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden treſſe,
That can with melting pleaſaunce mollifye
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

II.

So whylome learnd that mighty Jewiſh ſwaine,
Each of whoſe lockes did match a man in might,
To lay his ſpoiles before his lemans traine:
So alſo did that great Oetean knight
For his loves ſake his lions ſkin undight:
And ſo did warlike *Antony* neglect
The worlds whole rule for *Cleopatras* ſight.
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aſpect
To captive men, and make them all the world reject.

III. Yet

III.

Yet could it not ſterne *Artegall* retaine,
Nor hold from ſuite of his avowed queſt,
Which he had undertane to *Gloriane*;
But left his love, albe her ſtrong requeſt,
Faire *Britomart* in languor and unreſt,
And rode him ſelfe uppon his firſt intent:
Ne day or night did ever idly reſt;
Ne wight but onely *Talus* with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

IV.

So travelling, he chaunſt far off to heed
A damzell, flying on a palfrey faſt
Before two knights, that after her did ſpeed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chaſt,
In hope to have her overhent at laſt:
Yet fled ſhe faſt, and both them farre outwent,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle aghaſt,
With locks all looſe, and rayment all to rent;
And ever as ſhe rode, her eye was backeward bent,

V.

Scone after theſe he ſaw another knight,
That after thoſe two former rode apace,
With ſpeare in reſt, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had bene at bace,
They being chaſed, that did others chaſe.
At length he ſaw the hindmoſt overtake
One of thoſe two, and force him turne his face;
How ever loth he were his way to ſlake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and anſwere make.

VI. But

VI.

But th'other ſtill purſu'd the fearefull mayd;
Who ſtill from him as faſt away did flie,
Ne once for ought her ſpeedy paſſage ſtayd,
Till that at length ſhe did before her ſpie
Sir *Artegall*, to whom ſhe ſtreight did hie
With gladfull haſt, in hope of him to get
Succour againſt her greedy enimy:
Who ſeeing her approch, gan forward ſet,
To ſave her from her feare, and him from force to let.

VII.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd ſtill his courſe, and by the way
Thought with his ſpeare him quight have overwent.
So both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met. But *Artegall* was ſtronger,
And better ſkild in tilt and turnament,
And bore him quite out of his ſaddle longer
Then two ſpeares length: So miſchiefe overmatcht the wronger.

VIII.

And in his fall misfortune him miſtooke;
For on his head unhappily he pight,
That his owne waight his necke aſunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while the other knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body braſt:
Whom leaving there in that diſpiteous plight,
He ran ſtill on, thinking to follow faſt
His other fellow Pagan, which before him paſt.

IX. In

IX.

In ſtead of whom finding there ready preſt
Sir *Artegall*, without diſcretion
He at him ran, with ready ſpeare in reſt:
Who ſeeing him come ſtill ſo fiercely on,
Againſt him made againe. So both anon
Together met, and ſtrongly either ſtrooke,
And broke their ſpeares; yet neither has forgon
His horſes backe, yet to and fro long ſhooke,
And tottred like two towres, which through a tempeſt quooke.

X.

But when againe they had recovered ſence,
They drew their ſwords, in mind to make amends
For what their ſpeares had fayld of their pretence.
Which when the damzell, who thoſe deadly ends
Of both her foes had ſeene, and now her frends
For her beginning a more fearefull fray,
She to them runnes in haſt, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to ſtay,
Untill they both doe heare, what ſhe to them will ſay.

XI.

They ſtayd their hands, when ſhe thus gan to ſpeake;
Ah gentle knights, what meane ye thus unwiſe
Upon your ſelves anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterpriſe
Both to redreſſe, and both redreſt likewiſe:
With the Paynims both, whom ye may ſee
There dead on ground. What do ye then deviſe
Of more revenge? If more, then I am ſhee,
Which was the roote of all; end your revenge on mee.

XII. Whom

XII.

Whom when they heard ſo ſay, they lookt about,
To weete if it were true, as ſhe had told;
Where when they ſaw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftſoones they gan their wrothfull hands to hold,
And ventailes reare, each other to behold.
Tho when as *Artegall* did *Arthure* vew,
So faire a creature, and ſo wondrous bold,
He much admired both his heart and hew,
And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew;

XIII.

Saying, Sir knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus ſore,
Suffring my hand againſt my heart to ſtray:
Which if ye pleaſe forgive, I will therefore
Yeeld for amends my ſelfe yours evermore,
Or what ſo penaunce ſhall by you be red.
To whom the Prince; Certes me needeth more
To crave the ſame, whom errour ſo miſled;
As that I did miſtake the living for the ded.

XIV.

But ſith ye pleaſe, that both our blames ſhall die,
Amends may for the treſpaſſe ſoon be made,
Since neither is endamadg'd much thereby.
So can they both them ſelves full eath perſwade
To faire accordaunce, and both faults to ſhade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And ſwearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thenceforth to nouriſh enmity,
But either others cauſe to maintaine mutually.

XV.

Then *Artegall* gan of the Prince enquire,
What were those knights, which there on ground were layd,
And had receiv'd their follies worthie hire,
And for what cause they chased so that mayd.
Certes I wote not well, the Prince then sayd,
But by adventure found them faring so,
As by the way unweetingly I strayd:
And lo the damzell selfe, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion know.

XVI.

Then they that damzell called to then nie,
And asked her, what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie;
And what was she her selfe so woe-begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
To whom she thus; Then wote ye well, that I
Doe serve a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,
A Princesse of great powre and majestie,
Famous through all the world, and honor'd far and nie.

XVII.

Her name *Mercilla* most men use to call;
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty knowen over all,
And soveraine grace, with which her royall crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her envy,
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne:
Yet she her selfe the more doth magnify,
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

XVIII. Mongst

XVIII.

Mongſt many which maligne her happy ſtate,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes here by
That with moſt fell deſpight and deadly hate,
Seekes to ſubvert her crowne and dignity,
And all his powre doth thereunto apply:
And her good knights, of which ſo brave a band
Serves her, as any Princeſſe under ſky,
He either ſpoiles, if they againſt him ſtand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

XIX.

Ne him ſufficeth all the wrong and ill,
Whiche he unto her people does each day,
But that he ſeekes by traytrous traines to ſpill
Her perſon, and her ſacred ſelfe to ſlay:
That O ye heavens! defend, and turne away
From her, unto the miſcreant him ſelfe,
That neither hath religion nor ſay,
But makes his God of his ungodly pelfe,
And idols ſerves; ſo let his idols ſerve the elfe.

XX.

To all which cruell tyranny, they ſay,
He is provokt, and ſtird up day and night
By his bad wife, that hight *Adicia*,
Who counſels him, through confidence of might,
To breake all bonds of law, and rules of right.
For ſhe her ſelfe profeſſeth mortall foe
To juſtice, and againſt her ſtill doth fight,
Working to all, that love her, deadly woe,
And making all her knights and people to doe ſo.

XXI.

Which my liege lady ſeeing, thought it beſt,
With that his wife in friendly wiſe to deale,
For ſtint of ſtrife, and ſtabliſhment of reſt
Both to her ſelfe, and to her common weale,
And all forepaſt diſpleaſures to repeale.
So me in meſſage unto her ſhe ſent,
To treat with her by way of enterdeale,
Of finall peace and faire attonement,
Which might concluded be by mutuall conſent.

XXII.

All times have wont ſafe paſſage to afford
To meſſengers, that come for cauſes juſt:
But this proude dame, diſdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter termes forth bruſt,
Reviling me, and rayling as ſhe luſt,
But laſtly to make proofe of utmoſt ſhame,
Me like a dog ſhe out of dores did thruſt,
Miſcalling me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deſerved blame.

XXIII.

And laſtly, that no ſhame might wanting be,
When I was gone, ſoone after me ſhe ſent
Theſe two falſe knights, whom there ye lying ſee,
To be by them diſhonoured and ſhent:
But thankt be God, and your good hardiment,
They have the price of their owne folly payd.
So ſaid this damzell, that hight *Samient*,
And to thoſe knights, for their ſo noble ayd,
Her ſelfe moſt gratefull ſhew'd, and heaped thanks repayd.

XXIV. But

XXIV.

But they now having throughly heard, and ſeene
Al thoſe great wrongs, the which that mayd complained
To have bene done againſt her lady Queene,
By that proud dame, which her ſo much diſdained,
Were moved much thereat, and twixt them fained,
With all their force to work avengement ſtrong
Uppon the Souldan ſelfe, which it mayntained,
And on his lady, th'author of that wrong,
And uppon all thoſe knights, that did to her belong.

XXV.

But thinking beſt by counterfet diſguiſe
To their deſeigne to make the eaſier way,
They did this complot twixt them ſelves deviſe,
Firſt that Sir *Artegall* ſhould him array,
Like one of thoſe two knights, which dead there lay.
And then that damzell, the ſaid *Samient*,
Should as his purchaſt prize with him convay
Unto the Souldans court, her to preſent
Unto his ſcornfull lady, that for her had ſent.

XXVI.

So as they had deviz'd, Sir *Artegall*
Him clad in th'armour of a Pagan knight,
And taking with him, as his vanquiſht thrall,
That damzell, led her to the Souldans right.
Where ſoone as his proud wife of her had ſight,
Forth of her window as ſhe looking lay,
She weened ſtreight, it was her Paynim knight,
Which brought that damzell, as his purchaſt pray;
And ſent to him a page, that mote direct his way.

XXVII. Who

XXVII.

Who bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his ſervice to diſarme the knight;
But he refuſing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be diſcovered by his ſight,
Kept himſelfe ſtill in his ſtraunge armour dight.
Soone after whom the Prince arrived there,
And ſending to the Souldan in deſpight
A bold defyance, did of him requere
That damzéll, whom he held as wrongfull priſonere.

XXVIII.

Wherewith the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing, and banning moſt blaſphemouſly,
Commanded ſtraight his armour to be brought,
And mounting ſtraight uppon a charret hye,
With yron wheeles and hookes arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell ſteedes, which he had fed
With fleſh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He ſlaughtered had, and ere they were halfe ded,
Their bodies to his beaſts for provender did ſpred.

XXIX.

So forth he came all in a cote of plate,
Burniſht with bloudie ruſt, whiles on the greene
The Briton Prince him readie did awayte,
In gliſtering armes right goodly well beſeene,
That ſhone as bright, as doth the heaven ſheene;
And by his ſtirrup *Talus* did attend,
Playing his pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his lord; to th'end
He ſhould his flale to finall execution bend.

XXX. Thus

XXX.

Thus go they both together to their geare,
With like fierce minds, but meaning different:
For the proud Souldan with preſumptuous cheare,
And countenance ſublime and inſolent,
Sought onely ſlaughter and avengement:
But the brave Prince for honour and for right,
Gainſt tortious powre and lawleſſe regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his cauſes truth he truſted then in might.

XXXI.

Like to the *Thracian* tyrant, who, they ſay,
Unto his horſes gave his gueſt for meat,
Till he himſelfe was made their greedie pray,
And torn in peeces by *Alcides* great.
So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in peeces to have torne
With his ſharpe wheeles, in his firſt rages heat,
Or under his fierce horſes feet have borne
And trampled downe in duſt his thoughts diſdained ſcorne.

XXXII.

But the bold child that perill well eſpying,
If he too raſhly to his charret drew,
Gave way unto his horſes ſpeedie flying,
And their reſiſtleſſe rigour did eſchew.
Yet as he paſſed by, the Pagan threw
A ſhivering dart with ſo impetuous force,
That had he not it ſhun'd with heedfull vew,
It had himſelfe transfixed, or his horſe,
Or made them both one maſſe withouten more remorſe.

XXXIII. Oft

XXXIII.

Oft drew the Prince unto his charret nigh,
In hope ſome ſtroke to faſten on him neare;
But he was mounted in his ſeat ſo high,
And his wingfooted courſers him did beare
So faſt away, that ere his readie ſpeare
He could advance, he farre was gone and paſt.
Yet ſtill he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewiſe full faſt;
So long as in his ſteedes the flaming breath did laſt.

XXXIV.

Againe the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant ſtore,
On every ſide of his embattled cart,
And of all other weapons leſſe or more,
Which warlike uſes had deviz'd of yore.
The wicked ſhaft guyded through th'ayrie wyde,
By ſome bad ſpirit, that it to miſchiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curas it did glyde,
And made a grieſly wound in his enriven ſide.

XXXV.

Much was he grieved with that hapleſſe throe,
That opened had the welſpring of his blood;
But much the more, that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come, to wreake his wrathfull mood.
That made him rave, like to a lyon wood,
Which being wounded of the huntſman's hand,
Can not come neare him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his ſhady ſtand,
And fenſt himſelfe about with many a flaming brand.

XXXVI. Still

XXXVI.

Still when he ſought t'approch unto him ny,
His charret wheeles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as faſt to fly;
And eke his ſteeds like to an hungry hound,
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him purſew and chace,
That his good ſteed, all were he much renound
For noble courage, and for hardie race,
Durſt not endure their ſight, but fled from place to place.

XXXVII.

Thus long they traſt, and traverſt to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make ſome breach,
Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him goe,
That one ſure ſtroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his ſtrengthes aſſay he might him teach.
At laſt from his victorious ſhield he drew
The vaile, which did his powrefull light empeach;
And comming full before his horſes vew,
As they upon him preſt, it plaine to them did ſhew.

XXXVIII.

Like lightening flaſh, that hath the gazer burned,
So did the ſight thereof their ſenſe diſmay,
That backe againe upon themſelves they turned,
And with their ryder ranne perforce away:
Ne could the Souldan them from flying ſtay,
With raynes, or wonted rule, as well he knew.
Nought feared they, what he could do, or ſay,
But th'onely feare, that was before their vew;
From which like mazed deare diſmayfully they flew.

XXXIX.

Faſt did they fly, as them their feete could beare,
High over hilles, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare.
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and ſweares, and rayles,
And backe with both his hands unto him hayles
The reſty raynes, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and ſpeakes, yet naught avayles;
They heare him not, they have forgot his lore,
But go, which way they liſt, their guide they have forlore.

XL.

As when the firie-mouthed ſteeds, which drew
The Sunnes bright wayne to *Phaetons* decay,
Soone as they did the monſtrous Scorpion vew,
With ugly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadfull ſight did them ſo ſore affray,
That their well knowen courſes they forwent,
And leading th'ever-burning lampe aſtray,
This lower world nigh all to aſhes brent,
And left their ſcorched path yet in the firmament.

XLI.

Such was the fury of theſe head-ſtrong ſteeds,
Soone as the infants ſunlike ſhield they ſaw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot, and ſcornd all former law;
Through woods, and rocks, and mountaines they did draw
The yron charret, and the wheeles did teare,
And toſt the Paynim, without feare or awe;
From ſide to ſide they toſt him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine, that nould his crying heare.

XLII. Yet

XLII.

Yet ſtill the Prince purſewd him cloſe behind,
Oft making offer him to ſmite, but found
No eaſie meanes according to his mind.
At laſt they have all overthrowne to ground
Quite topſide turvey, and the pagan hound
Amongſt the yron hookes and graples keene,
Torn all to rags, and rent with many a wound,
That no whole peece of him was to be ſeene,
But ſcattred all about, and ſtrow'd upon the greene.

XLIII.

Like as the curſed ſonne of *Theſeus*,
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To fly his ſtepdames loves outrageous,
Of his owne ſteedes was all to peeces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
That for his ſake *Diana* did lament,
And all the wooddy nymphes did wayle and mourne:
So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
That of his ſhape appear'd no litle moniment.

XLIV.

Onely his ſhield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to bruſd and broken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all, mongſt whom this ſtorie ſhould be ſpoken,
How worthily by heavens high decree,
Juſtice that day of wrong her ſelfe had wroken,
That all men, which that ſpectacle did ſee,
By like enſample mote for ever warned bee.

XLV.

So on a tree, before the tyrants dore,
He caufed them be hung in all mens fight,
To be a moniment for evermore.
Which when his ladie from the caftles hight
Beheld, it much appald her troubled fpright:
Yet not, as women wont in dolefull fit,
She was difmayd, or faynted through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftfoones devize to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI.

Streight downe fhe ranne, like an enraged cow,
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow,
To wreake her on that mayden meffengere,
Whom fhe had caufd be kept as prifonere
By *Artegall*, mifween'd for her owne knight,
That brought her backe. And comming prefent there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furious defpight.

XLVII.

Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand
She threw her hufband's murdred infant out,
Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colchicke* ftrand
Her brothers bones fhe fcattered all about;
Or as that madding mother, mongft the rout
Of *Bacchus* Priefts her owne deare flefh did teare.
Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* ftout,
Nor all the *Mœnades* fo furious were,
As this bold woman, when fhe faw that damzell there.

XLVIII. But

XLVIII.

But *Artegall* being thereof aware,
Did ſtay her cruell hand, ere ſhe her raught,
And as ſhe did her ſelfe to ſtrike prepare,
Out of her fiſt the wicked weapon caught:
With that like one enſelon'd or diſtraught,
She forth did rome, whether her rage her bore,
With franticke paſſion, and with furie fraught;
And breaking forth out at a poſterne dore,
Unto the wyld wood ranne, her dolours to deplore.

XLIX.

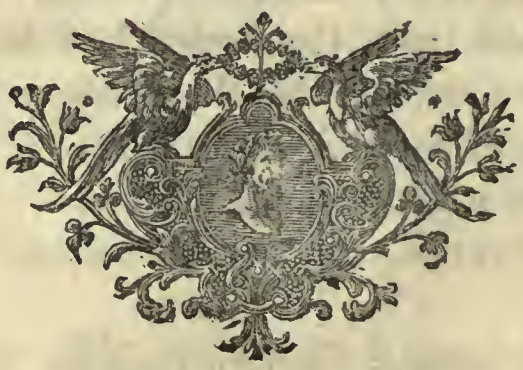
As a mad bytch, when as the franticke fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at randon, and with furious bit
Snatching at every thing, doth wreake her wrath
On man and beaſt, that commeth in her path.
There they doe ſay, that ſhe transformed was
Into a tygre, and that tygres ſcath
In crueltie and outrage ſhe did pas,
To prove her ſurname true, that ſhe impoſed has.

L.

Then *Artegall* himſelfe diſcovering plaine,
Did iſſue forth gainſt all that warlike rout,
Of knights and armed men, which did maintaine
That ladies part, and to the Souldan lout:
All which he did aſſault with courage ſtout,
All were they by an hundred knights of name,
And like wild goats them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with cowheard ſhame,
So that with finall force them all he overcame.

LI. Then

Then cauſed he the gates be opened wyde,
And there the Prince, as victour of that day,
With tryumph entertayn'd and glorifyde,
Preſenting him with all the rich array,
And royall pompe, which there long hidden lay,
Purchaſt through lawleſſe powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earſt did ſlay.
So both for reſt there having ſtayd not long,
Marcht with that mayd, fit matter for another ſong.



CANTO

CANTO IX.

Arthure and Artegall catch Guyle
whom Talus doth dismay:
They to Mercillaes pallace come,
and see her rich array.

I.

WHAT tygre, or what other salvage wight
Is so exceeding furious and fell, (might?
As wrong, when it hath arm'd itselfe with
Not fit mongst men, that doe with reason mell,
But mongst wyld beasts and salvage woods to dwell;
Where still the stronger doth the weake devoure,
And they that most in boldnesse doe excell,
Are dreaded most, and feared for their powre:
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked bowre,

II.

There let her wonne far from resort of men,
Where righteous *Artegall* her late exyled;
There ever let her keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defyled,
Nor none but beasts may be of her despoyled:
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate.
Had utterly subverted his unrighteous state,

III. Where

III.

Where having with Sir *Artegall* a ſpace
Well ſolaſt in that Souldans late delight,
They both reſolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Unto that damzell in her ladies right,
And ſo would have departed on their way.
But ſhe them woo'd by all the meanes ſhe might,
And earneſtly beſought, to wend that day
With her, to ſee her ladie thence not farre away.

IV.

By whoſe entreatie both they overcommen.
Agree to goe with her, and by the way,
As often falles, of ſundry things did commen.
Mongſt which that damzell did to them bewray
A ſtraunge adventure, which not farre thence lay;
To weete a wicked villaine, bold and ſtout,
Which wonned in a rocke not farre away,
That robbed all the countrie there about,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it out.

V.

Thereto both his owne wylie wit, ſhe ſayd,
And eke the faſtneſſe of his dwelling place,
Both unaſſaylable, gave him great ayde:
For he ſo crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nymble of his pace,
So ſmooth of tongue, and ſubtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face;
Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous over all.

VI. Through

VI.

Through theſe his ſlights he many doth confound,
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous ſtrong, and hewen farre under ground
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But ſome doe ſay, it goeth downe to hell.
And all within it full of wyndings is,
And hidden wayes, that ſcarſe an hound by ſmell
Can follow out thoſe falſe footſteps of his,
Ne none can backe returne, that once are gone amis.

VII.

Which when thoſe knights had heard, their harts gan earne,
To underſtand that villeins dwelling place,
And greatly it deſir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it ſhould trace.
Were not, ſayd ſhe, that it ſhould let your pace
Towards my ladies preſence by you ment,
I would you guyde directly to the place.
Then let not that, ſaid they, ſtay your intent;
For neither will one foot, till we that carle have hent.

VIII.

So forth they paſt, till they approched ny
Unto the rocke, where was the villains won,
Which when the damzell neare at hand did ſpy,
She warn'd the knights thereof; who thereupon
Gan to advize, what beſt were to be done.
So both agreed, to ſend that mayd afore,
Where ſhe might ſit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and rayſing pittifull uprore,
As if ſhe did ſome great calamitie deplore.

IX.

With noyſe whereof when as the caytive carle
Should iſſue forth, in hope to find ſome ſpoyle,
They in awayt would cloſely him enſnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
And ſo would hope him eaſily to foyle.
The damzell ſtraight went, as ſhe was directed,
Unto the rocke, and there upon the ſoyle
Having her ſelfe in wretched wize abjected,
Gan weepe and wayle, as if great griefe had her affected.

X.

The cry whereof entring the hollow cave,
Eftſoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
With hope of her ſome wiſhfull boote to have.
Full dreadfull wight he was, as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curld locks, that downe his ſhoulders ſhagged,
And on his backe an uncouth veſtiment
Made of ſtraunge ſtuffe, but all to worne and ragged,
And underneath his breech was all to torne and jagged:

XI.

And in his hand an huge long ſtaffe he held,
Whoſe top was arm'd with many an yron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compaſſe of his clouches tooke;
And ever round about he caſt his looke.
Als at his backe a great wide net he bore,
With which he ſeldome fiſhed at the brooke,
But uſd to fiſh for fooles on the dry ſhore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great ſtore.

XII. Him

XII.

Him when the damzell ſaw faſt by her ſide,
So ugly creature, ſhe was nigh diſmayd,
And now for helpe aloud in earneſt cride.
But when the villaine ſaw her ſo affrayd,
He gan with guilefull words her to perſwade
To baniſh feare, and with *Sardonian* ſmyle
Laughing on her, his falſe intent to ſhade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguile,
That from her ſelf unwares he might her ſteale the whyle.

XIII.

Like as the fouler on his guilefull pype
Charmes to the birds full many a pleaſant lay,
That they the whiles may take leſſe heedy keepe,
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleaſant trickes before her ſhow,
To turn her eyes from his intent away:
For he in ſlights and juggling feates did flow,
And of legier de mayne the myſteries did know.

XIV.

To which whileſt ſhe lent her intentive mind,
He ſuddenly his net upon her threw,
That overſprad her like a puff of wind;
And ſnatching her ſoone up, ere well ſhe knew,
Ran with her faſt away unto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud. But when as ny
He came unto his cave, and there did vew
The armed knights, ſtopping his paſſage by,
He threw his burden downe, and faſt away did fly.

XV.

But *Artegall* him after did purſew,
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance ſtill:
Up to the rocke he ran, and theron flew
Like a wyld gote, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;
That deadly daunger ſeem'd in all mens ſight,
To tempt ſuch ſteps, where footing was ſo ill:
Ne ought avayled for the armed knight,
To thinke to follow him, that was ſo ſwift and light.

XVI.

Which when he ſaw, his yron man he ſent,
To follow him, for he was ſwift in chace.
He him purſewd, where ever that he went:
Both over rockes, and hilles, and every place,
Where ſo he fled, he followd him apace:
So that he ſhortly forcd him to forſake
The hight, and downe deſcend unto the baſe.
There he him courſt a freſh, and ſoone did make
To leave his proper forme, and other ſhape to take.

XVII.

Into a foxe himſelfe he firſt did tourne;
But he him hunted like a foxe full faſt:
Then to a buſh himſelfe he did transforme;
But he the buſh did beat, till that at laſt
Into a bird it chaung'd, and from him paſt,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
But he then ſtones at it ſo long did caſt,
That like a ſtone it fell upon the land,
But he then tooke it up, and held faſt in his hand.

XVIII. So

XVIII.

So he it brought with him unto the knights,
And to his lord Sir *Artegall* it lent,
Warning him hold it faſt, for feare of ſlights.
Who whileſt in hand it gryping hard he hent,
Into a hedgehogge all unwares it went,
And prickt him ſo, that he away it threw.
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew:
But *Talus* ſoone him overtooke, and backward drew.

XIX.

But when as he would to a ſnake againe
Have turn'd himſelfe, he with his yron flayle
Gan drive at him with ſo huge might and maine,
That all his bones, as ſmall as ſandy grayle
He broke, and did his bowels diſentrayle;
Crying in vaine for helpe, when helpe was paſt.
So did deceipt the ſelfe deceiver fayle.
There they him left a carrion outcaſt;
For beaſtes and foules to feede upon for their repaſt.

XX.

Thence forth they paſſed with that gentle mayd,
To ſee her ladie, as they did agree.
To which when ſhe approched, thus ſhe ſayd;
Loe now, right noble knights, arrivd ye bee
Nigh to the place, which ye deſir'd to ſee:
There ſhall ye ſee my ſoverayne Lady Queene
Moſt ſacred wight, moſt debonayre and free,
That ever yet upon this earth was ſeene,
Or that with diademe hath ever crowned beene.

XXI. The

XXI.

The gentle knights rejoyced much to heare
The prayſes of that Prince ſo manifold,
And paſſing litle further, commen were,
Where they a ſtately pallace did behold,
Of pompous ſhow, much more then ſhe had told;
With many towres, and tarras mounted hye,
And all their tops bright gliſtering with gold,
That ſeemed to outſhine the dimmed skye,
And with their brightneſſe daz'd the ſtraunge beholder's eye.

XXII.

There they alighting by that damzell were
Directed in, and ſhewed all the ſight:
Whoſe porch, that moſt magnificke did appeare,
Stood open wyde to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might,
That ſat thereby, with giant like reſemblance,
To keepe out guyle, and malice, and deſpight,
That under ſhew oftimes of fayned ſemblance.
Are wont in Princes courts to worke great ſcath and hindrance.

XXIII.

His name was *Awe*; by whom they paſſing in
Went up the hall, that was a large wyde roome,
All full of people making troublous din,
And wondrous noyſe, as if that there were ſome,
Which unto them was dealing righteous doome.
By whom they paſſing through the thickeſt preaſſe,
The marſhall of the hall to them did come;
His name hight *Order*, who commaunding peace,
Them guyded through the throng, that did their clamors ceaſſe.

XXIV. They

XXIV.

They ceaſt their clamors, upon them to gaze;
Whom ſeeing all in armour bright as day,
Straunge there to ſee, it did them much amaze,
And with uncounted terror halſe affray;
For never ſaw they there the like array.
Ne ever was the name of warre there ſpoken,
But joyous peace and quietneſſe alway,
Dealing juſt judgements, that mote not be broken
For any brybes, or threates of any to be wroken.

XXV.

There as they entred at the ſcriene, they ſaw
Some one, whoſe tongue was for his treſpaſſe vyle
Nayld to a poſt, adjudged ſo by law:
For that therewith he falſely did revyle,
And foule blaſpheme that Queene for forged guyle,
Both with bold ſpeaches, which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems, which he did compyle;
For the bold title of a Poet bad
He on himſelſe had ta'en, and rayling rymes had ſprad.

XXVI.

Thus there he ſtood, whileſt high over his head,
There written was the purport of his ſin,
In cyphers ſtrange, that few could rightly read,
BON FONS: but *bon* that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in.
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red;
Either for th'evill, which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a welhed
Of evill words, and wicked ſclaunders by him ſhed.

XXVII. They

XXVII.

They paſſing by, were guyded by degree
Unto the preſence of that gratious Queene;
Who ſate on high, that ſhe might all men ſee,
And might of all men royally be ſeene,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and ſheene,
Adorned all with gemmes of endleſſe price,
As either might for wealth have gotten bene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device;
And all emboſt with lyons and with flouredelice.

XXVIII.

All over her a cloth of ſtate was ſpred,
Not of rich tiſſew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought elſe, that may be richeſt red,
But like a cloud, as likeſt may be told,
That her brode ſpreading wings did wyde unfold;
Whoſe ſkirts were bordred with bright ſunny beams,
Gliſtring like gold, amongſt the plights enrold,
And here and there ſhooting forth ſilver ſtreames,
Mongſt which crept litle Angels through the glittering gleames.

XXIX.

Seemed thoſe litle Angels did uphold
The cloth of ſtate, and on their purpled wings
Did beare the pendants, through their nimbleſſe bold.
Beſides a thouſand more of ſuch, as ſings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
Encompaſſed the throne, on which ſhe ſate:
She Angel-like, the heyre of ancient kings
And mightie conquerors, in royall ſtate,
Whileſt kings and Kefars at her feet did them proſtrate.

XXX. Thus

XXX.

Thus ſhe did ſit in ſoverayne Majeſtie,
Holding a ſcepter in her royall hand,
The ſacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
With which high God had bleſt her happie land,
Maugre ſo many foes, which did withſtand.
But at her feet her ſword was likewiſe layd,
Whoſe long reſt ruſted the bright ſteely brand;
Yet when as foes enforſt, or friends ſought ayde,
She could it ſternely draw, that all the world diſmayde.

XXXI.

And round about, before her feet there ſate
A bevie of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly ſeem'd t'adorne her royall ſtate,
All lovely daughters of high *Jove*, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in loves delight
Upon the righteous *Themis:* thoſe, they ſay,
Upon *Joves* judgement ſeat wayt day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the world's decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance ſtay.

XXXII.

They alſo doe by his divine permiſſion
Upon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remiſſion
To ſuppliants, through frayltie which offend.
Thoſe did upon *Mercillaes* throne attend:
Juſt *Dice*, wiſe *Eunomie*, myld *Eirene*,
And them amongſt, her glorie to commend,
Sate goodly *Temperance* in garments clene,
And ſacred *Reverence*, yborne of heavenly ſtrene.

XXXIII.

Thus did ſhe ſit in royall rich eſtate,
Admyr'd of many, honoured of all,
Whileſt underneath her feete, there as ſhe ſate,
An huge great lyon lay, that might appall
An hardie courage, like captived thrall,
With a ſtrong yron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not move, nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellions ſound,
And ſoftly royne, when ſalvage choler gan redound.

XXXIV.

So ſitting high in dreaded ſoverayntie,
Thoſe two ſtrange knights were to her preſence brought;
Who bowing low before her majeſtie,
Did to her myld obeyſance, as they ought,
And meekeſt boone, that they imagine mought.
To whom ſhe eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire ſtoupe of her high ſoaring thought,
A chearfull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with ſome majeſtie imperiall.

XXXV.

As the bright ſunne, what time his fierie teme
Towards the weſterne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightneſſe of his beme,
And fervour of his flames ſomewhat adaw:
So did this mightie ladie, when ſhe ſaw
Thoſe two ſtrange knights ſuch homage to her make,
Bate ſomewhat of that majeſtie and awe,
That whylome wont to doe ſo many quake,
And with more myld aſpect thoſe two to entertake.

XXXVI. Now

XXXVI.

Now at that inſtant, as occaſion fell,
When theſe two ſtranger knights arriv'd in place,
She was about affaires of common wele,
Dealing of juſtice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people, meane and baſe.
Mongſt which as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weightie caſe,
Which on both ſides was then debating hard:
But at the ſight of theſe, thoſe were a while debard.

XXXVII.

But after all her princely entertayne,
To th'hearing of that former cauſe in hand
Herſelfe eftſoones ſhe gan convert againe;
Which that thoſe knights likewiſe mote underſtand,
And witneſſe forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her ſtately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly ſcand
On either part, ſhe plac'd th'one on th'one,
The other on the other ſide, and neare them none.

XXXVIII.

Then was there brought, as priſoner to the barre,
A ladie of great countenance and place,
But that ſhe it with foule abuſe did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beautie in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and baſe,
That all her other honour did obſcure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet in that wretched ſemblant, ſhe did ſure
The peoples great compaſſion unto her allure.

XXXIX.

Then up aroſe a perſon of deepe reach,
And rare in-ſight, hard matters to revele;
That well could charme his tongue, and time his ſpeach
To all aſſayes; his name was called *Zele.*
He gan that ladie ſtrongly to appele
Of many haynous crymes, by her enured,
And with ſharpe reaſons rang her ſuch a pele,
That thoſe, whom ſhe to pitie had allured,
He now t'abhorre and loath her perſon had procured.

XL.

Firſt gan he tell, how this, that ſeem'd ſo faire
And royally arayd, *Dueſſa* hight,
That falſe *Dueſſa*, which had wrought great care,
And mickle miſchieſe unto many a knight,
By her beguyled, and confounded quight:
But not for thoſe ſhe now in queſton came,
Though alſo thoſe mote queſtion'd be aright,
But for vyld treaſons, and outrageous ſhame,
Which ſhe againſt the dred *Mercilla* oft did frame.

XLI.

For ſhe whylome, as they mote yet right well
Remember, had her counſels falſe conſpyred
With faithleſſe *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
(Both two her paramours, both by her hyred,
And both with hope of ſhadowes vaine inſpyred)
And with them practiz'd, how for to depryve
Mercilla of her crowne, by her aſpyred,
That ſhe might it unto her ſelfe deryve,
And tryumph in their blood, whom ſhe to death did dryve.

XLII. But

XLII.

But through high heavens grace, which favour not
The wicked driftes of trayterous desynes,
Gainst loiall Princes, all this cursed plot,
Ere proofe it tooke, discovered was betymes,
And th'actours won the meede meet for their crymes.
Such be the meede of all, that by such mene
Unto the type of kingdomes title clymes.
But false *Duessa*, now untitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene.

XLIII.

Strongly did *Zele* her haynous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggravate the horror of her blame.
And with him to make part against her, came
Many grave persons, that against her pled:
First was a sage old Syre, that had to name
The *Kingdomes Care*, with a white silver hed,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her red.

XLIV.

Then gan *Authority* her to appose
With peremptorie powre, that made all mute;
And then the *Law of Nations* gainst her rose,
And reasons brought, that no man could refute.
Next gan *Religion* gainst her to impute
High Gods beheast, and powre of holy lawes:
Then gan the peoples cry and commons sute
Importune care of their owne publicke cause;
And lastly *Justice* charged her with breach of lawes.

XLV. But

XLV.

But then for her, on the contrarie part,
Rose many advocates for her to plead:
First there came *Pittie*, with full tender hart,
And with her joy'd *Regard* of womanhead:
And then came *Daunger* threatning hidden dread,
And high alliance unto forren powre:
Then came nobilitie of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragicke stowre:
And lastly *Grife* did plead, and many teares forth powre.

XLVI.

With the neare touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate,
And woxe inclined much unto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate,
That for great ruth his courage gan relent.
Which when as *Zele* perceived to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull objects to them to present.

XLVII.

He gan t'efforce the evidence anew,
And new accusements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old hag of hellish hew,
The cursed *Ate*, brought her face to face,
Who privie was, and partie in the case.
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practise did display,
And all her traynes, and all her treasons forth did lay.

XLVIII. Then

XLVIII.

Then brought he forth, with grieſly grim aſpect,
Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloudie knyſe
Yet dropping freſh in hand did her detect,
And there with guiltie bloudſhed charged ryſe:
Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding ſtryſe
In troublous wits, and mutinous uprore:
Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of lyſe,
Even foule *Adulterie* her face before,
And lewd *Impietie*, that her accuſed ſore.

XLIX.

All which when as the prince had heard and ſeene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her partie eftſoones was drawen cleene.
But *Artegall*, with conſtant firme intent,
For zeale of juſtice was againſt her bent:
So was ſhe guiltie deemed of them all.
Then *Zele* began to urge her puniſhment;
And to their Queene for judgment loudly call,
Unto *Mercilla* myld for juſtice gainſt the thrall.

L.

But ſhe, whoſe Princely breaſt was touched nere
With piteous ruth of her ſo wretched plight,
Though plaine ſhe ſaw by all, that ſhe did heare,
That ſhe of death was guiltie found by right,
Yet would not let juſt vengeance on her light;
But rather let inſtead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which ſhe covering with her purple pall
Would have the paſſion hid, and up aroſe withall.

CANTO

CANTO X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprize
for Belgee for to fight:
Gerioneos Seneſchall
he ſlayes in Belges right.

I.

SOME clarkes doe doubt in their devicefull art,
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten *Mercie*, be of Juſtice part,
Or drawne forth from her by divine extreate.
This well I wote, that ſure ſhe is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th'Almighties everlaſting ſeat
She firſt was bred, and borne of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd downe on men, by influence of grace,

II.

For if that vertue be of ſo great might,
Which from juſt verdict will for nothing ſtart,
But to preſerve inviolated right,
Oft ſpilles the principall, to ſave the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That ſeekes to ſave the ſubject of her ſkill,
Yet never doth from doome of right depart:
As it is greater prayſe to ſave, then ſpill,
And better to reforme, then to cut off the ill.

III. Who

III.

Who then can thee, *Mercilla*, throughly prayſe,
That herin doeſt all earthly Princes pas?
What heavenly muſe ſhall thy great honour rayſe
Up to the ſkies, whence firſt deriv'd it was,
And now on earth itſelf enlarged has,
From the utmoſt brinke of the *Armericke* ſhore,
Unto the margent of the *Molucas?*
Thoſe nations farre thy juſtice doe adore:
But thine owne people doe thy mercy prayſe much more.

IV.

Much more it prayſed it was of thoſe two knights;
The noble Prince, and righteous *Artegall*,
When they had ſeene and heard her doome a rights
Againſt *Dueſſa*, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till ſtrong conſtraint did her thereto enforce.
And yet even then ruing her wilfull fall,
With more then needfull naturall remorſe,
And yeelding the laſt honour to her wretched corſe.

V.

During all which, thoſe knights continu'd there,
Both doing and receiving curteſies
Of that great ladie, who with goodly chere
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving dayly to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare,
And worthie patterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongſt many living are,
Who them to their poſterities doe ſtill declare.

VI.

Amongſt the reſt, which in that ſpace befell,
There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land, where they did dwell,
To ſeeke for ſuccour of her and of her Peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,
By a ſtrong tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and ſlaine her children ruefully alas!

VII.

Her name was *Belgæ*, who in former age
A ladie of great worth and wealth had beene,
And mother of a frutefull heritage,
Even ſeventeene goodly ſonnes; which who had ſeene
In their firſt flowre, before this fatall teene
Them overtooke, and their faire bloſſomes blaſted,
More happie mother would her ſurely weene,
Then famous *Niobe*, before ſhe taſted
Latonaes childrens wrath, that all her iſſue waſted.

VIII.

But this fell tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood:
For twelve of them he did by times devoure,
And to his idols ſacrifice their blood,
Whileſt he of none was ſtopped, nor withſtood.
For ſoothly he was one of matchleſſe might,
Of horrible aſpect, and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one waſt empight,
And th'armes and legs of three, to ſuccour him in fight.

IX. And

IX.

And ſooth they ſay, that he was borne and bred
Of gyants race, the ſonne of *Geryon*,
He that whilome in Spaine ſo ſore was dred,
For his huge powre and great oppreſſion,
Which brought that land to that ſubjection,
Through his three bodies powre, in one combynd;
And eke all ſtrangers in that region
Arryving, to his kyne for food aſſyne;
The fayreſt kyne alive, but of the fierceſt kynd.

X.

For they were all, they ſay, of purple hew,
Kept by a cowheard, hight *Eurytion*,
A cruell carle, the which all ſtrangers ſlew,
Ne day or night did ſleepe, t'attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anone,
With his two headed dogge, that *Orthrus* hight;
Orthrus begotten by great *Typhaon*,
And foule *Echidna*, in the houſe of night;
But *Hercules* them all did overcome in fight.

XI.

His ſonne was this, *Geryoneo* hight,
Who after that his monſtrous father fell
Under *Alcides* club, ſtreight tooke his flight
From that ſad land, where he his ſyre did quell,
And came to this, where *Belge* then did dwell,
And flouriſh in all wealth and happineſſe,
Being then new made widow, as befell,
After her noble huſbands late deceſſe;
Which gave beginning to her woe and wretchedneſſe.

XII.

Then this bold tyrant, of her widowhed
Taking advantage, and her yet freſh woes,
Himſelfe and ſervice to her offered,
Her to defend againſt all forrein foes,
That ſhould their powre againſt her right oppoſe.
Whereof ſhe glad, now needing ſtrong defence,
Him entertayn'd, and did her champion choſe:
Which long he uſd with carefull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearleſſe confidence.

XIII.

By meanes whereof, ſhe did at laſt commit
All to his hands, and gave him ſoveraine powre
To doe, what ever he thought good or fit.
Which having got, he gan forth from that howre
To ſtirre up ſtrife, and many a tragicke ſtowre,
Giving her deareſt children one by one
Unto a dreadfull monſter to devoure,
And ſetting up an idole of his owne,
The image of his monſtrous parent *Geryone*.

XIV.

So tyrannizing, and oppreſſing all,
The woefull widow had no meanes now left,
But unto gratious great *Mercilla* call
For ayde, againſt that cruell tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft.
Therefore theſe two, her eldeſt ſonnes, ſhe ſent,
To ſeeke for ſuccour of this ladies gieft:
To whom their ſute they humbly did preſent,
In th'hearing of full many knights and ladies gent.

XV. Amongſt

XV.

Amongſt the which then fortuned to bee
The noble Briton Prince, with his brave peare;
Who when he none of all thoſe knights did ſee
Haſtily bent that enterpriſe to heare,
Nor undertake the ſame, for cowheard feare,
He ſtepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the reſt in preſence there,
And humbly gan that mightie Queene entreat,
To graunt him that adventure for his former feat.

XVI.

She gladly graunted it: then he ſtraight way
Himſelfe unto his journey gan prepare,
And all his armours readie dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote ſtay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre
Yet dropping freſh out of the *Indian* fount,
And bringing light into the heavens fayre,
When he was readie to his ſteede to mount,
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count.

XVII.

