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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.

V O L. III.

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31.3.53

L O N D O N :

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

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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 course;
And being once amisse growes daily worse and worse.

B

II. For

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 degenerated.

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 fore,
 But to the antique use, which was of yore,
 When good was onely for it selfe desyred,
 And all men fought 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 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 appears.
 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 funnes hight,
 Foure times his place he shifted hath in fight,
 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 trumpets found,
 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 behests.

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 himsele in glorious fight,
 To fit in his owne feate, 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 prayfed over all:
 The instrument whereof loe here thy *Artegall*.

C A N T O 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 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 gracious redresse.
 That soveraine queene, that mightie empereffe,
 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 nourshed 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 ripenessse of mans yeares he raught ;
 That even wilde beasts did feare his awfull fight,
 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 list in wrath list up his steely brand.

IX.

Which steely brand, to make him dreaded more,
 She gave unto him, gotten by her flight
 And earnest searck, 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 wheresoever 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*, fixt 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
 Always, 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 flae 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 fore his sorowfull sad tyne,
 With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

XIV.

To whom as they approched, they espide
 A forie fight, 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 fight,
 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 fate 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 rest mine away by lawlesse might,
 And on his steed her set, to beare her out of fight.

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 gheffed 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 est require,
 Whilest he reformed that uncivill so :
 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 fencelesse 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 unwift, so ill bestad,
 That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
 Bound like a beast appointed to the stall :
 The fight whereof the lady fore 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 indignat 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 defiaunce 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 bloody 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 condescend,
 And to his doome with listfull eares did both attend.

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 fight,
 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 flaine.
 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 feeme.
 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 beseeeme,
 And with it beare the burden of defame;
 Your owne dead ladies head, to tell abrode your shame.

XXIX. But

XXIX.

But *Sangliere* disdaind 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 serue, 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 II.

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

NOUGH T is more honorable to a knight,
Ne better doth beseme 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 perforce,
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 curfed 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 upon 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 exceeds,
 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 flood : 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 flood,
 They each at other tyrannously flew ;
 Ne ought the water cooled their whot blood,
 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 haft ;
 And to him driving strongly downe the tide,
 Upon his iron coller griped fast,
 That with the straint his wesand nigh he braft.
 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 upon him hong.

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 farges hore:
 Such was betwixt these two the troublefome 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 himfelfe 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 fownd.
 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 fide ;
 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 puiffance, ne beare him selfe upright,
 But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

XVIII. But

XVIII.

But *Artegall* purfewd him still so neare,
 With bright *Cryfaor* 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,
 Whole 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 containd,
 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 fought, but was denide,
 And with reprochfull blasphemy defide,
 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. Estfoones

XXI.

Eftsoones his page drew to the castle gate,
 And with his iron flae at it let flie,
 That all the warders it did fore 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 noife whereof the lady forth appeared
 Upon the castle wall, and when she saw
 The dangerous 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 praiera, 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 fought, 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 pittie of her goodly hew,
 That *Artegall* him selfe her seemlesse plight did rew.

XXVI.

Yet for no pittie 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 slender waft,
 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 towards 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 filld 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 fort 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 leafings 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 fore.
 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 fight;
 And they with aire, that not a drop can slide :
 Al which the heavens containe, and in their courses guide.

XXXVI.

Such heauenly iustice 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 fure 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 leuell 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 suppress, 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'ft so much of things in fight?
 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 disdain;
 The dales doe not the lofty hils envy.
 He maketh kings to fit in soverainty;
 He maketh subjects to their powre obey;
 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 care 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 fallshood 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 fate 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 astroyning looke,
Amongst the flags aud covert round about.
When *Talus* saw they all the field forfooke,
And none appear'd of all that rascall rout,
To *Artegall* he turn'd, and went with him throughout.



C A N T O III.

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

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 blisfull houres at last must needes appeare:
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despire.
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 giufts 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 fights,
 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 fatietie
 Of meates and drinckes their appetites suffiz'd,
 To deedes of armes and prooffe of chevalie
 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 fixe 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 *Bellifont*,
 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 fixe 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 found ; 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 deedes 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 joynd might and maine,
 To set afresh on all the other crew,
 Whom with fore 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 fight
 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 fight whereof did all with gladnesse fill :
 So unto him they did addeeme the prise
 Of all that tryumph. Then the trompets shrill
 Don *Braggadocchio's* name refounded 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 thanks 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 *Phæbus* 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 fav'd to *Marinell*;
 But not that arme, nor thou the man, I reed,
 Which didst that service unto *Florimell*.
 For prooffe 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 prooffe 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 faint 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'enchanted 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 waist was wrought.

XXV.

As when the daughter of *Tbaumantes* 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 suddainly, 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 horreur 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 rest,
 While she was flying, like a weary west,
 From that foule monster, which did her compell
 To perils great; which he unbuckling est,
 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 fit,
 Unlesse that she were continent and chaste,
 But it would lose or breake, that many had disgraft.

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 *Braggadocchio* would not let him pas;
 And *Guyon* would him algates have perforce,
 Or it approve upon his carrion corse.
 Which troublous stirre when *Artegall* perceived,
 He nigh them drew to stay th'avengers force,
 And gan inquire, how was that steed bereaved,
 Whether by might extort, or else by flight deceived.

XXXI.

Who all that piteous storie, which befell
 About that woful couple, which were flaine,
 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 forely 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 fore he bit,
 That he him maymed quite, and all his shoulder split.

XXXIV.

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
 Untill that *Guyon* selse 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 frikt, 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 saddles 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 incens'd with his lewd word,
 To have revenged that his villeny ;
 And thirfe did lay his hand upon his sword,
 To have him flaine, 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 rest 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 flights,
And what a glorious shew he made in all their fights.

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.

C A N T O IV.

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

I.

WH O 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 firmly fixt they were, with dint of sword,
 And battailes doubtfull prooffe 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 fire, *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 appears
 But like a little mount of small degree ;
 Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
 As that fame 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 grieffe by death bereaved.
 But see how much her purpose was deceived :
 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 endeavour
 From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned fore
 Her to haue 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 enfew ;
 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 judgement ye shall us afford.
 Then for affuraunce 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 wife 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 possesst,
 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 displeas'd:
 But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad.
 And on the threasure by that judgment seas'd.
 So was their discord by this doome appeas'd,
 And each one had his right. Then *Artegall*,
 When as their sharp contention he had ceas'd,
 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 fight,
 (An uncouth fight) 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 prepar'd:
 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, mercileffe the more,
 Rejoyced at his miserable case,
 And him reviled, and reproched fore
 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 flae,
 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 horroure 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 false 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 knightthod this same day.
 But who can scape, who his owne fate hath wrought?
 The worke of heavens will surpassest 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 wooed 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 disdain 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 princeffe of great powre, and greater pride,
 And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,
 And fundry 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 pried.

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 nimble 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 harnessse 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 felfe, 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 lioneffe 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 carkaffe 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 bloody 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 failes, 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 fouce, 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 fence 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 went in warre,
 Them forely 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 devouringemie,
 Through all the fields and vallies did before him fie.

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,
 Cau'd all her people to surcease from fight,
 And gathering them unto her cities gate,
 Made them all enter in before her fight,
 And all the wounded, and the weake in state,
 To be conuayed 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,
 Cau'd his pavillion to be richly pight
 Before the city gate, in open fight ;
 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 grieffe,
 For the rebuke, which she sustain'd that day,
 Could take no rest, ne would receive relieffe,
 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 *Clarín*, 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 yester 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 obey
 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 obeyd, and putting all
 In readinesse, forth to the town-gate went,
 Where founding 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 fearelesse take,
 To weeten what that trumpets founding 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 greeke,
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.



C A N T O V.

*Artegall fights with Radigund,
And is subdued 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 pursue
The last daies purpose of their vowed fight,
Them selves thereto preparte 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 filke
Woven uppon with siluer, subtlly 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 aduenter.
 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 anvile 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 stroke 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 strange astonishment,
 A miracle of natures goodly grace,
 In her faire visage void of ornament,
 But bath'd in bloud and sweate 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 mercileffe,
 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 fight
 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 forely 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 himselve 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 yeilded 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 troupes 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 causd 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 bales 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 field
 With moniments of many knights decay,
 By her subdewed in victorious fray :
 Among the which she cauld 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* fake 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,
 Unlessse 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 chofen, now he might not change.
 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 obeyfance 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.

Clarín, 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* himselve to love entise.

XXXV.

The trustie mayd, conceiving her intent,
 Did with sure promise of her good indeavour
 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 rewe, 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 answer 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 befeeming 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 footh 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 fdayned,
 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 foone
 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 fought, 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 remains,
 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 gracious 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 grieve 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 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 thanks 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 deceitfull *Clarín* 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 scarce 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 containd.



C A N T O 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 impressiion ever could
Bereave it thence : such blot his honour blemish should.

III. Yet

III.

Yet his owne love, the noble *Britomart*,
 Scarfe 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 fought.
 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 possrest ;
 Yet loth she was, since she no ill did heare,
 To thinke of him so ill : yet could she not forbear.

V.

One while she blam'd her selfe ; another while
 She him condemn'd, as trustlesse and untrew :
 And then, her grieve with errour to beguile,
 She sayn'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 adrest.
 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 filld 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 rewe,
 For yeelding to a straungers love so light,
 Whose life and manners straunge she never knew;
 And evermore she did him sharply twight
 For breach of faith to her, which he had firmly 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 chaust; 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 soulder sleepe
 Is broken with some fearfull dreames affright,
 With froward will doth set himselfe to weepe;
 Ne can be stild for all his nurfes might,
 But kicks, and squals, and shriekes for fell despight;
 Now scratching her, and her loose locks musufing;
 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 afflicted 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 deceiue 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 captiuaunce 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 grieffe 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 womans 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 grieve 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 constraîne,
 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 abroad, as next to hand did light,
 And many things demaund, to which she answer'd light.

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 address ;
 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 wayfull plaints, that none was to appease;
 Now walking soft, now sitting still upright,
 As fundry change 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 rayfd againe, that no man could it spie.

XXVIII.