Then taking humble leave of that great Queene,
Who gave him roiall gifts and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankefull mind beſeene,
And leaving *Artegall* to his owne care;
Uppon his voyage forth he gan to fare,
With thoſe two gentle youthes, which him did guide,
And all his way before him ſtill prepare.
Ne after him did *Artegall* abide,
But on his firſt adventure forward forth did ride.

XVIII. It

XVIII.

It was not long, till that the Prince arrived
Within the land, where dwelt that ladie ſad,
Whereof that tyrant had her now deprived,
And into moores and marſhes baniſht had,
Out of the pleaſant ſoyle, and citties glad,
In which ſhe wont to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty ſo ſore ſhe drad,
That to thoſe fennes for faſtneſſe ſhe did fly,
And there her ſelfe did hyde from his hard tyranny.

XIX.

There he her found in ſorrow and diſmay,
All ſolitarie without living wight;
For all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themſelves, or taken further flight:
And eke her ſelfe through ſudden ſtrange affright,
When one in armes ſhe ſaw, began to fly;
But when her owne two ſonnes ſhe had in ſight,
She gan take hart, and looke up joyfully:
For well ſhe wiſt this knight came, ſuccour to ſupply:

XX.

And running unto them with greedy joyes,
Fell ſtraight about their neckes, as they did kneele,
And burſting forth in teares; Ah my ſweet boyes,
Sayd ſhe, yet now I gin new life to feele,
And feeble ſpirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now riſe againe, at this your joyous ſight.
Alreadie ſeemes, that fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turn, and ſunne to ſhine more bright,
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.

XXI. Then

XXI.

Then turning unto him; And you, Sir knight,
Said ſhe, that taken have this toyleſome paine
For wretched woman, miſerable wight,
May you in heaven immortall guerdon gaine
For ſo great travell, as you doe ſuſtaine:
For other meede may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought elſe, but bare life doth remaine,
And that ſo wretched one, as ye doe ſee
Is liker lingring death, then loathed life to bee.

XXII.

Much was he moved with her piteous plight,
And low diſmounting from his loftie ſteede,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deepe rooted dreede,
With hope of helpe in that her greateſt neede.
So thence he wiſhed her with him to wend
Unto ſome place, where they mote reſt and feede,
And ſhe take comfort, which God now did ſend:
Good heart in evils doth the evils much amend.

XXIII.

Ay me, ſayd ſhe, and whether ſhall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My pallaces poſſeſſed of my foe,
My cities ſackt, and their ſkie-threating towres
Raced, and made ſmooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely theſe mariſhes and myrie bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hoſtry mongſt the croking frogs,
And harbour here in ſafety from thoſe ravenous dogs.

XXIV. Nathleſſe

XXIV.

Nathleſſe, ſaid he, deare ladie with me goe,
Some place ſhall us receive, and harbour yield:
If not, we will it force, maugre your foe,
And purchaſe it to us with ſpeare and ſhield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.
With ſuch his chearefull ſpeaches he doth wield
Her mind ſo well, that to his will ſhe bends,
And bynding up her locks and weeds, forth with him wends.

XXV.

They came unto a citie farre up land,
The which whylome that ladies owne had beene;
But now by force extort out of her hand,
By her ſtrong foe, who had defaced cleene
Her ſtately towres, and buildings ſunny ſheene;
Shut up her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had beene,
And in her necke a caſtle huge had made,
The which did her command, without needing perſwade.

XXVI.

That caſtle was the ſtrength of all that ſtate,
Untill that ſtate by ſtrength was pulled downe,
And that ſame citie, ſo now ruinate,
Had beene the keye of all that kingdomes crowne;
Both goodly caſtle, and both goodly towne,
Till that th'offended heavens liſt to lowre
Upon their bliſſe, and balefull fortune frowne.
When thoſe gainſt ſtates and kingdomes do conjure,
Who then can thinke their hedlong ruine to recure?

XXVII. But

XXVII.

But he had brought it now in ſervile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquiſition,
Stryving long time in vaine it to withſtond;
Yet glad at laſt to make moſt baſe ſubmiſſion,
And life enjoy for any compoſition.
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Impoſd on it, with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour, that is dew
To God, to doe unto his idole moſt untrew,

XXVIII.

To him he hath, before this caſtle greene,
Built a faire chappell, and an altar framed
Of coſtly ivory, full rich beſeene,
On which that curſed idole farre proclamed
He hath ſet up, and him his God hath named,
Offring to him in ſinfull ſacrifice
The fleſh of men, to Gods owne likelineſſe framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutiſhe wize,
That any yron eyes to ſee it would agrize.

XXIX.

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that curſed idols altar ſtone
An hideous monſter doth in darkneſſe lie,
Whoſe dreadfull ſhape was never ſeene of none,
That lives on earth; but unto thoſe alone,
The which unto him ſacrificed bee.
Thoſe he devoures, they ſay, both fleſh and bone:
What elſe they have, is all the tyrants fee;
So that no whit of them remayning one may ſee.

XXX.

There eke he placed a ſtrong garriſone,
And ſet a Seneſchall of dreaded might,
That by his powre oppreſſed every one,
And vanquiſhed all ventrous knights in fight;
To whom he wont ſhew all the ſhame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne.
To which when now they gan approch in ſight,
The ladie counſeld him the place to ſhonne,
Whereas ſo many knights had fouly bene fordonne.

XXXI.

Her fearefull ſpeaches nought he did regard,
But ryding ſtreight under the caſtle wall,
Called aloud unto the watchfull ward,
Which there did wayte, willing them forth to call
Into the field their tyrants Seneſchall.
To whom when tydings thereof came, he ſtreight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall,
Eftſoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addreſſe him to the fight.

XXXII.

They both encounter in the middle plaine,
And their ſharpe ſpeares doe both together ſmite
Amid their ſhields, with ſo huge might and maine,
That ſeem'd their ſoules they wold have ryven quight
Out of their breaſts with furious deſpight.
Yet could the Seneſchals no entrance find
Into the Princes ſhield, where it empight;
So pure the metall was, and well refynd,
But ſhiver'd all about, and ſcattered in the wynd.

XXXIII. Not

XXXIII.

Not ſo the Princes, but with reſtleſſe force
Into his ſhield it readie paſſage found,
Both through his haberjeon, and eke his corſe:
Which tombling downe upon the ſenſeleſſe ground,
Gave leave unto his ghoſt from thraldome bound,
To wander in the grieſly ſhades of night.
There did the Prince him leave in deadly ſwound,
And thence unto the caſtle marched right,
To ſee if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

XXXIV.

But as he nigher drew, three knights he ſpyde,
All arm'd to point, iſſewing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ryde,
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their ſpeares at once on him enchace.
As three great culverings for battrie bent,
And leveld all againſt one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth rent,
That makes the wals to ſtagger with aſtoniſhment:

XXXV.

So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder;
Who from his ſaddle ſwarved nought aſyde,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder,
But like a bulwarke firmely did abyde,
Rebutting him, which in the midſt did ryde,
With ſo huge rigour, that his mortall ſpeare
Paſt through his ſhield, and pierſt through either ſyde,
That downe he fell uppon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

XXXVI.

Whom when his other fellowes ſaw, they fled
As faſt as feete could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as ſwiftly ſped,
To be aveng'd of their unknightly play.
There whileſt they entring, th'one did th'other ſtay,
The hindmoſt in the gate he overhent,
And as he preſſed in, him there did ſlay:
His carcaſſe tumbling on the threſhold ſent
His groning ſoule unto her place of puniſhment.

XXXVII.

The other, which was entred, laboured faſt
To ſperre the gate; but that ſame lumpe of clay,
Whoſe grudging ghoſt was thereout fled and paſt;
Right in the middeſt of the threſhold lay,
That it the poſterne did from cloſing ſtay:
The whiles the Prince hard preaſed in betweene,
And entraunce wonne. Streight th'other fled away,
And ran into the hall, where he did weene
Himſelfe to ſave: but he there ſlew him at the ſkreene.

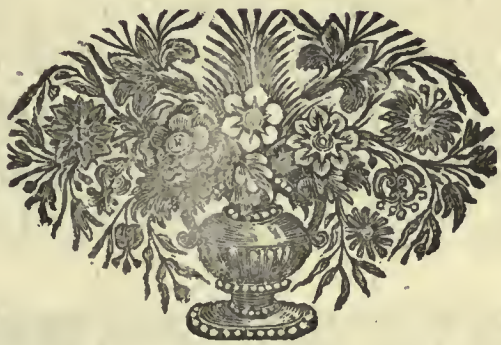
XXXVIII.

Then all the reſt, which in that caſtle were,
Seeing that ſad enſample them before,
Durſt not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them convayd out at a poſterne dore.
Long ſought the Prince, but when he found no more
T'oppoſe againſt his powre, he forth iſſued
Unto that lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare, with what ſhe there had vewed,
And what ſhe had not ſeene, within unto her ſhewed.

XXXIX. Who

XXXIX.

Who with right humble thankes him goodly greeting,
For ſo great proweſſe, as he there had proved,
Much greater then was ever in her weeting,
With great admiraunce inwardly was moved,
And honoured him, with all that her behoved.
Thenceforth into that caſtle he her led,
With her two ſonnes, right deare of her beloved,
Where all that night them ſelves they cheriſhed,
And from her balefull minde all care he baniſhed.



CANTO XI.

Prince Arthure overcomes the great
Gerioneo in fight:
Doth ſlay the monſter, and reſtore
Belge unto her right.

I.

IT often falls in courſe of common life,
That right long time is overborne of wrong,
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or ſtrife,
That weakens her, and makes her party ſtrong:
But juſtice, though her dome ſhe doe prolong,
Yet at the laſt ſhe will her owne cauſe right.
As by ſad *Belge* ſeemes, whoſe wrongs though long
She ſuffred, yet at length ſhe did requight,
And ſent redreſſe thereof by this brave Briton knight.

II.

Whereof when newes was to that tyrant brought,
How that the ladie *Belge* now had found
A champion, that had with his champion fought,
And laid his Seneſchall low on the ground,
And eke him ſelfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and frieſe in feare,
Doubting ſad end of principle unſound:
Yet ſith he heard but one, that did appeare,
He did him ſelfe encourage, and take better cheare.

III. Nathleſſe

III.

Natheleſſe him ſelfe he armed all in haſt,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne ſtayd ſtep, till that he came at laſt
Unto the caſtle, which they conquerd had.
There with huge terrour, to be more ydrad,
He ſternely marcht before the caſtle gate,
And with bold vaunts, and ydle threatning, bad
Deliver him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull ſtate.

IV.

The Prince ſtaid not his aunſwere to devize,
But opening ſtreight the ſparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right warlike wize;
And asked him, if that he were the ſame,
Who all that wrong unto that wofull dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world ſpake ſhame.
He boldly anſwerd him, he there did ſtand,
That would his doings juſtifie with his owne hand.

V.

With that ſo furiouſly at him he flew,
As if he would overrun him ſtreight,
And with his huge great yron axe gan hew
So hideouſly uppon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would have chopt it quight:
That the bold Prince was forced foote to give
To this firſt rage, and yeeld to his deſpight;
The whileſt at him ſo dreadfully he drive,
That ſeem'd a marble rocke aſunder could have rive.

VI. There-

VI.

Thereto a great advantage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrife multiplyde,
Befides the double ftrength, which in them was:
For ftil when fit occafion did betyde,
He could his weapon fhift from fide to fyde,
From hand to hand, and with fuch nimbleffe fly
Could wield about, that ere it were efpide,
The wicked ftroke did wound his enemy,
Behinde, befide, before, as he it lift apply.

VII.

Which uncouth ufe when as the Prince perceived,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Leaft by fuch flight he were unwares deceived;
And ever ere he faw the ftroke to land,
He would it meete, and warily withftand.
One time, when he his weapon faynd to fhift,
As he was wont, and changd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counterftroke fo fwift,
That quite fmit off his arme, as he it up did lift.

VIII.

Therewith, all fraught with fury and difdaine,
He brayd aloud for very fell defpight,
And fodainely t'avenge him felfe againe,
Gan into one affemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the fad fteele feiz'd not, where it was hight,
Uppon the childe, but fomewhat fhort did fall,
And lighting on his horfes head, him quite did mall.

IX. Downe

IX.

Downe ſtreight to ground ſell his aſtoniſht ſteed,
And eke to th'earth his burden with him bare:
But he him ſelfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan him ſelfe to fight on foote prepare.
Whereof when as the gyant was aware,
He wox right blyth, as he had got thereby,
And laught ſo loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have ſeene enraung'd diſorderly,
Like to a rancke of piles, that pitched are awry.

X.

Eftſoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare,
And can let drive at him ſo dreadfullie,
That had he chaunced not his ſhield to reare,
Ere that huge ſtroke arrived on him neare,
He had him ſurely cloven quite in twaine.
But th'Adamantine ſhield, which he did beare,
So well was tempred, that for all his maine,
It would no paſſage yeeld unto his purpoſe vaine.

XI.

Yet was the ſtroke ſo forcibly applide,
That made him ſtagger with uncertaine ſway,
As if he would have tottered to one ſide.
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan aſſay
That curt'ſie with like kindneſſe to repay;
And ſmote at him with ſo importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitleſſe braunches, which the hatchets ſlight
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.

XII.

With that all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell maſtiffe through enraging heat,
And curſt, and band, and blaſphemies forth threw
Againſt his Gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell unto him ſelfe with horrour great.
Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he ſtrooke,
Nor where it light, but gan to chaufe and ſweat,
And gnaſht his teeth, and his head at him ſhooke,
And ſternely him beheld with grim and ghaſtly looke.

XIII.

Nought fear'd the childe his lookes, ne yet his threats;
But onely wexed now the more aware,
To ſave him ſelfe from thoſe his furious heats,
And watch advantage, how to worke his care:
The which good fortune to him offred faire.
For as he in his rage him overſtrooke,
He, ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His ſide all bare and naked overtooke,
And with his mortall ſteel quite through the body ſtrooke.

XIV.

Through all three bodies he him ſtrooke attonce;
That all the three attonce fell on the plaine:
Elſe ſhould he thriſe have needed, for the nonce
Them to have ſtricken, and thriſe to have ſlaine.
So now all three one ſenceleſſe lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne blacke bloudy gore,
And byting th'earth for very deaths diſdaine;
Who with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Downe to the houſe of dole, his daies there to deplore.

XV. Which

XV.

Which when the lady from the caſtle ſaw,
Where ſhe with her two ſonnes did looking ſtand,
She towards him in haſt her ſelfe did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there ſtood gazing from the cities wall
Uppon theſe warriours, greedy t' underſtand,
To whether ſhould the victory befall,
Now when they ſaw it falne, they eke him greeted all.

XVI.

But *Belge*, with her ſonnes proſtrated low
Before his feete, in all that peoples ſight,
Mongſt joyes mixing ſome tears, mongſt wele ſome wo,
Him thus beſpake; O moſt redoubted knight,
The which haſt me, of all moſt wretched wight,
That earſt was dead, reſtor'd to life againe,
And theſe weake impes replanted by thy might;
What guerdon can I give thee for thy paine,
But even that, which thou ſavedſt, thine ſtill to remaine?

XVII.

He tooke her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the beſt he might,
Saying; Deare lady, deedes ought not be ſcand
By th'author's manhood, nor the doors might,
But by their trueth and by the cauſes right:
That ſame is it, which fought for you this day.
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that, which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is the vertue ſelfe, which her reward doth pay.

XVIII.

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further ſayd; Ah Sir, but mote ye pleaſe,
Sith ye thus farre have tendred my poore caſe,
As from my chiefeſt foe me to releaſe,
That your victorious arme will not yet ceaſe,
Till ye have rooted all the relickes out
Of that vilde race, and ſtabliſhed my peace.
What is there elſe, ſayd he, left of their rout?
Declare it boldly, dame, and doe not ſtand in dout.

XIX.

Then wote you, Sir, that in this church hereby,
There ſtands an idole of great note and name,
The which this gyant reared firſt on hie,
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom for endleſſe horrour of his ſhame,
He offred up for daily ſacrifize
My children and my people, burnt in flame;
With all the tortures, that he could devize,
The more t'aggrate his God with ſuch his blouddy guize.

XX.

And underneath this idoll there doth lie
An hideous monſter, that doth it defend,
And feedes on all the carcaſſes, that die
In ſacrifize unto that curſed feend:
Whoſe ugly ſhape none ever ſaw, nor kend,
That ever ſcap'd: for of a man, they ſay,
It has the voice, that ſpeaches forth doth ſend,
Even blaſphemous words, which ſhe doth bray
Out of her poyſnous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

XXI. Which

XXI.

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan earne
For great deſire, that monſter to aſſay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne;
Which being ſhew'd, he gan himſelfe ſtreight way
Thereto addreſſe, and his bright ſhield diſplay.
So to the church he came, where it was told,
The monſter underneath the altar lay;
There he that idoll ſaw of maſſy gold
Moſt richly made, but there no monſter did behold.

XXII.

Upon the image with his naked blade,
Three times, as in defiance, there he ſtrooke;
And the third time out of an hidden ſhade
There forth iſſewd, from under th'altar's ſmooke,
A dreadfull feend, with fowle deformed looke,
That ſtretcht it ſelfe, as it had long lyen ſtill;
And her long taile and fethers ſtrongly ſhooke,
That all the temple did with terrour fill;
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

XXIII.

An huge great beaſt it was, when it in length
Was ſtretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And ſeem'd to be of infinite great ſtrength;
Horrible, hideous, and of helliſh race,
Borne of the brooding of *Echidna* baſe,
Or other like infernall furies kinde:
For of a mayd ſhe had the outward face,
To hide the horrour, which did lurke behinde,
The better to beguile, whom ſhe ſo fond did finde.

XXIV. There-

XXIV.

Thereto the body of a dog ſhe had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedineſſe;
A lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare, what ſo ſhe can oppreſſe;
A dragons taile, whoſe ſting without redreſſe
Full deadly wounds, where ſo it is empight;
And eagles wings, for ſcope and ſpeedineſſe,
That nothing may eſcape her reaching might,
Whereto ſhe ever liſt to make her hardy flight.

XXV.

Much like in foulneſſe and deformity
Unto that monſter, whom the Theban knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill her ſelfe for very hearts deſpight,
That he had red her riddle, which no wight
Could ever looſe, but ſuffred deadly doole.
So alſo did this monſter uſe like ſlight
To many a one, which came unto her ſchoole,
Whom ſhe did put to death, deceived like a foole.

XXVI.

She comming forth, when as ſhe firſt beheld
The armed Prince, with ſhield ſo blazing bright,
Her ready to aſſaile, was greatly queld,
And much diſmayd with that diſmayfull ſight,
That backe ſhe would have turnd for great affright.
But he gan her with courage fierce aſſay,
That forſt her turne againe in her deſpight,
To ſave her ſelfe, leaſt that he did her ſlay:
And ſure he had her ſlaine, had ſhe not turn'd her way.

XXVII. Tho

XXVII.

Tho when ſhe ſaw, that ſhe was forſt to fight,
She flew at him, like to an helliſh feend,
And on his ſhield tooke hold with all her might,
As if that it ſhe would in peeces rend,
Or reave out of the hand, that did it hend.
Strongly he ſtrove out of her greedy gripe
To looſe his ſhield, and long while did contend:
But when he could not quite it, with one ſtripe
Her lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

XXVIII.

With that aloude ſhe gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blaſphemous ſpeaches forth did caſt,
And bitter curſes, horrible to tell,
That even the temple, wherein ſhe was plaſt,
Did quake to heare, and nigh aſunder braſt.
Tho with her huge long taile ſhe at him ſtrooke,
That made him ſtagger, and ſtand halfe agaſt
With trembling joynts, as he for terrour ſhooke;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

XXIX.

As when the maſt of ſome well timbred hulke
Is with the blaſt of ſome outragious ſtorme
Blowne downe, it ſhakes the bottome of the bulke,
And makes her ribs to cracke, as they were torne,
Whileſt ſtill ſhe ſtands, as ſtoniſht and forlorne:
So was he ſtound with ſtroke of her huge taile:
But ere that it ſhe backe againe had borne,
He with his ſword it ſtrooke, that without faile
He joynted it, and mard the ſwinging of her flaile.

XXX. Then

XXX.

Then gan ſhe cry much louder then afore,
That all the people there without it heard,
And *Belge* ſelfe was therein ſtonied ſore,
As if the onely ſound thereof ſhe feard.
But then the feend her ſelfe more fiercely reard
Uppon her wide great wings, and ſtrongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard,
That had he not forſeene with heedfull vew,
And thrown his ſhield atween, ſhe had him done to rew.

XXXI.

But as ſhe preſt on him with heavy ſway,
Under her wombe his fatall ſword he thruſt,
And for her entrailes made an open way
To iſſue forth; the which, once being bruſt,
Like to a great mill damb forth fiercely guſht,
And powred out of her infernall ſinke
Moſt ugly filth, and poyſon therewith ruſht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly ſtinke:
Such loathly matter were ſmall luſt to ſpeake, or thinke.

XXXII.

Then downe to grownd fell that deformed maſſe,
Breathing out clouds of ſulphure fowle and blacke,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loathd then *Lerna*, or then *Stygian* lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make.
Whom when he ſaw on ground, he was full glad,
And ſtreight went forth his gladneſſe to partake
With *Belge*, who watcht all this while full ſad,
Wayting what end would be of that ſame daunger drad.

XXXIII. Whom

XXXIII.

Whom when ſhe ſaw ſo joyouſly come forth,
She gan rejoyce, and ſhew triumphant chere,
Lauding and prayſing his renowmed worth,
By all the names, that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her ſhewed there
The preſent of his paines, that monſters ſpoyle,
And eke that idoll deem'd ſo coſtly dere;
Whom he did all to peeces break and foyle
In filthy durt, and left ſo in the loathely ſoyle.

XXXIV.

Then all the people, which beheld that day,
Gan ſhout aloud, that unto heaven it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray
Came dauncing forth, and joyous carrols ſong:
So him they led through all their ſtreets along,
Crowned with girlonds of immortall baies,
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To ſee the man, whoſe everlaſting praiſe
They all were bound to all poſterities to raiſe.

XXXV.

There he with *Belgæ* did a while remaine,
Making great feaſt and joyous merriment,
Until he had her ſettled in her raine,
With ſafe aſſuraunce and eſtabliſhment.
Then to his firſt emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to *Belgæ*, and to all the reſt:
Of whom yet taking leave, thenceforth he went
And to his former journey him addreſt,
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did reſt.

XXXVI.

But turn we now to noble *Artegall*;
Who having left *Mercilla*, ſtreight way went
On his firſt queſt, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to work *Irenaes* franchiſement,
And eke *Grantortoes* worthy puniſhment.
So forth he fared, as his manner was,
With onely *Talus* wayting diligent,
Through many perils and much way did pas,
Till nigh unto the place at length approcht he has.

XXXVII.

There as he traveld by the way, he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeares long ſince aſide had ſet
The uſe of armes, and battell quite forgonne:
To whom as he approcht, he knew anone,
That it was he, which whilome did attend
On faire *Irene* in her affliction,
When firſt to Faery court he ſaw her wend,
Unto his ſoveraine Queene her ſuite for to commend.

XXXVIII.

Whom by his name ſaluting, thus he gan;
Haile, good Sir *Sergis*, trueſt knight alive,
Well tride in all thy ladies troubles than,
When her that tyrant did of crowne deprive;
What new occaſion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles ſhe alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is ſhe thrall, or doth ſhe not ſurvive?
To whom he thus; She liveth ſure and ſound;
But by that tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

XXXIX. For

XXXIX.

For ſhe preſuming on th'appointed tyde,
In which y promiſt, as ye were a knight,
To meete her at the ſalvage iſlands ſyde,
And then and there for triall of her right
With her unrighteous enemy to fight,
Did thither come, where ſhe afrayd of nought,
By guilefull treaſon and by ſubtill ſlight
Surprized was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
Who her impriſond hath, and her life often ſought.

XL.

And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which if that no champion doe appeare,
Which will her cauſe in battailous array
Againſt him juſtifie, and prove her cleare
Of all thoſe crimes, that he gainſt her doth reare,
She death ſhall by. Thoſe tidings ſad
Did much abaſh Sir *Artegall* to heare,
And grieved ſore, that through his fault ſhe had
Fallen into that tyrants hand and uſage bad:

XLI.

Then thus replide; Now ſure and by my life,
Too much am I too blame for that faire mayde,
That have her drawne to all this troublous ſtrife,
Through promiſe to afford her timely aide,
Which by default I have not yet defraide.
But witneſſe unto me, ye heavens, that know
How cleare I am from blame of this upbraide:
For ye into like thraldome me did throw,
And kept from compliſhing the faith, which I did owe.

XLII.

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long ſpace
Hath he her lent, a champion to provide.
Ten daies, quoth he, he graunted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well, before that tide
None can have tidings to aſſiſt her ſide.
For all the ſhores, which to the ſea accoſte,
He day and night doth ward both far and wide,
That none can there arrive without an hoſte:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoſte.

XLIII.

Now turne againe, Sir *Artegall* then ſayd,
For if I live till thoſe ten daies have end,
Aſſure your ſelfe, Sir knight, ſhe ſhall have ayd,
Though I this deareſt life for her doe ſpend:
So backeward he attone with him did wend.
Tho as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confuſd array,
As if that there were ſome tumultuous affray.

XLIV.

To which as they approcht, the cauſe to know,
They ſaw a knight in daungerous diſtreſſe
Of a rude rout him chaſing to and fro,
That ſought with lawleſſe powre him to oppreſſe,
And bring in bondage of their brutiſhneſſe:
And farre away, amid their rakehell bands,
They ſpide a lady left all ſuccourleſſe,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
To him for aide, who long in vaine their rage withſtands.

XLV. Yet

XLV.

Yet ſtill he ſtrives, ne any perill ſpares,
To reſkue her from their rude violence,
And like a lion wood amongſt them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large diſpence,
Gainſt which the pallid death findes no defence.
But all in vaine, their numbers are ſo great,
That naught may boot to baniſhe them from thence:
For ſoone as he their outrage backe doth beat,
They turne afreſh, and oft renew their former threat.

XLVI.

And now they doe ſo ſharpely him aſſay,
That they his ſhield in peeces battred have,
And forced him to throw it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to ſave;
Albe that it moſt ſafety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name.
For from the day, that he thus did it leave,
Amongſt all knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant knight, with endleſſe ſhame.

XLVII.

Whom when they thus diſtreſſed did behold,
They drew unto his aide; but that rude rout
Them alſo gan aſſaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, however ſtrong and ſtout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule; untill that yron man
With his huge flaile began to lay about,
From whoſe ſterne preſence they diffuſed ran,
Like ſcattred chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

XLVIII. So

XLVIII.

So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neare began to greete them faire,
And yeeld great thankes for their ſo goodly deed,
In ſaving him from daungerous deſpaire
Of thoſe, which ſought his life for to empaire.
Of whom Sir *Artegall* gan then enquire
The whole occaſion of his late misfare,
And who he was, and what thoſe villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him purſu'd ſo nere.

XLIX.

To whom he thus: My name is *Burbon* hight,
Well knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
Untill late miſchiefe did uppon me light,
That all my former praiſe hath blemiſht ſore:
And that faire lady, which in that uprore
Ye with thoſe caytives ſaw, *Flourdelis* hight,
Is mine owne love, though me ſhe have forelore,
Whether withheld from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

L.

But ſure to me her faith ſhe firſt did plight,
To be my love, and take me for her lord,
Till that a tyrant, which *Grandtorto* hight,
With golden giftes and many a guileful word
Entyced her to him for to accord.
O who may not with gifts and words be tempted?
Sith which ſhe hath me ever ſince abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully conſented:
Ay me, that ever guyle in wemen was invented.

LI. And

LI.

And now he hath his troupe of villains ſent,
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainſt whom my ſelfe I long in vaine have bent,
To reſcue her, and daily meanes aſſay,
Yet reſcue her thence by no meanes I may:
For they doe me with multitude oppreſſe,
And with unequall might doe overlay,
That oft I driven am to great diſtreſſe,
And forced to foregoe th'attempt remedileſſe.

LII.

But why have ye, ſaid *Artegall*, forborne
Your owne good ſhield in daungerous diſmay?
That is the greateſt ſhame and fouleſt ſcorne,
Which unto any knight behappen may
To looſe the badge, that ſhould his deedes diſplay.
To whom Sir *Burbon*, bluſhing halfe for ſhame,
That ſhall I unto you, quoth he, bewray;
Leaſt ye therefore mote happily me blame,
And deeme it doen of will, that through inforcement came.

LIII.

True is, that I at firſt was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the *Redcroſſe*;
Who when he gave me armes, in field to fight,
Gave me a ſhield, in which he did endoſſe
His deare Redeemer's badge upon the boſſe.
The ſame long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or loſſe;
Therewith *Grandtorto* ſelfe I did appall,
And make him oftentimes in field before me fall.

LIV. But

LIV.

But for that many did that ſhield envie,
And cruell enemies increaſed more;
To ſtint all ſtrife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudie ſcutchin being battred ſore,
I layd aſide, and have of late forebore,
Hoping thereby to have my love obtayned:
Yet can I not my love have nathemore;
For ſhe by force is ſtill fro me detayned,
And with corruptfull brybes is to untruth miſ-trayned.

LV.

To whom thus *Artegall*; Certes, Sir knight,
Hard is the caſe, the which ye did complaine;
Yet not ſo hard, for nought ſo hard may light,
That it to ſuch a ſtreight mote you conſtraine,
As to abandon, that which doth containe
Your honours ſtile, that is your warlike ſhield.
And peril ought be leſſe, and leſſe all paine
Then loſſe of fame in diſaventrous field:
Dye rather, then doe ought, that mote diſhonour yeeld,

LVI.

Not ſo, quoth he; for yet when time doth ſerve,
My former ſhield I may reſume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to ſwerve,
Ne for advantage terme to entertaine,
When as neceſſitie doth it conſtraine.
Fie on ſuch forgerie, ſaid *Artegall*,
Under one hood to ſhadow faces twaine.
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things to diſſemble fouly may befall.

LVIII. Yet

LVII.

Yet let me you of courteſie requeſt,
Said *Burbon*, to aſſiſt me now at need
Againſt theſe peſants, which have me oppreſt,
And forced me to ſo infamous deed,
That yet my love may from their hands be freed.
Sir *Artegall*, albe he earſt did wyte
His wavering mind, yet to his aide agreed,
And buckling him eftſoones unto the fight,
Did ſet upon thoſe troupes with all his powre and might.

LVIII.

Who flocking round about them, as a ſwarme
Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluſter,
Did them aſſault with terrible allarme,
And over all the fields themſelves did muſter,
With bils and glayves making a dreadfull luſter;
That forſt at firſt thoſe knights backe to retyre:
As when the wrathfull *Boreas* doth bluſter,
Nought may abide the tempeſt of his yre,
Both man and beaſt doe fly, and ſuccour doe inquyre.

LIX.

But when as overblowen was that brunt,
Thoſe knights began afreſh them to aſſayle,
And all about the fields like ſquirrels hunt:
But chiefly *Talus* with his yron flayle,
Gainſt which no flight nor reſcue mote avayle,
Made cruell havocke of the baſer crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale:
The raſkall manie ſoone they overthrew,
But the two knights themſelves their captaines did ſubdew.

LX.

At laſt they came whereas that ladie bode,
Whom now her keepers had forſaken quight,
To ſave themſelves, and ſcattered were abrode:
Her halfe diſmayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor ſorie for their fight;
Yet wondrous faire ſhe was, and richly clad
In roiall robes, and many jewels dight,
But that thoſe villens through their uſage bad
Them fouly rent, and ſhamefully defaced had.

LXI.

But *Burbon* ſtreight diſmounting from his ſteed,
Unto her ran with greedie great deſyre,
And catching her faſt by her ragged weed,
Would have embraced her with hart entyre.
But ſhe backſtarting with diſdainefull yre,
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
Allured be, for prayer nor for meed.
Whom when thoſe knights ſo forward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked, and upbrayded ſore.

LXII.

Sayd *Artegall*; What foule diſgrace is this,
To ſo faire ladie, as ye ſeeme in ſight,
To blot your beautie, that unblemiſht is,
With ſo foule blame, as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of love for any worlds delight?
Is ought on earth ſo pretious or deare,
As prayſe and honour? Or is ought ſo bright
And beautifull, as glories beames appeare,
Whoſe goodly light then *Phœbus* lampe doth ſhine more cleare?

LXIII. Why

LXIII.

Why then will ye, fond dame, attempted bee
Unto a ſtraungers love, ſo lightly placed,
For guiftes of gold, or any worldly glee,
To leave the love, that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falſhood be defaced.
Fie on the pelfe, for which good name is ſold,
And honour with indignitie debaſed:
Dearer is love then life, and fame then gold;
But dearer then them both your faith once plighted hold.

LXIV.

Much was the ladie in her gentle mind
Abaſht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to anſwere thereunto did find,
But hanging downe her head with heavie cheare,
Stood long amaz'd, as ſhe amated weare.
Which *Burbon* ſeeing, he againe aſſayd,
And claſping twixt his armes, her up did reare
Upon his ſteede, whiles ſhe no whit gaineſayd:
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apayd.

LXV.

Nathleſſe the yron man did ſtill purſew
That raſkall many with unpittied ſpoyle,
Ne ceaſed not, till all their ſcattred crew
Into the ſea he drove quite from that ſoyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.
But *Artegall* ſeeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from ſlaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed:
For that the terme approching faſt, required ſpeed.

CANTO XII.

Artegall doth Sir Burbon aide,
And blames for changing ſhield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And ſlaieth him in field.

I.

O Sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent deſire of men to raine!
Whom neither dread of God, that devills bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that common weales containe,
Nor bands of nature, that wilde beaſtes reſtraine,
Can keepe from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine.
No faith ſo firme, no truſt can be ſo ſtrong,
No love ſo laſting then, that may endure long.

II.

Witneſſe may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,
Which may a knight aſſure, had ſurely bound,
Untill the love of lordſhip and of lands
Made him become moſt faithleſſe and unſound.
And witneſſe be *Gerioneo* found,
Who for like cauſe faire *Belge* did oppreſſe,
And right and wrong moſt cruelly confound:
And ſo be now *Grantorto*, , who no leſſe
Then all the reſt burſt out to all outragiouſneſſe.

III. Gainſt

III.

Gainſt whom Sir *Artegall*, long having ſince
Taken in hand th'exploit, being theretoo
Appointed by that mightie Faerie Prince,
Great *Gloriane*, that tyrant to fordoo,
Through other great adventures hethertoo
Had it forſlackt. But now time drawing ny,
To him aſynd, her high beheaſt to doo,
To the ſea ſhore he gan his way apply,
To weete if ſhipping readie he mote there deſcry.

IV.

Tho when they came to the ſea coaſt, they found
A ſhip all readie, as good fortune fell,
To put to ſea, with whom they did compound,
To paſſe them over, where them liſt to tell.
The winde and weather ſerved them ſo well,
That in one day they with the coaſt did fall;
Whereas they readie found them to repell
Great hoſtes of men in order martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forſtall.

V.

But nathemore would they from land refraine,
But when as nigh unto the ſhore they drew,
That foot of man might ſound the bottome plaine,
Talus into the ſea did forth iſſew,
Though darts from ſhore and ſtones they at him threw;
And wading through the waves with ſtedfaſt ſway,
Maugre the might of all thoſe troupes in vew,
Did win the ſhore, whence he them chaſt away,
And made to fly, like doves, whom th' eagle doth affray.

VI. The

VI.

The whyles Sir *Artegall*, with that old knight
Did forth deſcend, there being none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in ſight.
By this came tydings to the tyrants eare
By thoſe, which earſt did fly away for feare
Of their arrivall: wherewith troubled ſore,
He all his forces ſtreight to him did reare,
And forth iſſuing with his ſcouts afore,
Meant them to have incountred, ere they left the ſhore.

VII.

But ere he marched farre, he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But *Talus* ſternely upon them did ſet,
And bruſht and battred them without remorſe,
That on the ground he left full many a corſe;
Ne any able was him to withſtand,
But he them overthrew both man and horſe,
That they lay ſcattred over all the land,
As thicke as doth the ſeede after the ſowers hand;

VIII.

Till *Artegall* him ſeeing ſo to rage,
Willd him to ſtay, and ſigne of truce did make:
To which all hearkning, did a while aſſwage
Their forces furie, and their terrors ſlake;
Till he an herauld cald, and to him ſpake,
Willing him wend unto the tyrant ſtreight,
And tell him, that not for ſuch ſlaughters ſake
He thether came, but for to trie the right
Of fayre *Irenaes* cauſe with him in ſingle fight.

IX. And

IX.

And willed him for to reclayme with ſpeed
His ſcattred people, ere they all were ſlaine,
And time and place convenient to areed,
In which they two the combat might darraine.
Which meſſage when *Grantorto* heard, full fayne
And glad he was the ſlaughter ſo to ſtay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twayne
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day.
So ſounded the retraite, and drew his folke away.

X.

That knight Sir *Artegall* did cauſe his tent
There to be pitched on the open plaine;
For he had given ſtreight commaundment,
That none ſhould dare him once to entertaine:
Which none durſt breake, though many would right faine
For fayre *Irena*, whom they loved deare.
But yet old *Sergis* did ſo well him paine,
That from cloſe friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did purvay, which for them needfull weare.

XI.

The morrow next, that was the diſmall day,
Appointed for *Irenas* death before,
So ſoone as it did to the world diſplay
His chearefull face, and light to men reſtore,
The heavy mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of *Artegals* arryvall, her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full ſad and hart full ſore;
Weening her lifes laſt howre then neare to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh ſhe did not heare nor ſee.

XII. Then

XII.

Then up ſhe roſe, and on herſelfe did dight
Moſt ſqualid garments, fit for ſuch a day,
And with dull countenance, and with dolefull ſpright,
She forth was brought in ſorrowfull diſmay,
For to receive the doome of her decay.
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir *Artegall*, in battailous array
Wayting his foe, it did her dead hart cheare,
And new life to her lent, in midſt of deadly feare.

XIII.

Like as a tender roſe in open plaine,
That with untimely drought nigh withred was,
And hung the head, ſoone as few drops of raine
Thereon diſtill, and deaw her daintie face,
Gins to look up, and with freſh wonted grace
Diſpreds the glorie of her leaves gay;
Such was *Irenas* countenance, ſuch her caſe,
When *Artegall* ſhe ſaw in that array,
There wayting for the tyrant, till it was farre day.

XIV.

Who came at length, with proud preſumptuous gate,
Into the field, as if he feareleſſe were,
All armed in a cote of yron plate,
Of great defence to ward the deadly feare,
And on his head a ſteele cap he did weare
Of colour ruſtie browne, but ſure and ſtrong;
And in his hand an huge polaxe did beare,
Whoſe ſteale was yron ſtudded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to juſtifie his wrong.

XV. Of

XV.

Of ſtature huge and hideous he was,
Like to a giant for his monſtrous hight,
And did in ſtrength moſt ſorts of men ſurpas,
Ne ever any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great ſkill in ſingle fight:
His face was ugly, and his countenance ſterne,
That could have frayd one with the very ſight,
And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,
That whether man or monſter one could ſcarſe diſcerne.

XVI.

Soone as he did within the liſtes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he *Artegall* beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with feare,
And grinning grieſly, did againſt him weld
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held.
But th'elfin ſwaine, that oft had ſeene like fight,
Was with his ghaſtly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him ſtreight to buckle to the fight,
And caſt his ſhield about, to be in readie plight.

XVII.

The trompets ſound, and they together goe,
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent;
And their huge ſtrokes full daungerouſly beſtow,
To doe moſt dammage, where as moſt they ment.
But with ſuch force and furie violent,
The tyrant thundred his thicke blowes ſo faſt,
That through the yron walles their way they rent,
And even to the vitall parts they paſt,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or braſt.

XVIII.

Which cruell outrage when as *Artegall*
Did well avize, thenceforth with wearie heed
He ſhund his ſtrokes, where ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their graceleſſe ſpeed.
As when a ſkillfull mariner doth reed
A ſtorme approching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the daunger of ſuch dread,
But ſtrikes his ſayles, and vereth his mainſheat,
And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat:

XIX.

So did the Faerie knight him ſelfe abeare,
And ſtouped oft his head from ſhame to ſhield;
No ſhame to ſtoupe, ones head more high to reare,
And much to gaine, a little for to yield;
So ſtouteſt knights doen oftentimes in field.
But ſtill the tyrant ſternely at him layd,
And did his yron axe ſo nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his fleſh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him ſore did overlade.

XX.

Yet when as fit advantage he did ſpy,
The whiles the curſed felon high did reare
His cruell hand, to ſmite him mortally,
Under his ſtroke he to him ſtepping neare,
Right in the flanke him ſtrooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore bloud thence guſhing grievouſly,
Did underneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple dye;
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

XXI. Yet

XXI.

Yet the huge ſtroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his courſe, as he did it direct,
And with ſuch monſtrous poiſe adowne deſcended,
That ſeemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wiſe reſpect,
And twixt him and the blow his ſhield did caſt,
Which thereon ſeizing, tooke no great effect,
But byting deepe therein did ſticke ſo faſt,
That by no meanes it backe againe he forth could wraſt.

XXII.

Long while he tug'd and ſtrove, to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he therewith the knight drew all about:
Nathleſſe, for all that ever he could doe,
His axe he could not from his ſhield undoe.
Which *Artegall* perceiving, ſtrooke no more,
But looſing ſoone his ſhield, did it forgoe;
And whiles he combred was therewith ſo ſore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely then afore.

XXIII.

So well he him purſew'd, that at the laſt,
He ſtroke him with *Chryſaor* on the hed,
That with the ſouſe thereof full ſore aghaſt,
He ſtaggered to and fro in doubtfull ſted.
Againe whiles he him ſaw ſo ill beſted,
He did him ſmite with all his might and maine,
That falling on his mother earth, he fed:
Whom when he ſaw proſtratad on the plaine,
He lightly reft his head, to eaſe him of his paine.

XXIV.

Which when the people round about him ſaw,
They ſhouted all for joy of his ſucceſſe,
Glad to be quit from that proud tyrants awe,
Which with ſtrong powre did them long time oppreſſe:
And running all with greedie joyfulneſſe
To faire *Irene*, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humbleneſſe,
As their true Liege and Princeſſe naturall;
And eke her champions glorie ſounded over all.

XXV.

Who ſtreight her leading with meete majeſtie
Unto the pallace, where their kings did rayne,
Did her therin eſtabliſh peaceablie,
And to her kingdomes ſeat reſtore agayne:
And all ſuch perſons, as did late maintayne
That tyrants part, with cloſe or open ayde,
He ſorely puniſhed with heavie payne;
That in ſhort ſpace, whiles there with her he ſtayd,
Not one was left, that durſt her once have diſobayd.

XXVI.

During which time, that he did there remaine,
His ſtudie was true juſtice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his buſie paine
How to reforme that ragged common weale:
And that ſame yron man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that realme he ſent,
To ſearch outthoſe, that uſd to rob and ſteale,
Or did rebell gainſt lawfull government;
On whom he did inflict moſt grievous puniſhment.

XXVII. But

XXVII.

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occaſion called was away
To Faery court, that of neceſſity
His courſe of juſtice he was forſt to ſtay,
And *Talus* to revoke from the right way,
In which he was that realme for to redreſſe.
But envies cloud ſtill dimmeth vertues ray.
So having freed *Irena* from diſtreſſe,
He tooke his leave of her, there left in heavineſſe.

XXVIII.

Tho as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriv'd againe, whence forth he ſet,
He had not paſſed farre upon the ſtrand,
When as two old ill favour'd hags he met,
By the way ſide being together ſet,
Two grieſly creatures; and, to that their faces
Moſt foule and filthie were, their garments yet
Being all ragd and tatter'd, their diſgraces
Did much the more augment, and made moſt ugly caſes.

XXIX.

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did ſeeme to looke askew,
That her miſ-ſhape much helpt; and her foule heare
Hung looſe and loathſomely: Thereto her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones might through her cheekes be red:
Her lips were like raw lether, pale and blew,
And as ſhe ſpake, therewith ſhe ſlavered;
Yet ſpake ſhe ſeldom, but thought more, the leſſe ſhe ſed.

XXX. He

XXX.

Her hands were foule and durtie, never waſht,
In all her life, with long nayles over raught,
Like puttockes clawes; with th'one of which ſhe ſcracht
Her curſed head, although it itched naught;
The other held a ſnake with venime fraught,
On which ſhe fed, and gnawed hungrily,
As if that long ſhe had not eaten ought;
That round about her jawes one might deſcry
The bloudie gore and poyſon dropping lothſomely.

XXXI.

Her name was *Envie*, knowen well thereby;
Whoſe nature is to grieve, and grudge at all,
That ever ſhe ſees doen prayſ-worthily,
Whoſe ſight to her is greateſt croſſe may fall,
And vexeth ſo, that makes her eat her gall.
For when ſhe wanteth other thing to eat,
She feedes on her owne maw unnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrayles makes her meat;
Meat fit for ſuch a monſters monſterous dyeat.

XXXII.

And if ſhe hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would ſhe inly fret, and grieve, and teare
Her fleſh for felneſſe, which ſhe inward hid:
But if ſhe heard of ill, that any did,
Or harme, that any had, then would ſhe make
Great cheare, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in anothers loſſe great pleaſure take,
As ſhe had got thereby, and gayned a great ſtake.

XXXIII. The

XXXIII.

The other nothing better was, then ſhee;
Agreeing in bad will and cancred kynd,
But in bad maner they did diſagree:
For what ſo *Envie* good or bad did fynd,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mynd:
But this, what ever evill ſhe conceived,
Did ſpred abroad, and throw in th'open wynd.
Yet this in all her words might be perceived,
That all ſhe ſought, was mens good name to have bereaved.

XXXIV.

For what ſoever good by any ſayd,
Or doen ſhe heard, ſhe would ſtreightwayes invent,
How to deprave, or ſlanderouſly upbrayd,
Or to miſconſtrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing, that well was ment.
Therefore ſhe uſed often to reſort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hearke what any one did good report,
To blot the ſame with blame, or wreſt in wicked ſort.

XXXV.

And if that any ill ſhe heard of any,
She would it eeke, and make much worſe by telling,
And take great joy to publiſh it to many,
That every matter worſe was for her melling.
Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling
Was neare to *Envie*, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and *Envy* ſelfe excelling
In miſchiefe: for her ſelfe ſhe onely vext;
But this ſame both her ſelfe, and others eke perplext.

XXXVI. Her

XXXVI.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth diſtort,
Foming with poyſon round about her gils,
In which her curſed tongue full ſharpe and ſhort
Appear'd like Aſpis ſting, that cloſely kils,
Or cruelly does wound, whom ſo ſhe wils.
A diſtaffe in her other hand ſhe had,
Upon the which ſhe little ſpinnes, but ſpils,
And faynes to weave falſe tales and leaſings bad,
To throw amongſt the good, which others had diſprad.

XXXVII.

Theſe two now had themſelves combynd in one,
And linckt together gainſt Sir *Artegall*,
For whom they wayted as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into miſchiefe fall,
For freeing from their ſnares *Irena* thrall.
Beſides unto themſelves they gotten had
A monſter, which the *Blatant Beaſt* men call,
A dreadfull feend of Gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by ſlights allur'd, and to their purpoſe lad.

XXXVIII.

Such were theſe hags, and ſo unhandſome dreſt:
Who when they nigh approching, had eſpyde
Sir *Artegall* return'd from his late queſt,
They both aroſe, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had bene two ſhepheards curres had ſcryde
A ravenous wolfe amongſt the ſcattered flockes.
And *Envie* firſt, as ſhe that firſt him eyde,
Towards him runs, and with rude flaring lockes
About her eares, does beat her breſt, and forhead knockes.

XXXIX. Then

XXXIX.

Then from her mouth the gobbet ſhe does take,
The which whyleare ſhe was ſo greedily
Devouring, even that halfe-gnawen ſnake,
And at him throwes it moſt deſpightfully.
The curſed Serpent, though ſhe hungrily
Earſt chawd thereon, yet was not all ſo dead,
But that ſome life remayned ſecretly,
And as he paſt afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

XL.

Then th'other comming neare, gan him revile,
And fouly rayle, with all ſhe could invent;
Saying, that he had with unmanly guile,
And foule abuſion, both his honour blent,
And that bright ſword, the ſword of Iuſtice lent,
Had ſtayned with reprochfull crueltie,
In guiltleſſe blood of many an innocent:
As for *Grandtorto*, him with treacherie
And traynes having ſurpriz'd, he fouly did to die.

XLI.

Thereto the Blatant beaſt by them ſet on
At him began aloud to barke and bay,
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rockes nigh to that way,
Began to quake and tremble with diſmay;
And all the aire rebellowed againe.
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
And evermore thoſe hags them ſelves did paine,
To ſharpen him, and their owne curſed tongs did ſtraine.

XLII.

And ſtill among moſt bitter wordes they ſpake,
Moſt ſhamefull, moſt unrighteous, moſt untrew,
That they the mildeſt man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeaunce dew
To her, that ſo falſe ſclaunders at him threw.
And more to make them pierce & wound more deepe,
She with the ſting, which in her vile tongue grew,
Did ſharpen them, and in freſh poyſon ſteepe:
Yet he paſt on, and ſeem'd of them to take no keepe.

XLIII.

But *Talus* hearing her ſo lewdly raile,
And ſpeake ſo ill of him, that well deſerved,
Would her have chaſtiz'd with his yron flaile,
If her Sir *Artegall* had not preſerved,
And him forbidden, who his heaſt obſerved.
So much the more at him ſtill did ſhe ſcold,
And ſtones did caſt, yet he for nought would ſwerve
From his right courſe, but ſtill the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell ſhall elſe be told.

THE

The Sixth Booke of the Faerie Queene.

Contayning

The Legende of S. Calidore

OR

Of COURTESIE.

I.

THE waies, through which my weary ſteps I guyde
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are ſo exceeding ſpacious and wyde,
And ſprinckled with ſuch ſweet variety,
Of all that pleaſant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh raviſht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It ſtrength to me ſupplies, and chears my dulled ſpright.

II.

Such ſecret comfort, and ſuch heavenly pleaſures,
Ye ſacred imps, that on *Parnaſſo* dwell,
And there the keeping have of learning's threaſures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly fury into them infuſe;
Guyde ye my footing, and conduct me well
In theſe ſtrange waies, where never foote did uſe,
Ne none can find, hut who was taught them by the Muſe.

III.

Revele to me the ſacred nourſery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
Where it in ſilver bowre does hidden ly
From view of men, and wicked words diſdaine;
Since it at firſt was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriv'd at furſt
From heavenly ſeedes of bounty ſoveraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurſt,
Till it to ripeneſſe grew, and forth to honour burſt.

IV.

Amongſt them all growes not a fayrer flowre,
Then is the blooſme of comely courteſie,
Which though it on a lowly ſtalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobilitie,
And ſpreds itſelfe through all civilitie:
Of which though preſent age doe plenteous ſeeme,
Yet being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
Ye will them all but fayned ſhowes eſteeme,
Which carry colours faire, and feeble eries miſdeeme.

V. But

V.

But in the triall of true courteſie,
Its now ſo farre from that, which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgerie,
Faſhion'd to pleaſe the eies of them, that pas,
Which ſee not perfect things but in a glas;
Yet is that glas ſo gay, that it can blynd
The wiſeſt ſight, to thinke gold that is bras.
But vertue's ſeat is deepe within the mynd,
And not in outward ſhows, but inward thoughts defynd.

VI.

But where ſhall I in all Antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be ſeene
The goodly praiſe of Princely curteſie,
As in your ſelfe, O ſoveraine Lady Queene?
In whoſe pure minde, as in a mirrour ſheene,
It ſhowes, and with her brightneſſe doth inflame
The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;
But meriteth indeede an higher name:
Yet ſo from low to high uplifted is your name.

VII.

Then pardon me, moſt dreaded Soveraine,
That from your ſelfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to your ſelfe doe it returne againe:
So from the Ocean all rivers ſpring,
And tribute backe repay as to their King.
Right ſo from you all goodly vertues well
Into the reſt, which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court, where courteſies excell.

CANT.

CANTO I.

Calidore ſaves from Maleffort
A Damzell uſed vylde;
Doth vanquiſh Crudor, and doth make
Briana wexe more mylde.

I.

OF Court, it ſeemes, men Courteſie doe call,
For that it there moſt uſeth to abound;
And well beſeemeth, that in Princes hall
That vertue ſhould be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And roote of civill converſation.
Right ſo in Faery court it did redound,
Where curteous Knights and Ladies moſt did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchleſſe paragon.

II.

But mongſt them all was none more courteous Knight,
Then *Calidore*, beloved over all;
In whom, it ſeemes, that gentleneſſe of ſpright
And manners mylde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall,
And gracious ſpeach, did ſteale mens hearts away.
Nathleſſe thereto he was full ſtout and tall,
And well approv'd in batteilous affray,
That him did much renowme, and far his fame diſplay.

Ne

III.

Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found
In Faery court, but him did deare embrace,
For his faire vſage and conditions ſound,
The which in all mens liking gayned place,
And with the greateſt purchaſt greateſt grace;
Which he could wiſely uſe, and well apply,
To pleaſe the beſt, and th'evill to embaſe.
For he loathd leaſing, and baſe flattery,
And loved ſimple truth and ſtedfaſt honeſty.

IV.

And now he was in travell on his way,
Uppon an hard adventure ſore beſtad,
Whenas by chaunce he met uppon a day
With *Artegall*, returning yet halſe ſad
From his late conqueſt, which he gotten had.
Who when as each of other had a ſight,
They knew them ſelves, and both their perſons rad:
When *Calidore* thus firſt; Haile nobleſt Knight
Of all this day on ground, that breathen living ſpright.

V.

Now tell, if pleaſe you, of the good ſucceſſe,
Which ye have had in your late enterprize.
To whom Sir *Artegall* gan to expreſſe
His whole exploite, and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
Now happy man, ſayd then Sir *Calidore*,
Which have ſo goodly, as ye can devize,
Atchiev'd ſo hard a queſt, as few before;
That ſhall you moſt renowmed make for evermore.

IV. But

VI.

But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endleſſe trace, withouten guyde,
Or good direction, how to enter in,
Or how to iſſue forth in waies untryde,
In perils ſtrange, in labours long and wyde,
In which although good Fortune me befall,
Yet ſhall it not by none be teſtifyde.
What is that queſt, quoth then Sir *Artegall*,
That you into ſuch perils preſently doth call?

VII.

The Blatant Beaſt, quoth he, I doe purſew,
And through the world inceſſantly doe chaſe,
Till I him overtake, or elſe ſubdew:
Yet know I not or how, or in what place
To find him out, yet ſtill I forward trace.
What is that Blatant Beast? then he replide.
It is a Monster bred of helliſhe race,
Then anſwerd he, which often hath annoyd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many elſe destroyd.

VIII.

Of *Cerberus* whilome he was begot,
And fell *Chimæra* in her darkeſome den,
Through fowle commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was fostred long in *Stygian* fen,
Till he to perfect ripeneſſe grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was ſent,
To be the plague and ſcourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venemous intent
He ſore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

IX. Then

IX.

Then ſince the ſalvage Iſland I did leave
Sayd *Artegall*, I ſuch a Beast did ſee,
The which did ſeeme a thouſand tongues to have,
That all in ſpight and malice did agree,
With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me devoure.
But I, that knew my ſelfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre,
But he the more his wicked poyſon forth did poure.

X.

That ſurely is that Beast, ſaide *Calidore*,
Which I purſue, of whome I am right glad
To heare theſe tidings, which of none afore
Through all my weary travell I have had:
Yet now ſome hope your words unto me add.
Now God you ſpeed, quoth then Sir *Artegall*,
And keepe your body from the daunger drad;
For ye have much adoe to deale withall:
So both tooke goodly leave, and parted ſeverall.

XI.

Sir *Calidore* thence travelled not long,
When as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
That thorough ſome more mighty enemies wrong,
Both hand and foote unto a tree was bound:
Who ſeeing him from farre, with piteous ſound
Of his ſhrill cries him called to his aide.
To whom approching, in that painefull ſtound
When he him ſaw, for no demaunds he ſtaide,
But firſt him loſde, and afterwards thus to him ſaide.

XII.

Unhappy Spuire, what hard miſhap thee brought
Into this bay of perill and diſgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captyved in this ſhamefull place?
To whom he anſwerd thus; My hapleſſe caſe
Is not occaſiond through my miſdeſert,
But through miſfortune, which did me abaſe
Unto this ſhame, and my young hope ſubvert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

XIII.

Not farre from hence, upon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a ſtreight there ſtands a caſtle ſtrong,
Which doth obſerve a cuſtome lewd and ill,
And it hath long mayntaind with mighty wrong:
For may no Knight nor Lady paſſe along
That way, (and yet they needs muſt paſſe that way,)
By reaſon of the ſtreight, and rocks among,
But they that Ladies lockes doe ſhave away,
And that knights berd for toll, which they for paſſage pay.

XIV.

A ſhamefull uſe, as ever I did heare,
Sayd *Calidore*, and to be overthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at firſt it reare,
And for what cauſe, tell, if thou have it knowne.
Sayd then that Squire: The Lady, which doth owne
This Caſtle, is by name *Briana* hight;
Then which a prouder Lady liveth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,
And ſought to win his love by all the meanes ſhe might.

XV. His

XV.

His name is *Crudor*, who through high diſdaine
And proud deſpight of his ſelfe pleaſing mynd,
Refuſed hath to yeeld her love againe,
Untill a Mantle ſhe for him doe fynd,
With beards of Knights and locks of Ladies lynd:
Which to provide, ſhe hath this Caſtle dight,
And therein hath a Seneſchall aſſynd,
Cald *Maleffort*, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will, with worſe deſpight.

XVI.

He this ſame day, as I that way did come
With a faire Damzell, my beloved deare,
In execution of her lawleſſe doome,
Did ſet upon us flying both for feare:
For little bootes againſt him hand to reare:
Me firſt he tooke, unable to withſtond;
And whiles he her purſued every where,
Till his returne unto this tree he bond:
Ne wote I ſurely, whether her he yet have fond.

XVII.

Thus whiles they ſpake, they heard a ruefull ſhrieke
Of one loud crying, which they ſtreight way gheſt,
That it was ſhe, the which for helpe did ſeeke.
Tho looking up unto the cry to leſt,
They ſaw that Carle from farre, with hand unbleſt
Hayling that mayden by the yellow heare,
That all her garments from her ſnowy breſt,
And from her head her lockes he nigh did teare,
Ne would he ſpare for pitty, nor refraine for feare.

XVIII.

Which haynous ſight when *Calidore* beheld,
Eftſoones he looſd that Squire, and ſo him left,
With hearts diſmay and inward dolour queld,
For to purſue that villaine, which had reft
That piteous ſpoile by ſo iniurious theft.
Whom overtaking, loude to him be cryde;
Leav, faytor, quickely that miſgotten weft
To him, that hath it better juſtifyde,
And turne thee ſoone to him, of whom thou art defyde.

XIX.

Who hearkning to that voice, himſelfe upreard,
And ſeeing him ſo fiercely towardes make,
Againſt him ſtoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for thoſe wordes ſake;
And with ſterne count'naunce thus unto him ſpake:
Art thou the caytive, that defyeſt me,
And for this Mayd, whoſe party thou doeſt take,
Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
Yet ſhall it not her lockes for raunſome fro me free.

XX.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous ſtrokes with moſt importune might,
That oft he made him ſtagger as unſtayd,
And oft recuile, to ſhunne his ſharpe deſpight.
But *Calidore*, that was well ſkild in fight,
Him long forbore, and ſtill his ſpirite ſpar'd,
Lying in waite, how him he damadge might.
But when he felt him ſhrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

XXI. Like

XXI.

Like as a water ſtreame, whoſe ſwelling ſourſe
Shall drive a Mill, within ſtrong bancks is pent,
And long reſtrayned of his ready courſe;
So ſoone as paſſage is unto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.
Such was the fury of Sir *Calidore*,
When once he felt his foeman to relent;
He fiercely him purſu'd, and preſſed ſore,
Who as he ſtill decayd, ſo he encreaſed more.

XXII.

The heavy burden of whoſe dreadfull might
When as the Carle no longer could ſuſtaine,
His heart gan faint, and ſtreight he tooke his flight
Toward the Caſtle, where if need conſtraine,
His hope of refuge uſed to remaine.
Whom *Calidore* perceiving faſt to flie,
He him purſu'd and chaced through the plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to crie
Unto the ward, to open to him haſtilie.

XXIII.

They from the wall him ſeeing ſo aghaſt,
The gate ſoone opened to receive him in;
But *Calidore* did follow him ſo faſt,
That even in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head aſunder to his chin.
The carkaſſe tumbling downe within the dore
Did choke the entraunce with a lumpe of ſin,
That it could not be ſhut, whileſt *Calidore*
Did enter in, and ſlew the Porter on the flore.

XXIV. With

XXIV.

With that the reſt, the which the Caſtle kept,
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly ſwept,
As doth a Stear, in heat of ſommers day,
With his long taile the bryzes bruſh away.
Thence paſſing forth, into the hall he came,
Where of the Lady ſelfe in ſad diſmay
He was ymett, who with uncomely ſhame
Gan him ſalute, and ſowle upbrayd with faulty blame.

XXV.

Falſe traytor Knight, ſayd ſhe, no Knight at all,
But ſcorne of armes, that haſt with guilty hand
Murdred my men, and ſlaine my Seneſchall;
Now commeſt thou to rob my houſe unmand,
And ſpoile myſelfe, that cannot thee withſtand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that ſome better Knight
Then thou, that ſhall thy treaſon underſtand,
Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none do, yet ſhame ſhall thee with ſhame requight.

XXVI.

Much was the Knight abaſhed at that word;
Yet anſwerd thus; Not unto me the ſhame,
But to the ſhamefull doer it afford.
Bloud is no blemiſh; for it is no blame
To puniſh thoſe, that doe deſerve the ſame;
But they, that breake bands of civilitie,
And wicked cuſtomes make, thoſe doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curteſie.
No greater ſhame to man then inhumanitie.

XXVII. Then

XXVII.

Then doe yourſelfe, from dread of ſhame, forgoe
This evill manner, which ye here maintaine,
And doe in ſtead thereof mild ourt'ſie ſhowe
To all, that paſſe. That ſhall you glory gaine
More then his love, which thus ye ſeeke t'obtaine.
Wherewith all full of wroth, ſhe thus replyde;
Vile recreant, know, that I doe much diſdaine
Thy courteous lore, that doeſt my love deride,
Who ſcornes thy ydle ſcoffe, and bids thee be defyde.

XXVIII.

To take defiaunce at a Ladies word,
Quoth he, I hold it no indignity,
But were he here, that would it with his ſword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deare aby.
Cowherd, quoth ſhe, were not, that thou wouldſt fly,
Ere thou doe come, he ſhould be ſoone in place.
If I doe ſo, ſayd he, then liberty
I leave to you, for aye me to diſgrace
With all thoſe ſhames, that erſt ye ſpake me to deface.

XXIX.

With that a Dwarfe ſhe cald to her in haſt,
And taking from her hand a ring of gould,
A privy token, which betweene them paſt,
Bad him to flie, with all the ſpeed he could,
To *Crudor*, and deſire him, that he would
Vouchſafe to reſkue her againſt a Knight,
Who through ſtrong powre had now herſelfe in hould,
Having late ſlaine her Seneſchall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might.

XXX. The

XXX.

The Dwarfe his way did haſt, and went all night;
But *Calidore* did with her there abyde
The comming of that ſo much threatned Knight,
Where that diſcourteous Dame with ſcornfull pryde,
And fowle entreaty him indignifyde,
That yron heart it hardly could ſuſtaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wiſely guyde,
Did well endure her womaniſh diſdaine,
And did himſelfe from fraile impatience refraine.

XXXI.

The morrow next, before the lampe of light,
Above the earth upreard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe, which bore that meſſage to her knight,
Brought aunſwere backe, that ere he taſted bread,
He would her ſuccour, and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:
Therefore he wild her doe away all dread;
And that of him ſhe mote aſſured ſtand,
He ſent to her his baſenet, as a faithfull band.

XXXII.

Thereof full blyth the Lady ſtreight became,
And gan t'augment her bitterneſſe much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the ſame,
Ne ought diſmayed was Sir *Calidore*,
But rather did more chearefull ſeeme therefore.
And having ſoone his armes about him dight,
Did iſſue forth, to meete his foe afore;
Where long he ſtayed not, when as a Knight
He ſpide come pricking on with al his powre and might.

XXXIII. Well

XXXIII.

Well weend he ſtreight, that he ſhould be the ſame,
Which tooke in hand her quarrel to maintaine;
Ne ſtayd to aſke, if it were he by name,
But coucht his ſpeare, and ran at him amaine.
They bene ymett in middeſt of the plaine,
With ſo fell fury, and diſpiteous forſe,
That neither could the others ſtroke ſuſtaine,
But rudely rowld to ground both man and horſe,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorſe.

XXXIV.

But *Calidore* uproſe againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay faſt in ſenceleſſe ſound,
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might;
For ſhame he weend a ſleeping wight to wound.
But when *Briana* ſaw that drery ſtound,
There where ſhe ſtood uppon the Caſtle wall,
She deem'd him ſure to have been dead on ground,
And made ſuch piteous mourning therewithall,
That from the battlements ſhe ready ſeem'd to fall.

XXXV.

Nathleſſe at length himſelfe he did upreare
In luſtleſſe wiſe, as if againſt his will,
Ere he had ſlept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to ſtretch his limbs; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, a while he reſted ſtill:
But when he ſaw his foe before in vew,
He ſhooke off luſkiſhneſſe, and courage chill
Kindling a freſh, gan battell to renew,
To prove if better foote then horſebacke would enſew.

XXXVI.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two, for mayſtery of might.
For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And paſſing well expert in ſingle fight,
And both inflam'd with furious deſpight:
Which as it ſtill encreaſt, ſo ſtill increaſt
Their cruell ſtrokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releaſt,
Ne once to breath a while their angers tempeſt ceaſt.

XXXVII.

Thus long they trac'd and traverſt to and fro,
And tryde all waies, how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe;
They hew'd their helmes, and plates aſunder break,
As they had potſhares bene; for nought mote ſlake
Their greedy vengeaunces, but goary blood,
That at the laſt like to a purple lake
Of bloody gore congeal'd about them ſtood,
Which from their riven ſides forth guſhed like a flood.

XXXVIII.

At length it chaunſt, that both their hands on hie
At once did heave, with all their powre and might,
Thinking the utmoſt of their force to trie,
And prove the finall fortune of the fight:
But *Calidore*, that was more quicke of ſight,
And nimbler handed, then his enemie,
Prevented him before his ſtroke could light,
And on the helmet ſmote him formerlie,
That made him ſtoupe to ground with meeke humilitie.

XXXIX. And

XXXIX.

And ere he could recover foot againe,
He following that faire advantage faſt,
His ſtroke redoubled with ſuch might and maine,
That him upon the ground he groveling caſt;
And leaping to him light, would have unlaſt
His helme, to make unto his vengeance way.
Who ſeeing, in what daunger he was plaſt,
Cryde out, Ah mercie, Sir, doe me not ſlay,
But ſave my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

XL.

With that his mortall hand a while he ſtayd,
And having ſomewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him ſayd;
And is the boaſt of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne,
Strangers no more ſo rudely to intreat,
But put away proud looke, and uſage ſterne,
The which ſhall nought to you but foule diſhonor yearne.

XLI.

For nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That court'ſie doth as well as armes profeſſe,
How ever ſtrong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproch of pride and cruelneſſe.
In vaine he ſeeketh others to ſuppreſſe,
Who hath not learnd himſelfe firſt to ſubdew:
All fleſh is frayle, and full of fickleneſſe,
Subject to fortunes chance, ſtill chaunging new;
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

XLII.

Who will not mercie unto others ſhew,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?
To pay each with his owne is right and dew.
Yet ſince ye mercie now doe need to crave,
I will it graunt, your hopeleſſe life to ſave,
With theſe conditions, which I will propound:
Firſt, that ye better ſhall yourſelfe behave
Unto all errant knights, wherefo on ground;
Next that ye Ladies ayde in every ſtead and ſtound.

XLIII.

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heaſts did gladly heare,
And promiſt to performe his precept well,
And whatſoever elſe he would requere.
So ſuffring him to riſe, he made him ſweare
By his owne ſword, and by the croſſe thereon,
To take *Briana* for his loving fere,
Withouten dowre or compoſition;
But to releaſe his former foule condition.

XLIV.

All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Bynding himſelfe moſt firmely to obay,
He up aroſe, how ever liefe or loth;
And ſwore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from ſorrowfull diſmay
The ſad *Briana*, which all this beheld;
Who comming forth yet full of late affray,
Sir *Calidore* upcheard, and to her teld
All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

XLV. Whereof

XLV.

Whereof ſhe now more glad, then ſory earſt,
All overcome with infinite affect,
For his exceeding courteſie, that pearſt
Her ſtubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet herſelfe ſhe did project,
And him adoring as her lives deare Lord,
With all due thankes, and dutifull reſpect,
Herſelfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and love reſtord.

XLVI.

So all returning to the Caſtle glad,
Moſt joyfully ſhe them did entertaine,
Where goodly glee and feaſt to them ſhe made,
To ſhew her thankefull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes ſhe mote it beſt explaine:
And after all, unto Sir *Calidore*
She freely gave that Caſtle for his paine,
And herſelfe bound to him for evermore;
So wondrouſly now chaung'd, from that ſhe was afore.

XLVII.

But *Calidore* himſelfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee, for hyre of his good deede,
But gave them ſtreight unto that Squire againe,
Whom from her Seneſchall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed hole and and ſtrong,
And then to his firſt queſt he paſſed forth along.

CANT.

CANTO II.

Calidore ſees young Triſtram ſlay
A proud diſcourteous knight:
He makes him Squire, and of him learnes
his ſtate and preſent plight.

I.

WHAT vertue is ſo fitting for a knight,
Or for a Ladie, whom a knight ſhould love,
As Curteſie, to beare themſelve aright
To all of each degree, as doth behove?
For whether they be placed high above,
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good, that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudeneſſe, for not yeelding what they owe:
Great ſkill it is ſuch duties timely to beſtow.

II.

Thereto great helpe dame Nature ſelfe doth lend:
For ſome ſo goodly gratious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others, that have greater ſkill in mind,
Though they enforce themſelves, cannot attaine.
For everie thing, to which one inclin'd,
Doth beſt become, and greateſt grace doth gaine:
Yet praiſe likewiſe deſerve good thewes, enforſt with paine.

III. That

III.

That well in courteous *Calidore* appeares,
Whoſe every act, and word, that he did ſay,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,
And borh the eares, did ſteale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way,
To follow his firſt queſt, when as he ſpyde
A tall young man from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him deſcryde,
Againſt an armed knight, that did on horſebacke ryde.

IV.

And them beſide a Ladie faire he ſaw,
Standing alone on foot, in foule array:
To whom himſelfe he haſtily did draw,
To weet the cauſe of ſo uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if ſo be he may.
But ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he ſaw, his hart was inly child
With great amazement, and his thought with wonder fild.

V.

Him ſtedfaſtly he markt, and ſaw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a ſlender ſlip, that ſcarſe did ſee
Yet ſeventeen yeares, but tall and faire of face,
That ſure he deem'd him borne of noble race.
All in a woodmans jacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with ſilver lace;
And on his head an hood with aglets ſprad,
And by his ſide his hunters horne he hanging had.

VI. Buſkins

VI.

Buſkins he wore of coſtlieſt cordwayne,
Pinckt upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle ſwayne:
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whoſe fellow he before had ſent apart;
And in his left he held a ſharpe boreſpeare,
With which he wont to launch the ſalvage hart
Of many a Lyon, and of many a Beare,
That firſt unto his hand in chaſe did happen neare.

VII.

Whom *Calidore* a while well having vewed,
At length beſpake; What meanes this, gentle ſwaine?
Why hath thy hand too bold itſelfe embrewed
In blood of knight, the which by thee is ſlaine,
By thee no knight; which armes impugneth plaine?
Certes, ſaid he, loth were I to have broken
The law of armes; yet breake it ſhould againe,
Rather them let myſelfe of wight be ſtroken,
So long as theſe two armes were able to be wroken.

VIII.

For not I him as this his Ladie here
May witneſſe well, did offer firſt to wrong,
Ne ſurely thus unarm'd I likely were;
But he me firſt, through pride and puiſſance ſtrong,
Aſſayld, not knowing what to armes doth long.
Perdie, great blame, then ſaid Sir *Calidore*,
For armed knight a wight unarm'd to wrong.
But then aread, thou gentle chyld, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this ſtriſe and ſterne uprore.

IX. That

IX.

Then ſhall I ſooth, ſaid he, to you declare.
I, whoſe unryper yeares are yet unfit
For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
Doe ſpend my dayes, and bend my careleſſe wit
To ſalvage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forreſt, and wyld wooddie raine:
Where, as this day I was enraunging it,
I chaunſt to meete this knight, who there lyes ſlaine,
Together with this Ladie, paſſing on the plaine.

X.

The knight, as ye did ſee, on horſe backe was,
And this his Ladie, that him ill became,
Or her faire feet by his horſe ſide did pas
Through thicke and thin, unfit for any Dame.
Yet not content, more to increaſe his ſhame,
When ſo ſhe lagged, as ſhe needs mote ſo,
He with his ſpeare, that was to him great blame,
Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine, and making piteous woe.

XI.

Which when I ſaw, as they me paſſed by,
Much was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for ſuch cruelty
Towards a Ladie, whom with uſage kind
He rather ſhould have taken up behind.
Wherewith he wroth, and full of proud diſdaine,
Tooke in foule ſcorne, that I ſuch fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof revil'd againe,
Threatning to chaſtize, me as doth t'a chyld pertaine.

XII.

Which I no leſſe diſdayning, backe returned
His ſcornefull taunts unto his teeth againe,
That he ſtreight way with haughtie choler burned,
And with his ſpeare ſtrooke me one ſtroke or twaine;
Which I enforſt to beare, though to my paine,
Caſt to requite, and with a ſlender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as ſeemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his ſpirit ſhortly did depart.

XIII.

Much did Sir *Calidore* admyre his ſpeach
Tempred ſo well, but more admyr'd the ſtroke,
That through the mayles had made ſo ſtrong a breach
Into his hart, and had ſo ſternely wroke
His wrath on him, that firſt occaſion broke.
Yet reſted not, but further gan inquire
Of that ſame Ladie, whether what he ſpoke,
Were ſoothly ſo, and that th'unrighteous ire
Of her owne knight had given him his owne due hire.

XIV.

Of all which when as ſhe could nought deny,
But cleard that ſtripling of th'imputed blame,
Sayd then Sir *Calidore*; Neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather doe quite clame:
For what he ſpake, for you he ſpake it, Dame;
And what he did, he did himſelfe to ſave:
Againſt both which that knight wrought knightleſſe ſhame.
For knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all womenkind them kindly to behave.

XV. But

XV.

But ſith that he is gone irreuocable,
Pleaſe it you, Ladie, to us to aread,
What cauſe could make him ſo diſhonourable,
To drive you ſo on foot unfit to tread,
And lackey by him, gainſt all womanhead?
Certes, Sir knight, ſayd ſhe, full loth I were
To rayſe a lyving blame againſt the dead:
But ſince it me concernes, my ſelfe to clere,
I will the truth diſcover, as it chaunſt whylere.

XVI.

This day, as he and I together roade
Upon our way, to which we weren bent,
We chaunſt to come foreby a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a Ladie gent
Sate with a knight in joyous jolliment
Of their franke loves, free from all gealous ſpyes.
Faire was the Ladie ſure, that mote content
An hart, not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did ſhew all lovely courteſyes.

XVII.

Whom when my knight did ſee ſo lovely faire,
He inly gan her lover to envy,
And wiſh, that he part of his ſpoyle might ſhare.
Whereto when as my preſence he did ſpy
To be a let, he bad me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth,
My loves owne part to leave ſo ſuddenly,
He with ſtrong hand down fro his ſteed me throw'th,
And with preſumpteous powre againſt that knight ſtreight go'th.

XVIII.

Unarm'd all was the knight, as then more meete
For Ladies ſervice, and for loves delight,
Then fearing any foeman there to meete:
Whereof he taking oddes, ſtreight bids him dight
Himſelfe to yeeld his love, or elſe to fight.
Whereat the other ſtarting up diſmayd,
Yet boldly anſwer'd, as he rightly might;
To leave his love he ſhould be ill apayd,
In which he had good right gaynſt all that it gaineſayd.

XIX.

Yet ſince he was not preſently in plight
Her to defend, or his to juſtifie,
He him requeſted, as he was a knight,
To lend him day his better right to trie,
Or ſtay, till he his armes, which were thereby,
Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and whot,
Ne time would give, nor any termes aby,
But at him flew, and with his ſpeare him ſmot;
From which to thinke to ſave himſelfe, it booted not.

XX.

Meane while his Ladie, which this outrage ſaw,
Whiileſt they together for the quarrey ſtrove,
Into the covert did her ſelfe withdraw,
And cloſely hid her ſelfe within the grove.
My knight hers ſoone, as ſeemes, to daunger drove,
And left ſore wounded: but when her he miſt,
He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan rove,
And range through all the wood, where ſo he wiſt
She hidden was, and ſought her ſo long, as him liſt.

XXI. But

XXI.

But when as her he by no meanes could find,
After long ſearch and chauff, he turned backe
Unto the place, where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curſe and ban, for lacke
Of that faire bootie, and with bitter wracke
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.
Of all which I yet glad to beare the packe,
Strove to appeaſe him, and perſwaded long:
But ſtill his paſſion grew more violent and ſtrong.

XXII.

Then, as it were t'avenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we ſhould fare, he flat refuſed
To take me up, as this young man did ſee,
Upon his ſteed, for no juſt accuſed,
But forſt to trot on foot, and foule miſuſed;
Pounching me with the butt end of his ſpeare,
In vaine complayning, to be ſo abuſed.
For he regarded neither playnt nor teare,
But more enforſt my paine, the more my plaints to heare.

XXIII.

So paſſed we, till this young man us met,
And being moov'd with pittie of my plight,
Spake, as was meet, for eaſe of my regret:
Whereof beſell, what now is in your ſight.
Now ſure, then ſaid Sir *Calidore*, and right
Me ſeemes, that him beſell by his owne fault:
Who ever thinkes through confidence of might,
Or through ſupport of count'nance proud and hault,
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne aſſault.

XXIV Then

XXIV.

Then turning backe unto that gentle boy,
Which him himſelfe ſo ſtoutly well acquit;
Seeing his face ſo lovely ſterne and coy,
And hearing th'anſweres of his pregnant wit,
He prayſd it much, and much admyred it;
That ſure he weend him borne of noble blood,
With whom thoſe graces did ſo goodly fit:
And when he long had him beholding ſtood,
He burſt into theſe words, as to him ſeemed good:

XXV.

Faire gentle ſwayne, and yet as ſtout as fayre,
That in theſe woods amongſt the Nymphs doſt wonne,
Which daily may to thy ſweete lookes repayre,
As they are wont unto *Latonaes* ſonne,
After his chace on woodie *Cynthus* donne:
Well may I certes ſuch an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily haſt wonne,
Or ſurely borne of ſome Heroicke ſead,
That in thy face appeares and gratious goodlyhead.

XXVI.

But ſhould it not diſpleaſe thee it to tell;
(Unleſſe thou in theſe woods thy ſelfe conceale,
For love amongſt the woodie Gods to dwell,)
I would thy ſelfe require thee to reveale,
For deare affection and unfayned zeale,
Which to thy noble perſonage I beare,
And wiſh thee grow in worſhip and great weale.
For ſince the day that armes I firſt did reare,
I never ſaw in any greater hope appeare.

XXVII. To

XXVII.

To whome then thus the noble youth; May be
Sir knight, that by diſcovering my eſtate,
Harme may ariſe unweeting unto me;
Natheleſſe, ſith ye ſo courteous ſeemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye, that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a King, how ever thorough fate
Or fortune I my countrie have forlorne,
And loſt the crowne, which ſhould my head by right adorne.

XXVIII.

And *Triſtram* is my name, the onely heire
Of good king *Meliogras*, which did rayne
In Cornewale, till that he through lives deſpeire
Untimely dyde, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reaſon, my right to maintaine.
After whoſe death, his brother ſeeing mee
An infant, weake a kingdome to ſuſtaine,
Upon him tooke the roiall high degree,
And ſent me, where him liſt, inſtructed for to bee.

XXIX.

The widow Queene, my mother, which then hight
Faire *Emiline*, conceiving then great feare
Of my fraile ſafetie, reſting in the might
Of him, that did the kingly Scepter beare,
Whoſe gealous dread induring not a peare,
Is wont to cut off all, that doubt may breed,
Thought beſt away me to remove ſome where
Into ſome forrein land, where as no need
Of dreaded daunger might his doubtfull humor feed.

XXX. So

XXX.

So taking counſell of a wiſe man red,
She was by him adviz'd, to ſend me quight
Out of the countrie, wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile *Lioneſſe* is hight,
Into the land of *Faerie*, where no wight
Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong.
To whoſe wiſe read ſhe hearkning, ſent me ſtreight
Into this land, where I have wond thus long,
Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to ſtature ſtrong.

XXXI.

All which my daies I have not lewdly ſpent,
Nor ſpilt the bloſſome of my tender yeares
In ydleſſe, but, as was convenient,
Have trayned bene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes, and ſuch like ſeemely leres.
Mongſt which my moſt delight hath alwaies been,
To hunt the ſalvage chace amongſt my peres,
Of all that raungeth in the forreſt greene;
Of which none is to me unknowne, that ev'r was ſeene.

XXXII.

Ne is there hauke, which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high towring, or accoaſting low,
But I the meaſure of her flight doe ſearch,
And all her pray, and all her diet know.
Such be our joyes, which in theſe forreſts grow:
Onely the uſe of armes, which moſt I joy,
And fitteth moſt for noble ſwayne to know,
I have not taſted yet, yet paſt a boy,
And being now high time theſe ſtrong joynts to employ.

XXXIII. Therefore,

XXXIII.

Therefore, good Sir, ſith now occaſion fit
Doth fall, whoſe like hereafter ſeldome may,
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in batteilous array
I may beare armes, and learne to uſe them right;
The rather ſince that fortune hath this day
Given to me the ſpoile of this dead knight,
Theſe goodly gilden armes, which I have won in fight.

XXXIV.

All which when well Sir *Calidore* had heard,
Him much more now, then earſt he gan admire,
For the rare hope, which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; Faire chyld, the high deſire
To love of armes, which in you doth aſpire,
I may not certes without blame denie;
But rather wiſh, that ſome more noble hire,
(Though none more noble then is chevalrie,)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.

XXXV.

There him he cauſd to kneele, and made to ſweare
Faith to his knight, and truth to Ladies all,
And never to be recreant, for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and joyous then young *Triſtram* grew,
Like as a flowre, whoſe ſilken leaves ſmall,
Long ſhut up in the bud from heavens vew,
At length breakes forth, and brode diſplayes his ſmyling hew.

XXXVI.

Thus when they long had treated to and fro,
And *Calidore* betooke him to depart,
Chyld *Triſtram* prayd, that he with him might goe
On his adventure, vowing not to ſtart,
But wayt on him in every place and part.
Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,
And greatly joy'd at his ſo noble hart,
In hope he ſure would prove a doughtie knight:
Yet for the time this anſwere he to him behight:

XXXVII

Glad would I ſurely be, thou courteous Squire,
To have thy preſence in my preſent queſt,
That mote thy kindled courage ſet on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble breſt:
But I am bound by vow, which I profeſt
To my dread Soveraine, when I it aſſayd,
That in atchieuement of her high beheſt,
I ſhould no creature joyne unto mine ayde,
For thy I may not graunt that ye ſo greatly prayde.

XXXVIII

But ſince this Ladie is all deſolate,
And needeth ſafegard now upon her way,
Ye may doe well in this her needfull ſtate
To ſuccour her, from daunger of diſmay;
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.
The noble ympe, of ſuch new ſervice fayne,
It gladly did accept, as he did ſay.
So taking courteous leave, they parted twayne,
And *Calidore* forth paſſed to his former payne.

XXXIX But

XXXIX.

But *Triſtram* then deſpoyling that dead knight
Of all thoſe goodly implements of prayſe,
Long fed his greedie eyes with the faire ſight
Of the bright mettal, ſhyning like Sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thouſand wayes.
And after having them upon him dight,
He tooke that Ladie, and her up did rayſe
Upon the ſteed of her owne late dead knight;
So with her marched forth, as ſhe did him behight.

XL.

There to their fortune leave we them awhile,
And turn we backe to good Sir *Calidore*;
Who ere he thence had traveild many a mile,
Came to the place, whereas ye heard afore,
This knight, whom *Triſtram* ſlew, had wounded ſore
Another knight in his deſpiteous pryde:
There he that knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilous and wyde,
That all his garments and the graſſe in vermeill dyde.

XLI.

And there beſide him ſate upon the ground
His wofull Ladie, piteouſly complayning
With loud laments that moſt unluckie ſtound,
And her ſad ſelfe with carefull hand conſtrayning
To wype his wounds, and eaſe their bitter payning.
Which ſorie ſight when *Calidore* did vew
With heavie eyne, from teares uneath refrayning,
His mightie hart their mournefull caſe can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

XLII.