With sight whereof she was dismayd right fore,
 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 flie 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 flaine 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 flaine.
 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 ysflew'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 fire, 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 sone,
 But with thy bloud thou shalt appease the spright
 Of *Guixor*, by thee flaine, and murdered by thy flight.

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 appears 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 fire their carcasses left to bestow.

C A N T O VII.

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

I.

NOUGH T 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 funne;
 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.
 Upon 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 upon the crocodile,
 And on the ground the other fast did stand,
 So meaning to suppress both forged guile,
 And open force: and in her other hand
 She stretched forth a long white slender wand.
 Such was the goddesse; whom when *Britomart*
 Had long beheld, her selfe upon 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 defining.
 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 other beds the priests there used none,
 But on their mother earths deare lap did lie,
 And bake their sides upon the cold hard stone,
 T'enure themselves to sufferance thereby,
 And proud rebellious flesh to mortify.
 For by the vow of their religion
 They tied were to stedfast chastity,
 And continence of life, that all forgon,
 They mote the better tend to their devotion.

X.

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
 Ne feed on ought, the which doth blood containe,
 Ne drinke of wine, for wine, they say, is blood,
 Even the bloud of Gyants, which were flaine
 By thundring Jove in the Phlegrean plaine,
 For which the earth, as they the story tell,
 Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
 Had damn'd her sonnes, which gainst them did rebell,
 With inward grieffe and malice did against them swell.

XI.

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
 Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
 The fruitfull vine, whose liquor bloody red
 Having the mindes of men with fury fraught,
 Mote in them stirre up old rebellious thought,
 To make new warre against the Gods againe:
 Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
 The fell contagion may thereof restraine,
 Ne within reasons rule her madding mood containe,

XII. There

XII.

There did the warlike maide her felfe 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 sacrifice
 To *Isis*, deckt with Mitre on her hed,
 And linnen stole, after those priestes guise,
 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 felfe much wondered
 At such a chaunge, and joyed to behold
 Her felfe, 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
 Upon the ground, which, kindled privily,
 Into outragious flames unwares did grow,
 That all the temple put in jeopardy
 Of flaming, and her felfe in great perplexity.

XV.

With that the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
 Under the idols feete in fearlesse bowre,
 Seem'd to awake in horrible difmay,
 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 humbleffe 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 difmayd 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-listed 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 unchearefull looke,
 They might perceiue, she was not well in plight;
 Or that some pensivenesse to heart she tooke.
 Therefore thus one of them, who seem'd in fight
 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, stiffly stared
 Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright.
 soild with heavenly fury, thus he her behight.

XXI.

Magnificke Virgin, that in queint disguise
 Of British armes doest maske thy royall blood,
 So to purfue a perillous emprize,
 How coulft 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 fire, lamenting fore 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 fame dreame discover.
 For that fame Crocodile doth represent
 The righteous knight, that is thy faithfull lover,
 Like to *Osyris* in all just endeuer.
 For that fame 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 affwage,
 And raging flames, that many foes shall reare,
 To hinder thee from the just heritage
 Of thy fires 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 fought ;
 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,
 Upon 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 full 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 fight.

XXVIII.

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

XXIX.

The trumpets found, and they together run
 With greedy rage, and with their faulchins smote;
 Ne either fought 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 stain 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 gaine say,
 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 fore;
 Which *Britomart* withstood with courage stout,
 And them repaide againe with double more.
 So long they fought, that all the grassie flore
 Was filld 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 feede, of which untimely death should grow.

XXXII.

At last proud *Radigund* with fell despight,
 Having by chance 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 fore 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 scarce 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 fore did paine,
 She with one stroke both head and helmet cleft.
 Which dreadfull fight 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,
 Pelmeil 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 flae 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 conquereffe
 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 flake :
 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 fight,
 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 disguise 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 concept now nourishing no more,
 She fought with ruth to salve his sad misfortunes fore.

XXXIX.

Not so great wonder and astonishment
 Did the most chaste *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 likeliness,
 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 change 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 cauld him those uncomely weedes undight,
 And in their steed for other rayment sought,
 Whereof there was great store, and armours bright,
 Which had beene rest from many a noble knight;
 Whom that proud Amazon subdewed had,
 Whilest fortune favoured 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 wisdom 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 *Artigall*.
 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 repress,
 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.



C A N T O

C A N T O VIII.

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

I.

N OUGHT under heaven so strongly doth allure
The sence of man, and all his minde possesse,
As beauties lovely baite, that doth procure
Great warriors oft their rigour to repressse,
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* fight.
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aspect
To captive men, and make them all the world reject.

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 chafst,
 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 backward 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 chafed, that did others chafe.
 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 flake,
 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 enemy :
 Who seeing her approach, 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 mischief 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 braft :
 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 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 fence,
 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 friends
 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 *Artbure* 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 fore,
 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 sone,
 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 Princeesse 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 Princeesse 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 fay,
 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 counfels 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 prooffe 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 thank't 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 therat, 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 convey
 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 fight,
 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 damzell, whom he held as wrongfull prifonere.

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 wheelles 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 fale 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 wheelles, 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 courfers 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 guyled through th'ayrie wyde,
 By some bad spirit, that it to mischief 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 sentt himselfe about with many a flaming brand.

XXXVI. Still

XXXVI.

Still when he fought t'approch unto him ny,
His charret wheelles 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 fight, but fled from place to place.

XXXVII.

Thus long they traft, and trauest 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 secte 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 fire-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 fight did them so fore affray,
 That their well knowne 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 wheelles 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 monument.

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 caused them be hung in all mens sight,
 To be a monument for evermore.
 Which when his ladie from the castles hight
 Beheld, it much appald her troubled spright:
 Yet not, as women wont in dolefull fit,
 She was dismayd, or faynted through affright,
 But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
 And gan estsoones devize to be aveng'd for it.

XLVI.

Streight downe she 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 messengere,
 Whom she had caused be kept as prifonere
 By *Artegall*, misween'd for her owne knight,
 That brought her backe. And comming present there,
 She at her ran with all her force and might,
 All flaming with revenge and furious despight.

XLVII.

Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand
 She threw her husband's murdred infant out,
 Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colchicke* strand
 Her brothers bones she scattered all about;
 Or as that madding mother, mongst the rout
 Of *Bacchus* Priests her owne deare flesh did teare.
 Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* stout,
 Nor all the *Mœnades* so furious were,
 As this bold woman, when she saw 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 enfelon'd or distraught,
 She forth did come, 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.



C A N T O

C A N T O IX.

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

I.

WH A T 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 beafts 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 beafts 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 befought, 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 flights he many doth confound,
 And eke the rocke, in which he wents 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 scarce 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 rayfing 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 foyle
 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 stufte, 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 heedie 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 shew,
 To turn her eyes from his intent away:
 For he in flights 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 fight,
 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 forced 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 stons 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 flights.
 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 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 difentrayle;
 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 gentle knights rejoyced much to heare
 The prayfes of that Prince fo 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 hie,
 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 fight :
 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 halfe 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 comyle ;
 For the bold title of a Poet bad
 He on himselfe 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 FON S: 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 gracious Queene;
 Who fate 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 tiffew, 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 funny beams,
 Gliftring like gold, amongst the plights enold,
 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 nimbleffe bold.
 Besides a thousand more of such, as sings
 Hymnes to high God, and carols heavenly things,
 Encompassed the throne, on which she fate:
 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 fate
 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 feat 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 suppliant, 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 found,
 And softly royne, when salvage choler gan redound.

XXXIV.

So fitting high in dreaded soverayntie,
 Those two strange knights were to her presence brought;
 Who bowing low before her majestie,
 Did to her myld obeyfance, 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-fight, 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 mischief 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 *Duesssa*, now untitled Queene,
 Was brought to her sad doome, as here was to be seene.

XLIII.

Strongly did *Zelee* 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 beheaft, 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 fore 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 curst *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 knyfe
 Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect,
 And there with guiltie bloudshed charged ryfe:
 Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding stryfe
 In troublous wits, and mutinous uprore:
 Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of lyfe,
 Even foule *Adulterie* her face before,
 And lewd *Impietie*, that her accused fore.

XLIX.

All which when as the prince had heard and seene,
 His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
 And from her partie estfoones 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 *Zeale* 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.

C A N T O 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 feat
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 *Duesssa*, damned by them all;
 But by her tempred without grieffe 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 worthis 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 fore 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 affyne;
 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 flew,
 Ne day or night did sleepe, t'attend them on,
 But walkt about them ever and anone,
 With his two headed dogge, that *Ortbrus* hight;
Ortbrus 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 fyre 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 widowed
 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 gracious great *Mercilla* call
 For ayde, against that cruell tyrants theft,
 Ere all her children he from her had rest.
 Therefore these two, her eldest sonnnes, she sent,
 To seeke for succour of this ladies giest:
 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 fortun'd to bee
 The noble Briton Prince, with his brave peare;
 Who when he none of all those knights did see
 Hastily bent that enterprize 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 thankfull mind befeene,
 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 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 forrow 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 sudder 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 toylefome 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-threatening 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 hoftry 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 besene,
 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 likelineffe 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 remaying one may see.

XXX.

There eke he placed a strong garrifone,
 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 approach in fight,
 The ladie counfeld 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
 Calls 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 ffound,
 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 firmly 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 unknighly 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 fought 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 thanks 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.



C A N T O XI.

*Prince Arture 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 friefe in feare,
Doubting sad end of principle unfound:
Yet sith he heard but one, that did appeare,
He did him selfe encourage, and take better cheare.

III.

Nathelesse him selfe he armed all in haft,
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 upon 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 thrise multiplyde,
 Besides the double strength, which in them was:
 For stil when fit occasion did betyde,
 He could his weapon shift from side to syde,
 From hand to hand, and with such nimbleffe fly
 Could wield about, that ere it were espide,
 The wicked stroke did wound his enemy,
 Behinde, beside, before, as he it list apply.

VII.

Which uncouth use when as the Prince perceived,

He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
 Least by such flight he were unwares deceived;
 And ever ere he saw the stroke to land,
 He would it meete, and warily withstand.
 One time, when he his weapon faynd to shift,
 As he was wont, and changd from hand to hand,
 He met him with a counterstroke so swift,
 That quite smit off his arme, as he it up did list.