Then ſpeaking to the Ladie, thus he ſayd:
Ye dolefull Dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This knight unarm'd with ſo unknightly breach
Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may avenge him of ſo foule deſpight.
The Ladie, hearing his ſo courteous ſpeach,
Gan reare her eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her ſory hart few heavie words forth ſigh't.

XLIII.

In which ſhe ſhew'd, how that diſcourteous knight,
Whom *Triſtram* ſlew, them in that ſhadow found,
Joying together in unblam'd delight,
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his ſpeare, and mortally did wound,
Withouten cauſe, but onely her to reave
From him, to whom ſhe was for ever bound:
Yet when ſhe fled into that covert greave,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave.

XLIV

When *Calidore* this ruefull ſtorie had
Well underſtood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this outrage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as ſhe beſt could underſtand,
Him thus deſcrib'd, to be of ſtature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Ladie on rough waves, row'd in a ſommer barge.

XLV. Then

XLV

Then gan Sir *Calidore* to gheſſe ſtreight way
By many ſignes, which ſhe deſcribed had,
That this was he, whom *Triſtram* earſt did ſlay,
And to her ſaid, Dame, be no longer ſad;
For he, that hath your knight ſo ill beſtad,
Is now him ſelfe in much more wretched plight:
Theſe eyes him ſaw upon the cold earth ſprad,
The meede of his deſert for that deſpight,
Which to your ſelfe he wrought, and to your loved knight.

XLVI.

Therefore, faire Lady, lay aſide this griefe,
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart,
For that diſpleaſure; and thinke what reliefe
Were beſt deviſe for this your lovers ſmart,
And how ye may him hence, and to what part
Convay to be recur'd. She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care, which he did beare
Both to her love, and to her ſelfe in that ſad dreare.

XLVII.

Yet could ſhe not deviſe by any wit,
How thence ſhe might convay him to ſome place.
For him to trouble ſhe it thought unfit,
That was a ſtraunger to her wretched caſe;
And him to beare, ſhe thought it thing too baſe.
Which when as he perceiv'd, he thus beſpake;
Faire Lady, let it not you ſeeme diſgrace,
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
Myſelfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.

XLVIII. So

XLVIII.

So off he did his ſhield, and downeward lay
Upon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And powring balme, which he had long purvayd,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne,
Thence they him carried to a Caſtle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
Where what enſu'd, ſhall in next Canto be begonne,

CANT.

CANTO. III.

Calidore brings Priſcilla home;
Purſues the Blatant Beaſt;
Saves Serena, whileſt Calepine
By Turpine is oppreſt.

I.

TRUE is, that whilome that good Poet ſayd,
The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne.
For a man by nothing is ſo well bewrayd,
As by his manners, in which plaine is ſhowne
Of what degree and what race he is growne.
For ſeldome ſeen, a trotting ſtallion get
An ambling colt, that is his proper owne:
So ſeldome ſeene, that one in baſeneſſe ſet
Doth noble courage ſhew, with curteous manners met.

II.

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in *Calidore* deſcryde,
By late enſample of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Unto the Caſtle, where they had decreed.
There of the Knight, the which that Caſtle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was beſought.

III. He

III.

He was to weete a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had beene of mickle might,
And borne great ſway in armes amongſt his peares:
But now weake age had dimd his candle light.
Yet was he courteous ſtill to every wight,
And loved all that did to armes incline;
And was the father of that wounded Knight,
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine,
And *Aldus* was his name, and his ſonnes *Aladine*.

IV.

Who when he ſaw his ſonne ſo ill bedight,
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a beare,
By a faire Lady, and a ſtraunger Knight,
Was inly touched with compaſſion deare,
And deare affection of ſo dolefull dreare,
That he theſe words burſt forth; Ah ſory boy!
Is this the hope, that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? Aie me! is this the timely joy,
Which I expected long, now turnd to ſad annoy?

V.

Such is the weakeneſſe of all mortall hope;
So tickle is the ſtate of earthly things,
That ere they come unto their aymed ſcope,
They fall too ſhort of our fraile reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter ſorrowings,
In ſtead of comfort, which we ſhould embrace.
This his the ſtate of Keaſars and of Kings,
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky caſe.

VI. So

VI.

So well and wiſely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his gueſts, whom he had ſtayd that night,
And make their welcom to them well appeare:
That to Sir *Calidore* was eaſie geare.
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But ſigh'd and ſorrow'd for her lover deare,
And inly did afflict her penſive thought,
With thinking to what caſe her name ſhould now be brought.

VII.

For ſhe was daughter to a noble Lord,
Which dwelt thereby, who ſought her to affy
To a great pere; but ſhe did diſaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this freſh young knight, who dwelt her ny,
The luſty *Aladine*, though meaner borne,
And of leſſe livelood and hability,
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meaneſſe much, & make her th'others riches ſcorne.

VIII.

So having both found fit occaſion,
They met together in that luckeleſſe glade;
Where that proud Knight in his preſumption
The gentle *Aladine* did earſt invade,
Being unarm'd, and ſet in ſecret ſhade.
Whereof ſhe now bethinking, gan t' advize,
How great a hazard ſhe at earſt had made
Of her good fame, and further gan devize,
How ſhe the blame might ſalve with coloured diſguize.

IX.

But *Calidore* with all good courteſie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The penſive fit of her melancholie;
And that old Knight by all meanes did aſſay,
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the evening paſt, till time of reſt,
When *Calidore* in ſeemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undreſt,
Did ſleepe all night through weary travell of his queſt.

X.

But faire *Priſcilla* (ſo that Lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindely ſleepe,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguiſh weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did waſh and ſteepe.
So well ſhe waſht them, and ſo well ſhe wacht him,
That of the deadly ſwound, in which full deepe
He drenched was, ſhe at the lenght diſpacht him,
And drove away the ſtound, which mortally attacht him.

XI.

The morrow next, when day gan to uplooke,
He alſo gan uplooke with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he ſaw his faire *Priſcilla* by,
He deepely ſigh'd, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill ſtate, in which ſhe ſtood,
To which ſhe for his ſake had weetingly
Now brought her ſelfe, and blam'd her noble blood:
For firſt, next after life, he tendered her good.

XII. Which

XII.

Which ſhe perceiving, did with plenteous teares
His care more then her owne compaſſionate,
Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares:
So both conſpiring, gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to caſt,
How to ſave whole her hazarded eſtate;
For which the onely helpe now left them laſt
Seem'd to be *Calidore*; all other helpes were paſt.

XIII.

Him they did deeme, as ſure to them he ſeemed,
A courteous Knight, and full of faithfull truſt:
Therefore to him their cauſe they beſt eſteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing juſt.
Earely, ſo ſoone as *Titans* beames forth bruſt
Through the thicke clouds, in which they ſteeped lay
All night in darkeneſſe, duld with yron ruſt,
Calidore riſing up as freſh as day,
Gan freſhly him addreſſe unto his former way.

XIV.

But firſt him ſeemed fit, that wounded Knight
To viſite, after this nights perillous paſſe,
And to ſalute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his faire lovely laſſe.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moved ſpeach to him of things of courſe,
The anguiſh of his paine to overpaſſe:
Mongſt which he namely did to him diſcourſe
Of former daies miſhap, his ſorrowes wicked ſourſe,

XV.

Of which occaſion *Aldine* taking hold,
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his love,
And all his diſadventures to unfold;
That *Calidore* it dearly deepe did move.
In th'end his kyndly courteſie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love beſought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behove,
To ſafeconduct his love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her fathers houſe he had her brought.

XVI.

Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight,
It to performe: ſo after little ſtay,
That ſhe her ſelfe had to the journey dight,
He paſſed forth with her in faire array,
Feareleſſe, who ought did thinke, or ought did ſay,
Sith his own thought he knew moſt cleare from wite.
So as they paſt together on their way,
He can devize this counter-caſt of ſlight,
To give faire colour to that Ladies cauſe in ſight.

XVII.

Streight to the carkaſſe of that Knight he went,
The cauſe of all this evill, who was ſlaine
The day before by juſt avengement
Of noble *Triſtram*, where it did remaine:
There he the necke thereof did cut it twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the ſigne of ſhame.
So forth he paſſed thorough that daies paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers houſe he came,
Moſt penſive man, through feare, what of his child became.

XVIII. There

XVIII.

There he arriving boldly did preſent
The fearefull Lady to her father deare,
Moſt perfect pure, and guiltleſſe innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood ſweare,
Since firſt he ſaw her, and did free from feare
Of a diſcourteous Knight, who her had reft,
And by outragious force away did beare:
Witneſſe thereof he ſhew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

XIX.

Moſt joyfull man her ſire was her to ſee,
And heare th'adventure of her late miſchaunce;
And thouſand thankes to *Calidore* for ſee
Of his large paines in her deliveraunce
Did yeeld: ne leſſe the Lady did advaunce.
Thus having her reſtored truſtily,
As he had vow'd, ſome ſmall continuaunce
He there did make, and then doſt carefully
Unto his firſt exploite he did him ſelfe apply.

XX.

So as he was purſuing of his queſt,
He chaunſt to come whereas a jolly Knight
In covert ſhade him ſelfe did ſafely reſt,
To ſolace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him undight;
For that him ſelfe he thought from daunger free,
And far from envious eyes; that mote him ſpight,
And eke the Lady was full faire to ſee,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

XXI. To

XXI.

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nye,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abaſht, but more him ſelfe thereby,
That he ſo rudely did uppon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight.
Yet ſince it was his fortune, not his fault,
Him ſelfe thereof he labour'd to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his ſo raſh default,
That he gainſt courteſie ſo fowly did default.

XXII.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit
He ſoone allayd that Knights conceiv'd diſpleaſure,
That he beſought him downe by him to ſit,
That they mote treat of things abrode at leaſure;
And of adventures, which had in his meaſure
Of ſo long waies to him befallen late.
So downe he ſate, and with delightfull pleaſure
His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through daungerous debate.

XXIII.

Of which whileſt they diſcourſed both together,
The faire *Serena* (ſo his Lady hight)
Allur'd with myldneſſe of the gentle wether,
And pleaſaunce of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowres diſtinct with rare delight,
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering luſt after her wandring ſight,
To make a garland to adorne her hed,
Without ſuſpect of ill or daungers hidden dred.

XXIV. All

XXIV.

All ſodainely out of the forreſt nere
The *Blatant Beaſt* forth ruſhing unaware,
Caught her thus looſely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare,
Crying aloud in vaine, to ſhew her ſad misfare
Unto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde,
Who with the horrour of her hapleſſe care
Haſtily ſtarting up, like men diſmayde,
Ran after faſt, to reskue the diſtreſſed mayde.

XXV.

The Beaſt with their purſuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace,
For to have ſpoyled her, when *Calidore*,
Who was more light of foote and ſwift in chace,
Him overtooke in middeſt of his race;
And fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forſt to forgoe his pray there in the place,
And to betake himſelfe to fearefull flight;
For he durſt not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

XXVI.

Who natheleſſe, when he the Lady ſaw
There left on ground, though in full evil plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neare did draw,
Staide not to ſuccour her in that affright,
But follow'd faſt the Monſter in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him ſo faſt,
That he nould let him breath nor gather ſpright,
But forſt him gape and gaſpe, with dread aghaſt,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh a ſunder braſt.

XXVII. And

XXVII.

And now by this, Sir *Calepine*, ſo hight,
Came to the place, where he his Lady found
In dolorous diſmay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Having both ſides through grypt with grieſly wound.
His weapons ſoone from him he threw away,
And ſtouping downe to her in drery ſwound,
Uprear'd her from the ground, whereon ſhe lay,
And in his tender armes her forced up to ſtay.

XXVIII.

So well he did his buſie paines apply,
That the faint ſprite he did revoke againe,
To her fraile manſion of mortality.
Then up he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And ſetting on his ſteede, her did ſuſtaine
With carefull hands, ſofting foot her beſide,
Till to ſome place of reſt they mote attaine,
Where ſhe in ſafe aſſuraunce mote abide,
Till ſhe recured were of thoſe her woundes wide.

XXIX.

Now when as *Phœbus* with his fiery waine
Unto his Inne began to draw apace;
Tho wexing weary of that toyleſome paine,
In travelling on foote ſo long a ſpace,
Not wont on foote with heavy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a rivers ſyde,
He chaunſt to ſpie a faire and ſtately place,
To which he meant his weary ſteps to guyde,
In hope there for his love ſome ſuccour to provyde.

XXX. But

XXX.

But comming to the rivers ſide, he found,
That hardly paſſable on foote it was:
Therefore there ſtill he ſtood as in a ſtound,
Ne wiſt which way he through the foord mote pas.
Thus whilſt he was in this diſtreſſed caſe,
Deviſing what to doe, he nigh eſpyde
An armed Knight approaching to the place,
With a faire Lady lincked by his ſyde,
The which themſelves prepard thorough the foord to ride.

XXXI.

Whom *Calepine* ſaluting, as became,
Beſought of courteſie in that his neede,
For ſafe conducting of his ſickely Dame,
Through that ſame perillous foord with better heede,
To take him up behinde upon his ſteed.
To whom that other did this taunt returne;
Perdy, thou peaſant Knight, mightſt rightly reed
Me then to be full baſe and evill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of ſuch ſcorne.

XXXII.

But as thou haſt thy ſteed forlorne with ſhame,
So fare on foote till thou another gayne,
And let thy Lady likewiſe doe the ſame;
Or beare her on thy backe with pleaſing payne,
And prove thy manhood on the billowes vayne.
With which rude ſpeach his Lady much diſpleaſed,
Did him reprove, yet could him not reſtrayne,
And would on her owne Palfrey him have eaſed,
For pitty of his Dame, whom ſhe ſaw ſo diſeaſed.

XXXIII.

Sir *Calepine* her thanckt, yet inly wroth
Againſt her Knight, her gentleneſſe refuſed,
And careleſly into the river goth,
As in deſpight to be ſo fowle abuſed
Of a rude churle, whom often he accuſed
Of fowle diſcourteſie, unfit for Knight;
And ſtrongly wading through the waves unuſed,
With ſpeare in th'one hand, ſtayd himſelfe upright,
With th'other ſtaide his Lady up with ſteddy might.

XXXIV.

And all the while, that ſame diſcourteous Knight
Stood on the further bancke beholding him;
At whoſe calamity, for more deſpight,
He laught, and mockt to ſee him like to ſwim.
But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,
And ſaw his carriage paſt that perill well,
Looking at that ſame Carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeaunce inwardly did ſwell,
And forth at laſt did breake in ſpeaches ſharpe and fell:

XXXV.

Unknightly Knight, the blemiſh of that name,
And blot of all, that armes uppon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,
That thou for ever doe thoſe armes forſake;
And be for ever held a recreant Knight,
Unleſſe thou dare for thy deare Ladies ſake,
And for thine owne defence, on foote alight,
To juſtifie thy fault gainſt me in equall fight.

XXXVI. The

XXXVI.

The daſtard, that did heare him ſelfe defyde,
Seem'd not to weigh his threatfull words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pryde
Did ſcorne the challenge of ſo baſe a thrall;
Or had no courage, or elſe had no gall.
So much the more was *Calepine* offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and him ſelfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward ſo to be condemned.

XXXVII.

But he nought weighing what he ſayd or did,
Turned his ſteede about another way,
And with his Lady to the Caſtle rid,
Where was his won; ne did the other ſtay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his ſicke charge ſome harbour there to ſeeke;
Where he arriving with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meeke,
And myld entreaty, lodging did for her beſeeke.

XXXVIII.

But the rude porter, that no manners had,
Did ſhut the gate againſt him in his face,
And entraunce boldly unto him forbad.
Natheleſſe the Knight, now in ſo needy caſe,
Gan him entreat even with ſubmiſſion baſe,
And humbly praid to let them in that night:
Who to him aunſwer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Unleſſe that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

XXXIX.

Full loth am I, quoth he, as now at earſt,
When day is ſpent, and reſt us needeth moſt,
And that this Lady, both whoſe ſides are pearſt
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghoſt:
Ne would I gladly combate with mine hoſt,
That ſhould to me ſuch curteſie afford,
Unleſs that I were thereunto enforſt.
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus ſtrongly ward the Caſtle of the ford.

XL.

His name, quoth he, if that thou liſt to learne,
Is hight Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might,
And manhood rare, but terrible and ſtearne
In all aſſaies to every errant Knight;
Becauſe of one, that wrought him fowle deſpight.
Ill ſeemes, ſayd he, if he ſo valiaunt be,
That he ſhould be ſo ſterne to ſtranger wight;
For ſeldome yet did living creature ſee,
That curteſie and manhood ever diſagree.

XLI.

But go thy waies to him, and fro me ſay,
That here is at his gate an errant Knight,
That houſe-rome craves, yet would be loth t'aſſay
The proofe of battell, now in doubtfull night,
Or curteſie with rudeneſſe to requite.
Yet if he needes will fight, crave leave till morne,
And tell with all the lamentable plight,
In which this Lady languiſheth forlorne,
That pitty craves, as he of woman was yborne.

XLII. The

XLII.

The groome went ſtreight way in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the meſſage, which that Knight did move;
Who ſitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demaund approve,
But both himſelfe revil'd, and eke his love;
Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,
Him of ungentle uſage did reprove
And earneſtly entreated, that they might
Finde favour to be lodged there for that ſame night.

XLIII.

Yet would he not perſwaded be for ought,
Ne from his curriſh will awhit reclame.
Which anſwer when the groome returning brought
To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for ſo foule a ſhame,
That he could not thereof avenged bee:
But moſt for pitty of his dearest Dame,
Whom now in deadly daunger he did ſee;
Yet had no meanes to comfort, nor procure her glee.

XLIV.

But all in vaine; for why, no remedy
He ſaw, the preſent miſchiefe to redreſſe;
But th'utmoſt end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addreſſe.
So downe he tooke his Lady in diſtreſſe,
And layd her underneath a buſh to ſleepe,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchedneſſe,
Whiles he him ſelfe all night did nought but weepe,
And wary watch about her for her ſafegard keepe.

XLV. The

XLV.

The morrow next, ſo ſoone as joyous day
Did ſhew it ſelfe in ſunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous diſmay,
Twixt darkeneſſe dread, and hope of living light,
Uprear'd her head to ſee that cheareſull ſight.
Then *Calepine*, how ever inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile diſpight,
Yet for the feeble Ladies ſake, full loth
To make there lenger ſtay, forth on his journey goth.

XLVI.

He goth on foote all armed by her ſide,
Upſtaying ſtill her ſelfe uppon her ſteede,
Being unhable elſe alone to ride;
So ſore her ſides, ſo much her wounds did bleede:
Till that at length, in his extreameſt neede,
He chaunſt far off an armed Knight to ſpy,
Purſuing him apace with greedy ſpeede,
Whom well he wiſt to be ſome enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his miſery.

XLVII.

Wherefore he ſtayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what iſſue would thereof betyde.
Tho whenas he approched nigh in vew,
By certaine ſignes he plainely him deſcryde
To be the man, that with ſuch ſcornefull pryde
Had him abuſde, and ſhamed yeſterday.
Therefore miſdoubting, leaſt he ſhould miſguyde
His former malice to ſome new aſſay,
He caſt to keepe him ſelfe ſo ſafely as he may.

XLVII. By

XLVIII.

By this the other came in place likewiſe,
And couching cloſe his ſpeare and all his powre,
As bent to ſome malicious enterpriſe,
He bad him ſtand, t'abide the bitter ſtoure
Of his ſore vengeaunce, or to make avoure
Of the lewd words and deedes, which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would devoure
His life at once; who nought could do, but ſhun
The perill of his pride, or elſe be overrun.

XLIX.

Yet he him ſtill purſewd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill,
And like a wilde goate round about did chace,
Flying the fury of his bloudy will.
But his beſt ſuccour and refuge was ſtill
Behinde his Ladies backe, who to him cryde,
And called oft with prayers loud and ſhrill,
As ever he to Lady was affyde,
To ſpare her Knight, and reſt with reaſon pacifyde.

L.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager fellneſſe him purſew'd,
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chaunce a cloſe advantage vew'd,
He over raught him, having long eſchew'd
His violence in vaine, and with his ſpere
Strooke through his ſhoulder, that the blood enſew'd
In great aboundance, as a well it were,
That forth out of an hill freſh guſhing did appere.

LI. Yet

LI.

Yet ceaſt he not for all that cruell wound,
But chaſte him ſtill, for all his Ladies cry,
Not ſatisfyde till on the fatall ground
He ſaw his life powrd forth diſpiteouſly:
The which was certes in great jeopardy,
Had not a wondrous chaunce his reskue wrought,
And ſaved from his cruell villany.
Such chaunces oft exceed all humaine thought:
That in another Canto ſhall to end be brought.

CANTO

CANTO. IV.

Calepine by a ſalvage man
From Turpine reskewed is,
And whyleſt an Infant from a Beare
He ſaves, his love doth miſſe.

I.

LIKE as a ſhip with dreadfull ſtorme long toſt,
Having ſpent all her maſtes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be loſt,
At laſt ſome fiſher barke doth neare behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold.
Such was the ſtate of this moſt courteous knight,
Being oppreſſed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in moſt perilous plight,
And his ſad Ladie left in pitifull affright.

II.

Till that by fortune, paſſing all foreſight,
A ſalvage man, which in thoſe woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and piteous ſhright,
Toward the ſame inceſſantly did ronne,
To underſtand what there was to be donne.
There he this moſt diſcourteous craven found,
As fiercely yet, as when he firſt begonne,
Chaſing the gentle *Calepine* around,
Ne ſparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

III.

The ſalvage man, that never till this houre
Did taſte of pittie, neither gentleſſe knew,
Seeing his ſharpe aſſault and cruell ſtoure,
Was much emmoved at his perils vew,
That even his ruder hart began to rew,
And feel compaſſion of his evil plight,
Againſt his foe, that did him ſo purſew:
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that ſo villenous deſpight.

IV.

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the uſe of warlike inſtruments,
Save ſuch as ſudden rage him lent to ſmite;
But naked without needfull veſtiments,
To clad his corpſe with meete habiliments,
He cared not for dint of ſword nor ſpeere,
No more then for the ſtroke of ſtrawes or bents:
For from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

V.

He ſtayed not t'advize, which way were beſt
His foe t'aſſayle, or how himſelfe to gard,
But with fierce fury and with force inſeſt
Upon him ran; who being well prepard,
His firſt aſſault full warily did ward,
And with the puſh of his ſharp-pointed ſpeare
Full on the breaſt him ſtrooke, ſo ſtrong and hard,
That forſt him back recoyle, and reale areare;
Yet in his bodie made no wound nor bloud appear.

VI. With

VI.

With that the wyld man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tygre, that hath miſt his pray,
And with mad mood again upon him flew;
Regarding neither ſpeare, that mote him ſlay,
Nor his fierce ſteed, that mote him much diſmay.
The ſalvage nation doth all dread deſpize.
Tho on his ſhield he griple hold did lay,
And held the ſame ſo hard, that by no wize
He could him force to looſe, or leave his enterprize.

VII.

Long did he wreſt and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vaine:
For he would not his greedie gripe forgoe,
But hayld and puld with all his might and maine,
That from his ſteed him nigh he drew againe.
Who having now no uſe of his long ſpeare,
So nigh at hand, nor force his ſhield to ſtraine,
Both ſpere and ſhield, as things that needleſſe were,
He quite ſoorſooke, and fled himſelfe away for feare.

VIII.

But after him the wyld man ran apace,
And him purſewed with importune ſpeed,
(For he was ſwift as any bucke in chace)
And had he not in his extremeſt need
Bene helped through the ſwiftneſſe of his ſteed,
He had him overtaken in his flight.
Who, ever as he ſaw him nigh ſucceed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And ſhrieked out; a thing uncomely for a knight.

IX.

But when the Salvage ſaw his labour vaine,
In following of him, that fled ſo faſt,
He wearie woxe, and backe return'd againe
With ſpeede unto the place, whereas he laſt
Had left that couple, nere their utmoſt caſt.
There he that knight full ſorely bleeding found,
And eke the Ladie fearefully aghaſt,
Both for the perill of the preſent ſtound,
And alſo for the ſharpneſſe of her rankling wound.

X.

For though ſhe were right glad, ſo rid to bee
From that vile lozell, which her late offended,
Yet now no leſſe encombrance ſhe did ſee,
And perill by this ſalvage man pretended;
Gainſt whom ſhe ſaw no meanes to be defended,
By reaſon that her knight was wounded ſore.
Therefore her ſelfe ſhe wholy recommended
To God's ſole grace, whom ſhe did oft implore,
To ſend her ſuccour, being of all hope forlore.

XI.

But the wyld man, contrarie to her feare,
Came to her creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compaſſion of her dolefull ſtound,
Kiſſing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For other language had he none nor ſpeach,
But a ſoft murmure, and confuſed ſound
Of ſenſeleſſe words, which nature did him teach,
T'expreſſe his paſſions, which his reaſon did empeach.

XII. And

XII.

And comming likewiſe to the wounded knight,
When he beheld the ſtreames of purple blood
Yet flowing freſh, as moved with the ſight,
He made great mone after his ſalvage mood,
And running ſtreight into the thickeſt wood,
A certaine herbe from thence unto him brought,
Whoſe vertue he by uſe well underſtood:
The juyce whereof into his wound he wrought,
And ſtopt the bleeding ſtraight, ere he it ſtaunched thought.

XIII.

Then taking up that Recreants ſhield and ſpeare,
Which earſt he left, he ſignes unto them made,
With him to wend unto his wonning neare:
To which he eaſily did them perſwade.
Farre in the forreſt by a hollow glade,
Covered with moſſie ſhrubs, which ſpredding brode
Did underneath them make a gloomy ſhade,
Where foot of living creature never trode,
Ne ſcarſe wyld beaſts durſt come, there was this wights abode.

XIV.

Thether he brought theſe unacquainted gueſts,
To whom faire ſemblance, as he could, he ſhewed
By ſignes, by lookes, and all his other geſts.
But the bare ground, with hoarie moſſe beſtrowed,
Muſt be their bed, their pillow was unſowed,
And the frutes of the forreſt was their feaſt:
For their bad ſtuard neither plough'd nor ſowed,
Ne fed on fleſh, ne ever of wyld beaſt
Did taſt the bloud, obaying natures firſt beheaſt.

XV. Yet

XV.

Yet howſever baſe and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all,
Which had them freed from that deadly feare,
And ſav'd from being to that caytive thrall.
Here they of force, as fortune now did fall,
Compelled were themſelves a while to reſt,
Glad of that eaſement, though it were but ſmall;
That having there their wounds awhile redreſt,
They mote the abler be to paſſe unto the reſt.

XVI.

During which time, that wyld man did apply
His beſt endevour, and his daily paine,
In ſeeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbes to dreſſe their wounds; ſtill ſeeming faine,
When ought he did, that did their lyking gaine.
So as ere long he had that knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe:
But that ſame Ladies hurts no herbe he found
Which could redreſſe, for it was inwardly unſound.

XVII.

Now when as *Calepine* was woxen ſtrong,
Upon a day he caſt abrode to wend,
To take the ayre, and heare the thruſhes ſong,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor frend,
And without ſword his perſon to defend.
There him befall, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappie end,
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his bloodie jawes, beſprinckled all with gore.

XVIII. The

XVIII.

The litle babe did loudly ſcrike and ſquall,
And all the woods with piteous plaints did fill,
As if his cry did meane for helpe to call
To *Calepine*, whoſe eares thoſe ſhrieches ſhrill
Percing his hart with pities point did thrill;
That after him he ran with zealous haſte,
To reſcue th'infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he ſaw now ſomewhat overpaſt,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and purſewed faſt.

XIX.

Well then him chaunſt his heavy armes to want,
Whoſe burden mote empeach his needfull ſpeed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant:
For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himſelfe ſo light,
That like an Hauke, which feeling her ſelfe freed
From bels and jeſſes, which did let her flight,
Him ſeem'd his feet did fly, and in their ſpeed delight.

XX.

So well he ſped him, that the wearie Beare
Ere long he overtooke, and forſt to ſtay,
And without weapon him aſſayling neare,
Compeld him ſoone the ſpoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beaſt enrag'd to looſe his pray,
Upon him turned, and with greedie force
And furie, to be croſſed in his way,
Gaping full wyde, did thinke without remorſe
To be aveng'd on him, and to devoure his corſe.

XXI. But

XXI.

But the bold knight no whit thereat diſmayd,
But catching up in hand a ragged ſtone,
Which lay thereby (ſo fortune him did ayde)
Upon him ran, and thruſt it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone,
And gaſpe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digeſt that bone;
Ne could it upward come, nor downward paſſe,
Ne could he brooke the coldneſſe of the ſtony maſſe.

XXII.

Whom when as he thus combred did behold,
Stryving in vain that nigh his bowels braſt,
He with him cloſd, and laying mightie hold
Upon his throte, did grpe his gorge ſo faſt,
That wanting breath, him downe to drown the caſt;
And then oppreſſing him with urgent paine,
Ere long enforct to breath his utmoſt blaſt,
Gnaſhing his cruel teeth at him in vaine,
And threatning his ſharpe clawes, now wanting powre to ſtraine.

XXIII.

Then took he up betwixt his armes twaine
The little babe, ſweet relickes of his pray;
Whom pitying to heare ſo ſore complaine,
From his ſoft eyes the tears he wypt away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray,
And every litle limbe he ſearcht around,
And every part, that under ſweathbands lay,
Leaſt that the beaſts ſharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender fleſh; but whole them all he found.

XIV. So

XXIV.

So having all his bands againe uptyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe:
But when he lookt about on every ſyde,
To weet which way were beſt to entertaine,
To bring him to the place, where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot deſcry,
Ne by inquirie learne, nor gheſſe by ayme.
For nought but woods and forreſts farre and nye,
That all about did cloſe the compaſſe of his eye.

XXV.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take: now Weſt he went a while,
Then North, then neither, but as fortune fell.
So up and downe he wandred many a mile,
With wearie travell and uncertaine toile,
Yet nought the nearer to his journey's end;
And evermore his lovely little ſpoile
Crying for food, did greatly him offend.
So all that day in wandring vainly he did ſpend.

XXVI.

At laſt, about the ſetting of the ſunne,
Him ſelfe out of the forreſt he did wynd,
And by good fortune the plaine champion wonne:
Where looking all about, where he mote fynd
Some place of ſuccour to content his mynd,
At length he heard under the forreſt's ſyde
A voice, that ſeemed of ſome woman-kynd,
Which to her ſelfe lamenting loudly cryde,
And oft complayn'd of fate, and fortune oft defyde.

XXVII.

To whom approching, when as ſhe perceived
A ſtranger wight in place, her plaint ſhe ſtayd,
As if ſhe doubted to have been deceived,
Or loth to let her ſorrows be bewrayd.
Whom when as *Calepine* ſaw ſo diſmayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandiſhment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her ſayd;
What be you, wofull dame, which thus lament,
And for what cauſe declare, ſo mote ye not repent?

XXVIII.

To whom ſhe thus; What need me, Sir, to tell
That which your ſelfe have earſt ared ſo right?
A wofull dame ye have me termed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redreſſed be by living wight.
Nathleſſe, quoth he, if need doe not you bynd,
Doe it diſcloſe, to eaſe your grieved ſpright:
Oft-times it haps, that ſorrowes of the mynd
Find remedie unſought, which ſeeking cannot fynd.

XXIX.

Then thus began the lamentable dame;
Sith then ye needs will know the griefe I hoord,
I am th'unfortunate *Matilde* by name,
The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his ſword
From a great gyant, called *Cormoraunt*;
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord,
And in three battells did ſo deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

XXX.

So is my lord now ſeiz'd of all the land,
As in his fee, with peaceable eſtate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate.
But to theſe happie fortunes cruell fate
Hath joyn'd one evill, which doth overthrow
All theſe our joyes, and all our bliſſe abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endleſſe loſſe to overflow.

XXXI.

For th'heavens envying our proſperitie,
Have not vouchſaft to graunt unto us twaine
The gladfull bleſſing of poſteritie,
Which we might ſee after our ſelves remaine
In th'heritage of our unhappie paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foul feend, who dayly doth attend
To leape into the ſame after our lives end.

XXXII.

But moſt my lord is grieved herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke,
That all this land unto his foe ſhall fall,
For which he long in vaine did ſweat and ſwinke,
That now the ſame he greatly doth forthinke.
Yet was it ſayd, there ſhould to him a ſonne
Be gotten, not begotten, which ſhould drinke
And dry up all the water, which doth ronne
In the next brooke, by whom that feend ſhould be fordonne.

XXXIII.

Well hop't he then, when this was propheſide,
That from his ſides ſome noble chyld ſhould rize,
The which through fame ſhould farre be magnifide,
And this proud gyant ſhould with brave emprize
Quite overthrow, who now ginnes to deſpize
The good Sir *Bruin*, growing farre in yeares;
Who thinkes from me his ſorrow all doth rize.
Lo this my cauſe of griefe to you appeares;
For which I thus doe mourne, and poure forth ceaſeleſſe teares.

XXXIV.

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her unworthy griefe,
And when he had devized of her caſe,
He gan in mind conceive a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if pleaſe her make the priefe.
And having cheared her, thus ſaid; Faire dame,
In evills counſell is the comfort chiefe,
Which though I be not wiſe enough to frame,
Yet as I well it meane, vouchſafe it without blame.

XXXV.

If that the cauſe of this your languiſhment
Be lacke of children, to ſupply your place,
Low how good fortune doth to you preſent
This little babe, of ſweete and lovely face,
And ſpotleſſe ſpirit, in which ye may enchace
What ever formes ye liſt thereto apply,
Being now ſoft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye liſt him traine in chevalry,
Or nourſle up in lore of learn'd philoſophy.

XXXVI. And

XXXVI.

And certes it hath oftentimes bene ſeene,
That of the like, whoſe linage was unknowne,
More brave and noble knights have rayſed beene,
As their victorious deedes have often ſhowen,
Being with fame through many nations blowen,
Then thoſe, which have bene dandled in the lap.
Therefore ſome thought, that thoſe brave imps were ſowen
Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly ſap,
That made them grow ſo high t'all honourable hap.

XXXVII.

The ladie hearkning to his ſenſefull ſpeach,
Found nothing, that he ſaid, unmeet nor geaſon,
Having oft ſeene it tryde, as he did teach.
Therefore inclyning to his goodly reaſon,
Agreeing well both with the place and ſeaſon,
She gladly did of that ſame babe accept,
As of her owne by livery and ſeiſin,
And having over it a little wept.
She bore it thence, and ever as her owne it kept.

XXXVIII.

Right glad was *Calepine* to be ſo rid
Of his young charge, whereof he ſkilled nought:
Ne ſhe leſſe glad; for ſhe ſo wiſely did,
And with her huſband under hand ſo wrought,
That when that infant unto him ſhe brought,
She made him thinke it ſurely was his owne,
And it in goodly thewes ſo well upbrought,
That it became a famous knight well knowne,
And did right noble deedes, the which elſewhere are ſhowne.

XXXIX. But

XXXIX.

But *Calipine*, now being left alone
Under the greenewood's ſide in ſorie plight,
Withouten armes or ſteede to ride upon,
Or houſe to hide his head from heaven's ſpight,
Albe that dame, by all the meanes ſhe might,
Him oft deſired home with her to wend,
And offred him, his courteſie to requite,
Both horſe and armes, and what ſo elſe to lend,
Yet he them all refuſd, though thankt her as a frend.

XL.

And for exceeding grieſe, which inly grew,
That he his love ſo luckleſſe now had loſt,
On the cold ground, maugre, himſelfe he threw,
For fell deſpight, to be ſo ſorely croſt;
And there all night himſelfe in anguiſh toſt,
Vowing, that never he in bed againe
His limbes would reſt, ne lig in eaſe emboſt,
Till that his ladie's ſight he mote attaine,
Or underſtand, that ſhe in ſafetie did remaine.

Canto V.

The ſalvage ſerves Matilda well,
Till ſhe prince Arthure fynd,
Who her together with his ſquire
With th'hermit leaves behind.

I.

What an eaſie thing is to deſcry
The gentle bloud, how ever it be wrapt
In ſad misfortune's foule deformity,
And wretched ſorrowes, which have often hapt?
For howſoever it may grow miſ-ſhapt,
Like this wyld man, being undiſciplynd,
That to all vertue it may ſeeme unapt;
Yet will it ſhew ſome ſparkes of gentle mynd,
And at the laſt breake forth in his owne proper kynd.

II.

That plainely may in this wyld man be red;
Who though he were ſtill in this deſert wood,
Mongſt ſalvage beaſts, both rudely borne and bred,
Ne ever ſaw faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet ſhewd ſome token of his gentle blood,
By gentle uſage of that wretched dame.
For certes he was borne of noble blood;
How ever by hard hap he hether came;
As ye may know, when time ſhall be to tell the ſame.

III. Who

III.

Who when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir *Calepine*, that farre was ſtrayd,
Did wexe exceeding ſorrowfull and ſad,
As he of ſome misfortune were afrayd:
And leaving there this ladie all diſmayd,
Went forth ſtreightway into the forreſt wyde,
To ſeeke, if he perchance aſleepe were layd,
Or what ſo elſe were unto him betyde:
He ſought him farre and neare, yet him no where he ſpyde,

IV.

Tho' backe returning to that ſorie dame,
He ſhewed ſemblant of exceeding mone,
By ſpeaking ſignes, as he them beſt could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a ſtone,
That ruth it was to ſee him ſo lament.
By which ſhe well perceiving what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breaſt, and piteouſly her ſelfe torment.

V.

Upon the ground her ſelfe ſhe fiercely threw,
Regardleſſe of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,
That with their blood did all the flore imbrew,
As if her breaſt, new launcht with murdrous knife,
Would ſtreight diſlodge the wretched wearie life.
There ſhe long groveling, and deepe groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at ſtrife
With ſtronger death, and feared their decay;
Such were this ladie's pangs and dolorous aſſay.

VI. Whom

VI.

Whom when the ſalvage ſaw ſo ſore diſtreſt,
He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
And ſought by all the means, that he could beſt,
Her to recure out of that ſtony ſwound,
And ſtaunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
Yet would ſhe be recomforted for nought,
Ne ceaſe her ſorrow and impatient ſtound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And ever more and more her owne affliction wrought

VII.

At length, when as no hope of his retourne
She ſaw now left, ſhe caſt to leave the place,
And wend abrode, though feeble and forlorne,
To ſeeke ſome comfort in that ſorie caſe.
His ſteede now ſtrong through reſt ſo long a ſpace,
Well as ſhe could, ſhe got, and did bedight,
And being thereon mounted, forth did pace,
Withouten guide, her to conduct aright,
Or gard her to defend from bold oppreſſors might.

VIII.

Whom when her Hoſt ſaw readie to depart,
He would not ſuffer her alone to fare,
But gan himſelfe addreſſe to take her part.
Thoſe warlike armes, which *Calepine* whyleare
Had left behind, he gan eftſoones prepare,
And put them all about himſelfe unfit,
His ſhield, his helmet, and his curats bare.
But without ſword upon his thigh to ſit:
Sir *Calepine* himſelfe away had hidden it.

IX.

So forth they traveld an uneven payre,
That mote to all men ſeeme an uncouth ſight;
A ſalvage man matcht with a Lady fayre,
That rather ſeem'd the conqueſt of his might,
Gotten by ſpoyle, then purchaced aright.
But he did her attend moſt carefully,
And faithfully did ſerve both day and night,
Withouten thought of ſhame or villeny,
Nor ever ſhewed ſigne of foule diſloyalty.

X.

Upon a day as on their way they went,
It chaunſt ſome furniture about her ſteed
To be diſordred by ſome accident;
Which to redreſſe, ſhe did th'aſſiſtance need
Of this her groome, which he by ſignes did reede,
And ſtreight his combrous armes aſide did lay
Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to aſſay
T'amend what was amiſſe, and put in right aray.

XI.

Bout which whileſt he was buſied thus hard,
Lo where a knight together with his ſquire,
All arm'd to point, came ryding thetherward,
Which ſeemed by their portance and attire
To be two errant knights, that did inquire
After adventures, where they mote them get.
Thoſe were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
By ſtraunge occaſion, that here needs forth be ſet.

XII. After

XII.

After that *Timias* had againe recured
The favour of *Belphebe*, as ye heard,
And of her grace did ſtand againe aſſured,
To happie bliſſe he was full high uprear'd,
Neither of envy, nor of chaunge afeard,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with unjuſt detraction did him beard;
Yet he himſelfe ſo well and wiſely bore,
That in her ſoveraine lyking he dwelt evermore.

XIII.

But of them all, which did his ruine ſeeke,
Three mightie enemies did him moſt deſpight,
Three mightie ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely ſought by open might
To overthrow, but to ſupplant by ſlight.
The firſt of them by name was cald *Deſpetto*,
Exceeding all the reſt in powre and hight;
The ſecond not ſo ſtrong but wiſe, *Decetto*;
The third nor ſtrong nor wiſe, but ſpightfulleſt *Defetto*.

XIV.

Oftimes their ſundry powres they did employ,
And ſeverall deceipts, but all in vaine:
For neither they by force could him deſtroy,
Ne yet entrap in treaſons ſubtill traine.
Therefore conſpiring all together plaine,
They did their counſels now in one compound;
Where ſingled forces faile, conjoynd may gaine.
The *Blatant Beaſt* the fitteſt meanes they found,
To worke his utter ſhame, and throughly him confound.

XV.

Upon a day as they the time did waite,
When he did raunge the wood for ſalvage game,
They ſent that *Blatant Beaſt* to be a baite,
To draw him from his deare beloved dame,
Unwares into the daunger of defame.
For well they wiſt, that Squire to be ſo bold,
That no one beaſt in forreſt wylde or tame
Met him in chaſe, but he it challenge would,
And plucke the pray oftimes out of their greedy hould.

XVI.

The hardy boy, as they deviſed had,
Seeing the ugly Monſter paſſing by,
Upon him ſet, of perill nought adrad,
Ne ſkilfull of the uncouth jeopardy;
And charged him ſo fierce and furiouſly,
That his great force unable to endure,
He forced was to turne from him and fly:
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedleſſe bit, the whiles he was thereof ſecure.

XVII.

Securely he did after him purſew,
Thinking by ſpeed to overtake his flight;
Who through thicke woods and brakes and briers him drew,
To weary him the more, and waſte his ſpight,
So that he now has almoſt ſpent his ſpright.
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whoſe covert ſtopt his further ſight;
There his three foes, ſhrowded in guilefull ſhade,
Out of their ambuſh broke, and gan him to invade.

XVIII. Sharpely

XVIII.

Sharpely they all attonce did him aſſaile,
Burning with inward rancour and deſpight,
And heaped ſtrokes did round about him haile
With ſo huge force, that ſeemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes, from piercing thorough quite.
Yet he them all ſo warily did ward,
That none of them in his ſoft fleſh did bite,
And all the while his backe for beſt ſafegard,
He lent againſt a tree, that backeward onſet bard.

XIX.

Like a wylde Bull, that being at a bay,
Is bayted of a maſtiffe, and a hound,
And a curre-dog; that doe him ſharpe aſſay
On every ſide, and beat about him round;
But moſt that curre barking with bitter ſownd,
And creeping ſtill behinde, doth him incomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellowes like the thonder:
So did that Squire his foes diſperſe, and drive aſonder.

XX.

Him well behoved ſo; for his three foes
Sought to encompaſſe him on every ſide,
And dangerouſly did round about encloſe.
But moſt of all *Defetto* him annoyde,
Creeping behinde him ſtill to have deſtroyde:
So did *Decetto* eke him circumvent;
But ſtout *Deſpetto*, in his greater pryde,
Did front him face to face againſt him bent,
Yet he them all withſtood, and often made relent.

XXI. Till

XXI.

Till that at length nigh tyrd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to ſhrinke, and ſomewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have eſcaped hard;
When as unwares he in the forreſt heard
A trampling ſteede, that with his neighing faſt
Did warne his rider be uppon his gard;
With noiſe whereof the Squire now nigh aghaſt,
Revived was, and ſad diſpaire away did caſt.

XXII.

Eftſoones he ſpide a Knight approaching nye,
Who ſeeing one in ſo great daunger ſet
Mongſt many foes, him ſelfe did faſter hye;
To reſkue him, and his weake part abet,
For pitty ſo to ſee him overſet.
Whom ſoone as his three enemies did vew,
They fled, and faſt into the wood did get:
Him booted not to thinke them to purſew,
The covert was ſo thicke, that did no paſſage ſhew.

XXIII.

Then turning to that ſwaine, him well he knew
To be his *Timias*, his owne true Squire,
Whereof exceeding glad, he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus beſpake; My liefe, my lifes deſire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds deſpight, or heavens yre
Hath you thus long away from me bereft?
Where have ye all this while bin wandring, where bene weft?

XXIV. With

XXIV.

With that he ſighed deepe for inward tyne:
To whom the Squire nought aunſwered againe,
But ſhedding few ſoft teares from tender eyne,
His deare affect with ſilence did reſtraine,
And ſhut up all his plaint in privy paine.
There they awhile ſome gracious ſpeaches ſpent,
As to them ſeemd fit, time to entertaine.
After all which up to their ſteedes they went,
And forth together rode, a comely couplement.

XXV.

So now they be arrived both in ſight
Of this wyld man, whom they full buſie found
About the ſad *Serena* things to dight,
With thoſe brave armours lying on the ground,
That ſeem'd the ſpoile of ſome right well renownd.
Which when that Squire beheld, he to them ſtept,
Thinking to take them from that hylding hound:
But he it ſeeing, lightly to him lept,
And ſternely with ſtrong hand it from his handling kept.

XXVI.

Gnaſhing his grinded teeth with grieſly looke,
And ſparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fiſt unwares on th'head he ſtrooke,
That made him downe unto the earth encline;
Whence ſoone upſtarting much he gan repine,
And laying hand upon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith him to have ſlaine,
Who it perceiving, hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his avengement ſtayd.

XXVII. With

XXVII.

With that aloude the faire *Serena* cryde
Unto the Knight, them to diſpart in twaine:
Who to them ſtepping did them ſoone divide,
And did from further violence reſtraine,[1]
Albe the wyld-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince, of her for to demand,
What and from whence ſhe was, and by what traine
She fell into that ſalvage villaines hand,
And whether free with him ſhe now were, or in band.

XXVIII.

To whom ſhe thus; I am, as now ye ſee,
The wretchedſt Dame, that live this day on ground,
Who both in minde, the which moſt grieveth me,
And body have receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driven to this drery ſtound.
I was erewhile the love of *Calepine*,
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by ſome deadly chaunce be done to pine,
Since I him lately loſt, uneath is to define.

XXIX.

In ſalvage forreſt I him loſt of late,
Where I had ſurely long ere this bene dead,
Or elſe remained in moſt wretched ſtate,
Had not this wylde man in that wofull ſtead
Kept, and delivered me from deadly dread.
In ſuch a ſalvage wight, of brutiſh kynd,
Amongſt wild beaſtes in deſert forreſts bred,
It is moſt ſtraunge and wonderfull to fynd
So milde humanity, and perfect gentle mynd.

XXX. Let

XXX.

Let me therefore this favour for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expreſſe his ſimple minde,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens ſpeake:
Small praiſe to prove your powre on wight ſo weake.
With ſuch faire words ſhe did their heate aſſwage,
And the ſtrong courſe of their diſpleaſure breake,
That they to pitty turn'd their former rage,
And each ſought to ſupply the office of her page.

XXXI.

So having all things well about her dight,
She on her way caſt forward to proceede,
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great neede.
For now her wounds corruption gan to breed;
And eke this Squire, who likewiſe wounded was
Of that ſame Monſter late, for lacke of heed,
Now gan to faint, and further could not pas
Through feebleneſſe, which all his limbes oppreſſed has.

XXXII.

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
To ſeeke ſome place, the which mote yeeld ſome eaſe
To theſe ſicke twaine, that now began to droupe;
And all the way the Prince ſought to appeaſe
The bitter anguiſh of their ſharpe diſeaſe,
By all the courteous meanes he could invent;
Somewhile with merry purpoſe fit to pleaſe,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains, did them torment.

XXXIII.

Mongſt which, *Serena* did to him relate
The foule diſcourt'ſies and unknightly parts,
Which *Turpine* had unto her ſhewed late,
Without compaſſion of her cruell ſmarts,
Although *Blandina* did with all her arts
Him otherwiſe perſwade, all that ſhe might;
Yet he of malice, without her deſarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But alſo trayterouſly did wound her weary Knight.

XXXIV.

Wherewith the Prince ſore moved, there avoud,
That ſoone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th' abuſes of that proud
And ſhamefull Knight, of whom ſhe did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine,
To paſſe the tedious travell of the way;
Till towards night they came unto a plaine,
By which a little Hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

XXXV.

And nigh thereto a little Chappell ſtoode,
Which being all with Yvy overſpred,
Deckt all the roofe, and ſhadowing the roode,
Seem'd like a grove faire braunched over hed:
Therein the Hermit, which his life here led
In ſtreight obſervaunce of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewiſe was praying now,
Whenas theſe Knights arriv'd, they wiſt nor where nor how.

XXXVI. They

XXXVI.

They ſtayd not there, but ſtreight way in did pas.
Whom when the Hermite preſent ſaw in place,
From his devotion ſtreight he troubled was;
Which breaking off he toward them did pace,
With ſtayed ſteps, and grave beſeeming grace:
For well it ſeem'd, that whilome he had beene
Soome goodly perſon, and of gentle race,
That could his good to all, and well did weene,
How each to entertaine with curt'ſie well beſeene.

XXXVII.

And ſoothly it was ſayd by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had bene a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now, and weary too
Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did diſavow,
And hanging up his armes and warlike ſpoyle,
From all this worlds incombraunce did himſelfe aſſoyle.

XXXVIII.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their ſteedes to graze upon the greene:
Small was his houſe, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neate and clene,
Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay beſeene.
Therein he them full faire did entertaine,
Not with ſuch forged ſhowes, as fitter beene
For courting fooles, that curteſies would faine,
But with entire affection and appearaunce plaine.

XXXIX.

Yet was their fare but homely, ſuch as hee
Did uſe, his feeble body to ſuſtaine;
The which full gladly they did take in glee,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But being well ſuffiz'd, them reſted faine.
But faire *Serene* all night could take no reſt,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous paine
Of their late woundes, the which the *Blatant Beaſt*
Had given them, whoſe griefe through ſuffraunce ſore increaſt.

XL.

So all that night they paſt in great diſeaſe,
Till that the morning, bringing earely light
To guide mens labours, brought them alſo eaſe,
And ſome aſſwagement of their painefull plight.
Then up they roſe, and gan them ſelves to dight
Unto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travell, nor one foote to frame:
Their hearts were ſicke, their ſides were ſore, their feete were lame.

XLI.

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mynd
Would not permit to make there lenger ſtay,
Was forced there to leave them both behynd,
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way;
And with him eke the ſalvage, that whyleare
Seeing his royall uſage and array,
Was greatly grown in love of that brave pere,
Would needes depart, as ſhall declared be elſewhere.

CANTO

CANTO VI.

The Hermite heales both Squire and dame
Of their ſore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeate, and ſhame
For his late villanies.

I.

NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of ſword, ſo ſore doth light,
As doth the poyſnous ſting, which infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For by no art, nor any leaches might
It ever can recured be againe;
Ne all the ſkill, which that immortall ſpright
Of *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,
Can remedy ſuch hurts; ſuch hurts are helliſh paine.

II.

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beaſt*
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And being ſuch, were now much more increaſt,
For want of taking heede unto the ſame,
That now corrupt and cureleſſe they became.
Howbe that carefull Hermite did his beſt,
With many kindes of medicines meete, to tame
The poyſnous humour, which did moſt infeſt
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them duely dreſt.

III. For

III.

For he right well in Leaches craft was ſeene,
And through the long experience of his dayes,
Which had in many fortunes toſſed beene,
And paſt through many perillous aſſayes,
He knew the diverſe went of mortall wayes,
And in the mindes of men had great inſight;
Which with ſage counſell, when they went aſtray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And all the paſſions heale, which wound the weaker ſpright.

IV.

For whylome he had bene a doughty Knight,
As any one, that lived in his daies,
And proved oft in many perillous fight,
Of which he grace and glory wonne alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies.
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet waies,
He tooke him ſelfe unto this Hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like careleſſe bird in cage.

V.

One day, as he was ſearching of their wounds,
He found that they had feſtred privily,
And ranckling inward with unruly ſtounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrify,
That quite they ſeem'd paſt helpe of ſurgery,
And rather needed to be diſciplinde
With holeſome reede of ſad ſobriety,
To rule the ſtubborne rage of paſſion blinde:
Give ſalves to every ſore, but counſell to the minde.

VI. So

VI.

So taking them apart into his cell,
He to that point fit ſpeaches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe, as well as ſay the ſame,
And thus he to them ſayd; Faire daughter Dame,
And you faire ſonne, which here thus long now lie
In piteous languor, ſince ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewiſe in vaine doe ſalves to you applie.

VII.

For in your ſelfe your onely helpe doth lie,
To heale your ſelves, and muſt proceed alone
From your owne will, to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye ſeeke, obſerve this one:
Firſt learne your outward ſences to refraine
From things, that ſtirre up frail affection;
Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talke reſtaine
From that they moſt affect, and in due termes containe.

VIII.

For from thoſe outward ſences ill affected,
The ſeede of all this evill firſt doth ſpring,
Which at the firſt, before it had infected,
Mote eaſie be ſuppreſt with little thing:
But being growen ſtrong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguiſh, and impatient paine
In th'inner parts, and laſtly ſcattering
Contagious poyſon cloſe through every vaine,
It never reſts, till it have wrought his finall bane.

IX. For

IX.

For that beaſtes teeth, which wounded you tofore,
Are ſo exceeding venemous and keene,
Made all of ruſty yron, ranckling ſore,
That where they bite, it booteth not to weene
With ſalve, or antidote, or other mene
It ever to amend: ne marvaile ought;
For that ſame beaſt was bred of helliſh ſtrene,
And long in darkſome *Stygian* den upbrought,
Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

X.

Echidna is a Monſter direfull dred,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heavens abhor to ſee;
So hideous is her ſhape, ſo huge her hed,
That even the helliſh fiends affrighted bee
At ſight thereof, and from her preſence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts profeſſe
A faire young Mayden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plaine expreſſe
A monſtrous Dragon, full of fearefull uglineſſe.

XI.

To her the Gods, for her ſo dreadfull face,
In fearefull darkeneſs, furtheſt from the ſkie,
And from the earth, appointed have her place,
Mongſt rocks and caves, where ſhe enrold doth lie
In hideous horrour and obſcuritie,
Waſting the ſtrength of her immortall age.
There did *Typhaon* with her company,
Cruell *Typhaon*, whoſe tempeſtuous rage
Make th' heavens tremble oft, and him with vowes aſſwage.

XII. Of

XII.

Of that commixtion they did then beget
This hellish Dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast*;
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And poures his poysnous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Ne ever Knight, that bore so lofty creast,
Ne ever Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproch, or secrete shame.

XIII.

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine
To goe about to salve such kynd of sore,
That rather needes wise read and discipline,
Then outward salves, that may augment it more.
Aye me, said then *Serena*, sighing sore,
What hope of helpe doth then for us remaine,
If that no salves may us to health restore?
But sith we need good counsell, sayd the swaine,
Aread, good sire, some counsell, that may us sustaine.

XIV.

The best, sayd he, that I can you advize,
Is to avoide the occasion of the ill:
For when the cause, whence evill doth arize,
Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still.
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
Use scanted diet, and forbeare your fill,
Shun secresie, and talke in open sight:
So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight.

XV.

Thus having ſayd, his ſickely patients
Did gladly hearken to his grave beheaſt,
And kept ſo well his wiſe commaundements,
That in ſhort ſpace their malady was ceaſt,
And eke the biting of that harmefull Beaſt
Was throughly heal'd. Tho when they did perceave
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreaſt,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leave,
And went both on their way, ne ech would other leave:

XVI.

But each the other vow'd t'accompany;
The Lady, for that ſhe was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity:
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need.
So both together traveld, till they met
With a faire Mayden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy jade unmeetely ſet,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

XVII.

But by what meanes that ſhame to her befell,
And how thereof her ſelfe ſhe did acquite,
I muſt awhile forbeare to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by courſe, I doe recite,
What fortune to the Briton Prince did lite,
Purſuing that proud Knight, the which whileare
Wrought to Sir *Calidore* ſo foule deſpight;
And eke his Lady, though ſhe ſickely were,
So lewdly had abuſde, as ye did lately heare.

XVIII. The

XVIII.

The Prince, according to the former token,
Which faire *Serene* to him delivered had,
Purſu'd him ſtreight, in mynd to bene ywroken
Of all the vile demeane, and uſage bad,
With which he had thoſe two ſo ill beſtad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wylde man, whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being ſhent,
Would he reſtrayned be from his attendement.

XIX.

Arriving there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wide ope, and in he rode,
Ne ſtay'd, till that he came into the hall:
Where ſoft diſmounting, like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he unable were for very neede
To move one foote, but there muſt make abode;
The whiles the ſalvage man did take his ſteede,
And in ſome ſtable neare did ſet him up to feede.

XX.

Ere long to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wiſe him aſked, what he was,
That durſt ſo boldly, without let or ſhame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to paſſe.
To whom the Prince, him fayning to embaſe,
Mylde anſwer made; he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble caſe,
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight,
Received had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

XXI.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickely thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for why, his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights, which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt;
And therefore lightly bad him packe away,
Not ſparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And therewithall rude hand on him did lay,
To thruſt him out of dore, doing his worſt aſſay.

XXII.

Which when the Salvage, comming now in place,
Beheld, eftſoones he all enraged grew,
And running ſtreight upon that villaine baſe,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in preſent vew,
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore:
So miſerably him all helpeleſs ſlew,
That with the noiſe, whileſt he did loudly rore,
The people of the houſe roſe forth in great uprore.

XXIII.

Who when on ground they ſaw their fellow ſlaine,
And that ſame Knight and Salvage ſtanding by,
Upon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them layd ſo huge and horribly,
As if they would have ſlaine them preſently.
But the bold Prince defended him ſo well,
And their aſſault withſtood ſo mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repell,
And beat them back, whileſt many underneath him fell.

XXIV. Yet

XXIV.

Yet he them ſtill ſo ſharpely did purſew,
That few of them he left alive, which fled,
Thoſe evill tidings to their Lord to ſhew:
Who hearing how his people badly ſped,
Came forth in haſt; where when as with the dead
He ſaw the ground all ſtrow'd, and that ſame Knight
And ſalvage with their bloud freſh ſteeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell deſpight,
And with reprochfull words him thus beſpake on hight:

XXV.

Art thou he, traytor, that with treaſon vile,
Haſt ſlain my men in this unmanly maner,
And now triumpheſt in the piteous ſpoile
Of theſe poore folk, whoſe ſoules with black diſhonor
And foule defame doe decke thy bloudy baner?
The meede whereof ſhall ſhortly be thy ſhame,
And wretched end, which ſtill attendeth on her.
With that him ſelfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

XXVI.

With dreadfull force they all did him aſſaile,
And round about with boyſtrous ſtrokes oppreſſe,
That on his ſhield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempeſt; that in ſuch diſtreſſe,
He wiſt not to which ſide him to addreſſe.
And evermore that craven cowherd Knight
Was at his backe with heartleſſe heedineſſe,
Wayting if he unwares him murther might:
For cowardize doth ſtill in villany delight.

XXVII. Where-

XXVII.

Whereof when as the Prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him againſt his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that being buſie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling ſome curre behinde his heeles to bite,
Turns him about with fell avengement:
So likewiſe turnde the Prince upon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

XXVIII.

Who, when he once his dreadfull ſtrokes had taſted,
Durſt not the furie of his force abyde,
But turn'd abacke, and to retyre him haſted
Through the thick preaſe, there thinking him to hyde.
But when the Prince had once him plainely eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him ſuffer once to ſhrinke aſyde,
But joyning cloſe, huge lode at him did lay:
Who flying ſtill did ward, and warding fly away.

XXIX.

But, when his foe he ſtill ſo eger ſaw,
Unto his heeles himſelfe he did betake,
Hoping unto ſome refuge to withdraw:
Ne would the Prince him ever foot forſake,
Where ſo he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whyleſt every joynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him, that did him chace;
That made him evermore increaſe his ſpeedie pace.

XXX. At

XXX.

At laſt he up into the chamber came,
Whereas his love was ſitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him overtake anone,
Crying in vaine to her, him to bemone;
And with his ſword him on the head did ſmyte,
That to the ground he fell in ſenſeleſſe ſwone:
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lyte,
The tempred ſteele did not into his braynepan byte.

XXXI.

Which when the Ladie ſaw, with great affright,
She ſtarting up, began to ſhrieke aloud,
And with her garment covering him from ſight,
Seem'd under her protection him to ſhroud;
And falling lowly at his feet, her bow'd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him beſought, and pray'd, and vowd;
That with the ruth of her ſo wretched caſe,
He ſtayd his ſecond ſtrooke, and did his hand abaſe.

XXXII.

Her weed ſhe then withdrawing, did him diſcover,
Who now come to himſelfe, yet would not rize,
But ſtill did lie as dead, and quake, and quiver,
That even the Prince his baſeneſſe did deſpize,
And eke his Dame, him ſeeing in ſuch guize,
Gan him recomfort, and from ground to reare.
Who riſing up at laſt in ghaſtly wize,
Like troubled ghoſt did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

XXXIII. Whom

XXXIII.

Whom when the Prince ſo deadly ſaw diſmayd,
He for ſuch baſeneſſe ſhamefully him ſhent,
And with ſharpe words did bitterly upbrayd;
Vile cowheard dogge, now doe I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou caytive ſo unworthie art;
That both thy love, for lacke of hardiment,
And eke thy ſelfe, for want of manly hart,
And eke all Knights haſt ſhamed with this knightleſſe part.

XXXIV.

Yet further haſt thou heaped ſhame to ſhame,
And crime to crime, by this thy cowheard feare.
For firſt it was to thee reprochfull blame,
To erect this wicked cuſtome, which, I heare,
Gainſt errant Knights and Ladies thou doſt reare;
Whom when thou mayſt, thou doſt of arms deſpoile,
Or of their upper garment, which they weare:
Yet doeſt thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this evill uſe, thy foes thereby to foile?

XXXV.

And laſtly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To ſhew ſuch faintneſſe and foule cowardize,
Is greateſt ſhame: for oft it falles, that ſtrong
And valiant Knights doe raſhly enterprize,
Either for fame, or elſe for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by right;
Yet have, through proweſſe and their brave emprize,
Gotten great worſhip in this worldes ſight;
For greater force there needs to maintaine wrong, then right.

XXXVI. Yet

XXXVI.

Yet ſince thy life unto this Ladie fayre
I given have, live in reproch and ſcorne;
Ne ever armes, ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to profeſſe: for ſhame is to adorne
With ſo brave badges one ſo baſely borne;
But only breath, ſith that I did forgive.
So having from his craven bodie torne
Thoſe goodly armes, he them away did give,
And onely ſuffred him this wretched life to live.

XXXVII.

There whileſt he thus was ſetling things above,
Atwene that Ladie myld and recreant knight,
To whom his life he graunted for her love,
He gan bethinke him, in what perilous plight
He had behynd him left that ſalvage wight,
Amongſt ſo many foes, whom ſure he thought
By this quite ſlaine in ſo unequall fight:
Therefore deſcending backe in haſte, he ſought,
If yet he were alive, or to deſtruction brought.

XXXVIII.

There he him found environed about
With ſlaughtred bodies, which his hand had ſlaine,
And laying yet afreſh with courage ſtout
Upon the reſt, that did alive remaine;
Whom he likewiſe right ſorely did conſtraine,
Like ſcattered ſheepe, to ſeeke for ſafetie,
After he gotten had with buſie paine
Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,
With which he laid about, and made them faſt to flie.

XXXIX.

Whom when the Prince ſo felly ſaw to rage,
Approching to him neare, his hand he ſtayd,
And ſought, by making ſignes, him to aſſwage:
Who them perceiving, ſtreight to him obayd,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heaſts bene trayned.
Thence he him brought away, and up convayd
Into the chamber, where that Dame remayned
With her unworthy knight, who ill him entertayned.

XL.

Whom when the Salvage ſaw from daunger free,
Sitting beſide his Ladie there at eaſe,
He well remembred, that the ſame was hee,
Which lately ſought his Lord for to diſpleaſe:
Tho all in rage, he on him ſtreight did ſeaze,
As if he would in peeces him have rent;
And were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him unrent:
But ſtreight he held his hand at his commaundement.

XLI.

Thus having all things well in peace ordayned,
The Prince himſelfe there all that night did reſt,
Where him *Blandina* fayrely entertayned,
With all the courteous glee and goodly feaſt,
The which for him ſhe could imagine beſt.
For well ſhe knew the wayes to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infeſt,
And how to pleaſe the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and lookes by wondrous ſkill.

XLII. Yet

XLII.

Yet were her words and lookes but falſe and fayned,
To ſome hid end to make more eaſie way,
Or to allure ſuch fondlings, whom ſhe trayned
Into her trap unto their owne decay:
Thereto, when needed, ſhe could weepe and pray,
And when her liſted, ſhe could fawne and flatter;
Now ſmyling ſmoothly, like to ſommers day,
Now glooming ſadly, ſo to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wynd, and all her teares but water.

XLIII.

Whether ſuch grace were given her by kynd,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guyde;
Or learn'd the art to pleaſe, I doe not fynd.
This well I wote, that ſhe ſo well applyde
Her pleaſing tongue, that ſoone ſhe pacifyde
The wrathfull Prince, and wrought her huſbands peace.
Who natheleſſe not therewith ſatisfyde,
His rancorous deſpight did not releaſſe,
Ne ſecretly from thought of fell revenge ſurceaſſe.

XLIV.

For all that night, the whyles the Prince did reſt
In careleſſe couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in cloſe awayt with weapons preſt,
Willing to work his villenous intent
On him, that had ſo ſhamefully him ſhent:
Yet durſt he not for very cowardize
Effect the ſame, whyleſt all the night was ſpent.
The morrow next the Prince did early rize,
And paſſed forth, to follow his firſt enterprize.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld; his two knights
Doe gaine their treaſons meed:
Fayre Mirabellaes puniſhment
For loves diſdaine decreed.

I.

LIKE as the gentle hart it ſelfe bewrayes,
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,
Even ſo the baſer mind it ſelfe diſplayes,
In cancred malice and revengefull ſpight.
For to maligne, t'envie, t'uſe ſhifting ſlight,
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind,
Which what it dare not do by open might,
To worke by wicked treaſon wayes doth find,
By ſuch diſcourteous deedes diſcovering his baſe kind.

II.

That well appeares in this diſcourteous knight,
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithſtanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate
He gan devize, to be aveng'd anew
For all that ſhame, which kindled inward hate:
Therefore ſo ſoone as he was out of vew,
Himſelfe in haſt he arm'd, and did him faſt purſew.

III. Well

III.

Well did he tract his ſteps, as he did ryde,
Yet would not neare approch in daungers eye,
But kept aloofe for dread to be deſcryde,
Until fit time and place he mote eſpy,
Where he mote worke him ſcath and villeny.
At laſt he met two Knights to him unknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combynd, what ever chaunce were blowne,
Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his owne.

IV.

To whom falſe *Turpine* comming courteouſly,
To cloke the miſchiefe, which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great diſcourteſie,
Which a ſtraunge Knight, that neare afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deare Ladie ſhent:
Which if they would afford him ayde at need
For to avenge, in time convenient,
They ſhould accompliſh both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

V.

The Knights beleev'd, that all he ſaid, was trew,
And being freſh and full of youthfull ſpright,
Were glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make triall of their might,
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight;
And eke deſirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them; Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and puniſh him with ſpeed?

VI. He

VI.

He rides, ſaid *Turpine*, there not farre afore,
With a wyld man ſoft footing by his ſyde,
That if ye liſt to haſte a litle more,
Ye may him overtake in timely tyde.
Eftſoones they pricked forth with forward pryde,
And ere that litle while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they ſpyde,
Ryding a ſoftly pace, with portance ſad,
Devizing of his love, more then of daunger drad.

VII.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,
Bidding him turne againe, falſe traytour Knight,
Foule woman-wronger, for he him defyde.
With that they both at once with equall ſpight
Did bend their ſpeares, and both with equall might
Againſt him ran; but th' one did miſſe his marke,
And being carried with his force forthright,
Glaunſt ſwiftly by; like to that heavenly ſparke,
Which glyding through the ayre lights all the heavens darke.

VIII.

But th' other ayming better, did him ſmite
Full in the ſhield, with ſo impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces ſhivered quite,
And, ſcatter'd all about, fell on the flowre.
But the ſtout Prince, with much more ſteddy ſtowre,
Full on his bever did him ſtrike ſo ſore,
That the cold ſteele through piercing, did devowre
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where ſtill he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

IX. As

IX.

As when a caſt of Faulcons make their flight
At an Herneſhaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whyles they ſtrike at him with heedleſſe might,
The warie foule his bill doth backward wring;
On which the firſt, whoſe force her firſt doth bring,
Her ſelfe quite through the bodie doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like ſenſeleſſe thing;
But th'other not ſo ſwift, as ſhe before,
Fayles of her ſouſe, and paſſing by doth hurt no more.

X.

By this the other, which was paſſed by,
Himſelfe recovering, was return'd to fight;
Where when he ſaw his fellow lifeleſſe ly,
He much was daunted with ſo diſmall ſight;
Yet nought abating of his former ſpight,
Let drive at him with ſo malicious mynd,
As if he would have paſſed through him quight:
But the ſteele-head no ſtedfaſt hold could fynd,
But glauncing by, deceiv'd him of that he deſynd.

XI.

Not ſo the Prince: for his well learned ſpeare
Tooke ſurer hould, and from his horſes backe
Above a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainſt the cold hard earth ſo ſore him ſtrake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.
Where ſeeing him ſo lie, he left his ſteed,
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming ſword in hand his terror more to breed.

XII. The

XII.

The fearefull ſwayne, beholding death ſo nie,
Cryde out aloud for mercie him to ſave;
In lieu whereof, he would to him deſcrie
Great treaſon to him meant, his life to reave.
The Prince ſoone hearkned, and his life forgave.
Then thus ſaid he; There is a ſtraunger Knight,
The which, for promiſe of great meed, us drave
To this attempt, to wreake his hid deſpight,
For that himſelfe thereto did want ſufficient might.

XIII.

The Prince much muſed at ſuch villenie,
And ſayd; Now ſure ye well have earn'd your meed,
For th'one is dead, and th'other ſoone ſhall die,
Unleſſe to me thou hether bring with ſpeed
The wretch, that hyr'd you to this wicked deed.
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him, which did this miſchiefe breed,
Swore by his ſword, that neither day nor weeke
He would ſurceaſſe, but him, where ſo he were, would ſeeke.

XIV.

So up he roſe, and forth ſtreight way he went
Backe to the place, where *Turpine* late he lore;
There he him found in great aſtoniſhment,
To ſee him ſo bedight with bloodie gore,
And grieſly wounds, that him appalled ſore.
Yet thus at length he ſaid, How now, Sir Knight?
What meaneth this, which here I ſee before?
How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight
So different from that, which earſt ye ſeem'd in ſight?

XV. Perdie,

XV.

Perdie, ſaid he, in evill houre it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a taſke, as lyfe for hyre to ſell;
The which I earſt adventur'd for your ſake.
Witneſſe the wounds, and this wyde bloudie lake,
Which ye may ſee yet all about me ſteeme.
Therefore now yeeld, as ye did promiſe make,
My due reward, the which right well I deeme
I yearned have, that life ſo dearely did redeeme.

XVI.

But where then is, quoth he half wrothfully,
Where is the bootie, which therefore I bought,
That curſed caytive, my ſtrong enemy,
That recreant Knight, whoſe hated life I ſought?
And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ought?
He lyes, ſaid he, upon the cold bare ground,
Slayne of that errant Knight, with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards my ſelfe with many a wound
Did ſlay againe, as ye may ſee there in the ſtound.

XVII.

Thereof falſe *Turpin* was full glad and faine,
And needs with him ſtreight to the place would ryde,
Where he himſelfe might ſee his foeman ſlaine;
For elſe his feare could not be ſatisfyde.
So as they rode, he ſaw the way all dyde
With ſtreames of bloud; which tracting by the traile,
Ere long they came whereas in evill tyde
That other ſwayne, like aſhes dead and pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

XVIII.

Much did the Craven ſeeme to mone his caſe,
That for his ſake his deare life had forgone;
And him bewayling with affection baſe,
Did counterfeit kind pittie, where was none:
For where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.
Thence paſſing forth, not farre away he found,
Whereas the Prince himſelfe lay all alone,
Looſely diſplayd, upon the graſſie ground,
Poſſeſſed of ſweete ſleepe, that luld him ſoft in ſwound.

XIX.

Wearie of travell in his former fight,
He there in ſhade himſelfe had layd to reſt,
Having his armes and warlike things undight,
Fearleſſe of foes, that mote his peace moleſt;
The whyles his ſalvage page, that wont be-preſt,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To doe ſome thing, that ſeemed to him beſt,
The whyles his Lord in ſilver ſlomber lay,
Like to the Evening ſtarre adorn'd with deawy ray.

XX.

Whom when as *Turpin* ſaw ſo looſely layd,
He weened well, that he in deed was dead,
Like as that other Knight to him had ſayd:
But when he nigh approcht, he mote aread
Plaine ſignes in him of life and livelihead.
Whereat much griev'd againſt that ſtraunger Knight,
That him too light of credence did miſlead,
He would have backe retyred from that ſight,
That was to him on earth the deadlieſt deſpight.

XXI. But

XXI.

But that ſame Knight would not once let him ſtart,
But plainely gan to him declare the caſe
Of all his miſchiefe, and late luckleſſe ſmart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquiſhed, and put to foule diſgrace,
And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the victor, him to trace,
And follow through the world, where ſo he went
Till that he him delivered to his puniſhment.

XXII.

He therewith much abaſhed and affrayd,
Began to tremble every limbe and vaine;
And ſoftly whiſpering him, entyrely prayd,
T' advize him better, then by ſuch a traine
Him to betray unto a ſtraunger ſwaine:
Yet rather counſeld him contrarywize,
Sith he likewiſe did wrong by him ſuſtaine,
To joyne with him, and vengeance to devize,
Whyleſt time did offer meanes him ſleeping to ſurprize.

XXIII.

Natheleſſe for all his ſpeach, the gentle Knight
Would not be tempted to ſuch villenie,
Regarding more his faith, which he did plight,
All were it to his mortall enemie,
Then to entrap him by falſe treacherie:
Great ſhame in lieges blood to be embrew'd.
Thus whileſt they were debating diverſlie,
The Salvage forth out of the wood iſſew'd
Backe to the place, whereas his Lord he ſleeping vew'd.

XXIV.

There when he ſaw thoſe two ſo neare him ſtand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning bee,
And throwing downe his load out of his hand,
To weet great ſtore of forreſt frute, which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree,
Himſelfe unto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he ſo ſternely ſhooke,
That like an hazell wand, it quivered and quooke.

XXV.

Whereat the Prince awaking, when he ſpyde
The traytour *Turpin* with that other Knight,
He ſtarted up, and ſnatching neare his ſyde
His truſtie ſword, the ſervant of his might,
Like a fell Lyon leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar layd.
Therewith the cowheard deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him ſayd,
But holding up his hands, with ſilence mercie prayd.

XXVI.

But he ſo full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But as he lay upon the humbled gras,
His foot he ſet on his vile necke, in ſigne
Of ſervile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
Then letting him ariſe like abject thrall,
He gan to him object his haynous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And laſtly to deſpoyle of knightly bannerall.

XXVII. And

XXVII.

And after all, for greater infamie,
He by the heeles him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld ſo, that all, which paſſed by,
The picture of his puniſhment might ſee,
And by the like enſample warned bee,
How ever they through treaſon doe treſpaſſe.
But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
Whom late we left ryding upon an Aſſe,
Led by a Carle and foole, which by her ſide did paſſe.

XXVIII.

She was a Ladie of great dignitie,
And lifted up to honorable place,
Famous through all the land of Faerie,
Though of meane parentage and kindred baſe,
Yet deckt with wondrous giftes of natures grace,
That all men did her perſon much admire,
And praiſe the feature of her goodly face,
The beames whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th'harts of many a Knight, and many a gentle Squire.

XXIX.

But ſhe thereof grew proud and inſolent,
That none ſhe worthy thought to be her fere,
But ſcornd them all, that love unto her ment;
Yet was ſhe lov'd of many a worthy pere,
Unworthy ſhe to be belov'd ſo dere,
That could not weigh of worthineſſe aright.
For beautie is more glorious bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And nobleſt ſhe, that ſerved is of nobleſt Knight.

XXX. But

XXX.

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwize,
That ſuch proud looks would make her prayſed more;
And that the more ſhe did all love deſpize,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared ſhe, who ſighed for her ſore,
Or who did wayle or watch the wearie night?
Let them, that liſt, their luckleſſe lot deplore;
She was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And ſo would ever live, and love her owne delight.

XXXI.

Through ſuch her ſtubborne ſtifneſſe, and hard hart,
Many a wretch, for want of remedie,
Did languiſh long in life conſuming ſmart,
And at the laſt through dreary dolour die:
Whyleſt ſhe, the Ladie of her libertie,
Did boaſt her beautie had ſuch ſoveraine might,
That with the onely twinckle of her eye,
She could or ſave, or ſpill, whom ſhe would hight.
What could the Gods doe more, but doe it more aright?

XXXII.

But loe the Gods, that mortall follies vew,
Did worthily revenge this maydens pride;
And nought regarding her ſo goodly hew,
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
Whileſt ſhe did weepe, of no man mercifide.
For on a day, when *Cupid* kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all lovers doe reſort,
That of their loves ſucceſſe there they may make report;

XXXIII. It

XXXIII.

It fortun'd then, that when the roules were red,
In which the names of all loves folke were fyled,
That many there were miſſing, which were ded,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exyled,
Or by ſome other violence deſpoyled.
Which when as *Cupid* heard, he wexed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged, or beguyled,
He bad his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might ſee his men, and muſter them by oth.

XXXIV.

Then found he many miſſing of his crew,
Which wont doe ſuit and ſervice to his might;
Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.
Therefore a Jurie was impaneld ſtreight,
T'enquire of them, whether by force, or ſleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away convay'd.
To whom foule *Infamie*, and fell *Deſpight*
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayd,
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Mayd.

XXXV.

Fayre *Mirabella* was her name, whereby
Of all thoſe crymes ſhe there indited was:
All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
In great diſpleaſure will'd, a *Capias*
Should iſſue forth, t' attach that ſcornefull laſſe.
The warrant ſtraight was made, and therewithall
A Baylieffe errant forth in poſt did paſſe,
Whom they by name there *Portamore* did call;
He, which doth ſummon lovers to loves judgement hall.

XXXVI. The

XXXVI.

The damſell was attacht, and ſhortly brought
Unto the barre, whereas ſhe was arrayned:
But ſhe thereto nould plead, nor anſwere ought
Even for ſtubborne pride, which her reſtrayned.
So judgement paſt, as is by law ordayned
In caſes like, which when at laſt ſhe ſaw,
Her ſtubborne hart, which love before diſdayned,
Gan ſtoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercie, to abate the extremitie of law.

XXXVII.

The ſonne of *Venus*, who is myld by kynd,
But where he is provokt with peeviſhneſſe,
Unto her prayers piteouſly enclynd,
And did the rigour of his doome repreſſe;
Yet not ſo freely, but that natheleſſe
He unto her a penance did impoſe,
Which was, that through this worlds wyde wilderneſſe
She wander ſhould in companie of thoſe,
Till ſhe had ſav'd ſo many loves, as ſhe did loſe.

XXXVIII.

So now ſhe had bene wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world, in this uncomely caſe,
Waſting her goodly hew in heavie teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous diſgrace:
Yet had ſhe not in all theſe two yeares ſpace,
Saved but two; yet in two yeares before,
Through her diſpiteous pride, whileſt love lackt place,
She had deſtroyed two and twenty more.
Aie me! how could her love make half amends therefore?

XXXIX. And

XXXIX.

And now ſhe was uppon the weary way,
When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,
Met her in ſuch miſſeeming foul array;
The whiles that mighty man did her demeane
With all the evill termes and cruel meane,
That he could make: And eeke that angry foole,
Which follow'd her, with curſed hands uncleane
Whipping her horſe, did with his ſmarting toole
Oft whip her dainty ſelfe, and much augment her doole.

XL.

Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th' other, better her to uſe:
For both ſo wilfull were and obſtinate,
That all her piteous plaint they did refuſe,
And rather did the more her beate and bruſe.
But moſt the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling jade, was bent her to abuſe;
Who though ſhe were with wearineſſe nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, not reſt a little ſtead.

XLI.

For he was ſterne, and terrible by nature,
And eeke of perſon huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the meaſure of mans ſtature,
And rather like a Gyant monſtruous.
For ſooth he was deſcended of the hous
Of thoſe old Gyants, which did warres darraine
Againſt the heaven in order battailous,
And ſib to great *Orgolio*, which was ſlaine
By *Arthure*, when as *Unas* Knight he did maintaine.

XLII.

His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eies,
Like two great beacons, glared bright and wyde,
Glauncing aſkew, as if his enemies
He ſcorned in his overweening pryde;
And ſtalking ſtately like a crane, did ſtryde
At every ſtep uppon the tiptoes hie,
And all the way he went, on every ſyde
He gaz'd about, and ſtared horriblie,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

XLIII.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a Jacket quilted richly rare,
Upon checklaton, he was ſtraungely dight,
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Mores of Malaber, he wore;
Which with his locks, as blacke as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voyded from before,
And in his hand a mighty yron club he bore.

XLIV.

This was *Diſdaine*, who led that Ladies horſe
Through thick and thin, through mountains and thro' plaines,
Compelling her, where ſhe would not by force,
Haling her palfrey by the hempen raines.
But that ſame foole, which moſt increaſt her paines,
Was *Scorne*, who having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yirks, and ſtill when ſhe complaines,
The more he laughs, aud does her cloſely quip,
To ſee her ſore lament, and bite her tender lip.

XLV. Whoſe

XLV.

Whoſe cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
And ſaw thoſe villaines her ſo vildely uſe,
His gentle heart with indignation ſweld,
And could no lenger beare ſo great abuſe,
As ſuch a Lady ſo to beate and bruſe;
But to him ſtepping, ſuch a ſtroke him lent,
That forſt him th'halter from his hand to looſe,
And maugre all his might, backe to relent:
Elſe had he ſurely there bene ſlaine, or fowly ſhent.

XLVI.

The villaine wroth for greeting him ſo ſore,
Gathered him ſelfe together ſoone againe,
And with his yron batton, which he bore,
Let drive at him ſo dreadfully amaine,
That for his ſafety he did him conſtraine
To give him ground, and ſhift to every ſide,
Rather then once his burden to ſuſtaine:
For booteleſſe thing him ſeemed, to abide,
So mighty blowes, or prove the puiſſance of his pride.

XLVII.

Like as a maſtiffe having at a bay
A ſalvage bull, whoſe cruell hornes doe threat
Deſperate daunger, if he them aſſay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To ſpy where he may ſome advantage get;
The whiles the beaſt doth rage and loudly rore:
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,
And fume in his diſdainefull mynd the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound ſwore.

XLVIII.

Natheleſſe ſo ſharpely ſtill he him purſewd,
That at advantage him at laſt he tooke,
When his foote ſlipt (that ſlip he dearely rewd,)
And with his yron club to ground him ſtrooke;
Where ſtill he lay, ne out of ſwoune awooke,
Till heavy hand the Carle upon him layd,
And bound him faſt: Tho when he up did looke,
And ſaw him ſelfe captiv'd, he was diſmayd,
Ne powre had to withſtand, ne hope of any ayd.

XLIX.

Then up he made him riſe, and forward fare,
Led in a rope, which both his hands did bynd;
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him ſpare,
But with his whip him following behynd,
Him often ſcourg'd, and forſt his feete to fynd:
And other whiles with bitter mockes and mowes
He would him ſcorne, that to his gentle mynd
Was much more grievous, then the others blowes:
Words ſharpely wound, but greateſt griefe of ſcorning growes.

L.

The faire *Serena*, when ſhe ſaw him fall
Under that villaines club, then ſurely thought,
That ſlaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the ſpeed ſhe mought,
To ſeeke for ſafety, which long time ſhe ſought:
And paſt through many perils by the way,
Ere ſhe againe to *Calepine* was brought;
The which diſcourſe as now I muſt delay,
Till *Mirabellaes* fortunes I doe further ſay.

CANTO

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthure overcomes Disdaine,
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.

I.

YE gentle Ladies, in whose soveraine powre
Love hath the glory of his kingdome left,
And th' hearts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In yron chaines, of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath into your hands by gift;
Be well aware, how ye the same doe use,
That pride doe not to tyranny you lift;
Least if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome, which ye doe abuse.

II.

And as ye soft and tender are by kynde,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eeke in mynde;
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the love of men to hate.
Ensample take of *Mirabellaes* case,
Who from the high degree of happy state
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

III. Who

III.

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
Which ſhe beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compaſſion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her ſake fell into miſery:
Which booted nought for prayers, nor for threat,
To hope for to releaſe or mollify;
For aye the more that ſhe did them entreat,
The more they him miſuſt, and cruelly did beat.

IV.