VIII.

Therewith, all fraught with fury and disdain,

He brayd aloud for very fell despight,
 And sodainely t'avenge him selfe againe,
 Gan into one assemble all the might
 Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
 Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
 But the sad steele seiz'd not, where it was hight,
 Upon the childe, but somewhat short did fall,
 And lighting on his horses head, him quite did mall.

IX.

Downe streight to ground fell 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 horroure great.
 Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he strooke;
 Nor where it light, but gan to chaufe and sweate,
 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 bloody 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 false, 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 thank't 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 chiefeft 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 sacrifice
 My children and my people, burnt in flame;
 With all the tortures, that he could devise,
 The more t'aggrate his God with such his blouddy guise.

XX.

And underneath this idoll there doth lie
 An hideous monster, that doth it defend,
 And feedes on all the carcasses, that die
 In sacrifice 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 speeches forth doth send,
 Even blasphemous words, which she doth bray
 Out of her poyfnous 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 flight
 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 afunder 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 found 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 entrailles made an open way
 To issue forth ; the which, once being brust,
 Like to a great mill damb forth fiercely guint,
 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 praying his renowned 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 foyle.

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 adrest,
 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 found;
 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 fyde,
 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 flight
 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 witnessse 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 backward 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 fought 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 sharply 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 when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
 He drawing neare began to greeete 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 renowned heretofore,
 Untill late mischiefe did uppon me light,
 That all my former praise hath blemisht fore:
 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 remedlesse.

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 fore,
 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 foully 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 oppressed,
 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 flies 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 inquire.

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 abroad:
 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 disdainfull 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 fight,
 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 *Phæbus* 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 gaine sayd:
 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 foyle,
 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 approaching fast, required speed.

C A N T O 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 fordoe,
 Through other great adventures hethertoo
 Had it forslackt. But now time drawing ny,
 To him asynd, her high behest 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 serued 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 found 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 fight.
 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 flake;
 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 *Irenacs* cause with him in single fight.

IX. And

IX.

And willed him for to reclayme with speed
 His scattred people, ere they all were flaine,
 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 founded 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
 Dispreeds 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 went to fight, to justifie his wrong.

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 fight,
 And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,
 That whether man or monster one could scarce discern.

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 trumpets found, 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 braff.

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 mainheat,
 And lends unto it leave the emptie ayre to beat :

XIX.

So did the Faerie knight him felse 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 fore did overlade.

XX.

Yet when as fit advantage he did spy,

The whiles the curfed 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 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 wraist.

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 fore,
 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 fouse thereof full fore 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 rest 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 joyfulnessse
 To faire *Irene*, at her feet did fall,
 And her adored with due humblenessse,
 As their true Liege and Princeesse 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 establisth peaceablie,
 And to her kingdomes feat restore agayne:
 And all such persons, as did late maintayne
 That tyrants part, with close or open ayde,
 He forely punished with heavie payne;
 That in short space, whiles there with her he staid,
 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 flavered;
 Yet spake she seldom, but thought more, the lesse she fed.

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 curfed 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 poyfon dropping lothsomely.

XXXI.

Her name was *Envie*, knowen well thereby;
 Whose nature is to grieve, and grudge at all,
 That ever she sees doen prayf-worthily,
 Whose fight 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 monstrous 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 fought, 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 fame with blame, or wrest in wicked fort.

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 mischief: for her selfe she onely vext ;
 But this fame both her selfe, and others eke perplex.

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 kills,
 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 leafings 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 mischiese 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 flights 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 cures 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 forehead 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 curfed Serpent, though she hungrily
 Earft chawd thereon, yet was not all fo dead,
 But that fome life remayned secretly,
 And as he pafft 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 abufion, both his honour blent,
 And that bright fword, the fword of Iuftice lent,
 Had stayned with reprochfull crueltie,
 In guiltleffe blood of many an innocent:
 As for *Grandtorto*, him with treacherie
 And traynes having furpriz'd, he fouly did to die.

XLI.

Thereto the Blatant beaft by them fet 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 difmay;
 And all the aire rebellowed againe.
 So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
 And evermore thofe hags them felves did paine,
 To sharpen him, and their owne curfed tongs did fraine.

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 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.

D d 2

II. Such

II.

Such secret comfort, and such heavenly pleasures,
 Ye sacred imps, that on *Parnasso* dwell,
 And there the keeping have of learning's treasures,
 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 nourfery
 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 first
 From heavenly feedes 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 itselſe through all civilitie:
 Of which though present age doe plenteous seeme,
 Yet being matcht with plaine Antiquitie,
 Ye will them all but fayned shoves 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 shoves, 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.

C A N T O 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.

III.

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

IV.

And now he was in travell on his way,
Upon an hard adventure fore bestad,
Whenas by chance he met upon a day
With *Artegall*, returning yet halfe 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 renowned 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 darke some 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 fore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

IX. Then

IX.

Then since the salvage Island I did leave
Said *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 barked at mee,
As if that he attonce would me deuoure.
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 chance 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 captvyed 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 disdain
 And proud despite 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 despite.

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 withstand;
 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 shriek
 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 pittie, nor refraine for feare.

XVIII.

Which haynous fight when *Calidore* beheld,
 Eftsoones he loofd that Squire, and fo him left,
 With hearts difmay and inward dolour queld,
 For to purfue that villaine, which had reft
 That piteous spoile by fo iniurious theft.
 Whom overtaking, loude to him be cryde;
 Leav, faytor, quickly that misgotten weft
 To him, that hath it better justifyde,
 And turne thee foone to him, of whom thou art defyde.

XIX.

Who hearkning to that voice, himfelfe upreard,
 And feeing him fo fiercely towards make,
 Againft him ftoutly ran, as nought afeard,
 But rather more enrag'd for thofe wordes fake;
 And with fterne count'naunce thus unto him fpake:
 Art thou the caytive, that defyest me,
 And for this Mayd, whose party thou doeft take,
 Wilt give thy beard, though it but little bee?
 Yet fhall it not her lockes for raunfome fro me free.

XX.

With that he fiercely at him flew, and layd
 On hideous ftrokes with moft importune might,
 That oft he made him ftagger as unftayd,
 And oft recuile, to fhunne his fharpe defpight.
 But *Calidore*, that was well skild in fight,
 Him long forbore, and ftill his fpirite spar'd,
 Lying in waite, how him he damadge might.
 But when he felt him fhrinke, 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 fource
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 fowle 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 Senefchall;
 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 fame;
 But they, that breake bands of civilitie,
 And wicked cuſtomes make, thoſe doe deſame
 Both noble armes and gentle curteſie.
 No greater ſhame to man then inhumanitie.

XXVII. Then

XXVII.

Then doe yourfelfe, from dread of fhame, forgoe
 This evill manner, which ye here maintaine,
 And doe in ftead thereof mild ourt'fie showe
 To all, that paffe. That fhall you glory gaine
 More then his love, which thus ye feeke t'obtaine.
 Wherewith all full of wroth, ſhe thus replyde;
 Vile recreant, know, that I doe much difdaine
 Thy courteous lore, that doeft 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 difgrace
 With all thoſe ſhames, that erſt ye ſpake me to deface.

XXIX.

With that a Dwarfſe 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 flaine her Senefchall 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 disdain,
 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 fame,
 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 pittie 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 ensue.

XXXVI.

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
 Betwixt them two, for mayftery of might.
 For both were wondrous practicke in that play,
 And paffing well expert in fingle fight,
 And both inflam'd with furious defpight:
 Which as it ftill encreaft, fo ftill increaft
 Their cruell ftrokes and terrible affright;
 Ne once for ruth their rigour they releaft,
 Ne once to breath a while their angers tempeft ceaft.

XXXVII.

Thus long they trac'd and traueft 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 afunder break,
 As they had potfhares bene; for nought mote flake
 Their greedy vengeaunces, but goary blood,
 That at the laft like to a purple lake
 Of bloody gore congeal'd about them flood,
 Which from their riven fides forth guffed like a flood.

XXXVIII.

At length it chaunft, 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 fight,
 And nimbler handed, then his enemie,
 Prevented him before his ftroke could light,
 And on the helmet fmote him formerlie,
 That made him ftoupe 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 flay,
 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 suppressse,
 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, whereso 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 firmly 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* upheard, and to her teld
 All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

XLV. Whereof

XLV.

Whereof she now more glad, then fory carst,
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 thankfull 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.

C A N T O II.

*Calidore sees young Tristram slay
A proud discourteous knight:
He makes him Squire, and of him learns
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 themselves 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 gracious 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 both 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 scarce 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 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 went to launch the salvage hart
 Of many a Lyon, and of many a Beare,
 That first unto his hand in chafe 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 itselſe embrewed
 In blood of knight, the which by thee is flaine,
 By thee no knight; which armes impugneſt plaine?
 Certes, ſaid he, loth were I to have broken
 The law of armes; yet breake it ſhould againe,
 Rather them let myſelſe 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,
 Affayld, 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 disdain,
 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 difdayning, backe returned
 His scornfull 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 fith 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 presumptuous 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 fore 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 fought 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;
Pouching 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 befell, what now is in your sight.
Now sure, then said Sir *Calidore*, and right
Me seemes, that him befell 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 himfelfe fo stoutly well acquit;
 Seeing his face fo lovely fterne and coy,
 And hearing th'answeres of his pregnant wit,
 He prayfd it much, and much admyred it;
 That fure he weend him borne of noble blood,
 With whom thofe graces did fo goodly fit:
 And when he long had him beholding ftood,
 He burft into thefe words, as to him feemed good:

XXV.

Faire gentle fwayne, and yet as stout as fayre,
 That in thefe woods amongft the Nymphs doft wonne,
 Which daily may to thy fweete lookes repayre,
 As they are wont unto *Latonaes* fonne,
 After his chace on woodie *Cynthus* donne:
 Well may I certes fuch an one thee read,
 As by thy worth thou worthily haft wonne,
 Or furely borne of fome Heroicke fead,
 That in thy face appeares and gracious goodlyhead,

XXVI.

But fould it not difpleafe thee it to tell;
 (Unleffe thou in thefe woods thy felfe conceale,
 For love amongft the woodie Gods to dwell,
 I would thy felfe require thee to reveale,
 For deare affection and unfayned zeale,
 Which to thy noble perfonage I beare,
 And wifh thee grow in worfhip and great weale.
 For fince the day that armes I firft did reare,
 I never faw 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 safetic, 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 fend me quight
 Out of the countrie, wherein I was bred,
 The which the fertile *Lionesse* is hight,
 Into the land of *Eaerie*, where no wight
 Should weet of me, nor worke me any wrong.
 To whose wife 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 ydleffe, 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 filken 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 mettall, 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* flew, had wounded fore
 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 fate upon the ground
 His wofull Ladie, piteously complayning
 With loud laments that most unluckie stound,
 And her sad selfe with carefull hand constryning
 To wpe his wounds, and ease their bitter payning.
 Which sorie sight when *Calidore* did vew
 With heavie eyne, from teares uneach refrayning,
 His mightie hart their mournfull 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 grieffe empeach
To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arayd
This knight unarm'd with so unknighly 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 fory 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 grieffe,
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 thank't 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 downward 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 baseneffe set
Doth noble courage shew, with curteous manners met.

II.

But evermore contrary hath bene tryde,
That gentle blood 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 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 meanness 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 disguise.

IX.

But *Calidore* with all good courtesie
 Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
 The penfive 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 kindly 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 deeply 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 compaffionate,
 Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares:
 So both conspiring, gan to intimate
 Each others grieve 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 course,

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 devise this counter-cast of flight,
 To give faire colour to that Ladies cause in fight.

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 rest,
And by outragious force away did beare:
Witnesse thereof he shew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengeance of his theft.

XIX.

Most joyfull man her fire was her to see,
And heare th'adventure of her late mischaunce;
And thousand thanks 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 continuance
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 upon 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 abroad at leasure;
 And of adventures, which had in his measure
 Of so long waies to him befallen late.
 So downe he fate, and with delightfull pleasure
 His long adventures gan to him relate,
 Which he endured had through daungerous debate.

XXIII.

Of which whilest they discourf'd 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 nathelasse, 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 difmay 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 ffound,
 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 *Phæbus* 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 displeas'd,
Did him reprove, yet could him not restrayne,
And would on her owne Palfrey him have eas'd,
For pittie of his Dame, whom she saw so diseas'd.

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 himsele 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 speeches 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 desie 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 affaies 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 prooffe 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 pittie 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 pittie 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 darkeness dread, and hope of living light,
 Uprear'd her head to see that chearefull fight.
 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 fore 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 plainly him descryde
 To be the man, that with such scornfull 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 enterprife,
 He bad him stand, t'abide the bitter stoure
 Of his fore vengeance, 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 bloody 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 abundance, 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 satisfide 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 humane 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 shrighr,
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 falvage man, that never till this houre
 Did taste of pittie, neither gentleffe 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 sudder rage him lent to smite ;
 But naked without needfull vestiments,
 To clad his corpe 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 staid not t'advize, which way were best
 His foe t'assayle, or how himselfe to gard,
 But with fierce fury and with force infest
 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 flay,
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 soorfooke, 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 forely 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 fore.
 Therefore her selfe she wholly 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 fight,
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 iyce 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 winning 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 scarce 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 unfowed,
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 endeavour, 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 unfound.

XVII.

Now when as *Calepine* was woxen strong,
 Upon a day he cast abroad to wend,
 To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
 Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor friend,
 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 assaying 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 braft,
 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 fore 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.

XXIV.

So having all his bands againe uptyde,
 He with him thought backe to returne againe :
 But when he lookt about on every fyde,
 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 funne,
 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 fyde
 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 difmayd,
 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 unfought, 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 feiz'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 vouchsaf't 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 fwinke,
 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 appears;
 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 nourle 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 rayfed 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 sower
 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 sensfull 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.

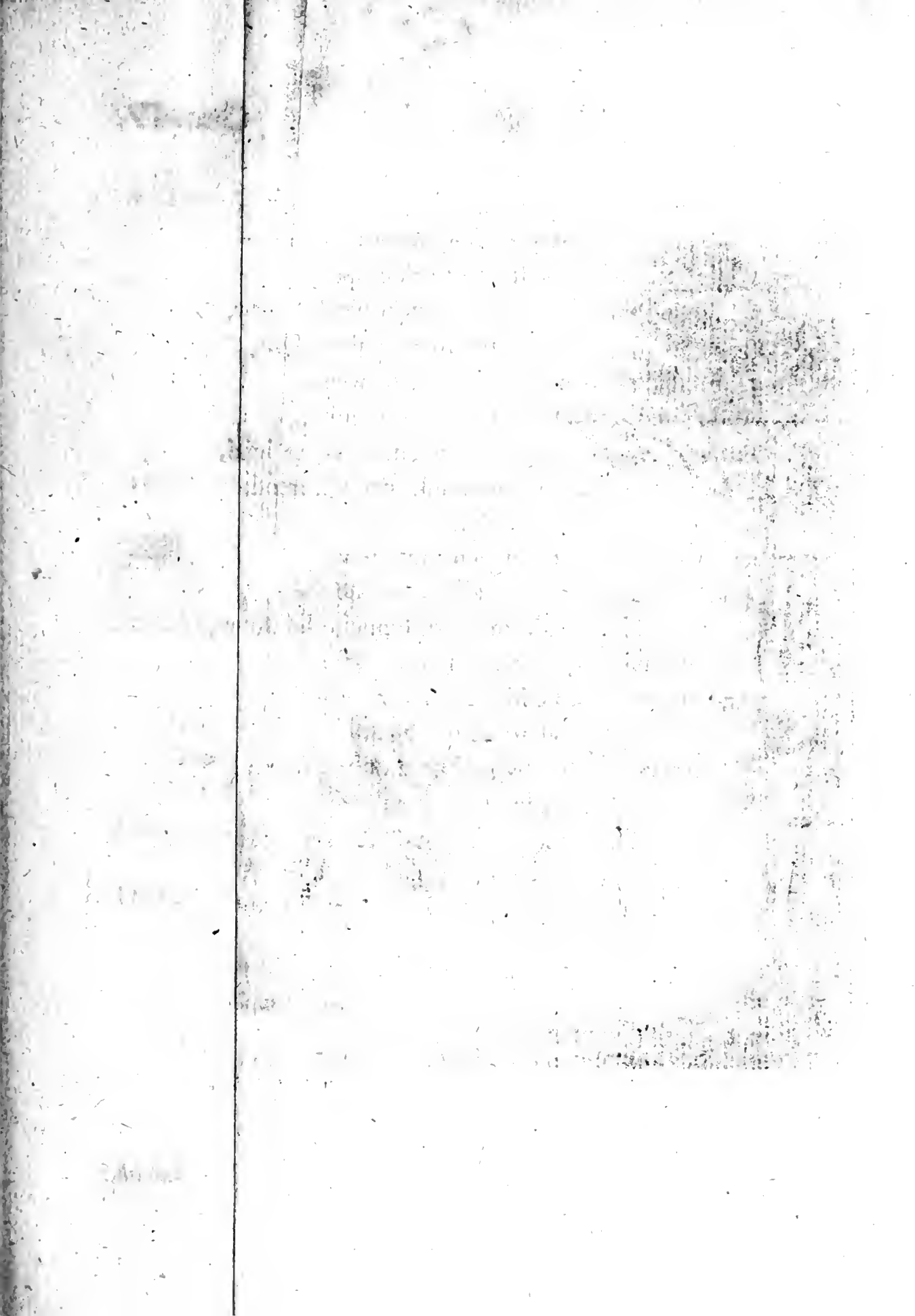
XXXIX. But

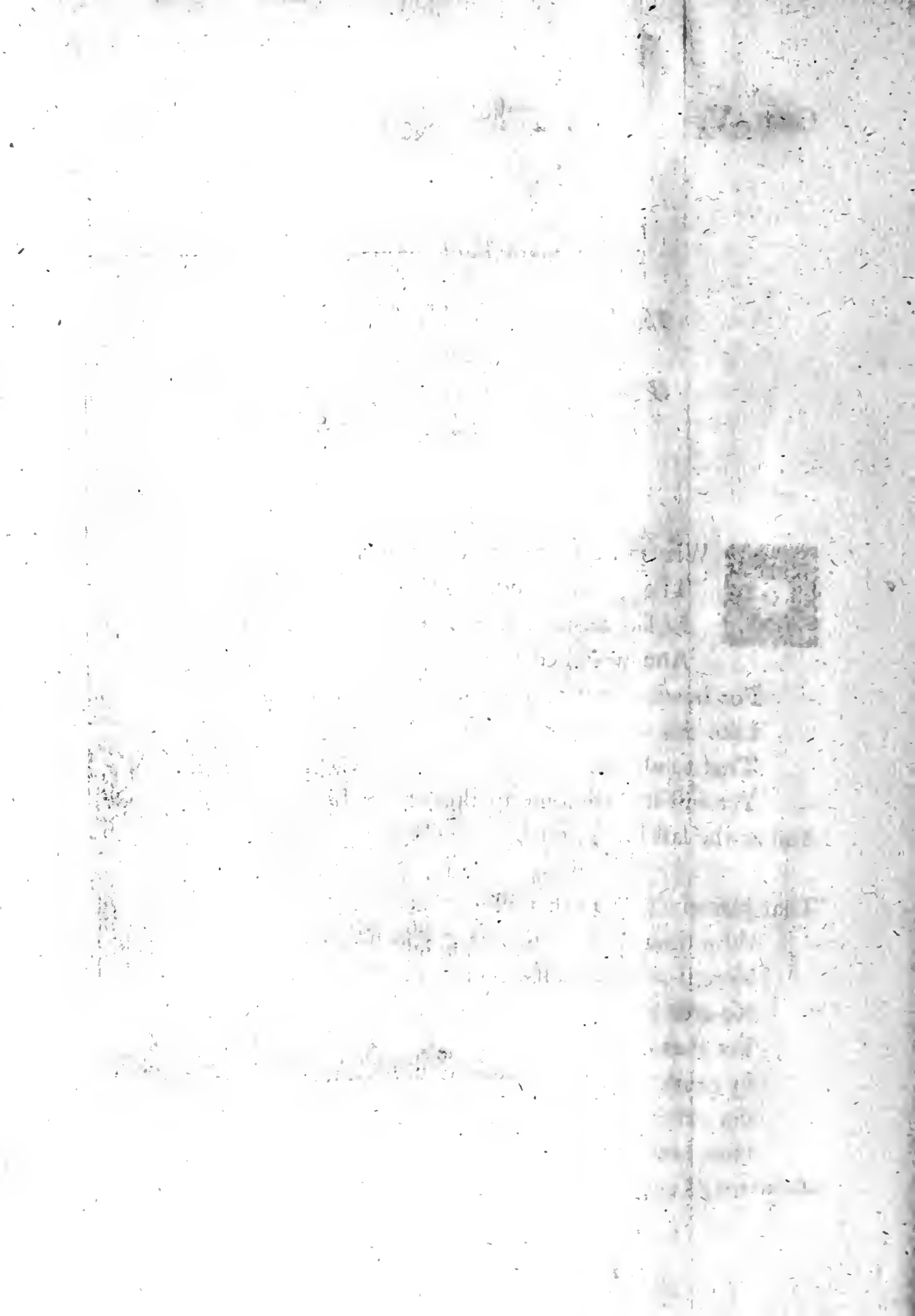
XXXIX.