So as they forward on their way did pas,
Him ſtill reviling and afflicting ſore,
They met Prince *Arthure* with Sir *Enias*,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Having ſubdew'd, yet did to life reſtore:)
To whom as they approcht, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to puniſh more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them ſhould grieve to ſee his puniſhment.

V.

The Squire him ſelfe, when as he ſaw his Lord,
The witneſſe of his wretchedneſſe, in place,
Was much aſham'd, that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive caſe,
And did his head for baſhfulneſſe abaſe,
As loth to ſee, or to be ſeene at all:
Shame would be hid. But when as *Enias*
Beheld two ſuch, of two ſuch villaines thrall,
His manly mynde was much emmoved therewithall:

VI. And

VI.

And to the Prince thus ſayd; See you, Sir Knight,
The greateſt ſhame, that ever eye yet ſaw?
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule deſpight
Abuſde, againſt all reaſon and all law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe.
See how they doe that Squire beat and revile;
See how they doe the Lady hale and draw:
But if ye pleaſe to lend me leave awhile,
I will them ſoon acquite, and both of blame aſſoile.

VII.

The Prince aſſented, and then he ſtreight way
Diſmounting light, his ſhield about him threw,
With which approaching, thus he gan to ſay;
Abide ye caytive treachetours untrew,
That have with treaſon thralled unto you
Theſe two, unworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty purſew.
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or elſe abide the death, that hard before you ſtands.

VIII.

The villaine ſtayd not aunſwer to invent,
But with his yron club preparing way,
His mindes ſad meſſage backe unto him ſent;
The which deſcended with ſuch dreadfull ſway,
That ſeemed nought the courſe thereof could ſtay;
No more then lightening from the lofty ſky.
Ne liſt the Knight the powre thereof aſſay,
Whoſe doome was death, but lightly ſlipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended deſtiny.

IX. And

IX.

And to requite him with the like againe,
With his ſharpe ſword he fiercely at him flew,
And ſtrooke ſo ſtrongly, that the Carle with paine
Saved him ſelfe, but that he there him ſlew;
Yet ſav'd not ſo, but that the bloud it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory.
Who therewith fleſht, upon him ſet anew,
And, with the ſecond ſtroke, thought certainely
To have ſupplyde the firſt, and paide the uſury.

X.

But Fortune aunſwerd not unto his call;
For as his hand was heaved up on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brondyron bright
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe upon him ſelfe againe,
He driven was to ground in ſelfe-deſpight;
From whence ere he recovery could gaine,
He in his necke had ſet his foote with fell diſdaine.

XI.

With that the foole, which did that end awayte,
Came running in, and whileſt on ground he lay,
Laide heavy hands on him, and held ſo ſtrayte,
That downe he kept him with his ſcornefull ſway,
So as he could not weld him any way.
The whiles that other villaine went about
Him to have bound, and thrald without delay;
The whiles the foole did him revile and flout,
Threatning to yoke them two, and tame their corage ſtout.

XII. As

XII.

As when a ſturdy ploughman with his hynde
By ſtrength have overthrowne a ſtubborne ſteare,
They down him hold, and faſt with cords do bynde,
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did theſe two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there ſtanding by,
He left his lofty ſteede to aide him neare,
And buckling ſoone him ſelfe, gan fiercely fly
Upon that Carle, to ſave his friend from jeopardy.

XIII.

The villaine leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd, and handled as he liſt,
Himſelfe addreſt unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about ſo bliſt,
That he which way to turne him ſcarcely wiſt:
Sometimes aloft he layd, ſometimes alow;
Now here, now there, and oft him neare he miſt;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

XIV.

But yet the Prince ſo well enured was
With ſuch huge ſtrokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth right to pas.
Ne would endure the daunger of their might,
But wayt advantage, when they downe did light.
At laſt the caytive, after long diſcourſe,
When all his ſtrokes he ſaw avoyded quite,
Reſolved in one t' aſſemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorſe.

XV.

His dreadfull hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadfull inſtrument of yre,
Thought ſure have pownded him to powder ſoft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entyre;
But Fortune did not with his will conſpire.
For ere his ſtroke attayned his intent,
The noble childe preventing his deſire,
Under his club with wary boldneſſe went,
And ſmote him on the knee, that never yet was bent.

XVI.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the ſtroke ſo ſtrong and puiſſant were,
That ſeem'd a marble pillour it could bow,
But all that leg, which did his body beare,
It crackt throughout, yet did no bloud appeare;
So as it was unable to ſupport
So huge a burden on ſuch broken geare,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt,
Whence he aſſayd to riſe, but could not for his hurt.

XVII.

Eftſoones the Prince to him fully nimbly ſtept,
And, leaſt he ſhould recover foote againe,
His head meant from his ſhoulders to have ſwept.
Which when the Lady ſaw, ſhe cryde amaine;
Stay, ſtay, Sir Knight, for love of God abſtaine,
For that unwares ye weetleſſe doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be ſlaine:
For more on him doth then him ſelfe depend;
My life will by his death have lamentable end.

XVIII. He

XVIII.

He ſtaide his hand according her deſire,
Yet nathemore him ſuffred to arize;
But ſtill ſuppreſſing gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote thoſe uncouth words comprize,
That in that villaines health her ſafety lies:
That, were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
Which durſt her dreaded reſkue enterprize,
Yet heavens them ſelves, that favour feeble rights,
Would for it ſelfe redreſſe, and puniſh ſuch deſpights.

XIX.

Then burſting forth in teares, which guſhed faſt
Like many water ſtreames, a while ſhe ſtayd;
Till the ſharpe paſſion being overpaſt,
Her tongue to her reſtord, then thus ſhe ſayd;
Nor heavens, nor men can me, moſt wretched mayd,
Deliver from the doome of my deſart,
The which the God of love hath on me layd,
And damned to endure this direfull ſmart,
The penaunce of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

XX.

In time of youthly yeares, when firſt the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloofme delight,
And nature me endu'd with plenteous dowre,
Of all her gifts, that pleaſde each living ſight,
I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,
And ſude and ſought with all the ſervice dew:
Full many a one for me deepe groand and ſigh't,
And to the dore of death for ſorrow drew,
Complayning out on me, that would not on them rew.

XXI.

But let them love that liſt, or live or die;
Me liſt not die for any lovers doole:
Ne liſt me leave my loved libertie,
To pitty him, that liſt to play the foole:
To love my ſelfe I learned had in ſchoole.
Thus I triumphed long in lovers paine,
And ſitting careleſſe on the ſcorners ſtoole,
Did laugh at thoſe, that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repayd with intereſt againe.

XXII.

For loe the winged God, that woundeth harts,
Cauſde me be called to accompt therefore,
And for revengement of thoſe wrongfull ſmarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce ſore;
That in this wize, and this unmeete array,
With theſe two lewd companions, and no more,
Diſdaine and *Scorne*, I through the world ſhould ſtray,
Till I have ſav'd ſo many, as I earſt did ſlay.

XXIII.

Certes, ſaid then the Prince, the God is juſt,
That taketh vengeaunce of his peoples ſpoile.
For were no law in love, but all that luſt,
Might them oppreſſe, and painefully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but awhile.
But tell me, Lady, wherefore do you beare
This bottle thus before you with ſuch toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for theſe Carles to carry much more comely were?

XXIV. Here

XXIV.

Here in this bottle, ſayd the ſory Mayd,
I put the teares of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentaunce for things paſt and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag ſo torne,
That all, which I put in, fals out anon;
And is behinde me trodden downe of *Scorne*,
Who mocketh all my paine, and laughs the more I mourne.

XXV.

The Infant hearkned wiſely to her tale,
And wondred much at *Cupids* judg'ment wiſe,
That could ſo meekly make proud hearts avale,
And wreake him ſelfe on them, that him deſpiſe.
Then ſuffred he *Diſdaine* up to ariſe,
Who was not able up him ſelfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late luckeleſſe priſe,
Was crackt in twaine, but by his fooliſh feere
Was holpen up, who him ſupported ſtanding neare.

XXVI.

But being up, he lookt againe aloft,
As if he never had received fall;
And with ſterne eye-browes ſtared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him with all:
And ſtanding on his tiptoes, to ſeeme tall,
Downe on his golden feete he often gazed,
As if ſuch pride the other could apall;
Who was ſo far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes deſpiſed, and his boaſt diſpraized.

XXVII. Then

XXVII.

Then turning backe unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while ſtood there beſide them bound,
Unwilling to be knowne, or ſeene at all,
He from thoſe bands weend him to have unwound.
But when approching neare, he plainely found
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly aſtound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire,
Ne could with ſeeing ſatisfie his great deſire.

XXVIII.

Meane while the Salvage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppreſſing th'other Knight,
Whom with his weight unweldy downe he held,
He flew upon him, like a greedy kight
Unto ſome carrion offered to his ſight,
And downe him plucking, with his nayles and teeth
Gan him to hale, and teare, and ſcratch, and bite;
And from him taking his owne whip, therewith
So ſore him ſcourgeth, that the bloud downe followeth.

XXIX.

And ſure I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to ſtay,
He would with whipping him have done to dye:
But being checkt, he did abſtaine ſtreight way,
And let him riſe. Then thus the Prince gan ſay;
Now, Lady, ſith your fortunes thus diſpoſe,
That if ye liſt have liberty, ye may,
Unto your ſelfe I freely leave to choſe,
Whether I ſhall you leave, or from theſe villaines loſe.

XXX. Ah,

XXX.

Ah, nay Sir Knight, ſayd ſhe, it may not be,
But that I needes muſt by all meanes fulfill
This penaunce, which enjoyned is to me,
Leaſt unto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no leſſe thankes to you for your good will.
So humbly taking leave, ſhe turn'd aſide,
But *Arthure*, with the reſt, went onward ſtill
On his firſt queſt, in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them devide.

XXXI.

But firſt it falleth me by courſe to tell
Of faire *Serena*, who, as earſt you heard,
When firſt the gentle Squire at variaunce fell
With thoſe two Carles, fled faſt away, afeard
Of villainy to be to her infer'd:
So freſh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foote did tremble, which did tread,
And every body two, and two ſhe foure did read.

XXXII.

Through hils and dales, through buſhes and through breres
Long thus ſhe fled, till that at laſt ſhe thought
Her ſelfe now paſt the perill of her feares.
Then looking round about, and ſeeing nought,
Which doubt of daunger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the plaine,
And ſitting downe, her ſelfe a while bethought
Of her long travell, and turmoyling paine;
And often did of love, and oft of lucke complaine.

XXXIII. And

XXXIII.

And evermore ſhe blamed *Calepine*,
The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,
As th' onely author of her wofull tine,
For being of his love to her ſo light,
As her to leave in ſuch a piteous plight.
Yet never turtle truer to his make,
Then he was tride unto his Lady bright;
Who all this while endured for her ſake
Great perill of his life, and reſtleſſe paines did take.

XXXIV.

Tho when as all her plaints ſhe had diſplayd,
And well diſburdend her engrieved breſt,
Upon the graſſe her ſelfe adowne ſhe layd;
Where being tyrde with travell, and oppreſt
With ſorrow, ſhe betooke her ſelfe to reſt.
There whileſt in *Morpheus* boſome ſafe ſhe lay,
Fearleſſe of ought, that mote her peace moleſt,
Falſe Fortune did her ſafety betray
Unto a ſtraunge miſchaunce, that menac'd her decay.

XXXV.

In theſe wylde deſerts, where ſhe now abode,
There dwelt a ſalvage nation, which did live
Of ſtealth and ſpoile, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did give
Them ſelves to any trade, as for to drive
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by adventrous marchandize to thrive;
But on the labours of poor men to feed,
And ſerve their owne neceſſities with others need.

XXXIV. Thereto

XXXVI.

Thereto they uſde one moſt accurſed order,
To eate the fleſh of men, whom they mote fynde,
And ſtraungers to devoure, which on their border
Were brought by errour, or by wreckfull wynde:
A monſtrous cruelty gainſt courſe of kynde.
They towards evening wandring every way,
To ſeeke for booty, came, by fortune blynde,
Whereas this Lady, like a ſheepe aſtray,
Now drowned in the depth of ſleepe all fearleſſe lay.

XXXVII.

Soone as they ſpide her, Lord! what gladfull glee
They made amongſt themſelves! but when her face
Like the faire yvory ſhining they did ſee,
Each gan his fellow ſolace and embrace,
For joy of ſuch good hap by heavenly grace.
Then gan they to devize what courſe to take;
Whether to ſlay her there upon the place,
Or ſuffer her out of her ſleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce; or many meales to make.

XXXVIII.

The beſt advizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment;
For ſleepe, they ſaid, would make her battill better.
Then, when ſhe wakt, they all gave one conſent,
That ſince by grace of God ſhe there was ſent,
Unto their God they would her ſacrifize,
Whoſe ſhare, her guiltleſſe bloud they would preſent;
But of her dainty fleſh they did devize
To make a common feaſt, and feed with gurmandize.

XXXIX.

So r ound about her they them ſelves did place
Upon the graſſe, and diverſely diſpoſe,
As each thought beſt to ſpend the lingring ſpace.
Some with their eyes the dainteſt morſels choſe;
Some praiſe her paps, ſome praiſe her lips and noſe;
Some whet their knives, and ſtrip their elboes bare:
The Prieſt him ſelfe a garland doth compoſe
Of fineſt flowres, and with full buſie care
His bloudy veſſels waſh, and holy fire prepare.

XL.

The Damzell wakes, then all at once upſtart,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping, and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the braſen ſkies.
Which when ſhe ſees with ghaſtly griefful eies,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes: Then out aloud ſhe cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and ſnowy breſts embrew.

XLI.

But all bootes not: they hands upon her lay;
And firſt they ſpoile her of her jewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongſt them they in peeces teare,
And of the pray each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked, to their ſordid eyes
The goodly threaſures of nature appeare;
Which as they view with luſtfull fantaſyes,
Each wiſheth to him ſelfe, and to the reſt envyes.

XLII. Her

XLII.

Her yvorie necke, her alablaſter breſt,
Her paps, which like white ſilken pillowes were,
For love in ſoft delight thereon to reſt;
Her tender ſides, her bellie white and clere,
Which like an Altar did it ſelfe uprere,
To offer ſacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whoſe glorie did appeare
Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
The ſpoiles of Princes hang'd, which were in battel won.

XLIII.

Thoſe daintie parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be prophan'd of common eyes,
Thoſe villeins vew'd with looſe laſcivious ſight,
And cloſely tempted with their craftie ſpyes;
And ſome of them gan mongſt themſelves devize,
Thereof by force to take their beaſtly pleaſure.
But them the Prieſt rebuking, did advize,
To dare not to pollute ſo ſacred threaſure,
Vow'd to the gods: religion held even theeves in meaſure.

XLIV.

So being ſtayd, they her from thence directed
Unto a little grove not farre aſyde,
In which an altar ſhortly they erected,
To ſlay her on. And now the Eventyde
His brode black wings had through the heavens wyde
By this diſpred, that was the tyme ordayned
For ſuch a diſmall deed, their guilt to hyde:
Of few greene turfes an altar ſoone they fayned,
And deckt it all with flowres, which they nigh hand obtayned.

XLV.

Tho when as all things readie were aright,
The Damzell was before the altar ſet,
Being alreadie dead with fearefull fright.
To whom the Prieſt, with naked armes full net,
Approching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter cloſe a certaine ſecret charme,
With other diveliſh ceremonies met:
Which doen, he gan aloft t'advance his arme,
Whereat they ſhouted all, and made a loud alarme.

XLVI.

Then gan the bagpypes and the hornes to ſhrill
And ſhrieke aloud, that with the peoples voyce
Confuſed, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles ſhe wayld, the more they did rejoyce.
Now mote ye underſtand, that to this grove
Sir *Calepine* by chaunce, more then by choyce,
The ſelfe ſame evening fortune hether drove,
As he to ſeeke *Serena* through the woods did rove.

XLVII.

Long had he ſought her, and through many a ſoyle
Had traveld ſtill on foot in heavie armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endleſſe toyles,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now all weetleſſe of the wretched ſtormes,
In which his love was loſt, he ſlept full faſt,
Till being waked with theſe loud alarmes,
He lightly ſtarted up like one aghaſt,
And catching up his arms ſtreight to the noiſe forth paſt.

XLVIII. There,

XLVIII.

There, by th' uncertaine glims of ſtarry night,
And by the twinkling of their ſacred fire,
He mote perceive a litle dawning ſight
Of all, which there was doing in that quire:
Mongſt whom a woman ſpoyld of all attire
He ſpyde, lamenting her unluckie ſtrife,
And groning ſore, from grieved hart entire:
Eftſoones he ſaw one with a naked knife
Readie to launch her breſt, and let out loved life.

XLIX.

With that he thruſts into the thickeſt throng,
And even as his right hand adowne deſcends,
He him preventing, layes on earth along,
And ſacrifizeth to th' infernall feends.
Then to the reſt his wrathfull hand he bends,
Of whom he makes ſuch havocke and ſuch hew,
That ſwarmes of damned ſoules to hell he ſends:
The reſt, that ſcape his ſword, and death eſchew,
Fly like a flocke of doves before a faulcons vew.

L.

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the altar he doth ſitting find,
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to cover what ſhe ought by kind,
He firſt her hands beginneth to unbind;
And then to queſtion of her preſent woe;
And afterwards to cheare with ſpeaches kind.
But ſhe for nought, that he could ſay or doe,
One word durſt ſpeake, or anſwere him awhit thereto.

LI. So

LI.

So inward ſhame of her uncomely caſe
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did cover her diſgrace,
Yet ſhe, in ſo unwomanly a mood,
Would not bewray the ſtate, in which ſhe ſtood.
So all that night to him unknowen ſhe paſt.
But day, that doth diſcover bad and good,
Enſewing, made her knowen to him at laſt:
The end whereof Ile keepe untill another caſt.

CANTO

CANTO IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibœ,
And loves fayre Pastorell;
Coridon envies him, yet he
For ill rewards him well.

I.

NOW turne againe my teme, thou jolly swayne,
Backe to the furrow, which I lately left:
I lately left a furrow, one or twayne
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft;
Yet seem'd the soyle both fayre and frutefull eft,
As I it past, that were too great a shame,
That so rich frute should be from us bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to *Calidores* immortall name.

II.

Great travell hath the gentle *Calidore*,
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the *Blatant Beast*, which I forbore
To finish then, for other present hast.
Full many pathes and perils he hath past,
Through hills, through dales, thro' forests, and thro' plaines,
In that same quest, which fortune on him cast,
Which he atchieved to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glorie of his restlesse paines.

III. So

III.

So ſharply he the Monſter did purſew,
That day nor night he ſuffred him to reſt,
Ne reſted he himſelfe, but natures dew,
For dread of daunger, not to be redreſt,
If he for ſlouth forſlackt ſo famous queſt.
Him firſt from court he to the citties courſed,
And from the citties to the townes him preſt,
And from the townes into the countrie forſed,
And from the country back to private farms he ſcorſed.

IV.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the heardes were keeping of their neat,
And ſhepheards ſinging to their flockes, that fed,
Layes of ſweet love, and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thether eke, for all his fearefull threat,
He followed faſt, and chaced him ſo nie,
That to the folds, where ſheepe at night doe ſeat,
And to the little cots, where ſhepherds lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

V.

There on a day, as he purſew'd the chace,
He chaunſt to ſpy a ſort of ſhepheard groomes,
Playing on pypes, and caroling apace,
The whyles the beaſts there in the budded broomes
Beſide them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir *Calidore* yet ſweating comes,
And them to tell him courteouſly beſought,
If ſuch a beaſt they ſaw, which he had thether brought.

VI. They

VI.

They aunſwer'd him, that no ſuch beaſt they ſaw,
Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
Their happie flockes, nor daunger to them draw:
But if that ſuch there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God them farre from them to ſend.
Then one of them him ſeeing ſo to ſweat,
After his ruſticke wiſe, that well he weend,
Offred him drinke, to quench his thirſtie heat,
And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

VII.

The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer: ſo adowne
They prayd him ſit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what, as ſerves the ſimple clowne,
That doth deſpiſe the dainties of the towne.
Tho having fed his fill, he there beſyde
Sawe a faire damzell, which did weare a crowne
Of ſundry flowres, with ſilken ribbands tyde.
Yclad in home-made greene, that her owne hands had dyde.

VIII.

Upon a little hillocke ſhe was placed
Higher then all the reſt, and round about
Environ'd with a garland, goodly graced,
Of lovely laſſes, and them all without
The luſtie ſhepheard ſwaynes ſate in a rout,
The which did pype and ſing her prayſes dew,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder ſhout,
As if ſome miracle of heavenly hew
Were downe to them deſcended in that earthly vew.

IX.

And ſoothly ſure ſhe was full fayre of face,
And perfectly well ſhapt in every lim,
Which ſhe did more augment with modeſt grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the reſt like leſſer lamps did dim:
Who her admiring as ſome heavenly wight,
Did for their ſoveraine goddeſſe her eſteeme,
And carolling her name both day and night,
The fayreſt *Paſtorella* her by name did hight.

X.

Ne was there heard, ne was there ſhepheards ſwayne
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with ſweet pleaſing payne
Full many a night for her did ſigh and grone:
But moſt of all the ſhepheard *Coridon*
For her did languiſh, and his deare life ſpend;
Yet nether ſhe for him, nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind aſcend.

XI.

Her whyles Sir *Calidore* there vewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him ſeemed
So farre the meane of ſhepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a Princes Paragone eſteemed,
He was unwares ſurpriſd in ſubtile bands
Of the blynd boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any ſkill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird, which gazing ſtill on others ſtands.

XII. So

XII.

So ſtood he ſtill long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his queſt were farre afore him gon;
But after he had fed, yet did he ſtay,
And ſate there ſtill, untill the flying day
Was farre forth ſpent, diſcourſing diverſly
Of ſundry things as fell, to worke delay;
And evermore his ſpeach he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels fantaſy.

XIII.

By this the moyſtie night approching faſt
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to ſhed,
That warn'd the ſhepheards to their homes to haſt
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good old aged ſyre,
Whoſe ſilver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
With ſhepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
That willd the damzell riſe; the day did now expyre.

XIV.

He was to weet by common voice eſteemed
The father of the fayreſt *Paſtorell*,
And of her ſelfe in very deede ſo deemed;
Yet was not ſo, but, as old ſtories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an Infant left alone,
And taking up brought home, and nourſed well
As his owne chyld; for other he had none,
That ſhe in tract of time accompted was his owne.

XV.

She at his bidding meekely did ariſe,
And ſtreight unto her litle flocke did fare:
Then all the reſt about her roſe likewiſe,
And each his ſundrie ſheepe with ſeverall care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare:
Whyleſt everie one with helping hands did ſtrive
Amongſt themſelves, and did their labours ſhare,
To helpe faire *Paſtorella*, home to drive
Her fleecie flocke; but *Coridon* moſt helpe did give.

XVI.

But *Melibœe* (ſo hight that good old man)
Now ſeeing *Calidore* left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his ſimple home;
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane, yet better ſo
To lodge, then in the ſalvage fields to rome.
The Knight full gladly ſoone agreed thereto,
Being his harts owne wiſh, and home with him did go.

XVII.

There he was welcom'd of that honeſt ſyre,
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him beſought himſelfe to diſattyre,
And reſte himſelfe, till ſupper time befell.
By which home came the fayreſt *Paſtorell*,
After her flocke ſhe in their fold had tyde;
And ſupper readie dight, they to it fell
With ſmall adoe, and nature ſatisfyde,
The which doth little crave, contented to abyde.

XVIII. Tho

XVIII.

Tho when they had their hunger ſlaked well,
And the fayre mayd the table ta'ne away,
The gentle Knight, as he, that did excell
In courteſie, and well could doe and ſay,
For ſo great kindneſſe as he found that day,
Gan greatly thanke his hoſt and his good wife;
And drawing thence his ſpeach another way,
Gan highly to commend the happie life,
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter ſtrife.

XIX.

How much, ſaid he, more happie is the ſtate,
In which ye, father, here doe dwell at eaſe,
Leading a life ſo free and fortunate,
From all the tempeſts of theſe worldly ſeas,
Which toſſe the reſt in daungerous diſeaſe?
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Do them afflict, which no man can appeaſe,
That certes I your happineſſe envie,
And wiſh my lot were plaſt in ſuch felicitie.

XX.

Surely, my ſonne, then anſwer'd he againe,
If happie, then it is in this intent,
That having ſmall, yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wiſh for more it to augment,
But doe my ſelfe, with that I have, content;
So taught of nature, which doth litle need
Of forreine helpes to lifes due nouriſhment:
The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed;
No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.

XXI. There-

XXI.

Therefore I doe not any one envy,
Nor am envyde of any one therefore;
They, that have much, feare much to looſe thereby,
And ſtore of cares doth follow riches ſtore.
The little, that I have, growes dayly more
Without my care, but only to attend it;
My lambes doe every yeare increaſe their ſcore,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What have I, but to praiſe th'Almighty, that doth ſend it?

XXII.

To them, that liſt, the worlds gay ſhowes I leave,
And to great ones ſuch follies doe forgive,
Which oft through pride do their owne perill weave,
And through ambition downe themſelves doe drive
To ſad decay, that might contented live.
Me no ſuch cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve;
But all the night in ſilver ſleepe I ſpend,
And all the day, to what I liſt, I do attend.

XXIII.

Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
Unto my lambes, and him diſlodge away;
Sometime the fawne I practiſe, from the doe,
Or from the goat her kidde how to convay:
Another while, I baytes and nets diſplay,
The birds to catch, or fiſhes to beguyle:
And when I wearie am, I downe doe lay
My limbes in every ſhade, to reſt from toyle,
And drinke of every brooke, when thirſt my throte doth boyle.

XXIV. The

XXIV.

The time was once, in my firſt prime of yeares,
When pride of youth forth pricked my deſire,
That I diſdain'd amongſt mine equall peares
To follow ſheepe, and ſhepheards baſe attire:
For further fortune then I would inquire.
And leaving home, to roiall court I ſought;
Where I did ſell my ſelfe for yearely hire,
And in the Princes gardin daily wrought:
There I behelde ſuch vaineneſſe, as I never thought.

XXV.

With ſight whereof ſoone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes, which them doe entertaine,
After I had ten yeares my ſelfe excluded
From native home, and ſpent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my ſelfe to plaine,
And this ſweet peace, whoſe lacke did then appeare.
Tho backe returning to my ſheepe againe,
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more deare
This lowly quiet life, which I inherite here.

XXVI.

Whyleſt thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy eare
Hong ſtill upon his melting mouth attent;
Whoſe ſenſefull words empierſt his hart ſo neare,
That he was rapt with double raviſhment,
Both of his ſpeach, that wrought him great content,
And alſo of the object of his vew,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleaſing tongue, and her faire hew,
He loſt himſelfe, and like one halfe entraunced grew.

XXVII. Yet

XXVII.

Yet to occaſion meanes, to worke his mind,
And to inſinuate his harts deſire,
He thus replyde; Now ſurely, ſyre, I find,
That all this worlds gay ſhowes, which we admire,
Be but vaine ſhadowes to this ſafe retyre
Of life, which here in lowlineſſe ye lead,
Fearleſſe of foes, or fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which toſſeth ſtates, and under foot doth tread
The mightie ones, affrayd of every chaunges dread.

XXVIII.

That even I, which daily doe behold
The glorie of the great, mongſt whom I won,
And now have prov'd, what happineſſe ye hold
In this ſmall plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordſhip and ambition;
And wiſh th' heavens ſo much had graced mee,
As graunt me live in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might tranſpoſed bee
From pitch of higher place, unto this low degree.

XXIX.

In vain, ſaid then old *Melibœ*, doe men
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuſe,
Sith they know beſt, what is the beſt for them:
For they to each ſuch fortune doe diffuſe,
As they doe know each can moſt aptly uſe.
For not that, which men covet moſt, is beſt;
Nor that thing worſt, which men do moſt refuſe;
But fitteſt is, that all contented reſt
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his breſt.

XXX. It

XXX.

It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happie, rich or poore:
For ſome, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greateſt ſtore;
And other, that hath litle, aſkes no more,
But in that litle is both rich and wiſe.
For wiſedome is moſt riches; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vowes devize,
Sith each unto himſelfe his life may fortunize.

XXXI.

Since then in each man's ſelf, ſaid *Calidore*,
It is, to faſhion his owne lyfes eſtate,
Give leave awhile, good father, in this ſhore,
To reſte my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
With ſtormes of fortune and tempeſtuous fate,
In ſeas of troubles, and of toyleſome paine;
That whether quite from them for to retrate
I ſhall reſolve, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your ſelfe ſome ſmall repoſe obtaine.

XXXII.

Not that the burden of ſo bold a gueſt
Shall chargefull be, or chaunge to you at all;
For your meane food ſhall be my daily feaſt,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
Beſides for recompence hereof, I ſhall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you ſafer live.
So forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

XXXIII.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thruſt it farre away,
And thus beſpake; Sir Knight, your bounteous proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill diſplay
That mucky maſſe, the cauſe of mens decay,
That mote empaire my peace with daungers dread.
But if ye algates covet to aſſay
This ſimple ſort of life, that ſhepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudeneſſe to your ſelfe aread.

XXXIV.

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,
And long while after, whileſt him liſt remaine,
Dayly beholding the faire *Paſtorell*,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane.
During which time he did her entertaine
With all kind courteſies, he could invent;
And every day, her companie to gaine,
When to the field ſhe went, he with her went:
So for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

XXXV.

But ſhe, that never had acquainted beene
With ſuch queint uſage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
Ne ever had ſuch knightly ſervice ſeene,
But being bred under baſe ſhepheards wings,
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things,
Did litle whit regard his courteous guize,
But cared more for *Colins* carolings,
Then all that he could doe, or ever devize:
His layes, his loves, his lookes ſhe did them all deſpize.

XXXVI. Which

XXXVI.

Which *Calidore* perceiving, thought it beſt
To chaunge the manner of his loftie looke;
And doffing his bright armes, himſelfe addreſt
In ſhepheards weed; and in his hand he tooke,
In ſtead of ſteelehead ſpeare, a ſhepheards hooke;
That who had ſeene him then, would have bethought
On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brooke,
When he the love of fayre *Benone* ſought,
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

XXXVII.

So being clad, unto the fields he went
With the faire *Paſtorella* every day,
And kept her ſheepe with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous wolfe away,
The whyleſt at pleaſure ſhe mote ſport and play;
And every evening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles for need, he did aſſay
In his ſtrong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to preſſe the milke: love ſo much could.

XXXVIII.

Which ſeeing *Coridon*, who her likewiſe
Long time had lov'd, and hop'd her love to gaine,
He much was troubled at that ſtraungers guize,
And many gealous thoughts conceiv'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reape the harveſt, ere it ripened were:
That made him ſcoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of *Paſtorell* to all the ſhepheards there,
That ſhe did love a ſtranger ſwayne then him more dere.

XXXIX.

And ever when he came in companie,
Where *Calidore* was preſent, he would loure,
And byte his lip, and even for gealouſie
Was readie oft his owne hart to devoure,
Impatient of any paramoure:
Who on the other ſide did ſeeme ſo farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could, he graced him with her;
Ne ever ſhewed ſigne of rancour or of jarre.

XL.

And oft, when *Coridon* unto her brought
Or litle ſparrowes, ſtolen from their neſt,
Or wanton ſquirrels, in the woods farre ſought,
Or other daintie thing for her addreſt,
He would commend his guift, and make the beſt.
Yet ſhe no whit his preſents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancie in her breſt:
This newcome ſhepheard had his market mard.
Old love is litle worth, when new is more prefard.

XLI.

One day when as the ſhepheard ſwaynes together
Were met, to make their ſports and merrie glee,
As they are wont in faire ſunſhynie weather,
The whiles their flockes in ſhadowes ſhrouded bee,
They fell to daunce: then did they all agree,
That *Colin Clout* ſhould pipe, as one moſt fit;
And *Calidore* ſhould lead the ring, as hee,
That moſt in *Paſtorellaes* grace did ſit.
Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip cloſely bit.

XLII. But

XLII.

But *Calidore*, of courteous inclination,
Tooke *Coridon*, and ſet him in his place,
That he ſhould leade the daunce, as was his faſhion;
For *Coridon* could daunce, and trimly trace.
And when as *Paſtorella*, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond tooke from her owne head,
And plaſt on his, he did it ſoone diſplace,
And did it put on *Coridons* in ſtead:
Then *Coridon* woxe frollicke, that earſt ſeemed dead.

XLIII.

Another time, when as they did diſpoſe
To practiſe games, and maiſteries to try,
They for their judge did *Paſtorella* choſe;
A garland was the meed of victory.
There *Coridon*, forth ſtepping openly,
Did chalenge *Calidore* to wreſtling game:
For he through long and perfect induſtry,
Therein well practiſd was, and in the ſame
Thought ſure t'avenge his grudge, and worke his foe great ſhame.

XLIV.

But *Calidore* he greatly did miſtake;
For he was ſtrong, and mightily ſtiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almoſt brake;
And had he not upon him fallen light,
His deareſt joynt he ſure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by *Paſtorell*
Given to *Calidore*, as his due right;
But he, that did in courteſie excell,
Gave it to *Coridon*, and ſaid he wonne it well.

XLV. Thus

XLV.

Thus did the gentle Knight himſelfe abeare
Among that ruſticke route in all his deeds,
That even they, the which his rivals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
For courteſie amongſt the rudeſt breeds
Good will and favour. So it ſurely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mynde the ſeeds
Of perfect love did ſow, that laſt forth brought
The fruite of joy and bliſſe, though long time dearely bought.

XLVI.

Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,
To winne the love of the faire *Paſtorell*;
Which having got, he uſed without crime
Or blamefull blot, but menaged ſo well,
That he of all the reſt, which there did well,
Was favoured, and to her grace commended.
But what ſtraunge fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

CANTO

CANTO X.

Calidore ſees the Graces daunce,
To Colins melody:
The whiles his Paſtorell is led
Into captivity.

I.

WHO now does follow the foule *Blatant Beaſt*,
Whileſt *Calidore* does follow that faire Mayd,
Unmindfull of his vow, and high beheaſt,
Which by the Faery Queene was on him layd,
That he ſhould never leave, nor be delayd
From chacing him, till he had it atchieved?
But now entrapt of love, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more, how he may be relieved,
With grace from her, whoſe love his heart hath ſore engrieved;

II.

That from henceforth he meanes no more to ſew
His former queſt, ſo full of toile and paine:
Another queſt, another game in vew
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gaine:
With whom he myndes for ever to remaine,
And ſet his reſt amongſt the ruſticke ſort,
Rather then hunt ſtill after ſhadowes vaine
Of courtly favour, fed with light report,
Of every blaſte, and ſayling alwaies in the port.

III. Ne

III.

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,
From ſo high ſtep to ſtoupe unto ſo low.
For who had taſted once, as oft did he,
The happy peace, which there doth overflow,
And prov'd the perfect pleaſures, which doe grow
Amongſt poor hyndes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
Would never more delight in painted ſhow
Of ſuch falſe bliſſe, as there is ſet for ſtales,
T'entrap unwary fooles in their eternall bales.

IV.

For what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one ſight, which *Calidore* did vew?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eies would daze,
That never more they ſhould endure the ſhew
Of that ſunne-ſhine, that makes them looke aſkew.
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare,
(Save only *Glorianaes* heavenly hew,
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which, as commeth now by courſe, I will declare.

V.

One day as he did raunge the fields abroad,
Whileſt his faire *Paſtorella* was elſewhere,
He chaunſt to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place, whoſe pleaſaunce did appere
To paſſe all others, on the earth which were:
For all that ever was by natures ſkill
Devizd to worke delight, was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if this to adorne, ſhe all the reſt did pill.

VI. It

VI.

It was an hill plaſte in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchleſſe hight, that ſeem'd th' earth to diſdaine,
In which all trees of honour lately ſtood,
And did all winter as in ſommer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower braunches ſung aloud;
And in their tops the ſoring hauke did towre,
Sitting like King of fowles in majeſty and powre.

VII.

And at the foote thereof a gentle flud
His ſilver waves did ſoftly tumble downe,
Unmard with ragged moſſe, or filthy mud,
Ne mote wylde beaſtes, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approch, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the bancks did ſit,
In the woods ſhade, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noyſome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

VIII.

And on the top thereof a ſpacious plaine
Did ſpred it ſelfe, to ſerve to all delight,
Either to daunce, when they to daunce would faine,
Or elſe to courſe about their baſes light.
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleaſure might
Deſired be, or thence to baniſh bale:
So pleaſauntly the hill with equall hight
Did ſeeme to overlooke the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale.*

IX.

They ſay, that *Venus*, when ſhe did diſpoſe
Her ſelfe to pleaſaunce, uſed to reſort
Unto this place, and therein to repoſe
And reſt her ſelfe, as in a gladſome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and ſport;
That even her owne Cytheron, though in it
She uſed moſt to keepe her royall court,
And in her ſoveraine Majeſty to ſit,
She in regard hereof refuſde and thought unfit.

X.

Unto this place when as the Elfin Knight
Approcht, him ſeemed, that the merry ſound
Of a ſhrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feete faſt thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weete what mote it be;
There he a troupe of Ladies dauncing found
Full merrily, and making gladfull glee,
And in the midſt a Shepheard piping he did ſee.

XI.

He durſt not enter into th' open greene,
For dread of them unwares to be deſcryde,
For breaking of their daunce, if he were ſeene;
But in the covert of the wood did byde,
Beholding all, yet of them uneſpyde.
There he did ſee, that pleaſed much his ſight,
That even he him ſelfe his eyes envyde,
An hundred naked maidens, lilly white,
All raunged in a ring, and dauncing in delight.

XII. All

XII.

All they without were raunged in a ring,
And daunced round; but in the midſt of them
Three other Ladies did both daunce and ſing,
The whileſt the reſt them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compaſſe ſtemme:
And in the middeſt of thoſe ſame three was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidſt a ring moſt richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly preſence all the reſt much graced.

XIII.

Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* wore
Upon her yvory forehead that ſame day,
That *Theſeus* her unto his bridale bore,
When the bold *Centaures* made that bloudy fray
With the fierce *Lapithes*, which did them diſmay;
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams diſplay,
And is unto the ſtarres an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent:

XIV.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whoſe ſundry parts were here too long to tell:
But ſhe, that in the midſt of them did ſtand,
Seem'd all the reſt in beauty to excell,
Crownd with a roſie girlond, that right well
Did her beſeeme. And ever, as the crew
About her daunſt, ſweet flowres, that far did ſmell,
And fragrant odours they upon her threw;
But moſt of all, thoſe three did her with gifts endew.

XV.

Thoſe were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaides of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
Uppon this hill, and daunce there day and night:
Thoſe three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
And all, that *Venus* in her ſelfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midſt was placed paravaunt,
Was ſhe, to whom that ſhepheard pypt alone,
That made him pipe ſo merrily, as never none.

XVI.

She was to weete that jolly ſhepheards laſſe,
Which piped there unto that merry rout,
That jolly ſhepheard, which there piped, was
Poore *Colin Clout* (who knowes not *Colin Clout?*)
He pypt apace, whileſt they him daunſt about.
Pype, jolly ſhepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy love, that made thee low to lout;
Thy love is preſent there with thee in place,
Thy love is there advaunſt to be another Grace.

XVII.

Much wondred *Calidore* at this ſtraunge ſight,
Whoſe like before his eye had never ſeene,
And ſtanding long aſtoniſhed in ſpright,
And rapt with pleaſaunce, wiſt not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchaunted ſhow,
With which his eyes mote have deluded beene.
Therefore reſolving, what it was, to know,
Out of the wood he roſe, and toward them did go.

XVIII. But

XVIII.

But ſoone as he appeared to their vew,
They vaniſht all away out of his ſight,
And cleane were gone, which way he never knew;
All ſave the ſhepheard, who for fell deſpight
Of that diſpleaſure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turne.
But *Calidore*, though no leſſe ſory wight
For that miſhap, yet ſeeing him to mourne,
Drew neare, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

XIX.

And firſt him greeting, thus unto him ſpake;
Haile, jolly ſhepheard, which thy joyous dayes
Here leadeſt in this goodly merry make,
Frequented of theſe gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke, to heare thy lovely layes;
Tell me, what mote theſe dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee doe make their pleaſant playes?
Right happy thou, that mayſt them freely ſee:
But why, when I them ſaw, fled they away from me?

XX.

Not I ſo happy, anſwerd then that ſwaine,
As thou unhappy, which them thence didſt chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canſt recall againe;
For being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of them ſelves liſt ſo to grace.
Right ſory I, ſaide then Sir *Calidore*,
That my ill fortune did them hence diſplace.
But ſince things paſſed none may now reſtore,
Tell me, what were they all, whoſe lacke thee grieves ſo ſore.

XXI. Tho

XXI.

Tho gan that ſhepheard thus for to dilate:
Then wote thou, ſhepheard, whatſoever thou bee,
That all thoſe Ladies, which thou ſaweſt late,
Are *Venus* Damzels, all with her in fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They are all Graces, which on her depend,
Beſides a thouſand more, which ready bee
Her to adorne, when ſo ſhe forth doth wend:
But thoſe three in the midſt doe chiefe on her attend.

XXII.

They are the daughters of ſky-ruling *Jove*,
By him begot of faire *Eurynome*,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleaſant grove,
As he this way comming from feaſtfull glee,
Of *Thetis* wedding with *Aecidee*,
In ſommers ſhade him ſelfe here reſted weary.
The firſt of them hight mylde *Euphroſyne*,
Next faire *Aglaia*, laſt *Thalia* merry:
Sweete Goddeſſes all three, which me in mirth do cherry.

XXIII.

Theſe three on men all gracious gifts beſtow,
Which decke the body, or adorne the mynde,
To make them lovely, or well favoured ſhow;
As comely carriage, entertainement kynde,
Sweete ſemblaunt, friendly offices that bynde,
And all the complements of curteſie:
They teach us, how to each degree and kynde
We ſhould our ſelves demeane, to low, to hie;
To friends, to foes, which ſkill men call civility.

XXIV. There-

XXIV.

Therefore they alwaies ſmoothly ſeeme to ſmile,
That we likewiſe ſhould mylde and gentle be,
And alſo naked are, that without guile
Or falſe diſſemblaunce all them plaine may ſee,
Simple and true, from covert malice free:
And eeke themſelves ſo in their daunce they bore,
That two of them ſtill forward ſeem'd to bee,
But one ſtill towards ſhew'd her ſelfe afore;
That good ſhould from us goe, then come in greater ſtore.

XXV.

Such were thoſe Goddeſſes, which ye did ſee;
But that fourth Mayd, which there amidſt them traced,
Who can aread, what creature mote ſhe bee,
Whether a creature, or a goddeſſe graced
With heavenly gifts from heaven firſt enraced?
But what ſo ſure ſhe was, ſhe worthy was
To be the fourth, with thoſe three other placed:
Yet was ſhe certes but a countrey laſſe,
Yet ſhe all other countrey laſſes farre did paſſe.

XXVI.

So farre as doth the daughter of the day
All other leſſer lights in light excell,
So farre doth ſhe, in beautifull array,
Above all other laſſes beare the bell;
Ne leſſe in vertue, that beſeemes her well,
Doth ſhe exceede the reſt of all her race,
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honor brought her to this place,
And graced her ſo much to be another Grace.

XXVII. Another

XXVII.

Another Grace ſhe well deſerves to be,
In whom ſo many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Divine reſemblaunce, beauty ſoveraine rare,
Firme chaſtity, that ſpight ne blemiſh dare;
All which ſhe with ſuch courteſie doth grace,
That all her peres cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed, when ſhe is in place.
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

XXVIII.

Sunne of the world, great glory of the ſky,
That all the earth doeſt lighten with thy rayes,
Great *Gloriana*, greateſt Majeſty,
Pardon thy ſhepheard, mongſt ſo many layes,
As he hath ſung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayſe,
That when thy glory ſhall be farre diſplayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made.

XXIX.

When thus that ſhepheard ended had his ſpeach,
Said *Calidore*; Now ſure it yrketh mee,
That to thy bliſſe I made this luckleſſe breach,
As now the author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy loves deare ſight from thee:
But, gentle ſhepheard, pardon thou my ſhame,
Who raſhly ſought that, which I mote not ſee.
Thus did the courteous Knight excuſe his blame,
And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

XXX. In

XXX.

In ſuch diſcourſes they together ſpent
Long time, as fit occaſion forth them led;
With which the Knight him ſelfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed,
Both of his words, which he with reaſon red,
And alſo of the place, whoſe pleaſures rare
With ſuch regard his ſences raviſhed,
That thence he had no will away to fare,
But wiſht, that with that ſhepheard he mote dwelling ſhare.

XXXI.

But that envenimd ſting, the which of yore
His poyſnous point deepe fixed in his hart
Had left, now gan afreſh to rancle ſore,
And to renue the rigour of his ſmart:
Which to recure, no ſkill of leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his breſt, had bred his reſtleſſe paine,
Like as the wounded whale to ſhore flies from the maine.

XXXII.

So taking leave of that ſame gentle ſwaine,
He backe returned to his ruſtick wonne,
Where his faire *Paſtorella* did remaine:
To whome in ſort, as he at firſt begonne,
He daily did apply him ſelfe to donne
All dewfull ſervice, voide of thoughts impure;
Ne any paines ne perill did he ſhonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

XXXIII.

And evermore the ſhepheard *Coridon*,
What ever thing he did her to aggrate,
Did ſtrive to match with ſtrong contention,
And all his paines did cloſely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they ſate
Keeping their ſheepe, or game to exercize,
Or to preſent her with their labours late;
Through which, if any grace chaunſt to arize
To him, the ſhepheard ſtreight with jealouſie did frize.

XXXIV.

One day as they all three together went
To the greene wood, to gather ſtrawberies,
There chaunſt to them a dangerous accident;
A tigre fierce out of the wood did riſe,
That with fell clawes, full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,
Did runne at *Paſtorell*, her to ſurprize:
Whom ſhe beholding, now all deſolate
Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

XXXV.

Which *Coridon* firſt hearing, ran in haſt
To reſkue her; but when he ſaw the feend,
Through cowherd feare he fled away as faſt,
Ne durſt abide the daunger of the end;
His life he ſteemed dearer then his frend.
But *Calidore* ſoone comming to her ayde,
When he the beaſt ſaw ready now to rend
His loves dear ſpoile, in which his heart was prayde,
He ran at him enragd, in ſtead of being frayde.

XXXVI. He

XXXVI.

He had no weapon, but his ſhepheards hooke,
To ſerve the vengeaunce of his wrathfull will,
With which ſo ſternely he the monſter ſtrooke,
That to the ground aſtoniſhed he fell;
Whence ere he could recov'r, he did him quell,
And hewing off his head, it preſented
Before the feete of the faire *Paſtorell*;
Who ſcarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thouſand times him thankt, that had her death prevented.

XXXVII.

From that day forth ſhe gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But *Coridon* for cowherdize reject,
Fit to keepe ſheepe, unfit for loves content:
The gentle heart ſcornes baſe diſparagement.
Yet *Calidore* did not deſpiſe him quight,
But uſde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowſhip he colour might
Both his eſtate, and love, from ſkill of any wight.

XXXVIII.

So well he woo'd her, and ſo well he wrought her,
With humble ſervice, and with daily ſute,
That at the laſt unto his will he brought her;
Which he ſo wiſely well did proſecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely frute,
And joyed long in cloſe felicity:
Till fortune, fraught with malice, blinde, and brute,
That envies lovers long proſperity,
Blew up a bitter ſtorme of foule adverſity.

XXXIX.

It fortuned one day, when *Calidore*
Was hunting in the woods, as was his trade,
A lawleſſe people, *Brigants* hight of yore,
That never uſde to live by plough nor ſpade,
But fed on ſpoile and booty, which they made
Upon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
The dwellings of theſe ſhepheards did invade,
And ſpoyld their houſes, and them ſelves did murder,
And drove away their flocks, with other much diſorder.

XL.

Amongſt the reſt, the which they then did pray,
They ſpoyld old *Melibee* of all he had,
And all his people captive led away,
Mongſt which this luckleſſe mayd away was led,
Faire *Paſtorella*, ſorrowfull and ſad,
Moſt ſorrowfull, moſt ſad, that ever ſigh't,
Now made the ſpoile of theeves and *Brigants* bad,
Which was the conqueſt of the gentleſt Knight,
That ever liv'd, and th' onely glory of his might.

XLI.

With them alſo was taken *Coridon*,
And carried captive by thoſe theeves away;
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them deſcry, nor reſkue from their pray,
Unto their dwelling did them cloſe convay.
Their dwelling in a little Iſland was,
Covered with ſhrubby woods, in which no way
Appeard for people in nor out to pas,
Nor any footing fynde for overgrowen gras.

XLII. For

XLII.

For underneath the ground their way was made,
Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
For the thicke shrubs, which did them alwaies shade:
From view of living wight, and covered over:
But darkenesse dred, and daily night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt.
Ne lightned was with window, nor with lover,
But with continuall candlelight, which delt
A doubtfull sense of things, not so well seene, as felt.

XLIII.

Hither those *Brigants* brought their present pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning so soone, as they convenient may,
For slaves to sell them, for no small reward,
To merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or sold againe. Now when faire *Pastorell*
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of griesly theeves, she thought her self in hell,
Where with such damned fiends she should in darknesse dwell.

XLIV.

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment,
And pittifull complaints, which there she made;
Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life, shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade:
Like to a flowre, that feeles no heate of sunne,
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade;
But what befell her in that theevish wonne,
Will in an other Canto better be begonne.

CANTO

CANTO XI.

The theeves fall out for Paſtorell,
Whileſt Melibee is ſlaine:
Her Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

I.

THE joyes of love, if they ſhould ever laſt,
Without affliction or diſquietneſſe,
That worldly chaunces doe amongſt them caſt,
Would be on earth too great a bleſſedneſſe,
Liker to heaven, then mortall wretchedneſſe.
Therefore the winged God, to let men weet,
That here on earth is no ſure happineſſe,
A thouſand ſowres hath tempred with one ſweet,
To make it ſeeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

II.

Like as is now befalne to this faire Mayd,
Faire *Paſtorell*, of whom is now my ſong,
Who being now in dreadfull darkneſſe layd,
Amongſt thoſe theeves, which her in bondage ſtrong
Detaynd, yet Fortune not with all this wrong
Contented, greater miſchiefe on her threw,
And ſorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That who ſo heares her heavineſſe, would rew,
And pitty her ſad plight, ſo chang'd from pleaſaunt hew.

III. Whyleſt

III.

Whyleſt thus ſhe in theſe helliſh dens remayned,
Wrapped in wretched cares, and hearts unreſt,
It ſo befell, as Fortune had ordayned,
That he, which was their Capitaine profeſt,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the reſt,
One day, as he did all his priſoners vew,
With luſtfull eyes beheld that lovely gueſt,
Faire *Paſtorella*; whoſe ſad mournefull hew
Like the faire morning clad in miſty fog did ſhew.

IV.

At ſight whereof his barbarous heart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames moſt raging whot,
That her alone he for his part deſired,
Of all the other pray, which they had got,
And her in mynde did to him ſelfe allot.
From that day forth he kyndneſſe to her ſhowed,
And ſought her love, by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed:
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

V.

But all that ever he could doe or ſay,
Her conſtant mynd could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To graunt him favour, or afford him love.
Yet ceaſt he not to ſew, and all waies prove,
By which he mote acccompliſh his requeſt,
Saying and doing all that mote behove:
Ne day nor night he ſuffred her to reſt,
But her all night did watch, and all the day moleſt.

VI. At

VI.

At laſt when him ſhe ſo importune ſaw,
Fearing leaſt he at length the raines would lend
Unto his luſt, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre ſhe was to foe or frend,
She thought it beſt, for ſhadow, to pretend
Some ſhew of favour, by him gracing ſmall,
That ſhe thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more eaſe continue there his thrall:
A little well is lent, that gaineth more withall.

VII.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better tearmes ſhe did him entertaine,
Which gave him hope, and did him halfe perſwade,
That he in time her joyaunce ſhould obtaine.
But when ſhe ſaw, through that ſmall favours gaine,
That further, then ſhe willing was, he preſt,
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A ſodaine ſickneſſe, which her ſore oppreſt,
And made unfit to ſerve his lawleſſe mindes beheſt.

VIII.

By meanes whereof ſhe would not him permit
Once to approch to her in privity,
But onely mongſt the reſt by her to ſit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And ſeeking all things meete for remedy.
But ſhe reſolv'd no remedy to fynde,
Nor better cheare to ſhew in miſery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbynde.
Her ſickneſſe was not of the body, but the mynde.

IX. During

IX.

During which ſpace that ſhe thus ſicke did lie,
It chaunſt a ſort of merchaunts, which were wount
To ſkim thoſe coaſtes, for bondmen there to buy,
And by ſuch trafficke after gaines to hunt,
Arrived in this Iſle, though bare and blunt,
T' inquire for ſlaves; where being readie met
By ſome of theſe ſame theeves at th' inſtant brunt,
Were brought unto their Captaine, who was ſet
By his faire patients ſide with ſorrowfull regret.

X.

To whom they ſhewed, how thoſe marchants were
Arriv'd in place, their bondſlaves for to buy,
And therefore prayd, that thoſe ſame captives there
Mote to them for their moſt commodity
Be ſold, and mongſt them ſhared equally.
This their requeſt the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their juſt demaund deny,
And willed ſtreight the ſlaves ſhould forth be called,
And ſold for moſt advantage, not to be forſtalled.

XI.

Then forth the good old *Melibœ* was brought,
And *Coridon*, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverſe ſpoyles had caught;
All which he to the marchants ſale did ſhowe:
Till ſome, which did the ſundry priſoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for that faire ſhepherdeſſe,
Which with the reſt they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expreſſe,
The more t' augment her price, through praiſe of comlineſſe.

XII.

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made anſwere, that the Mayd, of whom they ſpake,
Was his owne purchaſe, and his onely prize,
With which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himſelfe, which did that conqueſt make:
Litle for him to have one ſilly laſſe;
Beſides through ſickneſſe now ſo wan and weake,
That nothing meet in marchandiſe to paſſe.
So ſhew'd them her, to prove how pale and weake ſhe was.

XIII.

The ſight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly ſeene by candle-light,
Yet like a diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull ſhadow of the darkeſome night,
With ſtarrie beames about her ſhining bright,
Theſe marchants fixed eyes did ſo amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through delight,
A while on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

XIV.

At laſt when all the reſt them offred were,
And priſes to them placed at their pleaſure,
They all refuſed in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how ever priſd with meaſure,
Withouten her, whoſe worth above all threaſure
They did eſteeme, and offred ſtore of gold.
But then the Captaine, fraught with more diſpleaſure,
Bad them be ſtill, his love ſhould not be ſold:
The reſt take, if they would, he her to him would hold.

XV. There-

XV.

Therewith ſome other of the chiefeſt theeves
Boldly him bad ſuch injurie forbeare;
For that ſame Mayd, how ever it him greeves,
Should with the reſt be ſold before him theare,
To make the priſes of the reſt more deare.
That with great rage he ſtoutly doth denay;
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth ſweare,
That who ſo hardie hand on her doth lay,
It dearely ſhall aby, and death for handſell pay.

XVI.

Thus as they words among them multiply,
They fall to ſtrokes, the frute of too much talke,
And the mad ſteele about doth fiercely fly,
Not ſparing wight, ne leaving any balke,
But making way for death at large to walke:
Who in the horror of the grieſly night,
In thouſand dreadfull ſhapes doth mongſt them ſtalke,
And makes huge havocke, whiles the candlelight
Out quenched leaves no ſkill nor difference of wight.

XVII.

Like as a ſort of hungry dogs ymet
About ſome carcaſe by the common way,
Doe fall together, ſtryving each to get
The greateſt portion of the greedie pray;
All on confuſed heapes themſelves aſſay,
And ſnatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them ſees, would wonder at their fray;
And who ſees not, would be affrayd to heare.
Such was the conflict of thoſe cruell *Brigants* there.

XVIII.

But firſt of all, their captives they doe kill,
Leaſt they ſhould joyne againſt the weaker ſide,
Or riſe againſt the remnant at their will.
Old *Melibœ* is ſlaine, and him beſide
His aged wife, with many others wide:
But *Coridon* eſcaping craftily,
Creepes forth of dores, whilſt darknes him doth hide,
And flyes away as faſt as he can hye,
Ne ſtayeth leave to take, before his friends doe dye.

XIX.

But *Paſtorella*, wofull wretched elfe,
Was by the Captaine all this while defended,
Who minding more her ſafety then himſelfe,
His target alwayes over her pretended;
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was ſlaine, and layd on ground,
Yet holding faſt twixt both his armes extended
Fayre *Paſtorell*, who with the ſelfe ſame wound
Launcht through the arme, fell down with him in drerie ſwound.

XX.

There lay ſhe coverd with confuſed preaſſe
Of carcaſes, which dying on her fell.
Tho when as he was dead, the fray gan ceaſſe,
And each to other calling, did compell
To ſtay their cruell hands from ſlaughter fell,
Sith they, that were the cauſe of all, were gone.
Thereto they all attonce agreed well,
And lighting candles new, gan ſearch anone,
How many of their friends were ſlaine, how many fone.

XXI. Their

XXI.

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the dreary dying mayd,
Like a ſweet Angell twixt two clouds uphild:
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayd,
With cloud of death upon her eyes diſplayd;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seeme much more lovely in that darkneſſe layd,
And twixt the twinckling of her eye-lids bright,
To ſparke out litle beames, like ſtarres in foggie night.

XXII.

But when they mov'd the carcaſes aſide,
They found, that life did yet in her remaine:
Then all their helpes they buſily applyde,
To call the ſoule backe to her home againe;
And wrought ſo well with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at laſt.
Who ſighing ſore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene, and all her hart ſtrings braſt,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghaſt.

XXIII.

There ſhe beheld, that ſore her griev'd to ſee,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Her ſelfe ſole left, a ſecond ſpoyle to bee
Of thoſe, that having ſaved her from dying,
Renew'd her death, by timely death denying.
What now is left her, but to wayle and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared ſhe her wound in teares to ſteepe,
Albe with all their might thoſe *Brigants* her did keepe.

XXIV. But

XXIV.

But when they ſaw her now reliv'd againe,
They left her ſo, in charge of one the beſt
Of many worſt, who with unkind diſdaine
And cruell rigour her did much moleſt;
Scarſe yeelding her due food, or timely reſt,
And ſcarſely ſuff'ring her infeſtred wound,
That ſore her payn'd, by any to be dreſt.
So leave we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we backe to *Calidore*, where we him found.

XXV.

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And ſaw his ſhepheards cottage ſpoyled quight,
And his love reft away, he wexed wood,
And halfe enraged at that ruefull ſight,
That even his hart for very fell deſpight,
And his owne fleſh he readie was to teare;
He chauft, he griev'd, he fretted, and he ſigh't,
And fared like a furious wyld beare,
Whoſe whelpes are ſtolne away, ſhe being otherwhere.

XXVI.

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found, of whom he might inquire;
That more increaſt the anguiſh of his paine.
He ſought the woods; but no man could ſee there:
He ſought the plaines; but could no tydings heare.
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The plaines all waſte and emptie did appeare:
Where wont the ſhepheards oft their pypes reſound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

XXVII. At

XXVII.

At laſt, as there he romed up and downe,
He chaunſt one comming towards him to ſpy,
That ſeem'd to be ſome ſorie ſimple clowne,
With ragged weedes, and lockes upſtaring hye,
As if he did from ſome late daunger fly,
And yet his feare did follow him behynd:
Who as he unto him approched nye,
He mote perceive by ſignes, which he did fynd,
That *Coridon* it was, the ſilly ſhepherds hynd.

XXVIII.

Tho to him running faſt, he did not ſtay
To greet him firſt, but aſkt where were the reſt;
Where *Paſtorell?* who full of freſh diſmay,
And guſhing forth in teares, was ſo oppreſt,
That he no word could ſpeake, but ſmit his breſt,
And up to heaven his eyes faſt ſtreming threw.
Whereat the Knight amaz'd, yet did not reſt,
But aſkt againe, what ment that rufull hew:
Where was his *Paſtorell?* where all the other crew?

XXIX.

Ah well away! ſaid he, then ſighing ſore,
That ever I did live, this day to ſee,
This diſmall day, and was not dead before,
Before I ſaw faire *Paſtorella* dye.
Die? out alas! then *Calidore* did cry;
How could the death dare ever her to quell?
But read thou, ſhepheard, read what deſtiny,
Or other dyrefull hap from heaven or hell,
Hath wrought this wicked deed; doe feare away, and tell.

XXX. Tho

XXX.

Tho when the ſhepheard breathed had a whyle,
He thus began; Where ſhall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how thoſe *Brigants* vyle,
With cruell rage and dreadfull violence,
Spoyld all our cots, and carried us from hence?
Or how faire *Paſtorell* ſhould have bene ſold
To marchants, but was ſav'd with ſtrong defence?
Or how thoſe theeves, whileſt one ſought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

XXXI.

In that ſame conflict, woe is me! befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whoſe heavy tydings now I have to tell.
Firſt all the captives, which they here had hent,
Were by them ſlaine by generall conſent.
Old *Melibœ*, and his good wife withall,
Theſe eyes ſaw die, and dearely did lament:
But when the lot to *Paſtorell* did fall,
Their Captaine long withſtood, and did her death forſtall.

XXXII.

But what could he gainſt all them doe alone?
It could not boot; needs mote ſhe die at laſt:
I onely ſcapt through great confuſione
Of cryes and clamors, which among them paſt,
In dreadfull darkneſſe dreadfully aghaſt;
That better were with them to have bene dead,
Then here to ſee all deſolate and waſt,
Deſpoyled of thoſe joyes and jollyhead,
Which with thoſe gentle ſhepherds here I wont to lead.

XXXIII. When

XXXIII.

When *Calidore* theſe ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguiſh great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh diſtraught,
That he his face, his head, his breſt did beat,
And death it ſelfe unto himſelfe did threat;
Oft curſing th' heavens, that ſo cruell were
To her, whoſe name he often did repeat;
And wiſhing oft, that he were preſent there,
When ſhe was ſlaine, or had bene to her ſuccour nere.

XXXIV.

But after griefe awhile had had his courſe,
And ſpent it ſelfe in mourning, he at laſt
Began to mitigate his ſwelling ſourſe,
And in his mind with better reaſon caſt,
How he might ſave her life, if life did laſt;
Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwiſe he could not mend thing paſt;
Or if it to revenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, and his lives threed to breake.

XXXV.

Tho *Coridon* he prayd, ſith he well knew
The readie way unto that theeviſh wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to ſee what ſhould be donne.
But he, whoſe hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former drede,
But by all meanes the daunger knowne did ſhonne:
Yet *Calidore* ſo well him wrought with meed,
And faire beſpoke with words, that he at laſt agreed.

XXXVI.

So forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in ſhepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with ſhepheards hookes: But *Calidore*
Had, underneath, him armed privily.
Tho to the place when they approched nye,
They chaunſt, upon an hill not farre away,
Some flockes of ſheepe and ſhepheards to eſpy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hopes there newes to learne, how they mote beſt aſſay.

XXXVII.

There did they find that, which they did not feare,
The ſelfe ſame flocks, the which thoſe theeves had reft
From *Melibœ* and from themſeles whyleare,
And certaine of the theeves there by them left,
The which, for want of heards, themſelves then kept.
Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late ſheepe,
And ſeeing them, for tender pittie wept:
But when he ſaw the theeves, which did them keepe,
His hart gan fayle, albe he ſaw them all aſleepe.

XXXVIII.

But *Calidore* recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare, for nought may feare diſſwade,
Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
Lay ſleeping ſoundly in the buſhes ſhade,
Whom *Coridon* him counſeld to invade
Now all unwares, and take the ſpoyle away;
But he, that in his mind had cloſely made
A further purpoſe, would not ſo them ſlay,
But gently waking them, gave them the time of day.

XXXIX. Tho

XXXIX.

Tho ſitting downe by them upon the greene,
Of ſundrie things he purpoſe gan to faine;
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of *Paſtorell*, were ſhe alive, or ſlaine.
Mongſt which the theeves them queſtioned againe,
What miſter men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they anſwer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heardgroomes, the which whylere
Had from their maiſters fled, and now ſought hyre elſwhere.

XL.

Whereof right glad they ſeem'd, and offer made
To hyre them well, if they their flockes would keepe:
For they themſelves were evill groomes, they ſayd,
Unwont with heards to watch, or paſture ſheepe,
But to forray the land, or ſcoure the deepe.
Thereto they ſoone agreed, and earneſt tooke,
To keepe their flockes for litle hyre and chepe:
For they for better hyre did ſhortly looke;
So there all day they bode, till light the ſky forſooke.

XLI.

Tho when as towards darkſome night it drew,
Unto their helliſh dens thoſe theeves them brought,
Where ſhortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the ſecrets of their entrayles ſought.
There did they find, contrarie to their thought,
That *Paſtorell* yet liv'd; but all the reſt
Were dead, right ſo as *Coridon* had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blyth did reſt,
But chiefly *Calidore*, whom griefe had moſt poſſeſt.

XLII.

At length when they occaſion fitteſt found,
In dead of night, when all the theeves did reſt
After a late forray, and ſlept full ſound,
Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought beſt,
Having of late, by diligent inqueſt,
Provided him a ſword of meaneſt ſort:
With which he ſtreight went to the Captaines neſt.
But *Coridon* durſt not with him conſort,
Ne durſt abide behind, for dread of worſe effort.

XLIII.

When to the cave they came, they found it faſt:
But *Calidore*, with huge reſiſtleſſe might,
The dores aſſayled, and the locks upbraſt.
With noyſe whereof the theefe awaking light,
Unto the entrance ran; where the bold Knight
Encountring him with ſmall reſiſtance ſlew:
The whiles faire *Paſtorell*, through great affright,
Was almoſt dead; miſdoubting leaſt of new
Some uprore were like that, which lately ſhe did vew.

XLIV.

But when as *Calidore* was comen in,
And gan aloud for *Paſtorell* to call,
Knowing his voice, although not heard long ſin,
She ſudden was revived therewithall,
And wondrous joy felt in her ſpirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempeſt toſt,
Looking each houre into deathes mouth to fall,
At length eſpyes at hand the happie coſt,
On which he ſafety hopes, that earſt feard to be loſt.

XLV. Her

XLV.

Her gentle hart, that now long ſeaſon paſt
Had never joyaunce felt, nor chearefull thought,
Began ſome ſmacke of comfort new to taſt,
Like lyfefull heat to nummed ſenſes brought,
And life to feele, that long for death had ſought:
Ne leſſe in hart rejoyced *Calidore*,
When he her found, but like to one diſtraught,
And robd of reaſon, towards her him bore,
A thouſand times embraſt, and kiſt a thouſand more.

XLVI.

But now by this, with noiſe of late uprore,
The hue and cry was rayſed all about;
And all the *Brigants* flocking in great ſtore,
Unto the cave gan preaſſe; nought having dout
Of that was doen, and entred in a rout.
But *Calidore* in th' entry cloſe did ſtand,
And entertayning them with courage ſtout,
Still ſlew the formoſt, that came firſt to hand,
So long till all the entry was with bodies mand.

XLVII.

Tho when no more could nigh to him approch,
He breath'd his ſword, and reſted him till day:
Which when he ſpyde upon the earth t'encroch,
Through the dead carcaſes he made his way;
Mongſt which he found a ſword of better ſay,
With which he forth went into th' open light:
Where all the reſt for him did readie ſtay,
And fierce aſſayling him, with all their might
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

XLVIII. How

XLVIII.

How many flyes in whotteſt ſommers day
Do ſeize upon ſome beaſt, whoſe fleſh is bare,
That all the place with ſwarmes do overlay,
And with their litle ſtings right felly fare;
So many theeves about him ſwarming are,
All which do him aſſayle on every ſide,
And ſore oppreſſe, ne any him doth ſpare:
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickeſt troups, and round about him ſcattreth wide.

XLIX.

Like as a Lion, mongſt an heard of dere,
Diſperſeth them to catch his choyſeſt pray;
So did he fly amongſt them here and there,
And all, that nere him came, did hew and ſlay,
Till he had ſtrow'd with bodies all the way;
That none his daunger daring to abide,
Fled from his wrath, and did themſelves convay
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left, that victorie to him envide.

L.

Then backe returning to his deareſt deare,
He her gan to recomfort, all he might,
With gladfull ſpeaches, and with lovely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,
Whereof ſhe long had lackt the wiſhfull ſight,
Deviz'd all goodly meanes, from her to drive
The ſad remembrance of her wretched plight.
So her uneath at laſt he did revive,
That long had lyen dead, and made againe alive.

LI. Then

LI.

This doen, into thoſe theeviſh dens he went,
And thence did all the ſpoyles and threaſures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the victors meed did make;
Of which the beſt he did his love betake;
And alſo all thoſe flockes, which they before
Had reft from *Melibœ*, and from his make,
He did them all to *Coridon* reſtore:
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore.

CANTO

CANTO XII.

Fayre Paſtorella by great hap
Her parents underſtands:
Calidore doth the Blatant Beaſt
Subdew, and bynd in bands.

I.

LIKE as a ſhip, that through the Ocean wyde
Directs her courſe unto one certaine coſt,
Is met of many a counter winde and tyde,
With which her winged ſpeed is let and croſt,
And ſhe her ſelfe in ſtormie ſurges toſt;
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compaſſe loſt:
Right it ſo fares with me in this long way,
Whoſe courſe is often ſtayd, yet never is aſtray.

II.

For all that hetherto hath long delayd
This gentle Knight, from ſewing his firſt queſt,
Though out of courſe, yet hath not bene miſ-ſayd,
To ſhew the courteſie by him profeſt,
Even unto the loweſt and the leaſt.
But now I come into my courſe againe,
To his atchievement of the *Blatant Beaſt*;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whilſt none was him to ſtop, nor none him to reſtraine.

III. Sir

III.

Sir *Calidore* when thus he now had raught
Faire *Paſtorella* from thoſe *Brigants* powre,
Unto the caſtle of *Belgard* her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamoure*;
Who whylome was in his youthes freſheſt flowre,
A luſtie Knight, as ever wielded ſpeare,
And had endured many a dreadfull ſtoure
In bloudy battell for a Ladie deare,
The fayreſt Ladie then of all that living were.

IV.

Her name was *Claribell*, whoſe father hight
The Lord of *Many Ilands*, farre renound
For his great riches, and his greater might.
He through the wealth, wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlocke to have bound
Unto the Prince of *Picteland* bordering nere;
But ſhe, whoſe ſides before with ſecret wound
Of love to *Bellamoure* empierced were,
By all meanes ſhund to match with any forrein fere.

V.

And *Bellamour* againe ſo well her pleaſed,
With dayly ſervice and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entyrely ſeized,
And cloſely did her wed, but knowne to few.
Which when her father underſtood, he grew
In ſo great rage, that them in dongeon deepe
Without compaſſion cruelly he threw;
Yet did ſo ſtreightly them aſunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th' other creepe.

VI.

Nathleſſe Sir *Bellamour*, whether through grace,
Or ſecret guifts, ſo with his keepers wrought,
That to his love ſometimes he came in place,
Whereof her wombe unwiſt to wight was fraught,
And in dew time a mayden child forth brought;
Which ſhe ſtreight way for dread, leaſt, if her ſyre
Should know thereof, to ſlay he would have ſought,
Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
She ſhould it cauſe be foſtred under ſtraunge attyre.

VII.

The truſtie damzell bearing it abrode
Into the emptie fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the ſecret of her lode,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The litle babe, to take thereof a ſight.
Whom whyleſt ſhe did with watrie eyne behold,
Upon the litle breſt, like chriſtall bright,
She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
That like a roſe her ſilken leaves did faire unfold.

VIII.

Well ſhe it markt, and pittied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched caſe,
But cloſing it againe, like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:
Yet left not quite, but drew a litle ſpace
Behind the buſhes, where ſhe her did hyde,
To weet what mortall hand, or heavens grace,
Would for the wretched infants helpe provyde,
For which it loudly cald, and pittifully cryde.

IX. At

IX.

At length a Shepheard, which there by did keepe
His fleecie flocke upon the playnes around,
Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,
Came to the place, where when he wrapped found
Th' abandon'd ſpoyle, he ſoftly it unbound;
And ſeeing there, that did him pittie ſore,
He tooke it up, and in his mantle wound;
So home unto his honeſt wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurſt, and named evermore.

X.

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall,
And *Bellamour* in bands, till that her ſyre
Departed life, and left unto them all.
Then all the ſtormes of fortunes former yre
Were turnd, and they to freedome did retyre.
Thenceforth they joy'd in happineſſe together,
And lived long in peace and love entyre,
Without diſquiet or diſlike of ether,
Till time that *Calidore* brought *Paſtorella* thether.

XI.

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
For *Bellamour* knew *Calidore* right well,
And loved for his proweſſe, ſith they twaine
Long ſince had fought in field. Als *Claribell*
No leſſe did tender the faire *Paſtorell*,
Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.
There they a while together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many joyes among,
Untill the damzell gan to wex more ſound and ſtrong.

XII.

Tho gan Sir *Calidore* him to advize
Of his firſt queſt, which he had long forlore,
Aſham'd to thinke, how he that enterprize,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forſlacked had ſo ſore;
That much he feared, leaſt reprochfull blame
With foule diſhonour him mote blot therefore;
Beſides the loſſe of ſo much loos and fame,
As through the world thereby ſhould glorifie his name.

XIII.

Therefore reſolving to return in haſt
Unto ſo great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his love, now perill being paſt,
With *Claribell*, whyleſt he that monſter ſought
Throughout the world, and to deſtruction brought.
So taking leave of his faire *Paſtorell*,
Whom to recomfort all the meanes he wrought,
With thanks to *Bellamour* and *Claribell*,
He went forth on his queſt, and did, that him befell.

XIV.

But firſt, ere I doe his adventures tell,
In this exploit, me needeth to declare,
What did betide to the faire *Paſtorell*,
During his abſence left in heavy care,
Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient matrone all ſhe might,
To cheriſh her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne handmayd, that *Meliſſa* hight,
Appointed to attend her dewly day and night.

XV. Who

XV.

Who in a morning, when this Mayden faire
Was dighting her, having her ſnowy breſt
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely treſſes dewly dreſt,
Chaunſt to eſpy upon her yvory cheſt
The roſie marke, which ſhe remembred well
That litle Infant had, which forth ſhe keſt,
The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,
The which ſhe bore, the whiles in priſon ſhe did dwell.

XVI.

Which well avizing, ſtreight ſhe gan to caſt
In her conceipfull mynd, that this faire Mayd
Was that ſame Infant, which ſo long ſith paſt
She in the open fields had looſely layd
To fortunes ſpoile, unable it to ayd.
So, full of joy, ſtreight forth ſhe ran in haſt
Unto her miſtreſſe, being halfe diſmayd,
To tell her, how the heavens had her graſte,
To ſave her chylde, which in misfortunes mouth was plaſte.

XVII.

The ſober mother ſeeing ſuch her mood,
Yet knowing not, what meant that ſodaine thro,
Aſkt her, how mote her words be underſtood,
And what the matter was, that mov'd her ſo.
My liefe, ſaid ſhe, ye know, that long ygo,
Whyleſt ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little mayde, the which ye chylded tho;
The ſame againe if now ye liſt to have,
The ſame is yonder Lady, whom high God did ſave.

XVIII. Much

XVIII.

Much was the Lady troubled at that ſpeach,
And gan to queſtion ſtreight how ſhe it knew.
Moſt certaine markes, ſaid ſhe, do me it teach;
For on her breſt I with theſe eyes did vew
The litle purple roſe, which thereon grew;
Whereof her name ye then to her did give.
Beſides her countenaunce, and her likely hew,
Matched with equall yeares, do ſurely prieve,
That yond ſame is your daughter ſure, which yet doth live.

XIX.

The matrone ſtayd no lenger to enquire,
But forth in haſt ran to the ſtraunger Mayd;
Whom catching greedily for great deſire
Rent up her breſt, and boſome open layd,
In which that roſe ſhe plainely ſaw diſplayd.
Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long ſo held, and ſoftly weeping ſayd;
And liveſt thou, my daughter, now againe?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did faine.

XX.

Tho further aſking her of ſundry things
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at laſt by very certaine ſignes,
And ſpeaking markes of paſſed monuments,
That this young Mayd, whom chance to her preſents
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho wondring long at thoſe ſo ſtraunge events,
A thouſand times ſhe her embraced nere,
With many a joyful kiſſe, and many a melting teare.

XXI. Who

XXI.

Who ever is the mother of one chylde,
Which having thought long dead, ſhe fyndes alive,
Let her by proofe of that, which ſhe hath fylde
In her owne breaſt, this mothers joy deſcrive:
For other none ſuch paſſion can contrive
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When ſhe ſo faire a daughter ſaw ſurvive,
As *Paſtorella* was, that nigh ſhe ſwelt
For paſſing joy, which did all into pitty melt.

XXII.

Thence running forth unto her loved Lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell:
Who joyning joy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire *Paſtorell.*
There leave we them in joy, and let us tell
Of *Calidore*, who ſeeking all this while
That monſtrous Beaſt by finall force to quell,
Through every place, with reſtleſſe paine and toile
Him follow'd, by the tract of his outragious ſpoile.

XXIII.

Through all eſtates he found that he had paſt,
In which he many maſſacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at laſt;
In which ſuch ſpoile, ſuch havocke, and ſuch theft
He wrought, that thence all goodneſſe he bereft,
That endleſſe were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place beſides unſought had left,
At length into a Monaſtere did light,
Where he him found deſpoyling all with maine and might.

XXIV. Into

XXIV.

Into their cloyſters now he broken had,
Through which the Monckes he chaced here and there,
And them purſu'd into their dortours ſad,
And ſearched all their cels and ſecrets neare;
In which what filth and ordure did appeare,
Were yrkeſome to report; yet that foule Beaſt
Nought ſparing them, the more did toſſe and teare,
And ranſacke all their dennes from moſt to leaſt,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heaſt.

XXV.

From thence into the ſacred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the deſkes downe threw,
And Altars fouled, and blaſphemy ſpoke,
And th' Images, for all their goodly hew,
Did caſt to ground, whileſt none was them to rew;
So all confounded and diſordered there.
But ſeeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him faſt purſuing, ſoone approched neare.

XXVI.

Him in a narrow place he overtooke,
And fierce aſſailing forſt him turne againe:
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him ſtrooke
With his ſharpe ſteele, and ran at him amaine
With open mouth, that ſeemed to containe
A full good pecke within the utmoſt brim,
All ſet with yron teeth in raunges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus* grieſly grim.

XXVII. And

XXVII.

And therein were a thouſand tongs empight,
Of ſundry kindes, and ſundry quality;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And ſome of cats, that wrawling ſtill did cry,
And ſome of beares, that groynd continually,
And ſome of tygres, that did ſeeme to gren,
And ſnar at all, that ever paſſed by:
But moſt of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which ſpake reprochfully, not caring where nor when.

XXVIII.

And them amongſt were mingled here and there
The tongues of ſerpents with three forked ſtings,
That ſpat out poyſon and gore bloudy gere
At all, that came within his ravenings,
And ſpake licentious words, and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne Keſars ſpared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infamie,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of injury.

XXIX.

But *Calidore* thereof no whit afrayd,
Rencountred him with ſo impetuous might,
That th' outrage of his violence he ſtayd,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And ſpitting forth the poyſon of his ſpight,
That fomed all about his bloody jawes.
Tho rearing up his former feete on hight,
He rampt upon him with his ravenous pawes,
As if he would have rent him with his cruell clawes.

XXX.

But he right well aware, his rage to ward,
Did caſt his ſhield atween, and therewithall
Putting his puiſſaunce forth, purſu'd ſo hard,
That backeward he enforced him to fall;
And being downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His ſhield he on him threw, and faſt downe held,
Like as a bullocke, that in bloudy ſtall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

XXXI.

Full cruelly the Beaſt did rage and rore,
To be downe held, and mayſtred ſo with might,
That he gan fret and ſome out bloudy gore,
Striving in vaine to rere him ſelfe upright.
For ſtill the more he ſtrove, the more the Knight
Did him ſuppreſſe, and forcibly ſubdew;
That made him almoſt mad for fell deſpight.
He grind, he bit, he ſcratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a feend, right horrible in hew.

XXXII.

Or like the hell-borne *Hydra*, which they faine
The great *Alcides* whilome overthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine,
To crop his thouſand heads, the which ſtill new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this helliſh Beaſt,
Whileſt *Calidore* him under him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load releaſt,
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increaſt.

XXXIII. Tho

XXXIII.

Tho when the Beaſt ſaw, he mote nought availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And ſharpely at him to revile and raile,
With bitter termes of ſhamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whoſe like he never once did ſpeake, nor heare,
Nor ever thought thing ſo unworthily:
Yet did he nought for all that him forbeare,
But ſtrained him ſo ſtreightly, that he chokt him neare.

XXXIV.

At laſt, when as he found his force to ſhrincke,
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzell ſtrong
Of ſureſt yron, made with many a lincke;
Therewith he mured up his mouth along,
And therein ſhut up his blaſphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle Knight,
Or unto lovely Lady doing wrong:
And thereunto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, even in his own deſpight.

XXXV.

Like as whylome that ſtrong *Tirynthian* ſwaine
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Againſt his will, faſt bound in yron chaine,
And roring horribly, did him compell
To ſee the hatefull ſunne, that he might tell
To grieſly *Pluto*, what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghoſts, which dwell
For aye in darkeneſſe, which day light doth ſhonne.
So led this Knight his captyve with like conqueſt wonne.

XXXVI.

Yet greatly did the Beaſt repine at thoſe
Straunge bands, whoſe like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durſt till then impoſe,
And chauffed inly, ſeeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durſt he not draw backe; nor once withſtand
The proved powre of noble *Calidore*,
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearefull dog him followed through the land.

XXXVII.

Him through all Faery land he follow'd ſo,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, where ſo he did go,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To ſee him leade that Beaſt in bondage ſtrong,
And ſeeing it, much wondred at the ſight;
And all ſuch perſons, as he earſt did wrong,
Rejoyced much to ſee his captive plight,
And much admyr'd the Beaſt, but more admyr'd the Knight.

XXXVIII.

Thus was this Monſter, by the mayſtring might
Of doughty *Calidore*, ſuppreſt and tamed,
That never more he mote endammadge wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many cauſeleſſe cauſed to be blamed:
So did he eeke long after this remaine,
Untill that, whether wicked fate ſo framed,
Or fault of men, he broke his yron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

XXXIX. Thence-

XXXIX.

Thenceforth more mischiefe and more scath he wrought
To mortall men, then he had done before;
Ne ever could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne maystred any more:
Albe that long time after *Calidore*,
The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand,
And after him Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

XL.

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state;
Ne any is, that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime,
But rends without regard of person, or of time.

XLI.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venemous despite,
More then my former writs, all were they clearest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite,
With which some wicked tongues did it backbite,
And bring into a mighty Peres displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therfore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
And seeke to please, that now is counted wisemens threasure.

The End of the SIXTH BOOK.

TWO CANTOS

OF

MUTABILITIE:

WHICH,

Both, for Forme and Matter, appeare to be a parcell of ſome following Booke

OF THE

FAERIE QUEENE,

UNDER

The LEGEND

OF

CONSTANCIE.

Firſt printed in the Edition at *London* 1609, in fol.

Canto VI.

Proud Change, *not pleasd in mortall things,*
Beneath the moone, to raigne,
Pretends, as well of gods, as men,
To be the soveraine.

I.

WHAT man, that sees the ever-whirling wheele
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feele,
How *MUTABILITY* in them doth play
Her cruell sports, to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearse that whylome I heard say,
How she at first her selfe began to reare
Gainst all the gods, and th'empire sought from them to beare.

II.

But first, here falleth fittest to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it registred of old,
In *Faerie* land mongst records permanent.
She was, to weet, a daughter by descent
Of those old *Titans*, that did whylome strive
With *Saturne*'s sonne for heaven's regiment.
Whom though high *Jove* of kingdome did deprive,
Yet many of their stemme long after did survive.

III.

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of *Jove*, and high authority;
As *Hecaté*, in whoſe almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her diſpoſed diverſly,
To gods, and men, as ſhe them liſt divide:
And drad *Bellona*, that doth ſound on hie
Warres and allarums unto nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her pride.

IV.

So likewiſe did this *Titaneſſe* aſpire,
Rule and dominion to her ſelfe to gaine;
That as a goddeſſe, men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twaine.
And firſt, on earth ſhe ſought it to obtaine;
Where ſhe ſuch proofe and ſad example ſhewed
Of her great power, to many one's great paine,
That not men onely, whom ſhe ſoone ſubdewed,
But eke all other creatures her bad dooings rewed.

V.

For ſhe the face of earthly things ſo changed,
That all, which nature had eſtabliſht firſt
In good eſtate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their ſtatutes burſt:
And all the world's faire frame (which none yet durſt
Of gods or men to alter or miſguide)
She alterd quite, and made them all accurſt,
That God had bleſt; and did at firſt provide
In that ſtill happy ſtate for ever to abide.

VI. Ne

VI.

Ne ſhe the laws of nature onely brake,
But eke of juſtice and of policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged fooliſhlie:
Since which all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worſe.
O pittious worke of *MUTABILITIE!*
By which we all are ſubject to that curſe,
And death in ſtead of life have ſucked from our nurſe.

VII.