But *Calipine*, now being left alone
 Under the greenewood's side in forie 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 courtésie 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 grieffe, 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 forely crost;
 And there all night himselfe in anguish toft,
 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 Artbure fynd,
Who her together with his squire
With th' hermit leaves behind.*

I.



What an easie thing is to descry
The gentle blood, 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 plainly 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 strayed,
 Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
 As he of some misfortune were afraid:
 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 murderous 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 affay,

VI. Whom

VI.

Whom when the salvage saw so fore distressed,
 He reared her up from the bloudie ground,
 And fought 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 abroad, though feeble and forlorne,
 To seeke some comfort in that forie 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 addressse to take her part.
 Those warlike armes, which *Calepine* whyleare
 Had left behind, he gan estsoones prepare,
 And put them all about himselfe unfit,
 His shield, his helmet, and his curats bare.
 But without sword upon his thigh to fit:
 Sir *Calepine* himselfe away had hidden it.

IX.

So forth they traveld an uneven payre,
 That mote to all men seeme an uncouth fight;
 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 afear'd,
 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 flight.
 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 falvage game,
 They fent that *Blatant Beast* to be a baite,
 To draw him from his deare beloved dame,
 Unwares into the daunger of defame.
 For well they wift, that Squire to be so bold,
 That no one beast in forrest wylde or tame
 Met him in chafe, but he it challenge would,
 And plucke the pray oftymes 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 purfew,
 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 fight;
 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 affaile,
 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 backward 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 hie ;
 To reskue him, and his weake part abet,
 For pittie 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 fwaine, 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 liefse, 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 west ?

XXIV. With

XXIV.

With that he sighd 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 griefly 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 dreery 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 affwage,
 And the strong course of their displeasure breake,
 That they to pittie turn'd their former rage,
 And each fought 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 feebleness, 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 fought 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 discour'ties 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 defarts,
 Not onely her excluded late at night,
 But also trayterously did wound her weary Knight.

XXXIV.

Wherewith the Prince fore 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 stooode,
 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 befeeming 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 befeene.

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 difavow,
 And hanging up his armes and warlike spoyle,
 From all this worlds incombraunce did himselfe affoyle.

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 befeene.
 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 grieffe through suffraunce fore 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 affwagement 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 ficke, 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 needs depart, as shall declared be elsewhere.

C A N T O 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
Inflits with dint of sword, so sore doth light,
As doth the poyfnous 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 poyfnous humour, which did most infest
Their ranckling wounds, and every day them duely drest.

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 affayes,
 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 holeesome reede of sad sobriety,
 To rule the stubborne rage of passion blinde:
 Give salves to every fore, but counsell to the minde.

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 senses to refraine
 From things, that stirre up frail affection;
 Your eies, your eares, your tongue, your talke restraine
 From that they most affect, and in due termes containe.

VIII.

For from those outward senses 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 g'ee;
 But all her hinder parts did plaine expresse
 A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull uglinessse.

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 horror 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 poynous 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 fore,
 That rather needes wise read and discipline,
 Then outward salves, that may augment it more.
 Aye me, said then *Serena*, fighting fore,
 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 fire, 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 forbear your fill,
 Shun secrecie, and talke in open sight:
 So shall you soone repaire your present evill plight.

XV.

Thus having sayd, his fickely patients
 Did gladly hearken to his grave behest,
 And kept so well his wife 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 fet,
 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 forbear 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 fickely 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 pittie his ill plight.

XXI.

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
 Sternely did bid him quickly 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 affay.

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 flew,
 That with the noife, whilest he did loudly rore,
 The people of the house rose forth in great uprore.

XXIII.

Who when on ground they saw their fellow flaine,
 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 flaine 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 bloody 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 affaile,
 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 addressse.
 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 avègement:
 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 plainly 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 shriek 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 fight ;
 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 flaine in so unequall fight:
 Therefore descending backe in haste, he fought,
 If yet he were alive, or to destruction brought.

XXXVIII.

There he him found environed about
 With slaughtred bodies, which his hand had flaine,
 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 fought, by making signes, him to assuage:
 Who them perceiving, streight to him obeyd,
 As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
 As if he long had to his hearts bene trayned.
 Thence he him brought away, and up conveyd
 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 fought his Lord for to displeafe:
 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 himsele 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 list, 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.

C A N T O 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 displays,
In cancred malice and revengefull spight.
For to maligne, t'envie, t'use shifting flight,
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 appears 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 approach 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 mischief, 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 fhent:
 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 rides, said *Turpine*, there not farre afore,
 With a wyld man soft footing by his fyde,
 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 soffly 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 lance in peeces shivered quite,
 And, scatter'd all about, fell on the flowre.
 But the stout Prince, with much more stedly stowre,
 Full on his bever did him strike so fore,
 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 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 fouse, 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 fight;
 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 furer hould, and from his horses backe
 Above a launces length him forth did beare,
 And gainst the cold hard earth so fore 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 descric
 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 mischief 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 grieffly wounds, that him appalled fore.
 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 fight?

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 fought?
 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 ffound.

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 flaine;
 For else his feare could not be satisfide.
 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 feeme 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 fbound.

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 fight,
 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, entyrelly prayd,
 T'advize him better, then by such a traine
 Him to betray unto a straunger swaine:
 Yet rather counfeld 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 enemye,
 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 fyde
 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 trespassse.
 But turne we now backe to that Ladie free,
 Whom late we left ryding upon an Assse,
 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 contrariwise,
 That such proud looks would make her prayfed more;
 And that the more she did all love despize,
 The more would wretched lovers her adore.
 What cared she, who sighed for her fore,
 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 stífnesse, 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,
 Whylest 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 waxed 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 fuit 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 convey'd.
 To whom foule *Infamie*, and fell *Despight*
 Gave evidencé, 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 lassé.
 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 damfell 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 peevisshnesse,
 Unto her prayers piteoufly enclynd,
 And did the rigour of his doome repressse;
 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 monstuous.
 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 *Artchur*, 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 horrible,
 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 yrks, and still when she complaines,
 The more he laughs, and 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 fore,
 Gathered him selfe together soone againe,
 And with his yron batton, which he bore,
 Let drive at him so dreadfully amaine,
 That for his safaty 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 pittie 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 grieve 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.

C A N T O VIII.

*Prince Artbure overcomes Disdaine,
Quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of Salvages,
By Calepine is freed.*

I.

YE gentle Ladies, in whose foveraine 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 list;
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 fore,
 They met Prince *Artbure* 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 Lörd,
 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
 Abufde, againſt all reaſon and all law,
 Without regard of pittie 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 thrall'd 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 lightning 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 fav'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 certainly
 To have supplyde the first, and paid 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 disdain.

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 scornfull 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 fure 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 nimble 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 defart,
 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 bloosme 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 fude and fought 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 pittie 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,
 Caufde 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 fore ;
 That in this wize, and this unmeet array,
 With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdaine and *Scorne*, I through the world should stray,
 Till I have fav'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 wifely 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 luckeleffe 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 fete 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 plainly 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 fatisfie 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 fore 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, fith 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 *Artbure*, with the rest, went onward still
 On his first quest, in which did him betide
 A great adventure, which did him from them deuide.

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,
 Falsse 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 accurfed order,
 To eate the flesh of men, whom they mote fynde,
 And straungers to deuoure, which on their border
 Were brought by errour, or by wreckfull wynde:
 A monstrosus 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 devise 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 sacrifice,
 Whose share, her guiltlesse bloud they would present;
 But of her dainty flesh they did devise
 To make a common feast, and feed with gurmardize.

XXXIX.

So round 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 bloody 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 grieffful 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 breasts 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 fordid eyes
 The goodly threasures of nature appeare;
 Which as they view with lustfull fantasies,
 Each wisheth to him selfe, and to the rest envyes.

XLII. Her

XLII.

Her yvorie necke, her alablaster brest,
 Her paps, which like white filken pillowes were,
 For love in soft delight thereon to rest;
 Her tender fides, her bellie white and clere,
 Which like an Altar did it felse 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 fight,
 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 afyde,
 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 dyspred, 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 fet,
 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 secreet 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 bagpipes and the hornes to shrill
 And shriek 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 fought her, and through many a foyle
 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 fight
 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 fore, 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 sacrificeth 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 foules to hell he sends :
 The rest, that scape his sword, and death eschew,
 Fly like a flocke of doves before a faulcons vew.