And now, when all the earth ſhe thus had brought
To her beheſt, and thralled to her might,
She gan to caſt in her ambitious thought,
T'attempt th'empire of the heavens hight,
And *Jove* himſelfe to ſhoulder from his right.
And firſt, ſhe paſt the region of the ayre,
And of the fire, whoſe ſubſtance thin and ſlight
Made no reſiſtance, ne could her contraire,
But ready paſſage to her pleaſure did prepare.

VIII.

Thence to the circle of the moone ſhe clambe,
Where *Cynthia* raignes in everlaſting glory,
To whoſe bright ſhining palace ſtraight ſhe came,
All fairly deckt with heaven's goodly ſtory;
Whoſe ſilver gates (by which there ſate an hory
Old aged ſire, with hower-glaſſe in hand,
Hight *Tyme*) ſhe entred, were he lieſe or ſory:
Ne ſtaide till ſhe the higheſt ſtage had ſcand,
Where *Cynthia* did ſit, that never ſtill did ſtand.

IX.

Her ſitting on an ivory throne ſhe found,
Drawn of two ſteeds, th'one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thouſand ſtarres around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her ſide there ran her page, that hight
Veſper, whom we the evening-ſtarre intend:
That with his torche, ſtill twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where ſhe ſhould wend,
And joy to weary wandring travailers did lend:

X.

That when the hardy *Titaneſſe* beheld
The goodly building of her palace bright,
Made of the heavens ſubſtance, and up-held
With thouſand cryſtall pillors of huge hight,
She gan to burne in her ambitious ſpright,
And t'envie her, that in ſuch glorie raigned.
Eftſoones ſhe caſt by force and tortious might
Her to diſplace; and to her ſelfe to have gained
The kingdome of the night, and waters by her wained.

XI.

Boldly ſhe bid the goddeſſe downe deſcend,
And let her ſelfe into that ivory throne;
For ſhe her ſelfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone:
Whether to men, whoſe fall ſhe did bemone,
Or unto gods, whoſe ſtate ſhe did maligne,
Or to th'infernall powers, her need give lone
Of her faire light, and bounty moſt benigne,
Her ſelfe of all that rule ſhe deemed moſt condigne.

XII. But

XII.

But ſhe, that had to her that ſoveraigne ſeat
By higheſt *Jove* aſſign'd, therein to beare
Night's burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for feare;
But with ſterne countenaunce and diſdainfull cheare,
Bending her horned browes, did put her back:
And boldly blaming her for coming there,
Bade her attonce from heaven's coaſt to pack,
Or at her perill bide the wrathfull thunders wrack.

XIII.

Yet nathemore the *Gianteſſe* forbare:
But boldly preacing-on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to ſtrike her, if ſhe did with-ſtand.
Where-at the ſtarres, which round about her blazed,
And eke the moone's bright wagon, ſtill did ſtand,
All being with ſo bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and ſterne looke ſtill gazed.

XIV.

Meane-while, the lower world, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced here, was darkned quite;
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaide of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that ſight;
Fearing leaſt *Chaos* broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night:
But chiefely *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haſte, unto the king of gods to plaine.

XV. All

XV.

All ran together with a great out-cry
To *Jove*'s faire palace, fixt in heaven's hight;
And beating at his gates full earneſtly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
To know what meant that ſuddaine lack of light.
The father of the gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their ſo ſtrange affright,
Doubting leaſt *Typhon* were againe uprear'd,
Or other his old foes, that once him ſorely fear'd.

XVI.

Eftſoones the ſonne of *Maia* forth he ſent
Downe to the circle of the moone, to knowe
The cauſe of this ſo ſtrange aſtoniſhment,
And why ſhe did her wonted courſe forſlowe;
And if that any were on earth belowe,
That did with charmes or magick her moleſt,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe:
But, if from heaven it were, then to arreſt
The author, and him bring before his preſence preſt.

XVII.

The wingd-foot god ſo faſt his plumes did beat,
That ſoone he came, where-as the *Titaneſſe*
Was ſtriving with faire *Cynthia* for her ſeat;
At whoſe ſtrange ſight, and haughty hardineſſe,
He wondred much, and feared her no leſſe.
Yet laying feare aſide to doe his charge,
At laſt, he bade her, with bold ſtedfaſtneſſe,
Ceaſſe to moleſt the moone to walke at large,
Or come before high *Jove*, her dooings to diſcharge.

XVIII. And

XVIII.

And therewithall, he on her ſhoulder laid
His ſnaky-wreathed mace, whoſe awfull power
Doth make both gods and helliſh fiends affraid:
Where-at the *Titaneſſe* did ſternely lower,
And ſtoutly anſwer'd, that in evill hower
He from his *Jove* ſuch meſſage to her brought,
To bid her leave faire *Cynthia*'s ſilver bower;
Sith ſhe his *Jove* and him eſteemed nought,
No more then *Cynthia*'s ſelfe; but all their kingdoms ſought.

XIX.

The heavens herald ſtaid not to reply,
But paſt away, his doings to relate
Unto his lord; who now in th'higheſt ſky
Was placed in his principall eſtate,
With all the gods about him congregate:
To whom when *Hermes* had his meſſage told,
It did them all exceedingly amate,
Save *Jove*; who, changing nought his count'nance bold,
Did unto them at length theſe ſpeeches wiſe unfold;

XX.

Harken to me awhile, ye heavenly powers;
Ye may remember ſince th'earth's curſed ſeed
Sought to aſſaile the heaven's eternall towers,
And to us all exceeding feare did breed.
But how we then defeated all their deed,
Ye all doe knowe, and them deſtroied quite;
Yet not ſo quite, but that there did ſucceed
An off-ſpring of their bloud, which did alite
Upon the fruitfull earth, which doth us yet deſpite.

XXI. Of

XXI.

Of that bad ſeed is this bold woman bred,
And now with bold preſumption doth aſpire
To thruſt faire *Pœbe* from her ſilver bed,
And eke our ſelves from heaven's high empire,
If that her might were match to her deſire.
Wherefore, it now behoves us to adviſe,
What way is beſt to drive her to retire:
Whether by open force, or counſell wiſe,
Areed, ye ſonnes of God, as beſt ye can deviſe.

XXII.

So having ſaid, he ceaſt; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whoſe doomefull dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the higheſt powers of heaven to check)
Made ſigne to them in their degrees to ſpeake:
Who ſtraight gan caſt their counſell grave and wiſe.
Mean-while, th'earth's daughter, though ſhe nought did reck
Of *Hermes* meſſage, yet gan now adviſe,
What courſe were beſt to take in this hot bold emprize.

XXIII.

Eftſoones ſhe thus reſolv'd; that whilſt the gods,
After returne of *Hermes* embaſſie,
Were troubled, and amongſt themſelves at ods,
Before they could new counſels re-allie,
To ſet upon them in that extaſie;
And take what fortune time and place would lend:
So forth ſhe roſe, and through the pureſt ſky
To *Jove*'s high palace ſtraight caſt to aſcend,
To proſecute her plot: Good onſet boads good end.

XXIV. She

XXIV.

She there arriving, boldly in did paſs;
Where all the gods ſhe found in counſell cloſe,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At ſight of her they ſuddaine all aroſe
In great amaze, ne wiſt what way to choſe.
But *Jove*, all feareleſſe, forc't them to aby;
And in his ſoveraine throne, gan ſtraight diſpoſe
Himſelfe more full of grace and majeſtie,
That mote encheare his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

XXV.

That when the haughty *Titaneſſe* beheld,
All were ſhe fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the ſight thereof was almoſt queld,
And inly quaking, ſeem'd as reft of ſenſe,
And void of ſpeech in that drad audience;
Untill that *Jove* himſelfe her ſelfe beſpake:
Speake, thou fraile woman, ſpeake with confidence;
Whence art thou, and what dooſt thou here now make?
What idle errand haſt thou, earth's manſion to forſake?

XXVI.

She, halfe confuſed with his great commaund,
Yet gathering ſpirit of her nature's pride,
Him boldly anſwer'd thus to his demaund:
I am a daughter, by the mother's ſide,
Of her, that is grand-mother magnifide
Of all the gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:
But by the father's (be it not envide)
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)
Then all the gods, though wrongfully from heaven exil'd.

XXVII.

For, *Titan*, as ye all acknowledge muſt,
Was *Saturne*'s elder brother by birth-right;
Both ſonnes of *Uranus*; but by unjuſt
And guileful meanes, through *Corybantes* ſlight,
The younger thruſt the elder from his right:
Since which, thou *Jove*, injuriouſly haſt held
The heavens rule from *Titan*'s ſonnes by might;
And them to helliſh dungeons downe haſt feld:
Witneſſe, ye heavens, the truth of all that I have teld.

XXVIII.

Whilſt thus ſhe ſpake, the gods, that gave good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
Being of ſtature tall as any there
Of all the gods, and beautifull of face,
As any of the goddeſſes in place,
Stood all aſtonied, like a ſort of ſteeres,
Mongſt whom ſome beaſt of ſtrange and forraine race
Unwares is chaunc't, far ſtraying from his peeres:
So did their ghaſtly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

XXIX.

Till having pauz'd a while, *Jove* thus beſpake;
Will never mortall thoughts ceaſſe to aſpire,
In this bold ſort, to heaven claime to make,
And touch celeſtial ſeates with earthly mire?
I would have thought, that bold *Procuſtes* hire,
Or *Typhon*'s fall, or proud *Ixion*'s paine,
Or great *Prometheus*, taſting of our ire,
Would have ſuffiz'd, the reſt for to reſtraine;
And warn'd all men by their example to refraine.

XXX. But

XXX.

But now, this off-ſcum of that curſed frie
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And chalenge th'heritage of this our ſkie;
Whom what ſhould hinder, but that we likewiſe
Should handle as the reſt of her allies,
And thunder-drive to hell? With that he ſhooke
His nectar-deawed locks, with which the ſkyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

XXXI.

But, when he looked on her lovely face,
In which faire beames of beauty did appeare,
That could the greateſt wrath ſoone turne to grace
(Such ſway doth beauty even in heaven beare)
He ſtaide his hand; and having chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wiſe began;
But ah! if gods ſhould ſtrive with fleſh yfere,
Then ſhortly ſhould the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if *Jove* ſhould doe ſtill what he can:

XXXII.

But thee, faire *Titan*'s child, I rather weene,
Through ſome vaine errour or inducement light,
To ſee that mortall eyes have never ſeene;
Or through enſample of thy ſiſter's might,
Bellona, whoſe great glory thou dooſt ſpight,
Since thou haſt ſeene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongſt wretched men (diſmaide with her affright)
To bandie crownes, and kingdomes to beſtowe:
And ſure thy worth no leſſe then her's doth ſeem to ſhowe.

XXXIII.

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titaneſſe*,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in heaven's intereſſe;
Much leſſe the title of old *Titan*'s right:
For, we by conqueſt of our ſoveraine might,
And by eternall doome of fate's decree,
Have wonne the empire of the heavens bright;
Which to ourſelves we hold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our bliſſe to bee.

XXXIV.

Then ceaſſe thy idle claime, thou fooliſh gerle,
And ſeeke by grace and goodneſſe to obtaine
That place, from which, by folly, *Titan* fell:
There-to thou maiſt perhaps, if ſo thou faine,
Have *Jove* thy gratious lord and ſoveraigne.
So, having ſaid, ſhe thus to him replide;
Ceaſſe *Saturne*'s ſonne, to ſeeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes t'allure me to thy ſide,
For to betray my right, before I have it tride.

XXXV.

But thee, O *Jove!* no equall judge I deeme
Of my deſert, or of my dewfull right;
That in thine owne behalfe maiſt partiall ſeeme:
But to the higheſt him, that is behight
Father of gods and men by equall might;
To weet, the god of nature, I appeale.
There-at *Jove* wexed wroth, and in his ſpright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
And bade *Dan Phœbus* ſcribe her appellation ſeale.

XXXVI. Eſt-

XXXVI.

Eftſoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heavenly powers, and earthly wights,
Before great Nature's preſence ſhould appeare,
For triall of their titles and beſt rights:
That was, to weet, upon the higheſt hights
Of *Arlo-hill*, (Who knowes not *Arlo-hill?*)
That is the higheſt head (in all mens ſights)
Of my old father *Mole*, whom ſhepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall ſkill.

XXXVII.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file,
To ſing of hilles and woods, mongſt warres and knights,
I would abate the ſterneneſſe of my ſtile,
Mongſt theſe ſterne ſtounds to mingle ſoft delights;
And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianae*'s ſpights
Being of old the beſt and faireſt hill,
That was in all this holy-iſland's hights,
Was made the moſt unpleaſant, and moſt ill.
Mean while, O *Clio*, lend *Calliope* thy quill.

XXXVIII.

Whylome, when *IRELAND* floriſhed in fame
Of wealths and goodneſſe, far above the reſt
Of all that beare the *Britiſh* iſland's name,
The gods then us'd (for pleaſure and for reſt)
Oft to reſort there-to, when ſeem'd them beſt:
But none of all there-in more pleaſure found,
Then *Cynthia*; that is ſoveraine queene profeſt
Of woods and forreſts, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholſom waters, more then moſt on ground.

XXXIX. But

XXXIX.

But mongſt them all, as fitteſt for her game,
Either for chace of beaſts with hound or boawe,
Or for to ſhroude in ſhade from *Phœbus* flame,
Or bathe in fountaines, that doe freſhly flowe,
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,
She choſe this *Arlo*; where ſhe did reſort
With all her nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody gods did oft conſort:
For with the nymphes the ſatyres love to play and ſport.

XL.

Amongſt the which, there was a nymph, that hight
Molanna; daughter of old father *Mole*,
And ſiſter unto *Mulla*, faire and bright:
Unto whoſe bed falſe *Bregog* whylome ſtole,
That ſhepheard *Colin* dearely did condole,
And made her luckleſſe loves well knowne to be.
But this *Molanna*, were ſhe not ſo ſhole,
Were no leſſe faire and beautifull than ſhee:
Yet as ſhe is, a fairer flood may no man ſee.

XLI.

For, firſt, ſhe ſprings out of two marble rocks,
On which a grove of oakes high mounted growes,
That as a girlond ſeemes to deck the locks
Of ſome faire bride, brought forth with pompous ſhowes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers ſtrowes:
So, through the flowry dales ſhe tumbling downe,
Through many woods, and ſhady coverts flowes,
That on each ſide her ſilver channell crowne,
Till to the plaine ſhe come, whoſe valleyes ſhe doth drowne,

XLII. In

XLII.

In her ſweet ſtreames *Diana* uſed oft,
After her ſweatie chace and toileſome play,
To bathe her ſelfe; and after, on the ſoft
And downy graſſe her dainty limbes to lay
In covert ſhade, where none behold her may;
For much ſhe hated ſight of living eye.
Fooliſh god *Faunus*, though full many a day
He ſaw her clad, yet longed fooliſhly
To ſee her naked mongſt her nymphes in privity.

XLIII.

No way he found to compaſſe his deſire,
But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her maid,
Her to diſcover for ſome ſecret hire:
So her with flattering words he firſt aſſaid;
And after pleaſing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured and betraid,
To tell what time he might her ladie ſee,
When ſhe her ſelfe did bathe, that he might ſecret bee.

XLIV.

There-to he promiſt, if ſhe would him pleaſure
With this ſmall boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that where-as ſhe had out of meaſure
Long lov'd the *Fanchin*, who by nought did ſet her,
That he would undertake, for this to get her
To be his love, and of him liked well:
Beſides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell;
The leaſt of which this little pleaſure ſhould excell.

XLV. The

XLV.

The ſimple maid did yield to him anone;
And eſt him placed, where he cloſe might view
That never any ſaw, ſave onely one;
Who, for his hire to ſo foole-hardy dew,
Was of his wounds devour'd in hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on ſunny day,
Diana, with her nymphes about her, drew
To this ſweet ſpring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbes, for *Jove* a likely pray.

XLVI.

There *Faunus* ſaw that pleaſed much his eye,
And made his heart to tickle in his breſt,
That for great joy of ſome-what he did eſpy,
He could him not containe in ſilent reſt;
But breaking forth in laughter, loud profeſt
His fooliſh thought. A fooliſh *Faune* indeed,
That could not hold thy ſelfe ſo hidden bleſt,
But wouldeſt needs thine owne conceit areed.
Babblers unworthy been of ſo divine a meed.

XLVII.

The goddeſſe, all abaſhed with that noiſe,
In haſte forth ſtarted from the guilty brooke;
And running ſtraight where-as ſhe heard his voice,
Enclos'd the buſh about, and there him tooke,
Like darred larke; not daring up to looke
On her, whoſe ſight before ſo much he ſought.
Thence, forth they drew him by the hornes, and ſhooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

XLVIII.

Like as an huſwife, that with buſie care
Thinks of her dairie to make wondrous gaine,
Finding where-as ſome wicked beaſt unware,
That breakes into her dayr'houſe, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and fruſtrate all her paine;
Hath in ſome ſnare or gin ſet cloſe behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what puniſhment were beſt aſſign'd,
And thouſand deathes deviſeth in her vengefull mind:

XLIX.

So did *Diana* and her maydens all
Uſe ſilly *Faunus*, now within their baile:
They mocke and ſcorne him, and him foule miſcall;
Some by the noſe him pluckt, ſome by the taile,
And by his goatiſh beard ſome did him haile:
Yet he, poore ſoule, with patience all did beare;
For nought againſt their wills might countervaile:
Ne ought he ſaid what ever he did heare;
But hanging downe his head, did like a mome appeare.

L.

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to caſt what penaunce him to give.
Some would have gelt him, but that ſame would ſpill
The wood-gods breed, which muſt for ever live:
Others would through the river him have drive,
And ducked deepe; but that ſeem'd penaunce light:
But moſt agreed, and did this ſentence give,
Him in deare's ſkin to clad; and in that plight,
To hunt him with their hounds, him ſelfe ſave how he might.

LI.

But *Cynthia*'s ſelfe, more angry then the reſt,
Thought not enough, to puniſh him in ſport,
And of her ſhame to make a gameſome jeſt;
But gan examine him in ſtraighter ſort,
Which of her nymphes, or other cloſe conſort,
Him hither brought, and her to him betraid.
He, much affeard, to her confeſſed ſhort,
That 'twas *Molanna*, which her ſo bewraid.
Then all attonce their hands upon *Molanna* laid.

LII.

But him, according as they had decreed,
With a deere's ſkin they covered, and then chaſt
With all their hounds, that after him did ſpeed;
But he more ſpeedy, from them fled more faſt
Then any deere: ſo ſore him dread aghaſt.
They after follow'd all with ſhrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have braſt:
That all the woods and dales, where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud reeccho to the ſkie.

LIII.

So they him follow'd, till they weary were;
When, back returning to *Molann*' againe,
They, by commaund'ment of *Diana*, there
Her whelm'd with ſtones. Yet *Faunus*, for her paine,
Of her beloved *Fanchin* did obtaine,
That her he would receive unto his bed.
So now her waves paſſe through a pleaſant plaine,
Till with the *Fanchin* ſhe her ſelfe doe wed,
And (both combin'd) themſelves in one faire river ſpred.

LIV. Nath'-

LIV.

Nath'leſſe, *Diana*, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke;
In whoſe ſweet ſtreame, before that bad occaſion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes ſhe tooke:
Ne onely her, but alſo quite forſooke
All thoſe faire forreſts about *Arlo* hid,
And all that mountaine, which doth over-looke
The richeſt champian, that may elſe be rid,
And the faire *Shure*, in which are thouſand ſalmons bred.

LV.

Them all, and all that ſhe ſo deare did way,
Thence-forth ſhe left; and parting from the place,
There-on an heavy hapleſſe curſe did lay,
To weet, that wolves, where ſhe was wont to ſpace,
Should harbour'd be, and all thoſe woods deface,
And thieves ſhould rob and ſpoile that coaſt around.
Since which, thoſe woods, and all that goodly chaſe,
Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound:
Which too-too true that land's in-dwellers ſince have found.

Canto VII.

Pealing from Jove, *to* Nature's *bar,*
Bold Alteration *pleades*
Large evidence: but Nature *ſoone*
Her righteous doome areads.

I.

AH! whither dooſt thou now, thou greater muſe,
Me from theſe woods and pleaſing forreſts bring?
And my fraile ſprit, that dooth oft refuſe
This too high flight, unfit for her weake wing,
Lift up aloft, to tell of heaven's king,
Thy ſoveraine ſire, his fortunate ſucceſſe,
And victory, in bigger noates to ſing,
Which he obtain'd againſt that *Titaneſſe*,
That him of heaven's empire ſought to diſpoſſeſſe.

II.

Yet ſith it needs muſt follow thy beheſt,
Doe thou my weaker wit with ſkill inſpire,
Fit for this turne; and in my ſable breſt
Kindle freſh ſparks of that immortall fire,
Which learned minds inflameth with deſire
Of heavenly things: for who but thou alone,
That art yborne of heaven and heavenly ſire,
Can tell things doen in heaven ſo long ygone;
So farre paſt memory of man that may be knowne?

III. Now,

III.

Now, at the time, that was before agreed,
The gods aſſembled all on *Arlo* hill;
As well thoſe, that are ſprung of heavenly ſeed,
As thoſe, that all the other world doe fill,
And rule both ſea and land unto their will:
Onely th'infernall powers might not appeare;
As well for horror of their count'naunce ill,
As for th'unruly fiends, which they did feare;
Yet *Pluto* and *Proſerpina* were preſent there.

IV.

And thither alſo came all other creatures,
What-ever life or motion doe retaine,
According to their ſundry kinds of features;
That *Arlo* ſcarſly could them all containe;
So full they filled every hill and plaine:
And had not *Nature*'s ſergeant, that is *Order*,
Them well diſpoſed by his buſie paine,
And raunged farre abroad in every border,
They would have cauſed much confuſion and diſorder.

V.

Then forth iſſewd, great goddeſſe, great dame *Nature*,
With goodly port and gracious majeſty;
Being far greater and more tall of ſtature
Than any of the gods or powers on hie:
Yet certes by her face and phyſnomy,
Whether ſhe man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well deſcry:
For with a veile, that wimpled every where,
Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appeare.

VI. That

VI.

That ſome doe ſay was ſo by ſkill devized,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew,
From mortall eyes, that ſhould be ſore agrized;
For that her face did like a lion ſhew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell, that it ſo beautious was,
And round about ſuch beames of ſplendor threw,
That it the ſunne a thouſand times did paſs,
Ne could be ſeene, but like an image in a glaſs.

VII.

That well may ſeemen true; for well I weene,
That this ſame day, when ſhe on *Arlo* ſat,
Her garment was ſo bright and wondrous ſheene,
That my fraile wit cannot devize to what
It to compare, nor find like ſtuffe to that,
As thoſe three ſacred *Saints*, though elſe moſt wiſe,
Yet on mount *Thabor* quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in ſtrange diſguiſe
Transfigur'd ſawe; his garments ſo did daze their eyes.

VIII.

In a fayre plaine upon an equall hill,
She placed was in a pavilion;
Not ſuch as craftſmen by their idle ſkill
Are wont for princes ſtates to faſhion:
But th'earth her ſelf, of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull boſome made to growe
Moſt dainty trees; that, ſhooting up anon,
Did ſeeme to bow their bloſming heads full lowe,
For homage unto her, and like a throne did ſhow.

IX. So

IX.

So hard it is for any living wight,
All her array and veſtiments to tell,
That old *Dan Geffrey* (in whoſe gentle ſpright
The pure well head of poeſie did dwell)
In his *Foules parley* durſt not with it mell,
But it transferd to *Alane*, who, he thought,
Had in his *Plaint of kindes* deſcrib'd it well:
Which who will read ſet forth ſo as it ought,
Go ſeek he out that *Alane*, where he may be ſought.

X.

And all the earth far underneath her feete
Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and ſent forth odours ſweet;
Tenne thouſand mores of ſundry ſent and hew,
That might delight the ſmell, or pleaſe the view:
The which the nymphes, from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, which they at her foot-ſtoole threw;
That richer ſeem'd then any tapeſtry,
That princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

XI.

And *Mole* himſelfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himſelf in freſheſt faire attire,
And his high head, that ſeemeth alwaies hore
With hardned frofts of former winters ire,
He with an oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the love of ſome new nymph late ſeene
Had in him kindled youthfull freſh deſire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene.
Ah! gentle *Mole*, ſuch joyance hath thee well beſeene.

XII.

Was never ſo great joyance ſince the day,
That all the gods whylome aſſembled were,
On *Hæmus* hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the ſolemne bridall cheare,
Twixt *Pelene*, and dame *Thetis* pointed there;
Where *Phœbus* ſelf, that god of poets hight,
They ſay did ſing the ſpouſall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were raviſht with delight
Of his celeſtiall ſong, and muſick's wondrous might.

XIII.

This great grandmother of all creatures bred
Great *Nature*, ever young, yet full of eld;
Still moving, yet unmoved from her ſted;
Unſeene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus ſitting in her throne, as I have teld;
Before her came dame *Mutabilitie*;
And being lowe before her preſence feld,
With meeke obayſance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintif plea with words to amplifie;

XIV.

To thee, O greateſt goddeſſe! onely great,
An humble ſuppliant, loe I lowely fly,
Seeking for right, which I of the entreat;
Who right to all doſt deale indifferently,
Damning all wrong and tortious injurie,
Which any of thy creatures doe to other,
(Oppreſſing them with power, unequally)
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knitteſt each to each, as brother unto brother.

XV. To

XV.

To thee therefore of this ſame *Jove* I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that faine to be,
That challenge to themſelves the whole world's raigne;
Of which the greateſt part is due to me,
And heaven it ſelfe by heritage in fee:
For heaven and earth I both alike do deeme,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee;
And gods no more then men thou doeſt eſteeme;
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do ſeeme.

XVI.

Then weigh, O ſoveraigne goddeſſe! by what right
Theſe gods do claime the world's whole ſoverainty;
And that is only dew unto thy might,
Arrogate to themſelves ambitiouſly:
As for the gods owne principality,
Which *Jove* uſurpes unjuſtly, that to be
My heritage, *Jove*'s ſelf cannot deny,
From my great grandſire *Titan* unto mee
Deriv'd by dew deſcent, as is well knowen to thee.

XVII.

Yet mauger *Jove*, and all his gods beſide,
I doe poſſeſſe the world's moſt regiment;
As if ye pleaſe it into parts divide,
And every part's inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
And firſt, the Earth, great mother of us all,
That only ſeems unmov'd and permanent,
And unto *Mutability* not thrall,
Yet is ſhe chang'd in part, and eke in generall.

XVIII.

For all that from her ſprings, and is ybred,
How-ever fayre it flouriſh for a time,
Yet ſee we ſoone decay, and being dead,
To turne again unto their earthly ſlime:
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily ſee new creatures to ariſe;
And of their winter ſpring another prime,
Unlike in forme, and chang'd by ſtrange diſguiſe:
So turne they ſtill about, and change in reſtleſſe wiſe.

XIX.

As for her tenants, that is, man and beaſts,
The beaſts we daily ſee maſſacred dy,
As thralls and vaſſalls unto mens beheaſts:
And men themſelves doe change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worſt of all.
Ne doe their bodies only flit and fly,
But eke their minds, which they immortall call,
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occaſions fall.

XX.

Ne is the water in more conſtant caſe;
Whether thoſe ſame on high, or theſe belowe.
For th'Ocean moveth ſtill from place to place;
And every river ſtill doth ebbe and flowe:
Ne any lake, that ſeemes moſt ſtill and ſlowe,
Ne poole ſo ſmall, that can his ſmoothneſſe holde,
When any winde doth under heaven blowe;
With which the clouds are alſo toſt and roll'd;
Now like great hills, and ſtreight, like ſluces, them unfold.

XXI. So

XXI.

So likewiſe are all watry living wights
Still toſt, and turned with continuall change,
Never abyding in their ſtedfaſt plights.
The fiſh, ſtill floting, doe at randon range,
And never reſt; but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the ſtreames them carrie:
Ne have the watry foules a certain grange,
Wherein to reſt, ne in one ſtead do tarry;
But flitting ſtill doe flie, and ſtill their places vary.

XXII.

Next is the ayre; which who feeles not by ſenſe
(For of all ſenſe it is the middle meane)
To flit ſtill? and, with ſubtill influence
Of his thin ſpirit, all creatures to maintaine
In ſtate of life? O weake life! that does leane
On thing ſo tickle, as th'unſteady ayre,
Which every howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With every blaſt, that bloweth fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

XXIII.

Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures every minute chaunce;
Now boyling hot; ſtreight friezing deadly cold:
Now faire ſun-ſhine, that makes all ſkip and dance;
Streight bitter ſtorms, and balefull countenance,
That makes them all to ſhiver and to ſhake:
Rayne, hayle, and ſnowe do pay them ſad penance,
And dreadfull thunder-claps, that make them quake,
With flames and flaſhing lights, that thouſand changes make.

XXIV.

Laſt is the fire: which, though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenched quite, yet, every day,
Wee ſee his parts, ſo ſoon as they do ſever,
To loſe their heat, and ſhortly to decay;
So makes himſelf his own conſuming pray.
Ne any living creatures doth he breed:
But all, that are of others bredd, doth ſlay;
And, with their death, his cruell life doth feed;
Nought leaving, but their barren aſhes without ſeede.

XXV.

Thus all theſe fower, the which the ground-work bee
Of all the world, and of all living wights,
To thouſand ſorts of *Change* we ſubiect ſee:
Yet are they chang'd, by other wondrous ſlights,
Into themſelves, and loſe their native mhts;
The fire to aire, and th' aire to water ſheere,
And water into earth; yet water fights
With fire, and aire with earth approaching neere:
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

XXVI.

So in them all raignes *Mutabilitie*;
How-ever theſe, that gods themſelves do call,
Of them do claime the rule and ſoverainty:
As, *Veſta*, of the fire æthereal;
Vulcan of this, with us ſo uſuall;
Ops, of the earth; and *Juno*, of the aire;
Neptune, of ſeas; and nymphes, of rivers all.
For all thoſe rivers to me ſubject are;
And all the reſt, which they uſurp, be all my ſhare.

XXVII. Which

XXVII.

Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchſafe, O goddeſſe, to thy preſence call
The reſt, which doe the world in being hold;
As times and ſeaſons of the yeare that fall:
Of all the which, demand in general,
Or judge thy ſelfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not ſubject all.
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by and by,
Bade *Order* call them all before her majeſty.

XXVIII.

So forth iſſew'd the ſeaſons of the yeare;
Firſt, luſty *Spring*, all dight in leaves of flowres,
That freſhly budded, and new bloofmes did beare
(In which a thouſand birds had built their bowres,
That ſweetly ſung, to call forth paramours:)
And in his hand a javelin he did beare,
And on his head, as fit for warlike ſtoures,
A gilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as ſome did him love, ſo others did him feare.

XXIX.

Then came the jolly *Sommer*, being dight
In a thin ſilken caſſock coloured greene,
That was unlyned all, to be more light;
And on his head a girlond well beſeene
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,
The ſweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bowe and ſhaftes; as he in forreſt greene
Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated ſore.

XXX. Then

XXX.

Then came the *Autumne*, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plentious ſtore,
Laden with fruits, that made him laugh, full glad,
That he had baniſht hunger, which tofore
Had by the belly oft him pinched ſore.
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With eares of corne of every ſort, he bore;
And in his hand a ſickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits, the which the earth had yold.

XXXI.

Laſtly, came *Winter* cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold, that did him chill,
Whil'ſt on his hoary beard his breath did freeſe;
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill,
As from a lymbick, did adown diſtill.
In his right hand a tipped ſtaffe he held,
With which his feeble ſteps he ſtayed ſtill;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
That ſcarſe his looſed limbes he able was to weld.

XXXII.

Theſe, marching ſoftly, thus in order went,
And after them the monthes all riding came.
Firſt, ſturdy *March* with brows full ſternly bent,
And armed ſtrongly, rode upon a ram,
The ſame, which over *Helleſpontus* ſwam:
Yet in his hand a ſpade he alſo hent,
And in a bag all ſorts of ſeeds yſame,
Which on the earth he ſtrowed as he went,
And fild her womb with fruitfull hope of nouriſhment.

XXXIII. Next

XXXIII.

Next came freſh *Aprill* full of luſtyhed,
And wanton as a kid, whoſe horne new buds:
Upon a bull he rode, the ſame, which led
Europa floting through th'*Argolick* fluds:
His hornes were gilden all with golden ſtuds,
And garniſhed with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the faireſt flowres and freſheſt buds,
Which th' earth brings forth, and wet he ſeem'd in ſight
With waves, through which he waded for his loves delight.

XXXIV.

Then came faire *May*, the fayreſt mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her ſeaſons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Upon two brethrens ſhoulders ſhe did ride,
The twinnes of *Leda*; which on eyther ſide
Supported her like to their ſoveraine queene.
Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they ſeen,
And leapt and daunct as they had raviſht beene!
And *Cupid* ſelfe about her fluttred all in greene.

XXXV.

And after her came jolly *June*, arrayd
All in greene leaves, as he a player were;
Yet in his time, he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:
Upon a Crab he rode, that did him beare
With crooked crawling ſteps an uncouth paſe,
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face,
Like that ungracious crew, which faines demureſt grace

XXXVI. Then

XXXVI.

Then came hot *July* boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had caſt away:
Upon a lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obay:
It was the beaſt, that whylome did forray,
The Nemæan forreſt, till th'*Amphytrionide*
Hem ſlew, and with his hide did him array;
Behinde his back a ſithe, and by his ſide
Under his belt he bore a ſickle circling wide.

XXXVII.

The ſixt was *Auguſt*, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was cround
With eares of corn, and full her hand was found;
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But after wrong was lov'd and juſtice ſold,
She left th'unrighteous world, and was to heaven extold.

XXXVIII.

Next him, *September* marched eeke on foote;
Yet was he heavy laden with the ſpoyle
Of harveſts riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the ſoyle.
In his one hand, as fit for harveſts toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did aſſoyle
Both more and leſſe, where it in doubt did ſtand,
And equall gave to each, as Juſtice duly ſcann'd.

XXXIX.

Then came *October* full of merry glee:
For yet his noule was totty of the muſt,
Which he was treading in the Wine-fats ſee,
And of the joyous oyle, whoſe gentle guſt
Made him ſo frollick and ſo full of luſt:
Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,
The ſame which by *Diana*'s doom unjuſt
Slew great *Orion*; and eeke by his ſide
He had his ploughing ſhare, and coulter ready tyde.

XL.

Next was *November*, he full groſſe and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might ſeeme;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with ſweat did reek and ſteeme,
And yet the ſeaſon was full ſharp and breem.
In planting eeke he took no ſmall delight.
Whereon he rode, not eaſie was to deeme;
For it a dreadful *Centaure* was in ſight,
The ſeed of *Saturne*, and faire *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

XLI.

And after him, came next the chill *December*:
Yet he through merry feaſting, which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviour's birth his mind ſo much did glad.
Upon a ſhaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The ſame wherewith *Dan Jove* in tender yeares,
They ſay, was nouriſht by th' *Iæan* mayd;
And in his hand a broad deep boawle he beares;
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

XLII.

Then came old *January*, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blowe his nayles, to warme them, if he may:
For they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needleſſe ſpray.
Upon an huge great Earth-pot ſteane he ſtood;
From whoſe wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane floud.

XLIII.

And laſtly came cold *February*, ſitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride;
Drawne of two fiſhes for the ſeaſon fitting,
Which through the flood before did ſoftly ſlyde
And ſwim away: yet had he by his ſide
His plough and harneſſe fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of haſting Prime did make them burgein round.
So paſt the twelve months forth, and their dew places found.

XLIV.

And after theſe, there came the *Day*, and *Night*,
Riding together both with equal paſe,
Th'one on a palfrey blacke, the other white;
But *Night* had covered her uncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and ſtars were pight,
And ſleep and darkneſſe round about did trace.
But *Day* did beare, upon his ſcepters hight,
The goodly Sun, encompaſt all with beames bright.

XLV. Then

XLV.

Then came the *Howres*, fair daughters of high *Jove*
And timely *Night*, the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eſchewed,
That might forſlack the charge to them fore-ſhewed
By mighty *Jove*; who did them porters make
Of heavens gate (whence all the gods iſſued)
Which they did dayly watch, and nightly wake
By even turnes, ne ever did their charge forſake.

XLVI.

And after all came *Life*, and laſtly *Death*;
Death with moſt grim and grieſly viſage ſeene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,
Ne ought to ſee, but like a ſhade to weene,
Unbodied, unſoul'd, unheard, unſeene.
But *Life* was like a faire young luſty boy,
Such as they faine *Dan Cupid* to have beene,
Full of delightfull health and lively joy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

XLVII.

When theſe were paſt, thus gan the *Titaneſſe*;
Lo, mighty mother, now be judge, and ſay,
Whether in all thy creatures more or leſſe
CHANGE doth not raign, and beare the greateſt ſway:
For who ſees not, that *Time* on all doth pray?
But *Times* do change and move continually.
So nothing here long ſtandeth in one ſtay:
Wherefore, this lower world who can deny
But to be ſubject ſtill to *Mutabilitie*?

XLVIII.

Then thus gan *Jove*; Right true it is, that theſe,
And all things elſe that under heaven dwell,
Are chaung'd of *Time*, who doth them all diſſeiſe
Of being: But who is it (to me tell)
That *Time* himſelfe doth move, and ſtill compell
To keepe his courſe? Is not that namely wee,
Which poure that vertue from our heavenly cell,
That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
So them we gods doe rule, and in them alſo thee.

XLIX.

To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things,
Which we ſee not how they are mov'd and ſway'd,
Ye may attribute to your ſelves as kings,
And ſay, they by your ſecret powre are made:
But what we ſee not, who ſhall us perſwade?
But were they ſo, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your ayde;
Yet what if I can prove, that even yee
Your ſelves are likewiſe chang'd, and ſubject unto mee?

L.

And firſt, concerning her, that is the firſt,
Even yon fair *Cynthia*, whom ſo much ye make
Jove's deareſt darling, ſhe was bred and nurſt
On *Cynthus*' hill, whence ſhe her name did take.
Then is ſhe mortall borne, how-ſo ye crake.
Beſides, her face and countenance every day
We changed ſee, and ſundry forms partake,
Now horn'd, now round, now bright, now brown and gray:
So that *as changefull as the moone* men uſe to ſay.

LI.

Next *Mercury*, who though he leſſe appeare
To change his hew, and always ſeeme as one ;
Yet he his courſe doth alter every yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone.
So *Venus* eeke, that goodly paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is ſhe dark all day.
And *Phœbus* ſelf, who lightſome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipſed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and diſmay.

LII.

Now *Mars*, that valiant man, is changed moſt :
For he ſome times ſo far runs out of ſquare,
That he his way doth ſeem quite to have loſt,
And cleane without his uſuall ſphere to fare ;
That even theſe ſtar-gazers ſtoniſht are
At ſight thereof, and damne their lying bookes.
So likewiſe grim ſir *Saturne* oft doth ſpare
His ſtern aſpect, and calme his crabbed lookes.
So many turning cranks theſe have, ſo many crookes.

LIII.

But you, *Dan Jove*, that only conſtant are,
And king of all the reſt, as ye do clame,
Are you not ſubject eeke to this misfare ?
Then let me aske you this withouten blame,
Where were ye borne? Some ſay in *Crete* by name,
Others in *Thebes*, and others other-where ;
But wherefoever they comment the ſame,
They all conſent, that ye begotten were,
And borne here in this world, ne other can appeare.

LIV. Them

LIV.

Then are ye mortal borne, and thrall to me,
Unleſſe the kingdome of the sky yee make,
Immortall and unchangeable to be.
Beſides, that power and vertue, which ye ſpake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne natures change; for each of you,
That vertue have, or this or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others oppoſition, or obliquid view.

LV.

Beſides, the ſundry motions of your ſpheares,
So ſundry waies and faſhions as clerkes faine,
Some in ſhort ſpace, and ſome in longer yeares;
What is the ſame but alteration plaine?
Onely the ſtarrie skie doth ſtill remaine:
Yet do the ſtarres and ſignes therein ſtill move,
And even itſelf is mov'd, as wizards ſaine.
But all that moveth, doth mutation love:
Therefore both you and them to me I ſubject prove.

LVI.

Then ſince within this wide great *Univerſe*
Nothing doth firm and permanent appeare,
But all things toſt and turned by tranſverſe;
What then ſhould let, but I aloft ſhould reare
My trophee, and from all the triumph beare?
Now judge then, O thou greateſt goddeſſe trew!
According as thy ſelfe doeſt ſee and heare,
And unto me addoom that is my dew;
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

LVII.

LVII.

So having ended, ſilence long enſewed,
Ne *Nature* to or fro ſpake for a ſpace,
But with firme eyes affixt the ground ſtill viewed.
Mean while, all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this ſo doubtful caſe,
Did hang in long ſuſpence what would enſew,
To whether ſide ſhould fall the ſoveraigne place.
At length, ſhe looking up with chearefull view,
The ſilence brake, and gave her doome in ſpeeches few.

LVIII.

I well conſider all that ye have ſayd,
And find, that all things ſtedfaſtnes doe hate,
And changed be: yet being rightly wayd,
They are not changed from their firſt eſtate;
But by their change their being doe dilate;
And turning to themſelves at length againe,
Doe worke their own perfection ſo by fate:
Then over them change doth not rule and raigne;
But they raigne over change, and doe their ſtates maintaine.

LIX.

Ceaſe therefore, daughter, further to aſpire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by me:
For thy decay thou ſeekſt by thy deſire;
But time ſhall come, that all ſhall changed bee,
And from thenceforth none no more change ſhall ſee.
So was the *Titaneſs* put downe, and whiſt,
And *Jove* confirm'd in his imperiall ſee.
Then was that whole aſſembly quite diſmiſt,
And *Nature's* ſelfe did vaniſh, whither no man wiſt.

Canto

Canto VIII. imperfect.

I.

WHEN I bethinke me on that ſpeech whyleare
Of *Mutability*, and well it way,
Me ſeemes, that though ſhe all unworthy were
Of the heav'ns rule ; yet very ſooth to ſay,
In all things elſe ſhe beares the greateſt ſway.
Which makes me loath this ſtate of life ſo tickle,
And love of things ſo vaine to caſt away ;
Whoſe flowring pride, ſo fading and ſo ficke,
Short *Time* ſhall ſoon cut down with his conſuming ſickle.

II.

Then gin I think on that, which Nature ſayd,
Of that ſame time, when no more *Change* ſhall be,
But ſtedfaſt reſt of all things firmely ſtay'd
Upon the pillours of eternity,
That is contrayr to *Mutabilitie :*
For all that moveth, doth in *Change* delight :
But thence-forth all ſhall reſt eternally
With him, that is the God of ſabbaoth hight :
O ! that great ſabbaoth God, grant me that ſabbaoths ſight.

F I N I S.

Spenser, Edmund
The Faerie Queene