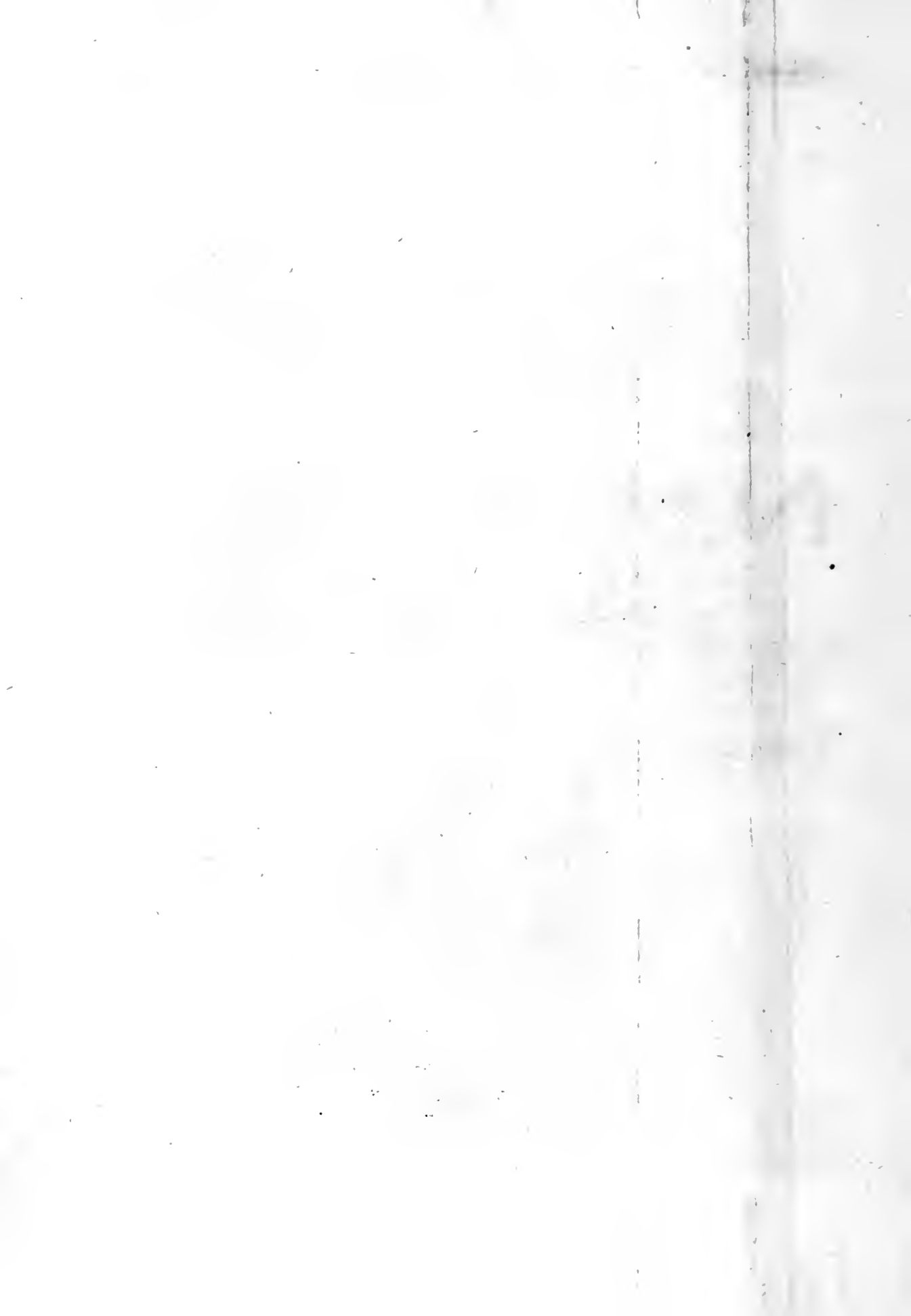
L.

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 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 unknown she past.
But day, that doth discover bad and good,
Ensuing, made her known to him at last:
The end whereof Ile keepe untill another cast.

CANTO



C A N T O IX.

*Calidore hostes with Melibæ,
And loves fayre Pastorell;
Coridon envies him, yet he
For ill rewards him well.*

I.

NOW turne againe my teme, thou jolly fwayne,
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 est,
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 cuntry forsed,
 And from the country back to private farms he scorfed.

IV.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
 Whereas the heardes were keeping of their neat,
 And shepheards sining 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 fend.
 Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
 After his rusticke wife, 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 fate in a rout,
 The which did pype and sing her prayfes 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 fure she was full fayre of face,
 And perfectly well shapt in every lim,
 Which she did more augment with modest graee,
 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 shepherds 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 shepherd *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 shepherds 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 fate there still, untill the flying day
 Was farre forth spent, discourfing diversly
 Of fundry things as fell, to worke delay;
 And evermore his fpeech he did apply
 To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels fantasy.

XIII.

By this the moyftie night approaching fast
 Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to fhed,
 That warn'd the fhepheards to their homes to haft
 Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
 For feare of wetting them before their bed.
 Then came to them a good old aged fyre,
 Whose filver lockes bedeckt his beard and hed,
 With fhepheards hooke in hand, and fit attyre,
 That willd the damzell rife; the day did now expyre.

XIV.

He was to weet by common voice esteemed
 The father of the fayrest *Pastorell*,
 And of her felfe in very deede fo deemed;
 Yet was not fo, but, as old ftories tell,
 Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
 In th' open fields an Infant left alone,
 And taking up brought home, and nourfed well
 As his owne chyld; for other he had none,
 That fhe in tract of time accompted was his owne.

XV.

She at his bidding meekely did arise,
 And freight unto her litle flocke did fare :
 Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
 And each his fundrie 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 *Melibæe* (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 fyre,
 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 flaked 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 fay,
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 Shepherds 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 tesse 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 focke 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 loofe 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 increafe their score,
 And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
 What have I, but to praife th' Almighty, that doth fend it?

XXII.

To them, that lift, the worlds gay showes I leave,
 And to great ones fuch 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 fuch cares, nor combrous thoughts offend,
 Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve;
 But all the night in silver fleepe I spend,
 And all the day, to what I lift, I do attend.

XXIII.

Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
 Unto my lambes, and him diflodge away;
 Sometime the fawne I practife, from the doe,
 Or from the goat her kidde how to convey:
 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 fhade, to reft 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 fight 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 sensfull 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, fyre, 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 *Melibæ*, 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 reſoſe 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.
 Befides 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 affay
 This simple sort of life, that shepherds 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 shepherds 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 adrest
 In shepherds weed; and in his hand he tooke,
 In stead of steelehead speare, a shepherds 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 shepherds 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 gealoufie
 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 fit.
 Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip closely bit.

XLII. But

XLII.

But *Calidore*, of courteous inclination,
 Tooke *Coridon*, and fet 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 garland tooke from her owne head,
 And plaft on his, he did it soone displace,
 And did it put on *Coridons* in stead:
 Then *Coridon* woxe frolicke, that earft 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 practifd 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 abear
 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 managed 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.

C A N T O 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 fore 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 fet 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 elfewhere,
 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 fung aloud ;
 And in their tops the foring 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 approach, 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 pleasure, used to resort
 Unto this place, and therein to repose
 And rest her selfe, as in a gladfome 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 found
 Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
 And many feete fast thumping th' hallow 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 unespide.
 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 fame 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 fame day,
 That *Theseus* her unto his bridale bore,
 When the bold *Centaures* made that bloody 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 fundry 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 beseme. 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
 Upon 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 enchanted 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 ledest 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 sheheard thus for to dilate:
 Then wote thou, sheheard, 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 Goddes 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, entertainment 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 them selves 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 Goddesse, 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 befeemes her well,
 Doth she excede 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 resemblance, 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 fought 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 senses ravished,
 That thence he had no will away to fare,
 But wisht, that with that shepheard he mote dwelling share.

XXXI.

But that envenim'd sting, the which of yore
 His poyfnous point deepe fixed in his hart
 Had left, now gan afresh to rancle sore,
 And to renew 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 fate
 Keeping their sheepe, or game to exercize,
 Or to present her with their labours late ;
 Through which, if any grace chaunft 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 chaunft 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 defolate
 Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

XXXV.

Which *Coridon* first hearing, ran in haft
 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 shepherds hooke,
 To serue the vengeance 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 thank't, 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 vsde 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 aduersity.

XXXIX.

It fortun'd 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 overgrown 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 darkeneffe 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 feesles 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.

C A N T O 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 fowres hath tempred with one sweet,
To make it seeme more deare and dainty, as is meet.

II.

Like as is now befallne 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 pittie her sad plight, so chang'd from pleasaunt hew.

III. Whyleft

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 prifoners vew,
With lustfull eyes beheld that lovely gwest,
 Faire *Pastorella*; whose sad mournefull hew
Like the faire morning clad in misty fog did shew.

IV.

At fight 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 fought 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 accomplish 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 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 fore opprest,
 And made unfit to serve his lawlesse mindes behest.

VIII.

By meanes whereof she would not him permit
 Once to approach 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 fort 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 shoue:
 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 himfelfe, which did that conquest make:
 Litle for him to have one filly 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 darkefome 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 chiefeft theeves
 Boldly him bad fuch injurie forbear; ;
 For that fame Mayd, how ever it him greeves,
 Should with the reft be fold before him theare,
 To make the prizes of the reft more deare.
 That with great rage he ftoutly doth deny;
 And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth fwear,
 That who fo hardie hand on her doth lay,
 It dearely fhall aby, and death for handfell pay.

XVI.

Thus as they words among them multiply,
 They fall to ftrokes, the frute of too much talke,
 And the mad Steele about doth fiercely fly,
 Not fparing 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 fhapes doth mongft them ftalke,
 And makes huge havocke, whiles the candlelight
 Out quenched leaves no skill nor difference of wight.

XVII.

Like as a fort of hungry dogs ymet
 About fome carcafe by the common way,
 Doe fall together, ftriving each to get
 The greateft portion of the greedie pray;
 All on confused heapes themselves affay,
 And fnatch, and byte, and rend, and tug, and teare;
 That who them fees, would wonder at their fray;
 And who fees not, would be affrayd to heare.
 Such was the conflict of thofe 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 flaine, and him beside
 His aged wife, with many others wide:
 But *Coridon* escaping craftily,
 Creepes forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
 And flies 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 flaine, 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 drierie fbound.

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 flaine, 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 carcafes aside,
They found, that life did yet in her remaine:
Then all their helps they busily applyde,
To call the foule backe to her home againe;
And wrought so well with labour and long paine,
That they to life recovered her at last.
Who fighting fore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riven bene, and all her hart strings braft,
With drearie drouping eyne lookt up like one aghaft.

XXIII.

There she beheld, that fore 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;
 Scarfe yeelding her due food, or timely rest,
 And scarfely suff'ring her infestred wound,
 That fore 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 rest away, he wexed wood,
 And halfe enraged at that ruefull fight,
 That even his hart for very fell despight,
 And his owne flesh he readie was to teare;
 He chaust, 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 appear:
 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 chaunft one comming towards him to spy,
 That seem'd to be some forie 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 perceiue 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 fighting fore,
 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 while,
 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 *Melibæ*, 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 flaine, or had bene to her succour nere.

XXXIV.

But after grieffe awhile had had his course,
 And spent it selfe in mourning, he at last
 Began to mitigate his swelling course,
 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 shepherds weeds agreeably,
 And both with shepherds 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 shepherds 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 rest
 From *Melibœ* and from themselves 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 grieffe,
 Though not his feare, for nought may feare diffwade,
 Him hardly forward drew, whereas the thiefe
 Lay sleeping foundly in the bushes shade,
 Whom *Coridon* him counfeld 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 fundrie things he purpose gan to faine ;
 That he by them might certaine tydings weene
 Of *Pastorell*, were she alive, or flaine.
 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 fought hyre elsewhere.

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 fought.
 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 grieve had most possess.

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 assayed, and the locks upbraught.
 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 fudden 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 coast,
 On which he safety hopes, that carst 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 lyfeful 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 rayfed 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 approach,
 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 fay,
 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 flies in whottest fommers day,
 Do feize 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 fore 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 choyfest 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 rest from *Melibæ*, and from his make,
He did them all to *Coridon* restore:
So drove them all away, and his love with him bore.

C A N T O 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 coast,
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-fayd,
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 bloody 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 entyrelly 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.

Nathleffe Sir *Bellamour*, whether through grace,
 Or secreet guifts, fo with his keepers wrought,
 That to his love fometime he came in place,
 Whereof her wombe unwift to wight was fraught,
 And in dew time a mayden child forth brought;
 Which ſhe ſtreight way for dread, leaſt, if her fyre
 Should know thereof, to ſlay he would have fought,
 Delivered to her handmayd, that for hyre
 She ſhould it cauſe be foſtred under ſtraunge attyre.

VII.

The truſtie damzell bearing it abroad
 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 fight.
 Whom whyleft ſhe did with watrie eyne behold,
 Upon the litle breaſt, like chriſtall bright,
 She mote perceive a litle purple mold,
 That like a roſe her filken 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 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 fore,
 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 fyre
 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 happineffe 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 found 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 fore;
 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 fought
 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 gaste,
 To save her chyld, 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 liefse, 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 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 countenance, 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 plainly 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 prooffe of that, which she hath fylde
 In her owne breast, this mothers joy describe:
 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 pittie 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 unfought 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 purfu'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 ranfacke all their dennes from most to least,
 Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heaft.

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* grieisly grim.

XXVII. And

XXVII.

And therein were a thousand tongs empight,
 Of fundry kindes, and fundry 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 bloody 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 Kefars 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 afrajd,
 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 puiffaunce forth, purfu'd so hard,
 That backward 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 bloody stall
 Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
 Is forcibly kept downe, till he be thoroughly queld.

XXXI.

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,
 To be downe held, and mayftred so with might,
 That he gan fret and fome out bloody gore,
 Striving in vaine to rere him felfe upright.
 For still the more he strove, the more the Knight
 Did him fuppreffe, 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 hellifh Beast,
 Whileft *Calidore* him under him downe threw;
 Who nathemore his heavy load releaft,
 But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increaft.

XXXIII. Tho

XXXIII.

Tho when the Beast saw, he mote nought availe
 By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
 And sharply 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 forbear,
 But strained him so streightly, that he chokt him neare.

XXXIV.

At last, when as he found his force to shrinke,
 And rage to quaille, 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 *Tiryntbian* 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 funne, 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 captiue 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*, suppress'd 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 ceke 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 mischief 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 fore 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.
 Therefore do you, my rimes, keep better measure,
 And seeke to please, that now is counted wisemens threasure.

The End of the SIXTH BOOK.

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T W O C A N T O S

O F

MUTABILITIE:

W H I C H,

Both, for Forme and Matter, appeare
to be a parcell of some following Booke

O F T H E

FAERIE QUEENE,

U N D E R

The L E G E N D

O F

C O N S T A N C I E.

First printed in the Edition at *London* 1609, in fol.

T W O C A M T O S

O F

M U T A B I L I T A T E S

W H I C H

Have for some time and which appears
to be a parcel of some following books

O F T H E

A N N U A L R E P O R T S

U N D E R

T H E A C T O F

O F

C O M M E R C I A L

AND IN THE YEAR 1841

Canto VI.

*Proud Change, not pleas'd in mortall things,
Beneath the moone, to raigne,
Pretends, as well of gods, as men,
To be the soveraine.*

I.



W HAT 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 lineage 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 found on hie
 Warres and allarums unto nations wide,
 That makes both heaven and earth fo 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 fought it to obtaine ;
 Where she such prooffe 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 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 beheft, and thrall'd 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 flight
 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 fire, with hower-glasse in hand,
 Hight *Tyme*) she entred, were he liefse or fory:
 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 twyght,
 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 feat
 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 fight ;
 Fearing least *Chaos* broken had his chaine,
 And brought againe on them eternall night :
 But chiefly *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,
 Ran forth in haste, unto the king of gods to plaine.

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 forely fear'd.

XVI.

Estfoones 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 fought.

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 curfed 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 destroyed 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 despise.

XXI.

Of that bad feed is this bold woman bred,
 And now with bold presumption doth aspire
 To thrust faire *Pæbe* from her silver bed,
 And eke our felves 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 fonnes of God, as best ye can devise.

XXII.

So having said, he ceast ; and with his brow
 (His black eye-brow, whose doomefull dreaded beek
 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 wife.
 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 emprise.

XXIII.

Esticoones 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 rest 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 envie)
 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 care
 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 goddessees in place,
 Stood all astonied, like a sort of steeres,
 Mōngst 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 curfed frie
 Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
 And challenge 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 greateft 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 error or inducement light,
 To see that mortall eyes have never seene;
 Or through ensample of thy sifter'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 gracious 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* waxed wroth, and in his spright
 Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale;
 And bade *Dan Phœbus* scribe her appellation seale.

XXXVI. Est-

XXXVI.

Eftfoones the time and place appointed were,
 Where all, both heavenly powers, and earthly wights,
 Before great Nature's prefence fhould appeare,
 For triall of their titles and beft rights :
 That was, to weet, upon the higheft hights
 Of *Arlo-bill*, (Who knowes not *Arlo-bill*?)
 That is the higheft head (in all mens fights)
 Of my old father *Mole*, whom fhepheards quill
 Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

XXXVII.

And, were it not ill fitting for this file,
 To fing of hilles and woods, mongft warres and knights,
 I would abate the fterneneffe of my ftile,
 Mongft thefe fterne founds to mingle foft delights ;
 And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianae's* fpights
 Being of old the beft and faireft hill,
 That was in all this holy-ifland's hights,
 Was made the moft unpleafant, and moft ill.
 Mean while, O *Clio*, lend *Calliope* thy quill.

XXXVIII.

Whylome, when *IRELAND* florifhed in fame
 Of wealths and goodneffe, far above the reft
 Of all that beare the *Britifh* ifland's name,
 The gods then us'd (for pleafure and for reft)
 Oft to refort there-to, when feem'd them beft :
 But none of all there-in more pleafure found,
 Then *Cynthia* ; that is foveraine queene profest
 Of woods and forrefts, which therein abound,
 Sprinkled with wholfom waters, more then moft 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 *Phæbus* 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 toilefome play,
 To bathe her felfe ; 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 felfe 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 eft him placed, where he clofe might view
 That never any faw, fave onely one ;
 Who, for his hire to fo foole-hardy dew,
 Was of his wounds devour'd in hunters hew.
 Tho, as her manner was on funny day,
Diana, with her nymphes about her, drew
 To this sweet fpring ; where, doffing her array,
 She bath'd her lovely limbes, for *Jove* a likely pray.

XLVI.

There *Faunus* faw 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 ſtated 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 hufwife, that with bufie care
 Thinks of her dairie to make wondrous gaine,
 Finding where-as fome wicked beaft unware,
 That breakes into her dayr' houle, there doth draine
 Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine ;
 Hath in fome snare or gin fet close behind,
 Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
 Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,
 And thousand deaths 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 miscal ;
 Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
 And by his goatish beard some did him haile :
 Yet he, poore foule, 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 fort,
 Which of her nymphes, or other close confort,
 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 fore him dread aghast.
 They after follow'd all with shrill out-cry,
 Shouting as they the heavens would have braff:
 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'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 forfooke
 All those faire forrests about *Arlo* hid,
 And all that mountaine, which doth over-look
 The richest champian, that may else be rid,
 And the faire *Shure*, in which are thousand falmons 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 chafe,
 Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound :
 Which too-too true that land's in-dwellers since have found.

Canto VII.

Peeling from Jove, to Nature's bar,

Bold Alteration pleades

Large evidence: but Nature soone

Her righteous doome areads.

I.



H! 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 fire, his fortunate successè,
 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 fable 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 fire,
 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 fundry kinds of features;
 That *Arlo* scarcely could them all containe;
 So full they filled every hill and plaine:
 And had not *Nature's* fergeant, 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 issfwd, 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 wimples 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 fore 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 beautilous 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 glasse.

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 bloosming heads full lowe,
 For homage unto her, and like a throne did show.

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 fought.

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 fundry 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.

XL

And *Mole* himselfe, to honour her the more,
 Did deck himself in freshest faire attire,
 And his high head, that seemeth alwaies horc
 With hardned frosts 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 becene.

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 *Phæbus* self, that god of poets hight,
 They say did sing the spoufall hymne full cleere,
 That all the gods were ravisht with delight
 Of his celestially 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 obayfance 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 thee 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 fame *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 grandfire *Titan* unto mee
 Deriv'd by dew descent, as is well knownen 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 flowe,
 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 likewise are all watry living wights
 Still toft, and turned with continuall change,
 Never abyding in their stedfast plights.
 The fish, ftill floting, doe at randon range,
 And never reft; but evermore exchange
 Their dwelling places, as the ftreames them carrie:
 Ne have the watry foules a certain grange,
 Wherein to reft, ne in one ftcad do tarry;
 But flitting ftill doe flie, and ftill their places vary.

XXII.

Next is the ayre; which who feeles not by fenfe
 (For of all fenfe it is the middle meane)
 To flit ftill? and, with subtill influence
 Of his thin fpirit, all creatures to maintaine
 In ftate of life? O weake life! that does leane
 On thing fo tickle, as th'unfteady ayre,
 Which every howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
 With every blaft, 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; ftreight friezing deadly cold:
 Now faire fun-ftine, that makes all fkip and dance;
 Streight bitter ftorms, and balefull countenance,
 That makes them all to fhiver and to ftake:
 Rayne, hayle, and ftnowe do pay them fad penance,
 And dreadfull thunder-claps, that make them quake,
 With flames and ftashing lights, that thoufand 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 feede.

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 flights,
 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 subiect 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 bloosmes did beare:
 (In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,
 That sweetly fung, 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 besene
 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 fore.

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 fore.
 Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold.
 With eares of corne of every fort, he bore ;
 And in his hand a fickle 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'ft on his hoary beard his breath did freefe ;
 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 scarfe 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 feeds ysame,
 Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
 And filld 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 fight
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 foveraine 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 pafe,
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 obey :
 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 sith, and by his side
 Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

XXXVII.

The fixt 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 cares 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 fold,
 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 foyle.
 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 affoyle
 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 frolick 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 fattening 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 fight,

The feed 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 fload.

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 flyde
 And swim away : yet had he by his side
 His plough and harnessse 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 pace,
 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, encompass't 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* himfelfe 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 nurs't
 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 fundry 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 *Phæbus* self, who lightfome 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 fir *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 wheresoever 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 fundry motions of your spheares,
 So fundry 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 faine.
 But all that moveth, doth mutation love :
 Therefore both you and them to me I subiect prove.

LVI.

Then since within this wide great *Universe*
 Nothing doth firm and permanent appeare,
 But all things toft 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.

So having ended, silence long ensued,
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 ensue,
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 *Titanes* put downe, and whist,
And *Jove* confirm'd in his imperiall see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss,
And *Nature's* selfe did vanish, whither no man wist.

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 fickle,
 Short *Time* shall soon cut down with his consuming fickle.

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 firmly 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 fight.

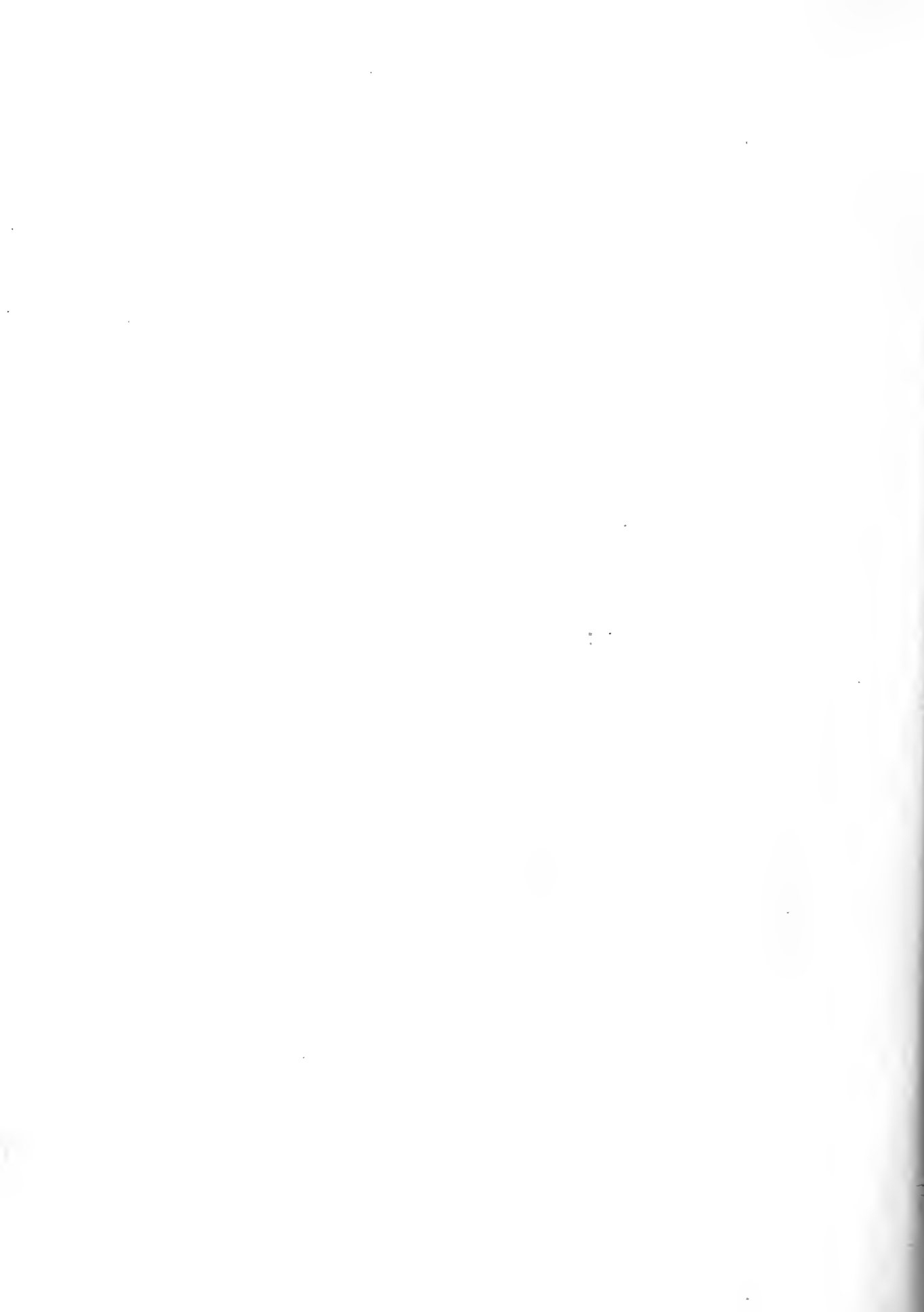
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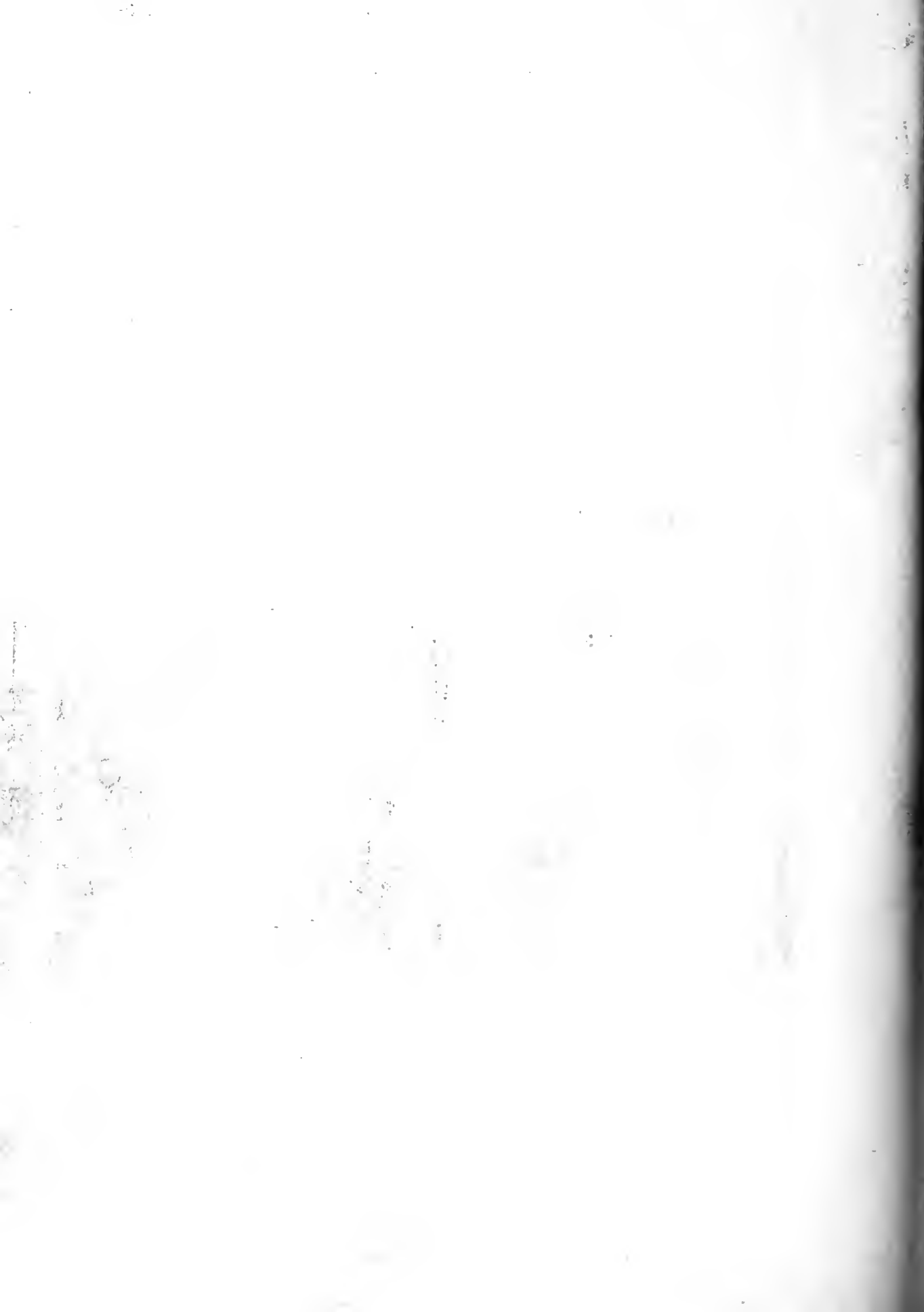
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